Bucknell

Mirror

1893- 1923

Vol. 12 no. 9 - Vol. 27

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JUNE, 1893. No. 9.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.--Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column $2.50 per inch.

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Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

JUNE, 1893.

Editorial.

THE change of name from the UNIVERSITY MIRROR to the BUCKNELL MIRROR is but a step in the contemplated plans for improvement. The management is indebted to Miss Candace Wood for designing the new title page.

THE MIRROR for July will be issued as soon after commencement as possible. Scarcity of news for the July issue, and the difficulty of communicating with the editorial board after the close of the term, render this departure advisable.

THE college Y. M. C. A. is to be congratulated on its splendid work for the past year. The meetings have been highly interesting and instructing and have done much to elevate the moral and spiritual character of our students. May the good work continue to prosper and bring forth abundant fruit.

CONCERTED action is always more successful than individual effort. Unity of purpose never fails to secure good results. In research, study, athletics; in every phase of student life this is true.

Association among students for the advancement of various interests are often laughed at, but not justly. We have a number of such associations at Bucknell and the benefit derived from them can be plainly seen in the success of our Chemical and Physical society.

THE reception to be given by the Chemical and Physical society during commencement week promises to be even more interesting and instructive than that given last year. This society has been doing a good work at Bucknell, and it is still in its infancy, so far as influence is concerned. Every student who is interested in scientific research should become a member of this society. The fees are small and the benefit to be derived will repay many times the amount invested.

COMMENCEMENT and the close of another year's work are near at hand. The Seniors can be observed "grinding out" their mighty graduating orations, and the under-classmen may be seen "bohning" and "poling" for examinations. Glancing in retrospection over the work of the past year we are assured that Bucknell has taken rapid strides forward. The curriculum has been broadened and improved, especially in the matter of electives. New apparatus has been secured for the study of electricity, histology, biology and chemistry. New and valuable books have been added to the library and much refurnishing and refitting has been done. When our Alumni return at commencement time to visit their *alma mater* they will surely be pleased and inspired by the progressive work of the past year.

THE meeting of the Central Inter-Collegiate Press association, held in Philadelphia on May 20th, was not as well attended as the previous one, but was nevertheless quite interesting.

The place of meeting was changed, and the next meeting will be held in Lancaster. It is the intention of the association to hold the meetings at the various colleges instead of holding them continually in Philadelphia. It was also decided to drop from the roll of membership all college papers which did not send representatives to the regular meetings.

IT IS to be regretted that the graduating class has decided not to have "class day," and it is to be hoped that the class will yet reconsider its action. "Class day," when properly managed, never fails to be of interest and amusement to both students and visitors. It unquestionably adds spiciness and flavor to the proceedings of commencement week. Many of us can, no doubt, recall the "class days" of '89 and '90 and remember how much they added to the commencement.

Held either on the campus or in the hall, "Class Day" exercises should never be absent from the commencement program.

THE class of '93 will soon be numbered among our blue-ribboned Alumni. The class is much smaller than graduating classes for several years, but let us hope that it makes up in quality what it lack in quantity; "*Exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.*"

The graduating classes of the Institute and Academy are of about the usual size. The program for commencement week should prove interesting. The "Junior Ex." will take place on Saturday evening, June 17th, and the graduating class in music will hold their exercises on the afternoon of the same day. Several very prominent educators will serve to make the following three days interesting, and the remaining part of the program will be filled by the graduating classes.

Let us remember that the success of the commencement depends largely on the students, and let us work to make the commencement of '93 a memorable one in the history of the University.

OUR base ball team has not come up to our hopes and expectations, but let us not become discouraged. The members of the team have worked hard and faithfully for success. The captain, Mr. Smith, ably assisted by Hon. H. M. McClure and P. B. Linn, Esq., has done all in his power to make the team successful. The failure to win a majority of the games must be attributed to the stagnant condition of base ball at Bucknell for the past three or four years. Ball-players are not developed in a week nor in a year, but constant and assiduous practice for a number of years is required. The team may not be a source of pride to us this year, but the experience derived will be invaluable for the next season.

The lot of the manager is not an easy or a pleasant one. With the aid of our entire student body we should be amply able to assist and support our athletic teams. Let those who have not been accustomed to uphold the athletics of Bucknell fall into line and help us on to victory and success.

Literary.

CARPIO MANTILINUS.

Twelve hundred years ago the rising sun looked down on the stately city of Juno, proud Carthage, queen of the Mediterranean, whose glory was as yet undimmed. It gilded her costly palaces with their beautiful pleasure grounds and sparkling lakes, and gleamed on the burnished helmets and lit up the dark faces of a mighty army marching to the harbor, there to embark for Italy, the fair Hesperian land. "Embark for Italy," did I say? Yes, that was to be their final destination, but their feet would first travel through many lands. They were to pass through almost unbearable hardships and meet almost unconquerable difficulties before they reached that fair country, the centre of all their hopes, and the goal of Hannibal's ambition.

All were full of the enthusiasm of their commander, but no heart beat higher and no braver spirit was in the throng than that of little Carpio Mantilinus, a Carthaginian boy, who had run away from home that morning and begged Hannibal to let him go, too, on this glorious journey.

Though Hannibal had no intention of transporting a nursery with him, yet he was impressed by Carpio's bravery, and perhaps remembering his own extreme youth when he began his career by vowing eternal hate to the Romans, he was prevailed upon to take the daring youngster. So on this bright spring morning little Carpio, Hannibal and his great army, with thirty-seven war elephants, set sail for Spain. I say little Carpio first, for he and not Hannibal is our hero.

The rocky promontories being gained, a hostile country lay between them and the Pyrenees, for the interior of Spain was then almost an unknown region, inhabited by savages of the fiercest type. Through the war like tribes they pushed on their slow march, winning the ground inch by inch, and more than twenty thousand men were lost, and the summer was nearly gone when they reached the foot of the Pyrenees. Yet Hannibal was not disheartened, nor was little Carpio, who had become more truly Hannibal's companion and confidant than anyone else in the army.

The boy had a very winning way, and the intense disposition of the hero-worshiper, as Carlyle would say, and that combined with his unconscious bravery, made him very congenial company for Hannibal, who, in spite of his fiercer qualities, had a very warm heart.

Leaving a strong force to guard the newly-conquered lands and discharging ten thousand more of the men who had begun to murmur because of their hardships, the commander pushed on with the remainder across the Pyrenees, and led them into the valley of the Rhone. There the Gauls attempted to dispute their passage, but they were routed and the army (now only about fifty thousand) and the elephants were ferried across the stream in native boats and on rudely-built rafts.

Now they traveled along the banks of the Rhone, then following the course of one of its eastern tributaries, the Isere river, the foot hills of the Alps were reached, probably at the pass of Little St. Bernard.

Everything seemed to join to make the passage hard. It was now late in October and snow fell upon the mountains and the eternal cold of their summits seemed to reign everywhere. Still the army toiled painfully up the dangerous passes, encouraged by the immortal words of their dauntless commander, "Beyond the Alps lieth thine Italy."

"Thine Italy!" for he believed that the Alps once surmounted the country, with all its wealth and resources, was open to them. So on they pressed, sometimes having to cut the narrow path wider for the huge elephants, and often being stoned by hostile bands holding the heights above.

Carpio had assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of the elephants, and when, in the words of the historian, the summit gained, the shivering, phantom-like army looked down into the warm haze of the Italian plains, Carpio, looking like a very determined little ghost perched on the back of the great elephant Majoricus, was outlined against the sky.

His eyes were fixed with an adoring expression on the hero of all hearts, the dauntless Hannibal, who, with his proud form drawn up to its utmost height and fiery eyes flashing with sudden inspiration, cried to his listening followers: "We stand on the very Acropolis of Italy, yonder lies Rome, the Eternal City! O proud mistress of the world, we shall yet possess thee!"

It was the proudest moment of Hannibal's career, for alas! his hopes came not to fulfillment, and he was never surer of victory than then, therefore never more happy.

Then the army, with but half its former numbers, slowly descended to the plain of the Po, to the great alarm of the startled Romans, who never had dreamed of the foe's arriving from that direction. Their armies had gone to Spain, expecting to meet Hannibal there, and of course they were hastily summoned.

In the battle at Ticinus, which followed, Carpio alone could control the frightened elephants, and several times saved lives by his quickness of action.

Finally, when a Roman officer was engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with Carpio's adored master, Hannibal, another Roman, Catus Scythius, dishonorably rushed up to pierce Hannibal from behind. Little Carpio, seeing the movement, instantly drove Majoricus, the great elephant, toward the man, who swerved from his course just in time to escape death instead of inflicting it, but presently, with a revengeful instinct, slyly thrusting his spear in the elephant's flank, drove the great beast furious in the opposite direction, crushing down little Carpio in his raging plunge.

Thus perished the dauntless child, far from home and friends, but never nobler victim fell on battlefield, and never truer grief was wrung from noble hearts than that which Hannibal and his officers felt for the little hero, *Carpio Mantilinus*.

O. M. W.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE REVEREND PROFESSOR GEORGE RIPLEY BLISS, D. D. LL. D.

Read by John Hamptone before the Baptist Pastors' Conference, Philadelphia, May 22, 1893.

I fear that my love for Professor Bliss, my admiration for his character, and my sense of indebtedness to him as one of the formative forces of my youth, have combined to lead me into the acceptance of a trust concerning him, which I am ill qualified to discharge It is of his Lewisburg life, and chiefly of his influence as a teacher there, that I am asked to speak. He settled at Lewisburg a year before I was born. Of the five years that I spent there, not more than three did I enjoy the privilege of direct contact with him in the class room. There are many of the earlier graduates of the College who came into closer relations with him; many whose maturity of mind, at the time of their intellectual fellowship with him, enabled them to appreciate his mental powers, his varied learning and his spiritual force, as my youth did not allow me to do. At the time I was little conscious of the deep impression his personality was making upon my life. It is the reflections of the after years that have revealed both the man and his influence. As I think of this, it is the most striking evidence, personal to myself, of his real power. So distinct and definite, although then undiscerned, were the influences of his spirit upon my own, that, little as I have seen of him since graduation from College, and little as I then thought He had affected me, I find myself to-day in possession of a clear and *cogent* sense of the man he was, the influence he exerted, his aims as a teacher, and the inner sources of his power.

"The past
Has got its glory from its being far,
And orbed into the perfect star
We saw not as we moved therein."

And that figure of the star is most expressive as to him and his influences. His life was so quiet, its shining force was so subdued, its radiance was so mild, as to give a first impression of distance and lack of warmth. But the power of the man was planetary. He drew us to him as steadily as satellites are ever drawn; as decisively as though his influence had been more glowingly exerted; and even now that he is no more than a memory, the attractive forces of his life remain to win us toward the ideals that were so serenely lustrous in his character. There is, often, a world of significance packed away in a nickname. It may have been undesigned in the bestowal; those who first affixed it may have nominated better than they knew. To successive classes of students at Lewisburg he was "Bossy" Bliss. How affectionately we lingered upon its utterance. It was never spoken otherwise than respectfully. He was always venerable in our eyes. It came to express (whatever it may have signified at first) our sense of that quiet, masterful influence which he exerted—nay, it is more exact to say, which was diffused, wherever he came. I doubt if any of you have known a life more benign; or a career more unruffled, or a rarer union of power with peace. His self-mastery was nearly perfect. His self repression amounted almost, if not quite to fault. He not only did not parade his learning which was both exact and extensive, in several languages ancient and modern, but he seemed shy of letting it be known that he was in so wide a sense, a scholar. Go to him for information and you were sure to get it, offhand, but precise. His kinsman, Professor Rossitor W. Raymond, has recently said of him, and the words are the more weighty, in that he is himself so full a man, of so versitile a mind, "I never knew the extent of Dr. Bliss's learning—only that when I wanted information from him I always received it. But of this much I am sure, that he knew whatever he professed to know; and that above all acquaintance with books and languages he knew and could teach that high life to which all else is subordinate."

Some of us were not careful to enquire, in those days of old, as to the secret of his marvelous poise and placidity. A deeper Christian experience on our part has furnished the clue. To many a superficial observer it looked like the inevitability of temperament, and was counted in part for weakness. But those who came to know him at all, soon saw that this was no just account of the matter. Test him as to the strength of his convictions and you found him fixed and flinty. Called, in some interval, to administrative responsibility, he proved himself sufficient for the demands of a difficult occasion, and handled delicate matters of college discipline with equal firmness and sagacity. His mildness had the majesty of strength beneath it. His unruffled quietness of manner was a preference and a virtue. The secret of all was that "high life" to which Professor Raymond refers. He wore the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit through Christ's grace, and for Christ's sake. One who knew him in the intimacies of the home explained all when she wrote, "I covet his spirituality, his habitual intimacy and communion with his Master."

This distinctive feature of Professor Bliss's character upon which I have dwelt so decisively, explains both his limitation and his power as a teacher. His limitation, for the choice of one organizing principle of character is always at cost in other particulars. No man is without his limitations. To prefer one sort of power is to forego another. Young and crude minds, especially, respond more quickly to aggressive and assertive leadership. Some teachers stir you, magnetize you. Their influence is immediate and exciting. The effect of such minds upon others is not always as lasting as it is instantly evident. There was a want of this element, whatever its worth, in the work of Dr. Bliss as a teacher. His power was of another order. It was indirect, rather. It was the power of character, with the element of exerted force at the minimum. It required time for its best effects; and for its largest appreciation on the part of the beneficiary. It was the power of sympathy, both intellectual and spiritual; often silent, but when expressed the more helpful because of the reticence against which it stood forth in relief. As one who knew him well says in a note to me, "He drew, and led, and helped us upward, onward, by simply being himself and living his own life before us." Behind the words of counsel when occasion made them necessary was the steady power of his example as man and scholar.

It was this same temper that made his judgments so just and his candor so notable. Your intense mind is apt so to project itself as to become narrow, linear. Calm is the parent of breath. Dr. Bliss was a natural counsellor. The beatitude of the peacemaker accrued inevitably to him. Many a storm of doubt has he stayed in young minds. Many a soul has he led to Christ, and helped to solid footing upon substantial Christian foundations who but for him might have continued to flounder in the slough of uncertainty. Always it was his manifold sympathy with both truth and man that gave him his opportunity. He knew how to trust both. Part of his power was his calm confidence, his freedom from apprehension, as to the future either of truth or life.

Fanciful it may seem to some, but with this same, equable, slow and steady temper of Dr. Bliss's mind, I associate one of the incidental excellencies of his influence as a teacher. He first gave to me a sense of thedignity, beauty and precision of our mother tongue. His stream of utterance did not flow fast, but it was as pellucid and perfect as any English speech to which I have listened. I remember how gradually I became aware of this; and then, with what admiring wonder I used to watch the simplicity and felicity of his diction. Every word was in its right place; every word had its right force. The sentences were as clear as crystal and yet they had the liquid quality of harmonious movement; and they came with so stately a pace that you could easily note and admire. Few men have more thoroughly believed, fewer still have more diligently obeyed that counsel of Dr. R. W. Dale, to Yale divinity students: "Your language is not yours—not yours alone; it belongs to your country and to posterity. Take care that, so far as you are concerned, none of its fertile provinces are permitted to sink out of cultivation. Maintain its ancient idiom. Honor the laws which have governed its structure." This Dr. Bliss did with conscientious care. A scholar in other tongues, he was master of his own.

Professor Bliss gave twenty-five years of such influence to the schools at Lewisburg. He built himself and many of his ideals into their life. The past of the institution is impressed with his character. Its future will continue to be colored by his life. His influence in the councils of the faculty was as quiet and decisive as in the class room It was felt in the church, throughout the town, and ranged into the surrounding country. No review of Dr. Bliss's life in Lewisburg would be complete that did not dwell, at least for a moment, upon these incidental features of his ministry. During the first years of his residence he was pastor of the church as well as professor in the college. He allayed what had been troubles until he came; eased at once frictions that had been irritating. The first autumn of his pastorate saw a revival of religion in progress, the fruit of his faithful preaching of the gospel. More than sixty were converted. Both students and townfolk joined in its benefits. No one who has lived a graduate's term in that town needs to be told in what estimate he was held by everyone. He became in time the patriarch of the region. He had a cordial word and a fatherly smile for everyone, especially the poor and the weak. They would send for him, from miles of distance, to reconcile difference in families and communities The citizens elected him a member of the borough council. When the dark days of the war came, every fibre of him turned to patriotism. He went about making campaign speeches in the Lincoln canvass. He sheltered and succoured runaway slaves. When the institution closed its doors, just before the battle of Gettysburg, he went to the seat of war as a nurse. He made it his first duty to recover the body of a young townsman who had been killed, and of whom no trace had been found until he restored his remains to his friends. To the end of life he would recall, occasionally, what it has cost him of shrinking and pain to face the dreadful sights of the battlefield after the conflict, and the sufferings of the wounded in the hospitals. The hospital in which he did most of his work as a nurse was one in which Confederate wounded soldiers were in the majority. These are trifles, you may say, in contrast with many of the larger achievements of the man, yet they reveal the perfection of the Christian spirit.

But it was to his pupils that Dr. Bliss gave his life. He was philanthropist, patriot, pastor, and in all relations Christian; but first and last, and by preference, he was a teacher of young men. There has come into my hands a copy of a note written by him in the autumn of 1890 to Mr. James R. Gilmore, editor of a forthcoming encyclopedia of biography, which is a beautiful evidence of his manly modesty and at the same time a token of his own clear sense of the quiet pervasive diffusion of himself in and through his students. In this he found his satisfaction and reward. These are his words: "In compliance with your circular request of the 13th inst. I send a few sentences concerning my life history. Of course it is but a few sentences for which, even in a work so extensive as your encyclopedia, you can have room; nor, if you had more room would more words be appropriate. My life has been spent in as strict seclusion as is consistent with the vocation of an instructor of youth. If it is to have any significant record, it is a hidden one in the character, attainments and modes of thought of at least forty five classes of young people who have in succession passed under my influence." This record he has finished. It will abide, and is his living memorial.

He himself is gone. We shall see that tall, spare figure, with the scholar's stoop, that fair-gray head, massive in proportions, that spiritual face, those mild eyes and that wise smile, no more below. We shall not hear again the ripple of his light laugh (for he had a quiet, delicate sense of humor) nor the music of his speech. We shall feel no more the thrill of his fatherly sympathy, nor rejoice again in his evident pride in us and in our work. But so far as I know, there is not one student of all who sat in his class room that can, or will, forget him. His influence will last with us till the close of life. We shall love him not less, but more, as the years go by.

THE LANGUAGE OF LITERATURE.

The chief thing in literature is the substance of the literary work. One cannot write well unless he can think well. And the chief thing, then, is the thought which is expressed by any writing. Very few stop to think how the work is written or bother themselves about the form of expression.

Certain modes of expression are strikingly impressive, but the majority of readers notice very little more than that they are different from some other ways.

While the mode of expression is secondary to the thought expressed, still if the language of literature were not chosen very few books would survive their birth, no matter how much thought they contained. And so we find that authors differ very much as to the character of their language and expression, and this difference is pleasant to note.

The language of literature must be far above the common conversational language. Even the speech used in conversation in the best society and by the most highly educated people must be surpassed in literature. One reads books for enlightenment and entertainment, and he cannot be satisfied with the monotony which accompanies common, every-day speech. In the newspapers this style may be permitted, for the papers are read only for the sake of obtaining certain facts concerning actions which are relative to us. Once read, they are thrown aside and are rarely kept for reference or for their lasting thoughts; and, in fact, they are scarcely even read, but merely glanced over for the current news.

We have been referring to proper conversational language, but improper speech used in conversation is more doomed to destruction than the proper modes of expression. By proper forms of expression we mean those which are grammatically correct and are not included under provincialisms or slang. While it is the language which makes grammar and not grammar which makes the language, still it is the observance of grammatical rules that gives the writer any precedence as such. No one considered the writings of Sam Jones after he had once read them in the daily papers; in fact, very few took even the trouble to read them. Another improper form is slang. It is true to some extent that the slang of one age becomes the correct speech of the next age, but not so by any means with all slang. And so when we read works of fiction or any other literary work we may be surprised at the expression and we may perhaps admire it, but that is all. The works of Dickens are very good illustrations of this kind of language. We do not say all his language is offensive, but it is such that we of this generation cannot heartily approve; and quite likely in the next age many of his works will become obscure. Contrast the language of Shakespeare and Milton with that of Dickens or Thackeray. We all admit the supremacy of the former, not only because the thoughts are greater, but because they clothed the thoughts in a studied expression, such as has moulded the language of the nation for centuries; while the forms of expression in the works of the latter abound in words and sentences which are already quaint and obscure.

While common conversational language is unsuited for literary work, still one must not think that a high-flown style, full of large words, is meant.

Plain and simple language, with words suited to the thought is that for which every author should strive. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's book, "Robert Elsmere,'' created a great sensation because of its thought, but the language was so beyond the ordinary usage that it was difficult for most people to grasp her thought. On the other hand, the simple story told in simple language by Harriet Beecher Stowe, has been read the world over and has helped to influence a nation.

Another uncommon literary form, if it may be called a literary form, is the use of foreign words. An author may be well versed in foreign languages, but he is ignorant of their use if he dots the pages of his work by foreign terms and with those which are not understood by the masses of the nation for whom he writes. Many people lose interest in a book simply because there are inserted here and there foreign words and expressions which they cannot understand and the force of which they cannot appreciate. If a good thought is expressed well in one language the people will see to it that the same thing is put into many languages. Victor Hugo wrote ''Les Miserables'' in French, but the English have made its fame world wide by translating it into their own language.

Finally, all works will bear criticism, but there are some whose influence will last because of their expression, and they would scarcely endure because of their thought. "Larna Doone,'' by Blackmore, is an example of this kind. It is lofty yet subdued; prose and still poetical; with simple yet exalted language; it stands as a monument of proper literary language. And so we might speak of the simple English in ''Pilgrim's Progress,'' and of ''Paradise Lost,'' and of the works of that greater writer, Shakespeare; all have stood the fire of criticism and remain to us as models of what is necessary in the language of literature.

THE POET IN HISTORY.

The poet has been considered an idealist. He is supposed to see things with the mind's eye, rather than with the eye of sense. His pen "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." He is not practical.

On the other hand, history is serions and real. Humor may cometimes touch human conduct, but, for the most part, the events with which the historian deals are grave and serious. How, then, can a poet be considered as a part of history? He is so considered because the general concept of his nature and work is erroneous. The poet is by no means the lackadaisical creature represented in *Puck*; he is a real and practical character. Take, for instance, his faculty of sight. Does a poet see things as clear in outline and true in color as the ordinary man? It is his province to see nature and man as they are. He can define a landscape and explore the hidden depths of our hearts better than any other man in the world. The poet above all knows what we are and what we ought to be. Tennyson could not restrain those notes:

> "Live pure, speak true, right wrong,
> Follow the King,
> Else wherefore live?"

Again, take the question of practicality. Than international affairs there are few affairs more important to mankind. As by an instinct men have chosen, during the last few centuries, poets for ambassadors, diplomats and envoys from state to state. Even here in the United States, where materialism runs rampant, the poet has been called from the quiet of his study to represent his country before the sovereigns of the world. Lowell will not be honored alone for his poetry and prose, but he will have a place and rank for what he has done among the rulers of the nations.

The ancients held the poet in a truer light than do the moderns. He could engage in the activities of life. Little may be known of Solon as a poet, yet his verses were held in high esteem by the Greeks. His wisdom was not only displayed in rhythmical utterances, but also made a lasting impression on the laws of Hellas. Tyrtaens it was who wrote marching songs for the Lacedemonians. That pean, "To the front ye brave sons of Sparta," thrills us as well as the Spartan soldiery who marched to those immortal battlefields.

The Romans, as much as the Greeks regarded the bards as a part of Republican and Imperial society. Roman poets were often wealthy and frequently held positions of responsibility under Emperors. The composition of a great poem was reckoned a work of the highest honor Great potentates sought the companionship of Virgil and of Horace; they were flattered by a recognition in verse.

If, then, the ancients recognized the true worth of poets by courting their friendship and honoring them not only for their verse, but for their ability in other lines, we of today must give due consideration to the place of the poet. For ourselves modern instances ought to suffice. The bard, therefore, shall no longer be confined to the ethereal, but shall have, with other great men, his pages in the annals of the world.

Local.

A cinder track will be put on the campus this summer.

J. Lesher, '96, has been away attending his brother's funeral.

The general countenance of Ezra Allen, '95, is again seen in our midst.

The prospects are that the next freshman class will not number less than fifty.

Dr. Enoch Perrine preached two scholarly sermons in the Presbyterian church April 7.

The third game in the Dickinson-Bucknell chess tournament was concluded May 12, resulting in a draw.

The last of the series of Sunday afternoon sermons, in Bucknell Hall, was preached by Rev. Owen James, May 21.

President Harris addressed the Reading Baptist Association, at Pottsville, at its meeting during the second week in May.

Soph. translating German: "Thrice I tried to put my arms around her, professor, that's as far as I got." Prof: "That was far enough."

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Harris the Senior class were given a reception May 30. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

The Alma Banjo Club gave another one of their delightful concerts in Bucknell Hall on Friday evening, May 26, for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

H. T. Colestock will go to Harrisburg at the request of the Prohibition Club of Bucknell, to represent Bucknell in the prohibition contest in oratory June 6-7.

Beginning with the next school year, an additional course in history will be offered to the Juniors, and advanced work in organic analysis will be added to the scientific course.

His honor, Judge McClure, sometimes amuses the boys on the College campus by batting "flys" beyond the walk. The judge is an old base ball player and occassionally indulges in playing for exercise.

A student in grammar at the Academy comparing *ill*—positive ill, comparative worse, superlative dead. Professor: "That will do; the class will have a vacation of two days to attend the funeral."

Maxey, '93, represented THE MIRROR in the meeting of the Central Inter-Collegiate Press Association, held in Philadelphia, May 20. The subject of his paper was: "The Future Usefulness of the Association."

Mr. H. T. Colestock, '76, won the second prize in the State Prohibition Oratorical contest, held at Harrisburg, June 6. Dickinson College carried off the first prize and will represented Pennsylvania at the National contest, to be held at Chicago, June 28.

An Edison phonograph entertainment was given in Music Hall, Monday evening, May 8, for the benefit of the base ball team. The attendance was not very large, probably owing to the nearness, in time, of other events at the hall, both past and prospective. The phonograph worked nicely. The University band played a selection, which was followed by the College cry and singing by several of the students. These features were perfectly reproduced by the phonograph.

On Memorial Day a sad accident befel little John Harris, the bright three year old boy of Dr. Harris, of the University. While the house was being decorated the little fellow ran out on the roof of a porch over the front entrance, and fell down to the pavement below before aid could reach him. He fell on his side and broke his left leg at the thigh. No internal injuries were found.

The Junior Annual, *L'Agenda*, is out and is a production of which the class and the school may justly be proud. It is a book containing 200 pages, the page being 7x9 inches in size, and is full of interesting, spicy matter which it is a pleasure to read. Among its special features are cuts and sketches of Prof. John Owens and Dr. Robert Lowry, and sketches of Dr. Bliss and Rev. J. P. Tustin, recommending the book to those interested in the University and its men, not only as of present interest, but as a book to be preserved. The humorous side of college life is hit off in a way, which, while amusing and often ludicrous, cannot seem overdrawn or offensive. The price of the book is 75 cents. Sent anywhere postpaid on receipt of price. Address, Warren Martz, Manager, Lewisburg, Pa.

A pleasant affair took place one evening recently, at the Institute, when Dr. E. Aviragnet, the capable leader of the University band, was presented with a handsome silver tipped baton. The presentation speech was made on behalf of the band by Manager G. H. Waid, and Dr. Aviragnet, although deeply moved, responded in a few well chosen words. The baton is the handsomest of the kind ever seen in Lewisburg, and was purchased from Nogel Bros. After the presentation, the band accorded the Institute girls a serenade.

NOTICE.

Upon application, I will furnish card orders for excursion rates, good for ten days, on the following railroads: The Pennsylvania railroad system, including United railroads of New Jersey, Philadelphia and Erie, Northern Central, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, including the main line and Williamsport division. By special arrangement good board can be had at private boarding houses from $1.00 to $1.50 per day. Hotel rates, $2.00 per day. Special information concerning accommodations will be furnished on application. All commencement visitors are cordially invited to register in Room No. 2, College Building, where the undersigned will have quarters during commencement week. Writing, mailing, telegraph, postoffice and messenger facilities can also be found at the same place. Polite attendance will be furnished, free of charge, to escort visitors over the grounds and through the various buildings. Mail sent in care of the Registrar will be promply delivered. W. C. GRETZINGER,
Registrar.

Under the direction of Professors E. Aviragnet and J. B. Ettinger, the concert given May 18 for the benefit of Miss Mary Derr, a former pupil of the Institute, was a grand success. The chorus sung by the Choral Society of Bucknell was a notable feature, as also selections by the University band and the orchestra. The greatest interest centered in Miss Derr and Mr. Halfpenny, who both came from the school of the celebrated vocalist, William Courtney, of New York. The class of voice culture from the Institute was represented by Miss Nellie Jauss, who sang the soprano parts in two duets with Miss Derr. It was the debut of Miss Jauss, and a very brilliant one. Other features of the concert were Beethoven's Vth Symphony, admirably rendered by Misses May Harris and Juliet Aikin; Mr. R. B. Davidson sang with good effect, while Miss Louise Lawshe and Mr. Brown Martin pleased the audience by selections on the violin. The concert was in every way a great success and ranks high in the annals of Lewisburg's musical events.

During commencement week the seventh volume of the *Daily Commencement News* will be issued. It will greet its many friends with a complete resume of all of interest happening during our annual commencement. Its improved condition will bespeak the prosperity attending our University. Some of Bucknell's most noted alumni will contribute valuable articles to our columns. The "Spectator" will again contribute a column. The *News* will publish the Baccalaureate sermon, by President John H. Harris, LL. D.; oration before the literary societies, by President D. B. Purinton, LL. D., of Denison University, O.; oration before the alumni, by E. M. Brawley, D. D., of Nashville, Tenn. It will also print abstracts of all other leading discourses. The four issues will be mailed to any address for 15 cents. Let all those interested in our University send in their subscriptions as early as possible. Stamps may be sent. Address the manager,

A. C. LATHROP.

BASE BALL.

BUCKNELL VS. MILTON.

On the afternoon of May 17, the team went to Milton with the express purpose of defeating the Milton ball team. But again we lost, and it was such a very hard game to lose. Without the assistance of Mr. Reid, the first umpire, Milton would never have been in sight of victory. Marsh and Barclay had just completed a splendid double play when the aforesaid umpire objected and called the man safe at home; at this point Capt. Smith strenuously objected to Mr. Reid, and Mr. Reid was accordingly "fired." Megargee to Cressinger to Smith was the passage of a ball in another double play for our team, this time too painfully evident to the Milton men to call the man safe. As far as hitting went, Bucknell made eleven hits to Milton's six—but yet we lost. In the seventh inning and the ninth Bucknell had three men on bases, but it was impossible to score. Scatchard made his debut as a player, and played a good game, making two hits and having an assist in right field. Weidenhammer's pitching was difficult to gauge at times, as he struck out fifteen men. Smith's work was also very effective.

MILTON.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Summers, ss	0	1	0	2	1
Teuffel, 3b	1	0	0	1	1
H. Chamberlain, 1b	0	0	8	0	0
Wagner, 2b	1	0	0	1	0
C. Chamberlain, c	2	3	1	1	0
Schroyer, lf	0	1	0	0	1
Musgoove cf	0	1	4	0	0
Burnman, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Weidenhammer, p	0	0	0	2	0
Total	4	6	13	7	3

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E
Smith, p	2	2	1	6	0
Webster, 3b	0	1	0	0	1
Parker, lf	0	2	1	0	0
Barclay, c	0	3	0	2	0
Marsh, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Carey, ss	0	0	1	1	3
Cressinger, 1b	1	1	10	0	0
Scatchard, rf	0	2	0	1	0
Megargee, 2b	0	0	4	1	1
Total	3	11	18	11	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Milton	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	0—4
Bucknell	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1—3

Earned runs, Bucknell 1; two base hit, Smith, Barclay, C. Chamberlain; double plays, Megargee, Cressinger, Smith; base on balls, by Weidedhammer 1, by Smith 3; hit by pitched ball, H. Chamberlain, Barclay; wild pitches, Smith 1; struck out, by Smith 10 by Weidenhammer 15; left on bases, Milton 10, Bucknell 11; stolen bases, H. Chamberlain, Wagner. Time of game, 2 hours. Umpires, W. A. Wilkinson, Mr. Reid, Mr. Roup.

BUCKNELL VS. DICKINSON.

Bucknell played a game with Dickinson college at Carlisle on May 20. It was a very close and exciting game until the ninth inning, when Dickinson batted out six of their twelve runs. The features of the game were a great catch of a fly ball by Parker and Cressinger's unassisted double play when two men were on bases with one man out. Smith stole bases with impunity, but Barclay cut off several attempts of the Dickinson men to reach second base by hard, quick and accurate throws. For Dickinson Goodall's batting was the feature. The team was entertained very nicely by the Dickinson men. Such treatment deserves creditable mention, because it enhances the pleasure of a trip with a ball team, even if the visiting team is defeated.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Grissinger, c	1	1	2	1	1
Hines, p	0	2	0	2	0
Gilroy, 2b.	1	1	4	4	0
Curry, 3b	0	0	1	1	1
Davis, lf.	1	1	1	0	1
Lantz, cf	2	1	1	0	1
Kramer, ss	3	2	2	2	0
Goodall, 1b	4	3	10	0	0
Harvey, rf.	0	1	1	0	1
Totals	12	12	22	10	5

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Smith, 3b.	2	3	2	2	1
Bourne, p	0	1	0	0	0
Parker, lf.	1	2	1	0	0
Marsh, cf	1	0	5	0	1
Barclay c.	1	1	3	2	0
Carey, ss	0	0	1	5	1
Cressinger, 1b	0	0	11	1	0
Riggin, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Megargee, 2b.	0	0	1	2	2
Totals	5	7	24	12	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Dickinson	0	0	1	3	0	2	0	0	6—12
Bucknell	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	1— 5

Earned runs, Bucknell 1, Dickinson 5; home run, Lantz; three base hits, Bourn, Hines, Goodall; two base hits, Parker, Kramer; bases stolen, Smith 3, Parker 1, Kramer 1; left on bases Bucknell 8, Dickinson 6; double play Cressinger, unassisted; struck out, by Bourn 4 by Himes 5; bases on balls, by Bourn 2, by Himes 3; hit by pitched ball, Gilroy; passed balls, Barclay 1. Time of game, 1 hour 40 minutes. Umpires, W. A. Wilkinson and Mr. Jacobs.

Dickinson College sent her strong nine to Lewisburg on May 12, and administered to us a defeat which should have been a victory. Poor support, as usual, was what lost the game. Captain Smith pitched a fine game, striking out eleven men and giving Dickinson but three hits, and one of these a scratch. Our boys yet lack "snap" in their play, but we believe that with more experience on the field they will gain confidence and play better. Following is the score:

DICKINSON.						BUCKNELL.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Grissinger, ss	1	0	0	2	0	Bourn, 3b	0	0	0	0	0
Himes, 1b	1	1	6	1	1	Barclay, c	0	0	11	2	3
Gilroy, 2b	1	0	8	2	1	Marsh, cf	1	2	1	1	1
Curry 3b	1	1	0	1	0	Smith, p	1	4	0	16	2
Davis, lf	0	0	2	0	0	Carey, ss	1	1	0	2	0
Lantz, cf	2	0	0	0	0	Parker, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Bowman, c	0	0	11	4	0	Cressinger, 1b	0	0	9	0	1
Kramer, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Cregar, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Stratford, p	1	1	0	12	0	Megargee, 2b	0	1	2	0	1
Total	7	3	27	22	2	Total	3	9	24	21	8

SCORE BY INNINGS

Dickinson	0	2	0	0	4	1	0	0	x—7
Bucknell	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—3

Earned runs Bucknell 2; two base hits, Carey; stolen bases, Gilroy, Smith, Grissinger, Lantz 2, Stratford; double plays, Grissinger to Gilroy to Himes, Himes to Gilroy; left on bases, Bucknell 6, Dickinson 4; struck out, Gilroy 3, Curry, Davis 2, Bowman 1, Kramer 3, Stratford, Barclay, Marsh, Carey, Parker, Cressinger 2, Cregar 3, Megargee; first base on balls, Bourn, Parker 2, Grissinger 3, Carey, Lantz 4, Bowman; hit by pitched ball, Parker; passed balls, Barclay 2. Time of game, 1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire, Wilkinson.

On May 17 the Varsity crossed bats with the strong team of Milton and won their first game of the season. Bourn occupied the box for the 'Varsity and did excellent work. Bucknell's team played fine ball, giving Bourn perfect support. Weidenhammer occupied the box for the visitors, but he was pounded at will by our boys. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood Bucknell 10, Milton 1. The score:

MILTON.						BUCKNELL.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Summers, 2b	0	0	0	2	1	Bourn, p	0	0	0	5	0
Chamberlain, 1b	0	1	11	0	1	Barclay, c	2	4	4	1	0
Brown, 3b	1	2	1	2	0	Marsh, cf	2	2	0	0	0
Chamberlain, c	0	1	12	1	2	Smith, 3b	3	4	3	3	0
Musgrave, lf	0	2	1	0	0	Parker, lf	0	0	8	1	0
Seasoltz, ss	0	2	0	1	1	Carey ss	0	2	1	0	0
Burnman, cf	0	1	2	0	0	Riggin, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Rhodes, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Cressinger, 1b	2	2	7	0	0
Weidenhammer, p	0	0	0	15	1	Megargee, 2b	1	1	4	2	0
Total	1	9	27	21	6	Total	10	15	27	12	0

Bucknell	2	1	1	0	0	3	0	3	0—10
Milton	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs, Milton 1, Bucknell 7; three base hit, Barclay, Cressinger; two base hits, Smith, Chamberlain, Musgrave; stolen bases, Smith 4, Cressinger; left on bases, Milton 9, Bucknell 12; struck out, Rhodes 2, Bourn 2, Marsh 2, Parker, Carey 3, Riggin 2, Cressinger 2, Megargee; first base on balls, Musgrave, Weidenhammer, Marsh, Parker 3; hit by pitched ball, Chamberlain. Time of game, 2 hours 5 minutes. Umpire, Wilkinson.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

At the annual soiree the unique plan of presenting literary contributions in the form of a magazine, called the *Dawn*, was adopted by the class of '94, and carried out according to the following program:

DAWN.

CONTENTS.

Editorial	Alice Probasco
Letter from Chicago	Mary Wilson
Art Notes	Alice Lillibridge
Some Famous Pictures	Mabel Callender
A Poem	Gertrude Seiber
Life of Chopin	Blanche Swengel
Outline History of Music	Elizabeth Clearwater
Illustration from Beethoven	Mabel Wittenmeyer
Letter from Washington	Alice Mench
A True Story	Nora Green
Among the Birds	Martha Davis
Poets' Words About Flowers	Ida Green
Puzzledom	Elizabeth Bates
Wayside Gleanings	Eva Davison
Scientific Notes	Ella Reese
A Poem, "The Beautiful Skater"	Mabel Thomas
Diary of Young Housekeeper	Harriet Lewis
Letter from Abroad	Mary Bell
Fashion Column	Cora Johnson

BOOK REVIEWS.

Between the Gates	Vida Davenport
Les Miserables	Emma Starick

Our principal, who spent Sunday at the home of Miss Eva Derr, speaks enthusiastically of the beautiful valley which includes within its limits the villages of Limestoneville and Paradise. Farming is here carried to a state of perfection, which may be called classic. Well tilled fields, orchards white with the rich promise of fruitage and ample barns tell of a well directed industry. But better still, one finds that those who dwell within the pleasant homesteads "have an eye to see, and a heart to feel the beauty and the joy within their reach." Books, pictures, music make rich their hours of leisure. Well were it if all the homesteads of our land were like those set in this fair valley.

There are few college towns surrounded by more attractive scenery and delightful nooks, within walking distance than Lewisburg. Down the river by Red Rocks, which are just now covered with the graceful nodding columbine, is a favorite walk with the girls.

At one of the Friday exercises, Prof. Owens took us to the Paris exposition, and by means of diagrams and graphic descriptions he made us see the wonderful panorama of progress that the French had presented to the world. If Chicago exceeds Paris she will need to direct her energies toward something beside getting the gates of the fair open on the Sabbath. We should be glad to have a comparative lecture on the Columbian and Parisian expositions when Prof. Owens returns from Chicago.

The picnic at Blue Hill, Saturday, was a pleasant affair.

The concert in Music Hall, under the direction of Dr. Aviragnet, was quite equal to his former musical entertainments. The sympathetic voice of Miss Jauss was a delight to the audience.

Miss Margaret Thomson, class of '92, testified to her interest in her school home during her late visit here, by expressing an ardent desire to return and take the College Course.

ACADEMIC CORRESPONDENCE.

[J. M. WILSON, Correspondent.]

The Fourth Form Commencement invitations are out.

Mr. C. B. Galloway, of Moors, has returned to the Academy.

The Third Form declamation contest, which was to have been held on April 29, was postponed and it is doubttul if there will be any contest this year.

The Secomd Form, with characteristic zeal, has decided to inaugurate a yearly declamation contest for their class.

The Alma Banjo Club, of Williamsport, with the aid of some local talent, gave a concert in Bucknell Hall on May 26, for the benefit of the Academy Athletic Association.

The literary societies, Hermenia and Adelphian, are to play a game of base ball before this term closes.

Personal.

'54. Rev. Charles M. Deitz has resigned from the pastorate of the Baptist church at Florence, N. J.

Ex. '59. Rev. William E. Cornwell, Jr., is at Jacobstown, N. J.

'62. Rev. Henry Bray is Dean of Temple College, Philadelphia.

'65. Rev. H. B. Garner has resigned his charge at Berwyn, Pa.

'72. Rev. Albert Foster, D. D , is located at Newark, N. J.

'72. Rev. W. H. Mentzer is meeting with very encouraging success in his work with the new Baptist church at Wyoming, Pa.

'77. Rev. Calvin A. Hare is pressing forward quite rapidly in his work at McKeesport, Pa. The First Baptist church, of which he is pastor, has just sold its old property with a view to building anew. The new edifice is to be the finest church in the town. It will be erected at a cost of $80,000, and will have a seating capabity of 15,000 persons.

'79. Earl M. Purdy, late of Hughesville, Pa , has gone to Atlanta, Ga., to engage in the furniture business.

'80. Rev. Henry A. Griesemer, of Haddanfield, N. J., is now rejoicing over the payment of a $10,000 mortgage which has been the burden of his church for several years. The dedicatory services which had been deferred on account of the debt were held on May 14.

'82. Rev. H. C. Hall, of Erie, Pa., was recently prostrated for several weeks with a severe attack of bronchitis, during which time his pulpit was supplied by Dr. Harris, of Bucknell, and President Madtes, of Hall Institute. We are glad to learn that Pastor Hall has recovered from his sad affliction.

'83. J. C. Nissley, Esq., of Harrisburg, has moved his law office to North Second street, that city. Mr. Nissley has a good practice, and is making his mark as a barrister.

'84. Franklin P. Lynch, M. D., is assistant surgeon in the soldiers' hospital at Noroton Heights, Conn.

'85. Rev. J. M. Hare, of Burlington, N. J., who was injured last fall in the Reading railroad accident at Manayunk, sued the company for damages. In the trial, which recently closed in the West Chester court, the jury disagreed.

'88. J. P. Pontius, M. D., after pursuing a thorough course in the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, and spending a year at practical work in the Wills Eye Hospital, Philadelphia, has located for practice at Chicago, Ill.

Ex. '88. Charles D. Clingan, Esq , who for the past two years has served as superintendent of the public schools of Orlanda, Fla., has decided to take up his law practice in Lewisburg.

'90. Rev. William M. Corson, of Eagleville, Pa., is getting along very successfully in his first pastorate, and is held in high esteem by his people.

'91. John T. Hyatt, of Lewisburg, delivered the Memorial Day address before the Henry Wilson Post, Milton, Pa. Mr. Hyatt is an orator of no mean ability, and the comrades enjoyed a rich oratorical feast.

'91. Rev. Robert B. Dunmire has had a very successful year in his work at Purchase Line, Pa. A new church has been built and dedicated, and about thirty have been added to the membership. Mr. Dunmire contemplates entering Chicago University next year for the completion of his theological studies.

Ex.'91. Rev.Chas.DeWoody, after a two years' pastorate, has resigned from the Baptist church at Coudersport, and accepted a call to Mansfield, Pa.

'92. Elton S. Carson, of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, recently spent a few days with his friends at Lewisburg. Mr. Corson expects to engage in the bath house business, during the summer, at Ocean City, N. J.

Ex. '92. Rev. G. F. Love, pastor of the North Baptist church, Rochester, N Y., has proved successful in his crusade against the Musee theatre of that city.

Ex. '93 John E Williams has been elected Superintendent of the Dunmore public schools. Mr. Williams has secured an enviable reputation as an instructor, for the short time he has taught. A sketch of his life appeared in the *Educational Gazette*, from which we learn that he is the youngest superintendent in this State.

'—. T. H. Schooly, a former Bucknell student, is now in the employ of the State Board of Land Commissioners, Denver, Col.

'—. Augustus C. Norris, A. M., who attended school here in former years, died at his home, Woodstown, N. J., about a month ago Prof. Norris had been principal of the Woodstown Academy since 1865.

College News.

A national college song book will be published in Chicago this summer.

Senior vacation has been abolished at the University of Wisconsin.—*Ex*.

One hundred and two members of the House of Representatives are college graduates.

The students in the Latin department at Harvard are arranging to present a Latin comedy.

Oberlin college has the most extensive tennis courts in the country. They cover four acres.

"Procrastination is the thief
Of time" I've heard them say.
I wonder if 'twas he that stole
The watch I lost to-day. —*Ex*.

Minnesota university will have an address by some distinguished speaker, instead of the usual orations at commencement time.

If there should be another flood,
Quickly to my Greek I'd fly;
For if all else should be engulfed,
Anabasis would still be dry. —*Ex*.

Harvard reports 2,804 students; University of Pennsylvania, 1,950; Princeton, 1,130; Oberlin, 1,300; Cornell, 1,600; Columbia, 1,552.

He to his arms would press her,
Her lips would fondly kiss;
Alas, her skirt of crinoline
Forbids him all such bliss.
—*Brunonian*.

The cage at the University of Chicago is furnished with a base-sliding machine, the invention of A. A. Stagg, Yale, '88, while he was in college.—*Ex*.

Heads of great men all remind us
If we choose the proper way,
We can get up in the morning
With a head as big as they.
—*Northwestern*.

The students of Ann Arbor have been denied the right to vote. They elected their own men to run the town, consequently the State Legislature sat on them.

Comrades leave me here a little
While as yet in dreams I dwell.
Leave me here and when you want me,
Ring that condemned chapel bell.
—*Brunonian*.

An expert mathematician has calculated that the amount of energy spent in an average game of football is sufficient to break up twenty acres of the heaviest soil known in the country.—*Ex*.

A base ball game is no temperance game,
For the pitcher gives many a pull;
The ball goes off on many a bat,
While the bases quite often are full.
—*Brunonian*.

The University of Virginia has 17 alumni in the fifty-second congress. Judge H. E. Jackson, of the Supreme Court, and Secretary Herbert, of the Navy Department, are graduates of this institution.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of rye,
Make the "bitter feeling"
And the blood-shot eye.
—*Lehigh Burr*.

The University of Chicago has decided to open its dormitories for the accommodation of the educational public during the World's Fair. Many institutions are planning to make the university their headquarters.

TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY.

Her lips were uplifted,
She leaned on his breast;
Her head touched the button,
And he did the rest.
—*Williams Weekly*.

At Boston university the faculty have voted to permit work on the college paper to count an hour's work in the course, allowing seven hours a week to the managing editor and two hours to each assistant. The thousands of toil worn, care laden collegiate editors would rise up and call their faculties blessed were they all to take such philanthropic action.—*Ex*.

DISILLUSIONED.

Her great dark eyes upon me shone,
As on the stairs we sat alone.
So swift her glances played their part
And took possession of my heart,
That straightway I was all undone.

I asked her in a tender tone
To marry me and be my own.
She laughed—I noticed with a start
Her great dark eyes.

A dread fear chilled me to the bone,
I grew as cold as any stone,
For glass and some optician's art
Had made one eye which came apart!
And so that night they captured none;
Her great dark eyes.

—*Williams Weekly.*

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Joseph Cummings, *Attorney.*
RAND-MCNALLY BUILDING,
CHICAGO, January 19, 1893.

Received of James M. Davis, of Philadelphia, Pa., a certified draft by the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis, upon the Merchants' Loan & Trust Co., of Chicago, payable to the order of the said Davis, and by him endorsed, for the sum of seventeen thousand ($17,000) dollars; the said sum of seventeen thousand ($17,000) dollars being in full of the payment required by the terms of a certain contract between the World's Columbian Exposition, party of the first part, and Benjamin W. Kilburn and the said Davis, parties of the second part, granting to the said Kilburn and Davis the exclusive right to take and publish stereoscopic views of the World's Columbian Exposition.

A. F. SEEBERGER,
(Copy.) *Treasurer World's Columbian Exposition.*

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"The Rochester."

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JULY, 1893. No. 10.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.--Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $2.50 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

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☞ Communications solicited from all the studens and friends of the University. Address, UNIVERSITY MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

JULY, 1893.

Editorial.

THE present issue is the last appearance of the MIRROR as a monthly. At the beginning of the next school year the MIRROR will be issued semimonthly. The change necessitated, both in editorial and business departments, will be considerable. The new departure is rather an experiment, and its success or failure can only be determined after a fair trial has been made.

◆

WITH the July number the editorial work of the present board is finished. We think it safe to say that during the past year the MIRROR has not decreased in interest or value in any department. On the other hand, we believe that it has been improved in many respects. It has been the aim of the present board to make the MIRROR a true exponent of the workings of the student body, and not a factional organ. In this we believe we have been successful. We hope that our successors may continue to advance the paper along the general lines pursued this year, and may make it still more of an honor and credit to the college and the student body.

◆

AN exchange says: "The stagnation of success is one of the greatest dangers of college life." In other words one of the greatest dangers is big head. This is not, however, a general danger. The notable successes of the majority of college students is not so overwhelming as to be seriously dangerous. But one of the worst points of this disease is that it is incurable. It is something fatal. When it once gets its grip the poor victim is doomed to go through life with a swollen head. It checks growth. For if one is able why exert one's self? Just to move about with knees, back and elbows stiff, to exhibit one's self to fellow students and to the faculty is sufficient. The usefulness of a man is, to a great extent, at an end when he begins to bank his attainments.

◆

IT may seem presumptuous in us to attack with our feeble weapons a custom so universal and so deeply rooted as the use of slang; nevertheless, we wish to say just a word in regard to it. We see this evil, day by day, making such innovations in our speech that we fear the language will soon be entirely revolutionized, unless an effort is made by us to prevent the further progress of slang by resolutely abstaining from its use. The power of habit is strong, and there is scarcely any one who does not feel its influence in one way or another. In accordance with the law of motion habit follows the line of least resistance. One falls easily into the use of slang, and unless there is violent resistance continues indefinitely in the practice. Many slang phrases, it is true, seem well adapted to our wants. They are brief, they are expressive, they convey in a word or two an idea which, otherwise expressed, would require a long sentence; thus we become so accustomed to economize language by substituting slang for pure, precise English that finally we are at a loss to express ourselves without the aid of slangy expressions. We resolve to give it up, and we are amazed to find how firm a hold this habit has on us. We start to say something and we stop, chagrined to find that the very first sentence is slang. The profusion and variety of college slang is something wonderful. The slang words and phrases of a college student, compiled in book form, would rival the new Century dictionary. "Words are the only things that live forever" How many of us could wish every word we speak to be preserved forever! Would we care for future generations to know, or would it be of especial interest for them to know that at a certain time we were "in the soup," or that at another time we "got left," or didn't "get there," or that at still another time we were "out of sight." Slang, in our opinion, should be indulged in by no one, but especially should young ladies and gentlemen of education and refinement exercise care in the choice of words. Their pride should tell them that the "slangy" language, which is pardonable in street arabs and newsboys is not excusable in them.

Literary.

THE ABLE ADDRESS OF D. B. PURINTON, LL. D., PRES., OF DENISON UNIVERSITY, GRANVILLE, OHIO, BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 19.

Truly great men are rare. There have been many races and many ages that have produced but few of them, and but few races or ages that have produced many of them. Every age is equally busy, indeed, asserting its own claims to greatness and disputing those of former ages. But the great stream of human life flows on much the same from age to age, with only here and there the crest of a mighty wave to mark the spot where some great, gifted soul is struggling against the current and changing the order of its flow. It could not be otherwise; for human greatness is but a relative thing, and if all were great, then were none great.

Nor is this limitation to be at all regretted; for the average man is quite as important as the great man. True, he is not very much in his own person, or in the estimation of the world, but God values common men and keeps on making them by the million. That giant oak is far more striking and impressive than the soil from which it grows, but it is the soil that makes the oak possible. Even so the average man is the soil out of which the great man grows. It is the broad commonwealth of ordinary people that makes possible the rich fruitage of the great. And yet, the ungrateful world is all too prone to praise the product and forget the producer.

On occasions like the present, it is customary to portray the great deeds of some great man and hold them up as an inspiring example to ingenuous youth. Let us do otherwise tonight. Permit me to depart from the prevailing custom and speak to you of common men and common things. The theme will be less distinguished and striking, less heroic and inspiring indeed, but, let us hope, none the less pleasing or profitable. And, I am sure we are not so vain as to think it less practical or personal. If we cannot all reach the extreme pinnacle of human greatness, may we not all at least find the golden mean of sensible, respectable and useful manhood? And is it not wise, occasionally at least, to restrain our ambition within the limits of the possible rather than to be everlastingly straining ourselves up to the plane of the impossible? No man can stand on tip-toe forever.

Your professors have properly and wisely urged you up the heights of future greatness. The journey has been inspiring, the company delightful, the prospects charming, and you have been making swift and sinewy strides for many a month. But, tell me, are you not now a trifle weary, and ready for a rest?

If so, relax your mental muscle, release those giddy ambitious heights to the safe custody of your learned professors, and descend with me for a little while into the easy levels of mediocrity. It is a pleasant place to stroll, and not without a certain value of its kind.

"Aurea mediocritas" the Latin bard pronounced it long years ago, and to this day there is certainly a "golden mean" which the flight of intervening centuries has rendered none the less golden. Between two treacherous extremes, there always lies a middle course, broad and safe, which most men may wisely find and follow. In seeking it, two useful maxims must be observed. *1. Avoid extremes in action. 2. Attain extremes in character.*

These two precepts are plainly contradictory in form, but they are perfectly consistent in purpose. The one may lead us along the quiet paths of successful mediocrity; the other, as we shall see, may advance us to the superior heights of wisdom and greatness; but they journey together and both lead along the same safe pathways. Observe whither they lead.

I. Avoid extremes in action.

Taken literally, this is a plain and easy precept, scarcely worth repeating Only a clown will act extremely, and even he will do it with a purpose—to make fools laugh. And yet, there are many elements of human conduct wherein any one, before he is aware of it, may fall into absurd and mischievous extremes. Notice a few of them:

1. There are extremes of expression. The tongue is an unruly member now even as of old, and goes very much as it pleases. Sometimes it runs too much, sometimes too little. On the one hand, you may see William the Silent, who invariably keeps still when he ought to speak; on the other, you may hear the inveterate prattler who invariably speaks when he ought to keep still. Wise men have always recognized and avoided this extreme of loquacity.

You remember how in ancient times Zeno sat silent at the feast while a score of wine bibing philosophers were hastening to tell what wisdom each man knew, but Zeno uttered not a single word, desiring this message to be sent to the king: “There is one philosopher in Athens who knows how to hold his tongue.” Blessed philosophy, would that a new school of it might be founded in babbling America. Young men and maidens, old men and matrons might well matriculate in such a school. I know a college professor even, who ought by all means to enter. He is a good man and means well, but he talks and talks and talks; and candor compels me to add that the more he talks the less he says.

On the other hand I know a college student who ought not to enter. He labors under the misfortune of being a stammerer and slow of speech. In social circles he manages somehow to get along heroically, not to say affably and volubly. But, strangely enough, whenever he enters the classroom his infirmity invariably returns upon him, and his tongue is holden that he cannot speak. He “knows his lesson but can't recite.” Do you know any such?

Bayard Taylor was once asked how he had managed, during such a busy life, to amass so much knowledge on such numerous and varied subjects. In reply he referred to that ancient philosopher of whom it was said, “He never speaks much, but will listen eternally,” and added that he himself had obtained most of his knowledge by adroitly engaging other men in conversation and being himself a good listener. There is wisdom in this, and while both extremes of speech are to be avoided, it is usually true that the longest tongue goes with the shortest temper and the lightest brain. It is a suggestive fact that most men have been furnished with two good ears and only one mouth. But that single mouth, in some cases, seems capable of keeping the tympanum of a thousand ears in a constant state of helpless vibration. Nor is this all. Extremes of speech may be found in its quality quite as often as in its quantity. One may speak very extremely, though he does not speak too much.

There is the gushing superlative, for example, sometimes ungallantly called the ‘school girl style,” in which extreme epithets are freely used, the commonest persons and things are described as perfectly elegant, delicious charming, exquisite, heavenly, and every form of expression takes on such a superlative sultriness of intensity that the thought it once contained is practically evaporated. Just as when one looks into a concave mirror, he finds that the intelligence of his face diminishes as its surface expands, so this extremist enlarges and distorts the plainest facts beyond all possible recognition, and shows his regard for truth only by keeping at a respectful distance from it.

Then there is the “rough and tumble style” which ignores all ornament and polish, glories in its exceeding plainness of speech, rushes irreverently along its thought without standing on the manner of its going, takes a sort of surly pride in shocking the ear with such a ruggedness of utterance as amounts to a deformity, and goes to that disgusting extreme in language to which Rousseau went in morals when he wantonly paraded before the public the nauseating details of his private sins, and to which Cromwell went in art when he said to the artist, "Paint me as I am. If you leave out a single scar or blemish I will not pay you a shilling."

On the other hand there is the sinuous, evasive style, which delights in double-entendre, says one thing and means another, robs you altogether of its meaning, smiles serenely at your confusion, and makes you feel the justice of that famous sneer of Tallyrand when he said, "Words are used to conceal thought."

Then there is the pedantic style, which affects great learning, despises simple Anglo-Saxon, delights in sonorous derivatives, wearies you with foreign phrases, and never deigns to use a short word if a long one can be found. This style is usually the device of a shallow mind, whereby it is hoped to make a little thought seem large by clothing it in mighty words—a sort of mental pigmy masquerading in giant's armor. And yet men of strong mind and true scholarship are sometimes guilty of this extreme. The late Bronson Alcott, for example, in his famous philosophical conversation, was prone to use high-sounding and unfamiliar words On one such occasion, it is said, a disgusted Englishman tried to get even with Mr. Alcott by asking him if he knew whether omnipotence abrogated attribute.

In a certain college town in Ohio there lives a very stately gentleman who is exceedingly fond of using stately language. He is a prominent member of a prominent church. The college boys declare—and of course it must be true—that he was never known to pray but once, and then he began his address to the Almighty in this wise: "Paradoxical as it may seem, O Lord, it is nevertheless indubitable "

But I forbear, and pass to another class of extremes which are equally to be avoided.

2. Extremes in personal bearing.

How exceedingly unlike are the manners and address of the people we meet every day. Here is a man who shows in every lineament of his face and every movement of his person, a certain pomposity, hauteur, insufferable self assertion, and unpardonable condescension which Emerson has described as an unapproachable Lord Almightyness. Here is another who meets you with a servile air, an apologetic look, an obsequious bow, a sycophantic smile, by all of which he unconsciously yet unmistakably declares that he is a poor, unworthy nobody, and begs everybody's pardon for daring to exist.

One man wears extreme clothing, strikes unusual attitudes, poses, calls attention to himself, anything, everything to make a sensation. Another, absent-minded, neglectful of his appearance and surroundings, oblivious of the ordinary amenities of life, is evidently living in the world but not of it.

One bears himself with such stately dignity and slow deliberation of movement as to make the world weary of beholding him. Another jumps and jerks and jostles along at such a nervous, reckless speed as would ruin the constitution of a salamander.

3. A third class of extremes in action may be loosely designated as extremes in methods of living.

At one extreme, we find the gormand and the inebriate who sacrifice their all to appetite. We justly reproach and abhor them ; but are we not ourselves sometimes subject to the same reproach? We use tobacco, perchance, and doubtless we all must agree with Dio Lewis when he stated that nearly all Americans eat too much ; and, on the score of national vanity, we may console ourselves by generalizing still further, and agree with that cynical sentiment of Voltaire wherein he defined a physician as "that unfortunate gentleman who is expected to perform the daily miracle of reconciling health with intemperance." At the opposite extreme stands the fastidious, finical man, who is inordinately careful of his physical health and happiness.

Immanuel Kant, for example, was accustomed to take a daily walk for exercise. But he never invited a friend to walk with him, because he had an impression that talking in the open air might be slightly injurious to his lungs. You remember, also, how that famous Venitian nobleman, Cornaro, decided that human life might be indefinitely prolonged by simply observing exactness, moderation and regularity in the matter of eating and drinking. And so he had a pair of scales at his table and weighed out for himself, with chemical exactness, his daily allowance of twelve ounces of meat and fourteen of wine.

Now these gentlemen did undoubtedly prolong their days in this way. Cornaro lived to his hundredth year. But one cannot help feeling that such pusillanimous regard for things merely physical is unworthy of an immortal spirit. For myself, I freely confess that my respect for the memory of the great philosopher and the distinguished nobleman would have been far greater if they had not resorted to such methods, even though thereby they might have robbed the world of their valuable lives a few years earlier.

Extremes in living are not confined, however, to mere eating and drinking. They may be seen in everything that touches human life. The home and the personal attire may be either severely and affectedly simple, or excessively ornate and vulgarly gorgeous. Topics of conversation may be prevailingly grave and gloomy, or frivolous and trifling. One man is fond of tragedy, thinks it a sin to smile, makes of life one long funeral procession, and never feels well unless he is miserable. Another sees only the ludicrous side of things, profanes the most sacred occasions with his irreverent jesting, and makes of life a comical farce, of himself a silly buffoon.

Now all these extremes in the conduct of life, and scores of others that might be mentioned, are to be strongly condemned and carefully avoided. There may be here and there a man, great in character, who can afford, perhaps, to be extreme or eccentric in conduct. But for most men it is both safe and sensible to follow the maxim of the golden mean, and avoid extremes in action.

II. Still bearing this caution in mind, we may now proceed to our second maxim: *Attain extremes in character.*

And this exhortation is more important even than the one just presented. For action, at the best, is but outward and variable, while character is inward, essential, eternal. The one is the substance of which the other is only the shadow. And the essence of things is always greater than their appearance. Paint may be cheaper than polish, but when it comes to a blemish in human character it is vastly better to polish it away than to paint it over. And how is this to be done? Let it be remembered that many of the greatest blemishes in character are but virtues distorted and perverted.

There is a sense in which reprehensible extremes may be so combined in a single character as to enhance its virtue thereby. It can never be true indeed that two wrongs make a right, but, in character as in chemistry, there is a mysterious alchemy whereby substances separately hurtful may be so united as to become harmless, and even valuable. Indeed, the perfect human character may be defined as a harmonious blending of contradictory extremes.

This is doubtless what Aristotle meant when he said that every virtue stands midway between two opposing vices; what Shakespeare meant when he said, "The best men are moulded of their faults;" what Paul meant when he declared, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

Extremes in thought and character are like the opposite poles of a battery. Kept apart they are inert and fruitless. But bring them together, once let the poles of thought meet, and the mysterious current begins to flow, and the whole world to pulsate with the throb of a new life.

As in mathematics, a mean proportional is equal to the product of two extremes, so in character and life, we find many of these proportionals produced by the blending of opposite extremes. Notice some of them.

1. There are extremes of doubt and belief.

And these extremes are mutually dependent. Belief is natural to the human mind. Mr. Hume's statement that men naturally doubt, but must be taught to believe, is manifestly incorrect. The child believes everything, doubts nothing, questions nothing, is easily deceived. Being thus deceived, he learns to doubt. Now, while this guilelessness of belief may be admirable in a child it is far otherwise in a man. The man who believes everything is well nigh a fool. Taking things for granted is not genuine belief, and he who never doubts or questions never truly believes. Our strongest, clearest, surest convictions are often born of doubt. As ignorance of danger is not true courage, so ignorance of error is not true conviction. He who is too cowardly to doubt is usually too indolent to believe. And, on the other hand, he who doubts everything, is worse even than he who doubts nothing. These separate extremes mark the little man. The great man is both a good doubter and a good believer.

2. But, again, questions of fate and freedom furnish another combination of extremes in human character.

Men have always believed in some over-ruling destiny. You remember that in ancient mythology although Jupiter was father and ruler of gods and men, yet even he could do nothing contrary to the fates. And this is only one of the many forms of religious fatalism. But nature seems to teach the same lesson. Her laws are stern, irrevocable, relentless. Pope's famous query, ' Shall gravitation cease when I go by ?'' has found a despairing echo in many a soul to whom the study of nature has brought a dark, materialistic fatalism.

Then there are environments and natural temperaments and the long line of heredity. They tell us now that to have good character one must be well born, to be well born he must be well derived, and to be well derived the process must begin 500 years before his birth—yes, 5,000,000 years, if Darwin be correct.

And then Mr. Buckle comes along and demonstrates to a certainty that crimes and suicides in England are directly proportional to the price of corn, and marriages and births inversely proportional to the same commodity ; and the poor dupe who believes him is afraid to look at his own razor when corn is high, lest Buckle's ponderous statistical tables should so overpower his will that he would involuntarily take his own life.

On the other hand, men have always believed themselves to be free. And this belief is perfectly rational and well grounded. Nothing can be surer in this world than that human thought is free, and human will is free. A victorious idea is regal, relentless. He who dares resist it, must inevitably go down in the struggle. Mirabeau was right when he said, ''Nothing is impossible to the man who can will.'' For he who thinks may see the right, and he who wills may do the right, all nature, environment and heredity to the contrary notwithstanding And he who may do the right is free.

The fatalist tells us that in Brazil, trees are great and men are small, nature is everything, man is nothing. Grant it. What then? How stands the case in California? There trees are great, but men are greater. Nature is much, but man is more. The truth is that the mightiest of all nature's mighty forces yield in sweet submission to the majesty of human thought and will.

An ancient poet said, ''The gods sell all things at a fair price,'' and he who is willing to pay the price may enjoy for himself, and possess within himself, even the richest of celestial treasures.

There is certainly a Divinity who presides over the destinies of men and of nations, and determines them according to the sovereignity of his own will. And there is just as certainly a freedom accorded to every man whereby he inevitably works out his own destiny.

Now, here are two extremes of thought as wide apart as the heavens and the earth. And yet the history of the world abundantly proves that when held together they make men and nations powerful, progressive, prevailing ; but when separated, either of them brings inevitable weakness, wickedness and woe.

3. Pride and humility present another possibility of extremes in character.

These extremes are marked and noticeable. Perhaps there is no other element in which men differ so widely as in this. One man is proud, bold, sanguine, self reliant, self-assertive, conscious of his strength, ready to attempt anything. Another is humble, modest, timid, retiring, distrustful of himself, and perennially disposed to flee before the first shadow that chances to cross his path. Now, this difference among men is natural, possibly unavoidable. There is abundant reason for both these feelings. When one compares himself with his ideal of perfection, he can but see how very far he falls below it. And this comparison ought frequently to be made. ''Be ye also perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.'' These are the exacting words of human conscience as well as of divine law ; and there can be no manner of doubt that, when even measurably apprehended in all the boundless compass of their import, they must bring to every sensitive soul a humbling view of personal unworthiness and moral need. But notice. Great and lofty natures are invariably made such by dwelling constantly in the presence of their own ideals of perfection. And so it comes to pass that humility always springs up in the richest soil of human hearts. And its beauty and fragrance are ever greatest in the greatest. But humility does not mean humiliation or any other manner of self-depreciation. That spirit is born of disease or hypocrisy. The man who honestly believes himself to be *utterly unworthy*, is usually a dyspeptic or a lunatic. The sanctimonious man, on the other hand, who pretends to be utterly unworthy, is usually an arrant knave—another edition of Uriah Heap, whose false humility, ostentatiously displayed on all occasions, is but a cheap counterfeit of virtue by a nature already morally bankrupt.

The honest man, remembering that it is far braver to look himself squarely in the face than to look his enemy in the face, will deal justly, honestly, with himself, without partiality and without hypocrisy. But he will not hang his harp upon the willows, his head in the dust, and dolefully wail out that most cowardly of all supplications, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing." God knows there are too many nothings in this world already. He wants every man to be something, something.

But, to be something, a man must first of all be himself, conscious of his own powers, proud of his manhood and proud of his possibilities—too proud, indeed, either to debase the one or to compromise the other. There is a certain just and irreducible pride of character which rightfully belongs to all men—great and small, high and low, rich and poor, alike. It is that all sustaining conviction that the man is more than his station whatever his station may be. Such a pride may live in a hut as well as a palace, and thrives on potatoes and porridge as well as the most delicate and costly viands. It does not mean implacable vanity as in Francis Bacon, nor insufferable conceit as in Thomas Paine, nor yet unpardonable condescension as in Matthew Arnold. But it does mean invincible courage as in Thoreau, when he said, "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear;" and it may mean a defiant manliness as in Luther, who said, "When I am angry, I can pray well and preach well;" and in Paul, when he said, "Be ye angry and sin not." A small man may be either proud or humble, but a great man must be both. In morals, as in physics, backbone is better than cartilage; a man is more than a mollusk.

4. But once more. The old and the new occasion the widest extremes among men.

Here is your fosilized conservative, who adores the past, reveres and follows the ancient worthies, and verily believes that the former days were vastly better than these. And here is your rash, restless radical, who ignores all experience, despises the past simply because it is old, and, with his face toward the rising sun, believes the irrational and attempts the impossible, simply because it is new. Now, both are right and both are wrong. Either of them by himself is an incarnated falsehood. But, put them together and you have a living embodiment of truth.

This is no new doctrine. The ancients understood it. You remember the old legend about the birth of Jupiter. Saturn, it seems, chanced one day to make an oyster. Pleased with the product, he kept on making oysters many days. At length his celestial father, Uranus, suggested that he try his hand at something new. But Saturn, true conservative that he was, dared not venture into untried paths, and so went on making oysters for a thousand years. Finally, yielding to his father s repeated entreaties, he threw away the old, time honored oyster mould, and ventured on a new line; when, behold, at the very first trial, presto! out came Jupiter. Which fable teaches that the conservative and the innovator, the old and the new, are equally concerned in the origin and progress of gods and of men. So the ancients believed, and they were right. Now, let this doctrine be applied to the every day affairs of men.

(1). Take it into the home, and here you find the most vivid contrasts of the old and the new. Under the old type the father is a stern, implacable tyrant, his slightest wish is law, and he himself is judge and jury, governor and executioner, all in one. The home is a mere military despotism, wherein order and obedience are the cardinal virtues, and woe betide the hapless lad who dares to cross the will of the paternal despot. Plato used to say, "A boy is the most vicious of all wild beasts." This is a monstrous sentiment surely, but scarcely more so than that which prevails in the home, be it ancient or modern, wherein the boy is constantly treated with bit and bridle, whip and spur. At sight of such a savage parent we are disposed to agree with Plato, and to add "The boy is father to the man."

Under the new type, however, old things have passed away. Behold, what a change. Here is a home in which the boy is everything, the father nothing. Young America bears rule here, and that with a high hand. He bestrides the domestic world like a collossus. He speaks and it is done, he commands and it stands fast. He seems a very god, for whom all things domestic are and were created. The father is endured, to be sure, as a sort of necessary evil, to bring in the revenues and replenish the exchequer of the domestic kingdom, but his influence in governmental affairs is scarcely worth the mentioning.

We are told of a certain German professor who always bows profoundly in the presence of his pupils, because he sees in them the future burgesses and lawmakers of the realm. If he were an American professor, and should see many of his pupils in their homes, he might make a second bow as to the present burgesses and lawmakers of the domestic realm.

Now, these extremes in the home are equally unfortunate, unworthy and hurtful. And yet the elements they contain may be so harmoniously blended as to secure both the authority and respect of the parent, and the free development of the child. Indeed, they are so blended in thousands of loving christian homes to-day.

(2). But, again, school life displays the same extremes of the old and the new.

Under the old regime, the ordinary pedagogue was never known as a teacher or instructor, but was invariably called and elected by the more commanding title of "master." And once in the schoolroom he took good heed to make his calling and election sure. Discipline, law, blind obedience, and personal punishment were emphasized far more than scholarship, independence and personal development. Even in colleges, in the olden days, the student's taste and preference were never consulted. The more he hated a given study the more he was forced to pursue it. He must be run through the same old mill, if it broke all his mental bones and ground him into educational powder. To this day the French Lycee is a mere tread-mill machine which robs the students of their personality, and treats them as though they were in a mediaeval cloister instead of a modern school. Over the doorway of such an institution one might appropriately write that facetious Latin motto, "disce, aut decede." study or leave. clear out. The new education is different. It demands study, to be sure, but it leaves the order and manner thereof to the student himself. Rejecting the time-honored classics, it dotes upon the new-born sciences. Breaking down ancient and venerable curricula of studies, it prepares an elaborate educational feast of its own, mostly of modern viands, and seats the callow youth thereat, leaving it to his own sweet will whether he shall taste of a dozen courses or gorge himself upon one. Herein is another hurtful extreme.

Now, put the old and the new together, blend their extremes into one, and you have a model school, capable of developing a broad, brainy, manly man.

(3). Once more. You may find the like extremes in politics and the state. One man agrees with Hobbes and the ancient Romans that politics is a divine art, the state is everything, and the individual citizen must yield himself, body and soul, to its sovereign sway. Another says: The citizen is sovereign, the state is nothing, and politics is but a popular name for generalized diabolism. There is truth in both these views. The least government is certainly the best government, but it is possible only when each citizen is sovereign over himself. "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh a city." And he alone is the true sovereign, be he king or be he vassal. Do you vote your party ticket straight? If so, you are no sovereign. You may name yourself Republican, Democrat, Mugwump, Prohibitionist, Populist, it matters not, you are a political slave.

It is now thirty years since the manacles of domestic slavery fell from African hands. Is it not time that the shackles of political slavery should fall from Caucasian brains and hearts? God bless the party bolters and ticket-scratchers who carry their conscience and their manhood into their acts of sovereign citizenship. They alone are real freemen, and they alone are worthy to be free.

4. Once more and finally. The church discloses the greatest possible extremes of the old and the new.

The conservative puts implicit confidence in the mediaeval dogmas of the church, believes everything that the fathers believed, mistakes human theology for divine truth, renounces his own reason, and utterly refuses to see new light, hear a new voice, or entertain a new idea, in any matters of religion. The religious radical, on the other hand, renounces all traditional beliefs, rejects truth simply because it is old and some one else has accepted it, deifies his reason, stultifies his faith, and mistakes the new for the true. He utters a thousand reckless negatives, not one sustaining affirmative. He is belligerent, destructive. He would demolish every religious structure in his sight, leave the defenseless soul to the pitiless storm of its own dark despair, and revel in the ruin he had wrought. And he thinks himself perfectly competent to do this. With one stroke of the pen, one stamp of the foot, one curl of the lip, he thinks to blot out that great historic faith that has commanded the unquestioning assent of the mightiest minds, the sincerest souls. He is self-sustained, self-satisfied. As he gives no aid to others, so he asks none for himself. Once a little child, when told that God made the whole world and everything therein, was seized with a strange compassion and suddenly exclaimed, "Poor God, with nobody to help Him." But your iconoclastic, religious radical excites no such sympathy. He asks no aid of God or man. He is not much at creating, to be sure, but he can *destroy* the heavens and the earth, in the twinkling of an eye.

Now, these extremes are mentioned simply in order to show that, while there is error in each, there is truth in both. On the one hand, there are in religion some truths which are old, essential, certain, unchangeable, everlasting; about which there neither now is nor ever can be any possibility of mistake. But on the other hand, there is both present and future possibility of growth, development, correction, improvement, in theology as well as in science and philosophy.

He who is to be the religious leader of the future, shall be the man who is great enough to grasp in their completeness, the truths of these two extremes, and to bring them together into one consistent, harmonious, God honoring, man-saving verity.

Christianity is greater than its forms or its creeds. Emerson was doubtless right when he said, "God builds His temple in the heart, on the ruins of churches and religion." Nor must we forget that when the seer of Patmos beheld in vision the heavenly Jerusalem he said, "And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." And this certainly means that in the great and final day, the forms, ceremonies and creeds of religion will all have passed away, but its essence, the life of God in the saved soul, will be imperishable as God Himself.

I have endeavored to show you some respects in which either of the two extremes brings inevitable weakness, one-sidedness, imperfection of character, but the union of both makes a man strong, broad-minded, self poised, resourceful, great.

Other striking aspects of the subject might he presented, but I have already gone further than was anticipated, and much further, I fear, than your patience will justify.

I cannot quit the subject, however, without presenting, in a single illustrious example, the strongest possible evidence that perfection of human character consists in the harmonious blending of its opposite extremes. It need not be said that I refer to the only perfect man—the Man of Nazareth.

Jesus was strong, brave, intense, heroic, masterful; and yet he was gentle, sympathetic and tender as a woman's love. He was calm, dignified, self-centred, conscious of his in dwelling, infinite power. At the same time he was meek, modest, unassuming and easily approachable by the humblest of his followers. He was infinitely merciful, compassionate and loving; and yet he was a hater; he hated all manner of sin with an implacable hatred, and gave expression to the most terrible denunciations of the wicked that have ever found utterance in human speech. He was both a conservative and an innovator. He was neither ashamed of old truth, nor afraid of new truth. He came to fulfill the one, and died to establish the other. He believed in the old and came to fulfill it. He introduced the new and died to establish it.

Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. In view of human sin and suffering he did often groan in spirit and weep. Nevertheless, he was filled with the essential joy of life. That record of Him must not be forgotten which says, "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit," nor that other wherein it is even declared that "For the joy that was set before him he endured the cross, despising the shame," nor finally that remarkable experience when, in his last prayer to the Father, he goes to betrayal, agony and death, repeating the words "My joy, my joy."

In music, the finest effects are often attained by introducing dissonant chords and resolving them into a perfect harmony. And thus the life of Jesus touched all the discordant keys of human character and evoked from them the sublimest heavenly harmonies. He was divine indeed. God manifest in the flesh. And yet he lived a perfect, natural, human life—just such a life as you and I ought to live.

He always avoided extremes in action, but he embodied and harmonized within himself the widest extremes of character. So ought we. In so doing we may not achieve greatness as men measure greatness. But we shall attain what is far better, symmetrical, useful, perfect human lives. And what care we for the false estimates of the world, or the uncertain favors of fortune and fame? Let others bow at the shrine of the fickle goddess, if they must. As for us we will stand erect in our conscious manhood, and find and follow the "golden mean."

◆

GEORGE S. MATLACK.

George Smedley Matlack was born in Chester county, on the 18th of August, 1851, and died on Wednesday morning, June 14, 1893, having not yet completed his forty-second year.

He came to Lewisburg while quite a boy—entered the University of Lewisburg (now Bucknell), and graduated on the 28th of June, 1870, not yet nineteen. While in college he was a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity and was regarded as a model young man with an ability of high order. In the year 1871 he became connected with the firm which eventually became P. Billmeyer & Co.—and after the death of Mr. Billmeyer, in 1885, the present firm of W. D. Himmelreich & Co.

A friend says of him: "That he did not suppose he would die so soon is evident from many things he did, but swift in its crashing force as the blow came, it found him ready to meet it. Perhaps since the great flood he has not been well, and he suffered at times from prostration, headache, sickness, but it was not known that the fell insidious disease, Bright's, had been sapping at the citadel of his life, until lately. And when discovered it was hopeless. It was a lingering but painless death, passing away at last as twilight on a starry night."

The funeral took place Saturday afternoon, the 17th inst., at 3 o'clock. Services were held at the house and were conducted by Rev. C. B. Austin, of this place, and Rev. James W. Putnum, of New York city, a school mate and life-long friend of the deceased. The pall-bearers were Hon. Cyrus Hoffa, Hon. Alfred Hayes, J. Foster Van-Valzah, James Halfpenny, John F. Duncan and Col. J. P. Brooke.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. GEO. S. MATLACK.

BY REV. GEO. WHITMAN.

As good a man was he as e'er drew breath,
From vicious deeds and petty meanness free,
Who only smiled at the approach of death,
And met the grim old monster manly.

A friend was he of every noble cause,
Who sought to right the cruel wrongs he saw.
Himself obedient to God's higher laws,
He aimed to win the world to God and law.

I called him friend, and in that holy name
Felt deeper meaning as I thought of him;
For his was friendship which remained the same,
Which time could not efface, nor distance dim.

Ah, happy days! when, in our school boys' prime,
We daily joined in study or in play!
When years run on in merry, measured rhyme,
And life was one perennial holiday.

And shall they e'er return—those hours of bliss—
So free from business, care and throbbing pain?
Shall we join hands in brighter worlds than this?
And in some heavenly class room meet again?

Faith answers boldly, Yes! And from afar
A voice sounds out divinely sweet and clear—
As soft and fluent as the music of a star—
That stills our hearts, and bids us not to fear.

Chill death does not destroy; it only breaks
The flimsy shell that sets the kernel free.
It does not palsy love; it only makes
The chain more strong that binds eternally.

So let us hush our woes, and calmly bide
Our time till death shall bring a sweet release.
Our friend has crossed the bar, and soon the tide
Shall bear us, too, into that part of peace.

BUFFALO, June 16, 1893.

Local.

R. D. Minch, '95, has accepted a call to preach at Hawley, Pa., during the summer.

Dr. E. Aviragnet, of the Bucknell school of music, will teach music at Elkland, this summer.

Many of our students will canvass during the summer, either in their spare time or as their regular work.

Subscribers wishing to communicate with the manager of the MIRROR during the summer months should address A. C. Lathrop, Camden, Delaware.

C. W. Derr, an ex-member of the class of '93, visited Bucknell during commencement. Mr. Derr's home is in Limestoneville, Pa.

Messrs. Harris, Oglesby and Vastine, all of the class of '95, will not be seen among us next year. Mr. Oglesby goes to Princeton, Mr. Harris to the University of Pennsylvania.

Alfred Hayes, Jr., class of '95, spent about a week at Princeton College the latter part of June. Mr Hayes took his examinations for admission to the Junior class next fall. We regret to lose so good a student.

Dr. Enoch Perrine attended the World's fair during the early part of June. The doctor has given the benefit of his trip, by means of lectures, newspaper articles, etc , to many interested people who cannot attend the fair.

A new fraternity, the Zeta Chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon, was added to Bucknell s secret societies on the evening of June 14 A delegation of members of this order from State College initiated the boys into the secrets of the order.

A few complete sets of the *Daily Commencement News* remain on hand and we shall be pleased to mail the complete set of four issues to any address on receipt of 15 cents. Send postal note or stamps. A. C. Lathrop, Manager, Camden, Del.

One of the chief features of the commencement just passed was the unusual number of Baptist church secretaries founed among the visitors. There were present E. B. Palmer, D. D., of the Home Mission Society ; F. S. Dobbins, D. D., of the Foreign Mission Society ; W. H. Conard, D. D., of the State Mission Society ; Dr. Spratt, of the Educational Society, and Benjamin Griffiths, D. D., of the Publication Society.

A box recently received by the University museum from Shaw Loo, M. D , of Maulmein, Burmah, contained the following interesting articles : A Burmese sword, two silver idols, two buck idols, a lot of coin, a handsomely carved paper knife made of ivory, a Burmese scripture book, a gong used by the priests in calling to worship, and a Bermese bran bell. The box and its contents are regarded as very valuable, and Dr. Shaw Loo has conferred a great favor upon his alma mater by his contribution.

One subject of pleasant comment among the visitors at this year's commencement has been the excellent music furnished by the students. The University band needs to make no apologies for its music on account of the limited time it has had to practice. On the contrary, the question in the minds of many is how the band has been able to attain such proficiency in so short a time. As to the orchestra, composed entirely of students, under the direction of Mr. Sigmond, the quality of their playing is sufficiently attested by the fact that the late noble Senior class, after hearing them play, expressed regret that they had engaged outside talent for their graduating exercises. It is to be hoped that during the coming year our home talent will receive that encouragement and appreciation which are essential to its development.

The friends of one of our most conscientious students might have been greatly shocked had they seen him in swimming on a Sunday recently. Lest some should censure him for desecrating the Sabbath, we wish to state the cause of his natatorial performance The young man is possessed of a pair of exceedingly light pantaloons, which he is determined to keep spotless at any cost. Wishing to cross the river on his way home from Chillisquaque to Lewisburg, and fearing to run the risk of soiling those precious pants in a boat, he determined to walk around by way of the canal. An unexpected puff of wind, a new straw hat sailing majestically across the canal, and the student hastily divesting himself of his light pants made up a scene which followed and which explains all.

The annual prize exhibition in oratory of the Junior class, one of the chief features of the commencement program, took place in Commencement hall, Saturday evening, June 17th. The class found a good representation in those who appeared upon the platform, and the respective speakers acquitted themselves with much credit. The following is a list of the orators and their subjects : A. F Anderson, "The Dignity of American politics ;" Mary L. Bartol, "Mary Lyon ;" R. B. Davidson, "Grant, the Statesman ; ' R. J. Davis, "American Idolatry ;" Grace Guthrie, "The Power of Poetry ;" Mary B Harris, "The Melancholy Antonio" (excused); G. H. Waid, "The Public Schools ;" Jessie J Wheeler, "A Career or a Mission ;" J. R. Wood, "A Church Schism." The prize was awarded to Grace Guthrie.

The graduating exercises of the College Senior class took place in Commencement hall Wednesday morning, June 21st. The class appeared in the cap and gown. The music was furnished by the Stopper and Fisk orchestra, of Williamsport. The speakers and their orations were as follows : J. B. Cressinger, "Cola de Rienzi ;" Nellie W. Conard, "Authors as Influenced by Their Productions ;" J H Foresman, "Literary Criticism ;" A. F. Gardner, "The Scientific Spirit in Education ;" Carrie L. Geary, "Christianity and the Republic ;" C. A. Gundy, "The Struggle of the Middle Class ;" E. Heim, "The Scholar's Place in Politics ;" Carrie V. Lloyd, "The Conquerors ;" E. Maxey, "Government ;" E. C.

Pauling, "Is the Present Place Permanent?" E. K. Thomas, "The Divine Factor in History;" W. C. Weber, "The Triple Crown." The class was then addressed by Pres. Geo. E. Reed, D. D., LL. D., of Dickinson College. The prize, for excellence in oratory, consisting of a gold watch, was awarded to E. C. Pauling. The following other prizes were awarded: First, in psychology, to E. M. Heim; second to A. F. Gardner; chemistry prize to Miss Carrie Lloyd; Sophomore essay and Sophomore declamation prizes to Edward G. Kendall; the Freshman declamation prize to Miss May M. Wolfe; Freshman declamation prize for best preparation for college to Alexander Douglass.

The following honorary degrees were conferred by the Board of Trustees: H. Kirke Partee, Pittsburg, LL. D.; Miss Lucy Bliss, Chester, A. M.; Geo. P. Bible, principal of Stroudsburg State Normal school, A. M.; Chaplain T. A. Gill, of the U. S. navy, D. D.; Rev. R. W. Perkins, of Lock Haven, and Rev. J. E. Perry, principal of Peddy Institute, Hightstown, N. J., Ph. D.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees held June 20, Prof. Lincoln Hulley, of the University of Chicago, was elected to the Chair of Hebrew and English Bible recently established at Bucknell.

ACADEMIC CORRESPONDENCE.

[J. M. WILSON, Correspondent.]

The Academy base ball team has won every game it has played this year.

In the croquet tournament held this month, Mr. W. H. Rodgers came out champion.

The Hermenia Literary Society gave a picnic to Blue Hill on the 19th. The members reported a good time.

Messrs. Wagner and Sandels drove over to Middleburg on June 3, and reported that they had a delightful time.

The Leas' prize contest in declamation by the Third Form came off in Bucknell Hall on June 10. Mr. E. H. Dutton was awarded the prize

The Adelphian banquet, which was to have been held at the Baker House, was held in the Academy dining room at 5:30 p. m. on the appointed evening.

It is to be feared that it will hereafter be very difficult to induce collegians to manage Academy teams if they happen to remember the fate of a certain Freshman who attempted to take the Academy base ball team to Bloomsburg on June 11.

The Fourth Form commencement exercises were held in Commencement Hall on June 30. The class consisted of fifteen, of whom six spoke. The Principal W. E. Martin prize for the best oration delivered on the commencement platform was awarded to Mr. Vincent B. Fisk, as was also Harry S. Hopper prize for composition.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

The public meeting of the Alumnae of Bucknell Institute was held in Bucknell Hall on Tues- afternoon, and was well attended. The program was short, but exceedingly interesting. Mrs. Harriet R. Bower, '73, read a class letter. The address of the day was delivered by Miss Cara Reese, the society editor of the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*. Her subject was the "College and the Daily Press," and was handled in an able and forcible manner. Miss Reese is a woman of more than ordinary ability and one of the peers among women writers for the press in this country. A class letter, of the class of '83, was read by Miss Katherine Dill. The music was all good, but a piano duet by Misses Alken and Harris deserves particular mention.

'92. Miss Annie Carlisle, the successful secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of Pennsylvania, spent a part of this week here. She conducted the last Tuesday evening prayer meeting of the term. Those present will long remember her earnest words to us.

It affords us pleasure to present to our readers the cut of H. L. Wayland, D. D., who delivered the address before the graduating class of the Institute. In substance Dr. Wayland spoke as follows:

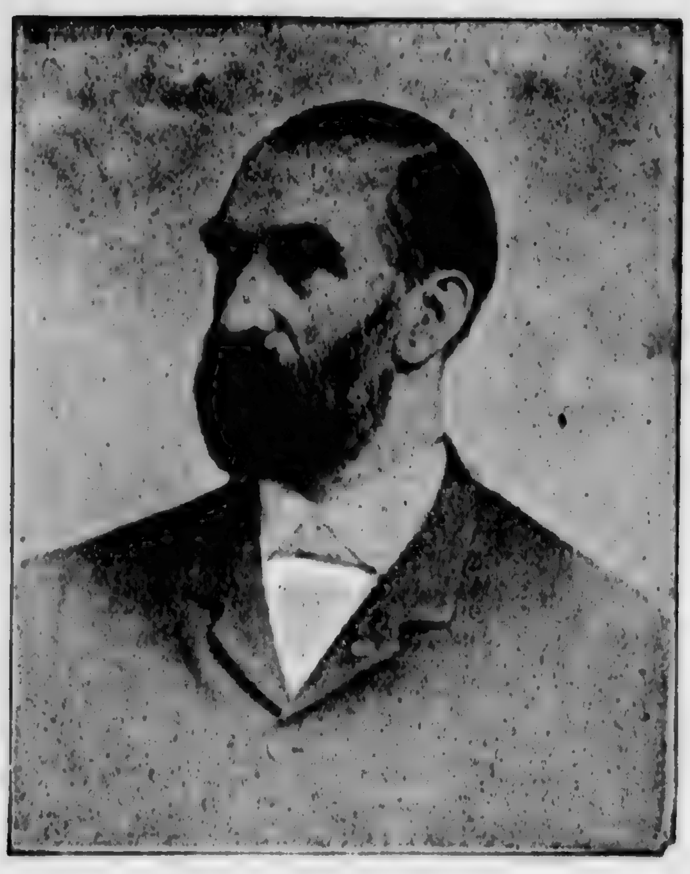
I regret that this duty has been assigned to me, and not rather to some of the eminent women of America who are able to clothe wise thoughts in graceful words.

The occasion is justly called commencement. It is not the close of your intellectual career, but the beginning. All has been preparatory for the large sphere in which you enter.

Therefore, study, read, learn, think. Read the best—not most abstruse books, but the best books of the kind, be it philosophy, history, science, poetry, romance. Read according to a system, with an object in view.

You ask, how is the time to be obtained? There is much education outside of books. A world of education lies about us. Your training has prepared you to use books or do without them. Study the open sky, the trees, the newspaper, the growing mind of the child.

And do not be deterred by obstacles. There are two classes of people—those who do, and those who are able to avoid doing, an unanswerable excuse for not doing. I beg you to be of that class that does something, rather than of that class that furnishes an excellent excuse for not doing. We may well banish the word "impossible" in reference to anything on which we may ask the blessing of God.



DR. H. L. WAYLAND.

Regard your body. I do not know whether we have entirely passed the time when bodily fragility is associated with intellectual acuteness. The body is not made to be trampled under, to be emaciated, nor yet to be despised. It is meant to be a servant and instrument of the soul.

Regard the object of all culture. Culture must not be selfish; must not end in itself. All is for others. Life is a trust—the one who uses life for selfishness is false to that trust. The great object of your culture is that you may in the highest degree and upon the largest scale reflect the life of Christ in the nineteenth century.

After the able address to the class by H. L. Wayland, D. D., of Philadelphia, the prizes were awarded. First Senior essay prize to Oriana Williams, Williamsport; second Senior prize to Lou Lane, of Huntingdon; the Senior scholarship prize to Ruth Sprague, of Lewisburg; the first fourth year essay prize to Mabel Thomas, Lewisburg; the second fourth year prize to Hattie Lewis, Lewisburg; the Craig Lippincott prize to Ruth Sprague and Oriana Williams; the elocution prize to Nora Greene, Saltillo; the music prize to Mary Harris, Lewisburg; the French prize to Beulah Hayes, Lewisburg. Diplomas and gold medals were given to all of the class, and diplomas and medals to Misses Thornton, Harris, Reid and Wittenmeyer, graduates in music.

Personal.

'63. Rev. H. C. Munro has become pastor at Beverly, N. J.

'64. Shaw Loo, M. D., of Maulmein, Burmah, recently favored the University museum with a box containing many interesting and valuable articles illustrative of the life, manners and customs of the people of India. Dr. Loo's gift is appreciated very much and prized very highly by the University.

Ex. 69. William H. Merrell, M. D., is a long established physician at South Branch, N. J.

Ex.'70. Rev. H. H. Leamy is pastor of the Baptist church at Warrensville, Pa.

Ex.'70. Prof. A. J. Phillips is teaching at East Northfield, Mass.

'72. Rev. R. W. Perkins, of Lock Haven, taught Latin and history in the State Normal school of that place during the spring term.

Ex.'73. Rev. George G. Croft, is now at Worcester, Mass.

'77. Prof. Edwin T. Trimble, president of Grace Seminary, Wash., and his wife were recently given quite an ovation at the closing of their school and their departure from the town. All the temperance organizations of the city held a grand banquet in their honor, and the people of the place gave them a very cordial social reception in the First Baptist church.

'81. Rev. Edward B. Correll is located at Rausonville, N. Y.

Ex.'82. Rev. B. L. Herr is living at 172 Court street, Binghamton, N. Y.

'87. Prof. J. W. A. Young has just received the degree of Ph. D. from Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

Ex '87. Miss Annie L. Hay is a teacher in Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J.

Ex.'87. Miss Lizzie E. Laning is now Mrs. Dr. C. E. Grove, and is living at Spokane, Wash., where her husband is in practice.

'88. William V. Hayes graduated last spring from one of the New York City medical college, and has secured a position as resident physician in the New York hospital.

'88. Rev. Geo. W. Hatch, of Easton, Pa., has been granted a two months' vacation by his church, the most of which time he will spend in visiting his aged parents in Dakota.

'88. We take the following from the *Commencement News*: "Prof. Lincoln Hulley, of Chicago University, has been appointed by Pres. Harper instructor in Hebrew and English Bible in the Institute of Sacred Literature. He has also been put in charge of Hebrew and English Bible at Lakeside Summer Assembly, in Ohio, for the summer."

Ex.'88. Isaac D. Moore was ordained pastor of the Baptist church at Palmyra, N. Y., May 24th.

'89. Rev. and Mrs. R. M. West, of Philadelphia, were recently blessed by the arrival into their midst of a charming little daughter.

'89. E. Heister Guie, Esq., and wife, of Seattle, Wash., are at present visiting the home of Mr. Guie's parents, at Catawissa. They expect to return West in July.

Ex.'89. W. E. Williams, C. E., is a member of the firm of Leete & Williams, civil and mechanical engineers and surveyors, Huntington, W. Va.

'91. John T. Hyatt, at present a law student in the office of Hon. S. H. Orwig, of Lewisburg, will go to Santiago, Cuba, in the fall, where he will serve as private secretary to his father, who was recently appointed U. S. Consul at that place.

'92. George Shorkley has been on the Columbian guard at Chicago, but has again returned to his home in Lewisburg.

'93. Ephraim M. Heim has been elected instructor in Latin in Bucknell Academy for the coming year.

Ex.'93. Charles D. Wolfe has returned to his home in Lewisburg from Chicago, where he has been serving on the Columbian guard. Mr. Wolfe has been engaged by one of the Michigan colleges to coach its football team next fall.

THINGS THAT GRIEVE US.

To know that all beggers are not worthy of charity.

To listen to a woman's criticism on a game of base ball.

To notice with what ease many people forget solemn vows.

To know that what some people consider fun is downright rudeness.

To know that many people will squander comfortable fortunes at the World's fair.

To hear of people who complained loudly last winter of the extreme cold, objecting to the warm weather now.

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Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., OCTOCER 10, 1893. **No. 1.**

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.--Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $2.50 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

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☞ Communications solicited from all the studens and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

OCTOBER 10, 1893.

Editorial.

THE first number of our semi-monthly issue greets you and asks your friendly criticism and hearty support. A new board of editors has entered upon its task determined to maintain the present high standard of our college journal and to press on to greater heights.

◆

ONE of the distinguishing marks of Bucknell's advancement is the prompt and efficient response to all reasonable requests of her students for new courses of study. The ear of our genial registrar, Mr. Wm. C. Gretzinger, is open to the slightest whispers of desire. The members of our faculty are able and willing to extend the work in their various branches of instruction. This feature is exemplified by the large number of electives offered to the Junior and Senior classes for the current term.

◆

THANKS to some refining influence at work among our students, the "Texas Rangers," the "Night Hawks," and all such barbarous organizations belong to the past. No longer need the freshman retire in fear and trembling to dream of the terrors, or wake to the reality, of hazing. Yet some of our newcomers may, by their verdancy and attempts at undue familiarty with upper classmen, arouse from the shades the spirit of this monster.

P. S.—Scarcely was the ink dry when our prophecy was partially fulfilled.

◆

OUR foot-ball team stands before us, as yet, an untried champion. Many of the old players are upon the team and some excellent new material also. Their practice is as constant and arduous as their school duties will allow. They are first students, afterwards athletes, willing and ready to represent us upon the foot-ball arena. We expect our team to be victorious. But whether they shall gain the laurels or not, they are our team, ours to support and encourage in every possible way. If victory crown their efforts, they will be feted and lavishly praised; but it is when defeated that they shall most need our support and encouragement. Some of the teams with which they will contend have much more time and money to put into the game. We are assured that our team will put forth their best efforts, and in so doing will deserve praise.

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WITH the opening of the new school year fresh blood has been infused into the veins of our literary societies. They show every sign of healthful activity. That literary society work fills an important place in college life is admitted by all. We all feel the need of just such work as the literary society offers. We say all, all except a few finished orators, and even these few might kindly visit us sometimes to supply us with models.

Some Cassandra may cry "disaster and desolation," but know you, one and all, that such prophecy is empty babbling, if each remains true to his pledge. To the one who attends regularly and takes part in the work, literary society is always interesting. Allow no impulse to speak in debate to pass by unheeded and you will make good your resolutions and establish a habit of participation. To the upper classmen we may say that nothing has been responsible for the low ebb of society life in the recent past but our own indifference. On ourselves, who most need such practice, is the blame, on ourselves, too, lies the responsibility of re-invigorating the societies with a fresh impulse.

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IT is not without reluctance that the present editors approach the task before them. The able manner in which THE MIRROR has been conducted heretofore and the increased responsibility imposed by more frequent issues, make the work one of double difficulty. However, to maintain whatever literary reputation our college paper may have acquired—perchance, if possible, to widen its influence—will be the constant effort of its editors, and "let not ambition mock their useful toil."

What is the aim of a college paper? Some journals, by their long array of "locals" and "personals;" by weekly and even daily issues of poor typography and poorer literature, seem to proclaim the answer "To furnish news." This is partly, but not essentially, true; for it represents but one side of student life, and the cheapest side at that. The true aim of the college paper must be to reveal the student everywhere, on the campus, in the class room, and, most of all, in the study; for there, if he be honest, he pours out his best self, that he may be filled with even a better essence. The "locals" and "personals" are still needed, but especially are wanted those productions of the student that are wrought out under the mind's full pressure, rounded and polished by the "labor of the file."

Further, the college paper must seek to represent each class of students fairly and impartially. "Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur" is the rule for success in this line. On the other hand each student should feel interested enough to support the college journal, not merely by his subscription, but by his best contributions. We wish the students of Bucknell, of every department, to feel this personal interest in THE MIRROR and its success.

Literary.

AMERICAN IDOLATRY.

It is a fundamental truth of human life that a man or a nation, controlled by one principle alone, however good, must inevitably fall, for

> "God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Our country today is dominated by one principle, and that a perniciously bad one. Briefly stated, it might be put thus: "'Boodle' is the principal thing; therefore, get 'boodle.' And with all thy getting, get 'boodle.'" This is a principle which manifests itself in an all-consuming, virtue-sapping, soul-destroying covetousness for gold and silver, stocks and bonds, lands and houses. And somewhere it is written that covetousness is idolatry.

This is emphatically a national sin. Not the rich alone, but rich and poor together are found here as ardent devotees at the shrine of mammon. This is seen in the fact that there is, judging from the platforms of our two great political parties, but one purely national issue in America today: The tariff question. A question of dollars and cents. A very proper issue, indeed, for such a mighty nation to be playing with, provided there were no questions involving eternal principles of right and wrong, of vice and virtue crying aloud for settlement.

This national mammon worship is more than a proper mercantilism. He who casually looks at our well-nigh limitless domain, with its laughing harvests, groaning trees, and mountains bursting with mineral wealth, is apt to exclaim, "Surely here is a nation which must carry the purse of the world!" Yes, we do, but this very fact has so fired our sordid nature that for a few pieces of silver we are ready to betray humanity and deliver it up to be crucified. For so busy have we been with making money that we seem to have forgotten the appalling truth that mercantilism has ceased to be our servant and has become our tyrannical master.

The results already apparent from such a slavery are so conspicuous that the most bitter partisan need not mis-read them. The word corruption, with all the foulness of its deepest meaning, has become a synonym for our politics. The nations of the world point to our present political pollution, and prophecy a speedy downfall. Have they no reason, when a presidential election costs a million dollars, and seats in the national Senate chamber are knocked down to the highest bidder? Have they no reason, when, at every election, hordes of imported Americans are driven to the polls under the lash of the heap ward-politician? Have they no reason, when tens of thousands full-blooded American citizens are ready to sell their votes for a mere pittance? The politician in office is no better than the voter at the polls. There is no reform that he will not block, no wise measure that he will not oppose, no improvement that he will not withstand, unless it bears the stamp of shining silver on its face.

The effects of this idolatry are as prominent in our social, as in our political life. America's sixty-three billions of dollars are rapidly being centred in the hands of a few successful slaves of mammon. Twenty years ago capitalists owned sixty-three per cent. of the nation's wealth; and the proportion has been increasing steadily ever since. Europe has her aristocracy of blood, but America has her plutocracy of wealth. An exclusive, ruling plutocracy, who live in boundless luxury, indulge in gilded sensuality, attend church regularly, during Lent, and mercilessly scorn the poor, save now and then some conscience-smitten Crœsus founds a hospital, builds a church, or endows a college.

Meanwhile, hear the threatening murmurs of those worshipers who cannot get so near the golden calf—the poor. Small wonder, if as they compare their hard-earned coppers with the unearned millions of the Wall street king, they clench their fists, grind their teeth and openly talk of anarchy and blood. This revolutionary element will always rant and tear, and, perhaps, do little harm; but the sober-minded of their kind are forming into party, and already in the west are beginning to shape things to their own ends. But mark well that the demand of the workingmen, as by blood or ballot they force themselves to the front, is no longer for food and clothing merely. Many of them have these and are not satisfied. But, taken by the same fever as the rich, they claim an equal share in the wealth of the land. Here again we see our deification of gold producing effects which threaten radical changes in our government.

If we find, in our political or social life, any force opposing this baneful worship of gold, it will be in Christianity as practised by the Christian church. But where is the church today? Foremost among the devotees of mammon. Jay Gould was a "consistent member in good and regular standing," and the majority of his kind are enrolled as humble followers of Him "who had not where to lay His head." The Christian church of America holds an accumulated fortune of over twelve billions, to which she annually adds the small sum of five hundred millions. Of this annual increase of five hundred millions she gives, as a result of endless begging and dunning, the astonishing sum of twelve millions for the spread of Christianity at home and abroad. So far then, from exercising any restraining influence on this national idolatry, the church is immeasurably weakened by it. It is universally admitted that she has practically lost her hold upon the masses of workingmen. Not long since a large assembly of American laborers greeted the name of Christ with cheers, and that of the church with hisses. She further shows the weakening effects of her sin by shunning all reform. There are slaves today whose fetters are far more galling, although unseen, to whom life is more miserable and death less hopeful than ever negro knew—slaves of monopoly, driven and beaten to the very death by hunger's knotted cord, poor but beautiful girls, slaves to the lust of the silver fiend, noble men and promising boys, slaves to that most hideous, lowest hell-born of all mammon's children—the beer saloon. All these are slaves, and cry aloud for freedom, yet the Christian pulpit, followed closely by the Christian church, "passes by upon the other side."

Beyond all question, then, we must conclude that America is taken with a burning fever of that covetousness which is idolatry; that this fact rests as one of the fundamental causes of our political corruption, social unrest, and Christian lethargy. What then of the future? Must idolatry take its course and end in the overthrow of this, the flower of all civilizations? Are there no "castles of hope'' along our horizon? As many as we have faith to see. Wherein lies the cure for our disease? Education! First, secular; that our schools may be more than places to learn the best methods of making money. Education, secondly, Christian; that the church, which alone possesses the cure for all the ills of humanity, may first leave off her own abominable idolatry, and then teach men with unceasing voice and holy life that ''the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal.'' Then shall those counteracting principles be set to work under the united influences of which America will spring forth into the centuries with the elastic bound of a healthy athlete.

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''DEAR BUCKNELL!''

I invoke the especial blessing of Almighty God upon the students of Bucknell. May they, in their last days on this earth, know how immeasurably great is God's love to them who trust in Him. And may they know how great is the strength given to the believer in the hour of trial, AS I DO—bless His Holy Name!

E. A. MORLEY.

To the older students, now in the University, the name affixed to the above invocation will recall pleasant memories of one who formerly moved about among us, and who, by his consistent and exemplary life, won the friendship and respect of all with whom he came into contact. Mr. Morley was a student in the Academy during the school year of '89–'90. Because of severe illness, contracted in the too ardent pursuit of his studies, he was forced to remain at home during the next year. For a few weeks, at the beginning of the Fall term of '91, he was again with us, but it soon became evident that the strain of constant study was too great for his only partially restored health. Accordingly he returned to his home about the first of November.

The bitter disappointment at thus having to give up the career, for which his course at Bucknell was the preparation, had much to do with hastening his death, which occurred April 9, 1892.

To how great an extent he had Bucknell and her interests at heart we may see from his prayer for her which was written on April 8,—just the day before he died.

Athletics and Chess.

SCHEDULE OF FOOT-BALL GAMES.

Shamokin, at Shamokin, September 30,
Franklin and Marshall, at Lancaster, Oct. 7.
University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, October 14.
Gettysburg, at Lewisburg, October 21.

With this number of THE MIRROR we begin a new department which shall be devoted exclusively to foot-ball, base ball, tennis, chess and inter-collegiate games. It will not only be the aim to keep the readers of THE MIRROR posted on Sports at Bucknell, but to give them some information about our opponents with whom we have to deal. The semi-monthly issue of the paper enables us to keep up to date with the news. We shall try to keep this department as spicy as possible and not serve one but please all.

Faithful practice is essential to win.

Parker is captain of the Freshmen team.

The Academy team had a game at Selinsgrove, Saturday, September 30.

The class of '97 brought with it some of the best foot-ball material in the College.

''Doc'' Mount, who did good work in foot-ball two years ago, is back and hard at work on the field.

Among the promising new players are Jennings, Bunnell, Collins and Wilson, '97, and Firth, '96.

With the presence and coaching of Riggin, '94, and Catterall, '91, on the field every evening, the boys are ''getting on'' to the game. ''Jolly'' takes great pride in the second team.

Excellence only should be the aim before all men so that there may be a chance to get on the team at any time. It is the purpose of the management not to have anybody as a fixture.

The manager of the second team is in correspondence with Bloomsburg Normal, Shamokin, Wyoming Seminary, Williamsport Y. M. C. A. and Wilkes-Barre, and hopes to get games with them. It is his intention to get dates with the lesser teams throughout the country.

A meeting of foot-ball enthusiasts and aspirants for the team was held in Theta Alpha Hall at 9:30 September 16. After a speech by Mr. Riggin encouraging the boys, the meeting proceeded to the election of a captain for the first team, and a captain and manager for the second team. The former resulted in the choice of H. F. Smith, '94, and the latter in Jackson, '95, captain, and Portser, '96, manager.

At present the first team will be composed about as follows: Centre, Burns Smith; guards, Schub and Hollinshead; tackles, Jennings and Lesher; ends, Megargee and Kaufman; quarter back, H. F. Smith; half backs, Marsh and Wolfe; full back, Barclay; subs, Bromley Smith, Bunnell and Mount. The captaincy and management of the first team is now in the hands of H. F. Smith.

Everybody should come out on the field every evening and do all in their power to encourage the boys, not only by their presence but by their cheers on individual plays, and if possible should don a suit and help on the perfection of the first team. A great many new outfits have been secured this season, and there is ample room for practice and a place on the team. Everybody's help is needed to insure success.

The chess club will be reorganized October 6, when a new schedule will be made out and, if possible, games arranged with other colleges.

Local.

Twice a month!

Welcome to new students.

Nelson Davis is assisting Dr. Groff in Mineralogy and the Organic Sciences.

Wilson, '95, preached morning and evening at the Lutheran church on the 25th ult.

Prof. Perrine talks of building a cottage at Wildwood, the Baptist Seaside resort.

Frank Simpson has been engaged by the Library committee to assist Professor Loomis.

Messrs. Frank Rogers and H. Burns Smith have been initiated by the Sigma Chi fraternity.

A recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly* contains an interesting article from Dr. G. G. Groff.

Prof. Hamblin and bride spent a few happy weeks in the New England states during the summer.

Jackson's Version: Thou shalt not steal. (Grapes, apples and watermelons are exceptions to this rule.)

The students, as a body, came down handsomely with the shekels when the annual foot-ball message was presented.

Did you see that box "Mac" received from Jersey? A young lady made the cake and the fruit grew in her father's garden.

"Doc." Mount has returned, after a year's absence, much improved in health. He talks of completing a course with '97.

B. B. Ware and H. T. Colestock represented our Y. M. C. A. at the World's Student Conference held at Northfield, Mass.

NOTICE: Freshmen who are taking honor work in *Puck* and *Judge* are not expected to devote more than half an hour per day to it.

Raymond Davis is acting pastor of a Sunbury church. His parishioners demand two sermons every Sunday and a talk on Wednesday evening.

During the latter part of the term our "Prohibs" will give an oratorical contest. The winner will meet men from other colleges of this state.

J. B. S. recently treated several of his friends to fine canned quinces. It is believed that they were canned expressly for his use by one of the young ladies in the Institute.

Before the Chemical and Physical Society Prof. Owens recently gave an interesting account of things observed by him in the Electrical building while at the World's fair.

Freshman talking to some Sophomore friends: "You ought to have been in the Geometry class today; Prof. sat down on one of the girls to beat all." Suiter: "My! I wish I had been in Prof.'s place."

Professor in the Chemistry Class: "What effect does lowering the temperature have on water?" Bright Student: "Causes it to freeze." Prof.: "Yes; but what happens before it freezes?" B. S.: "It gets cold."

The "Students' Series of Latin Classics" was enriched during the summer by an edition of "Velleius Paterculus." Prof. Rockwood, the author, is happy because his work has been received with favor by teachers and because his classes are showing an enthusiastic appreciation of its merits.

The class in "Surveying" is perplexed. Upon the approach of Miss ——— the compass immediately begins to dance the serpentine. Various theories are advanced. Sunspots and magnetic ore in Venus are the favorite causes.

Owing to the skill and ingenuity of Messrs. Ware and Suiter the stag social was a very pleasant affair. Though very short notice was given that the usual reception in the chapel would not be allowed this year, still an interesting program was arranged and carried out successfully.

Junior talking to lower classmen: "I think it is a mistake to place the admission to Col. Bain's lecture so high. Many will not attend, owing to the price of the tickets; yet I dare say that he will have a select audience—I expect to be there."

The regular meetings of the Y. M. C. A. are well attended. No student can afford to miss the benefits derived from these Tuesday evening gatherings. The excuse made by some who do not attend that they do not have time for the service, is really no excuse at all. For the students who attend regularly affirm that time is gained by "having a little talk with Him."

The entire University was enshrouded in the gloom of sorrow a few days since upon hearing of the sudden death of Miss Annie C. Carlisle at Beaver Falls. Since her graduation from the Collegiate department in '92 Miss Carlisle had been engaged in the Young Women's Christian Association Work as State Secretary, and it was while in pursuance of these duties that she was so suddenly overtaken. Those who knew her here remember her as a kind friend, a cheerful helper, a diligent student, a person of most exemplary life—in a word, a Christian. The interment took place from her home in Williamsport, Friday, September 29. Memorial services will be held in Bucknell Hall, Sunday, October 15. A biographical sketch will appear in the next number of THE MIRROR.

At the Fall election of MIRROR editors, the following were chosen by the Association: George Waid, Thomas Fretz, Frank Strayer, J. Rob'ts Wood, class of '94; Herbert Pease, Ezra Allen, Bromley Smith, class of '95; Lewis Walkinshaw, Harry Colestock, class of '96; Carl Summerbell, class of '97. For the positions of the editors on the staff, see head of editorial column.

The term elections by the Literary societies resulted in the choice by Euepia of Riemer, President; W. Carey, Vice-President; Firth, Secretary; Jackson, Critic; F. Finn, Treasurer.

Theta Alpha, chose: Strayer, President; J. Davis, Vice President; Suiter, Secretary; Douglas, Treasurer; Hughes, Critic; Schuyler, Censor; Kaufman, Curator.

A meeting of the University Prohibition Club elected, Colestock, President; Dutton, 1st Vice-President; J Davis, 2nd Vice-President; Kunkle, Secretary: Powell, Treasurer.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

[NORA M. GREENE, Correspondent.]

Mrs. Guthrie, of Pottsville, recently visited her daughter.

Miss Frances Montgomery, of McEwensville, beamed on us one day last week.

Two new girls,—Misses Godard and Wells—are the happy possessors of bicycles.

Miss Louise Lane is busily engaged in school work at her home in Huntingdon.

A picnic to Blue Hill on Fair Day is looked forward to with much eagerness by the members of the Institute.

Misses Nellie Conard and Martha Goldy, well known at Bucknell, spent several weeks very pleasantly at the Fair.

Announcement cards have been received of the marriage of Prof. Lincoln Hulley to Miss Eloise Mayham, of Stamford, N. Y.

We regret that owing to the prolonged illness of Miss Mary Kreamer, she is unable to resume her duties as teacher among us.

A reception was tendered the University Band recently by their enthusiastic instructor, Dr. E. A. Aviragnet. After discoursing some "sweet strains," the members repaired to the reception room, where refreshments were served by the new girls.

The improvements at the Institute this year have been mainly within the building. The floors of the various class rooms have been freshly painted, the walls of the school room nicely tinted, and the ceiling finished in hard wood. The furniture in many of the rooms has been treated to a fresh coat of varnish, and an air of comfort and cheer prevails.

Miss Carrie G. Reese, of the class of '78, delivered a very able lecture in July, in the Assembly Room of the Woman's Building, Chicago, on the theme, "We,—the women." There were many in the audience, among whom were some who have learned to appreciate her earnestness of purpose and convincing manner of expression in addresses she has kindly given before the Bucknell Alumnae at Commencement.

A meeting of the Current News Club was recently devoted to "World's Fair Notes." Adjectives were lavishly used in the descriptions. A question arose as to the most interesting place visited. While some concluded the Art Palace and Woman's Building most attractive, others stoutly maintained that the varied pleasures of the Midway Plaisance,—the famous street of Cairo, with its dusky inhabitants, and the dizzy heights of the gigantic Ferris Wheel—were more alluring.

Miss Mary Lois Thomas, of the class of '86, daughter of Rev. W. P. Thomas, of Lewisburg, was married to Dr. Weber L. Gerhart, on September 14, by Rev. J. T. Judd, of the Baptist Church, assisted by the Rev. E. C. Crumbling, in St. Paul's Evangelical Church. The church was prettily decorated and filled to over-flowing with guests. Miss Mabel Thomas, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. Rolfe Gerhart, as best man. A reception at the residence of the bride's parents followed the ceremony.

The social life of the Institute was inaugurated on the first Saturday evening of the term by a delightful little reception, given by the young women of the Christian Association, to the new students who have come among us. An informal program was rendered, consisting of a piano solo, by Miss Aikin; a violin solo, by Louise Lawshe; a reading of one of Richard Harding Davis' inimitable stories, "The Swan Boat," by Mrs. Larison, and "The Story of Patsy," by Miss Armitage. The genial spirit of sociability was further promoted by light refreshments, conversations and games. The "good-nights" were at last said with a feeling of "Auld Acquaintance," and the reception was pronounced a great success.

Cheering, indeed, is the outlook for the year; so many new girls, earnest and eager to get started aright in their work. The dining-hall resounding to the merry din of voices,—the Senior class so large that their table must be extended to nearly twice its usual size. The school room and the students rooms, in the main building, all newly fitted up. Girls passing swiftly to and fro around the grounds on their noiseless wheels Classes in Physical Culture working in the gymnasium. Seventeen additions to the Christian Association. A beautiful chant has been added to the chapel services,—all these improvements speak of an advance which is inspiring.

Rain in the morning, doubled in the afternoon, compound interest added in the evening, but even that did not prevent a goodly number of people from gathering in the Baptist Chapel on the first Wednesday evening of the term. After some matters of business had been adjusted, the pastor gave a short address of welcome, in which he requested that each person present should shake hands with every one else. After this all settled down to ice cream, cake and conversation. The two former were supplied in abundance by the ladies of the church, and each person was expected to furnish a share of the latter. But in this respect some were more generous than others. The people were not allowed, however, to tire of each other's company, for at nine o'clock all were dismissed by the pastor, with a cordial invitation to visit him in his own home.

The reform of the French Orthography, having been officially decreed by a circular of the Minister of Public Instruction, on the 27th of April, 1891, Mr. Greard, one of the eminent Ministers of the French Academy, read a report on the subject before the committee of the French dictionary, at their meeting on January 26, 1893, and the conclusions of the report were adopted. Dr. Aviragnet asked immediately for the documents, as he wanted to adopt the change in his classes immediately. The French Orthography has now become very simple, being based on the phonetic system. Many difficult rules of grammar and syntax also disappear. Dr. Aviragnet intends giving very soon a lecture on the changes decreed, for all those who are interested in French, in Bucknell Hall.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

It does not always pay to be a "kicker," except in foot-ball.

Mr. Shuhardt is now attending Temple College in Philadelphia.

Implements often used to effect a capture—curling iron and rouge-pot.—*Howard Lampoon.*

A number of the Cadites have taken to playing foot-ball, in which they show great interest and zeal.

Students having items for THE MIRROR, will please hand the same to the correspondent as soon as possible.

Those who heard our well-known friend, Mr. Warren, declaim in chapel, certainly had the pleasure of a hearty laugh.

We are glad to welcome Prof. Heim among us, who, no doubt, will do all in his power to make Latin pleasant and interesting.

It has been rumored that Mr. Conrath is now an editor of a paper in Western Pennsylvania, at a salary of twelve hundred a year.

The inactivity of trade during the past summer kept many students from being successful with the goods they handled. Great things are expected by them next summer.

Mr. Chas. Pierce has been called home to go west with his parents. The gentleman was respected by all and was very sorry to sever his connections with us. He expects to resume his studies next year again in the Academy.

The Hermenia Literary Society this term have elected for officers, viz: Mr. Dutton, President; Slifer, Vice President; First Critic, Perrin; Second Critic, Hobbins; Secretary, Harvey; Librarian, Elliott; Sergeant-at-Arms, Bower, the Third.

The following officers have been elected in the Adelphia Literary Society for this term: President, Anderson; Vice President, Flint; Chaplain, Bayard; Secretary, Koser; First Critic, Lindemann; Second Critic, Bell; Treasurer, Warren; Censor, Cober; Curator, Saul; Sergeant-at-Arms, Meeker.

The Annual Reception of the Y. M. C A., was held in the reception rooms of the Academy September 16th, at which quite a number were present. After listening to speeches from different brothers, refreshments were served in the dining hall, which were partaken of with pleasure. Those present, after spending a season of social intercourse, expressed themselves as having a very delightful evening.

Many changes have occurred since this time last year. New men have come among us to take up studies in the Academy, some from near, others afar.

Last year's Seniors in the Cad. are now Freshmen in the college, but their mounting a step higher has not deadened the interest they manifested while Preps. A cheery "Good morning" and "How do you do," has shown us that they are not afflicted with a very common disease, "Swelled Heads."

The students of Bucknell Academy have much to be thankful for in having for instructors such a fine body of men. Not only are they competent in teaching, but also possessing that essential qualification which draws professor to student and student to professor. There are not many schools in which the teachers show so much interest for the student like Bucknell Academy. Again, their characters are such as should be emulated. Let us, fellow students, give them our sympathy by showing interest in the work before us.

Personals.

'64. Dr. Chauncey B. Ripley, of Westfield, has been invited by Mr. Theodore Butterworth, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements of the Good Roads Congress of the World's Fair, to deliver an address in Chicago on improved public roads during the sitting of the Congress between the 10th and 20th of the present month.

'70. Dr. P. N. K. Schwenk, of Philadelphia, was elected Surgeon to the Eye and Ear Department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, at the last regular meeting of the Board of Managers, held July 31st, 1893. Mr. Schwenk still retains his position at the Wills' Eye Hospital with which he has been connected for some years.

'72. Prof. W. C. Bartol is the author of a Solid Geometry, which he is using in his classes this year.

'82. Prof. Milton J. Evans, of Crozer Seminary, preached the first of the series of University Sermons on Sunday, p. m., September 17. Mr. and Mrs. Evans spent their vacation with friends in Clifford, Susquehanna County.

'82. Rev. R. M. Hunsicker, of Brookville, preached in the Baptist Church, at Lewisburg, on Sunday evening, September 17.

'85. Mrs. G. W. Beale, (Chella Scott), is the happy mother of a sweet little daughter. Mrs. Beale is the first lady graduate from this College. Her husband is one of Scranton's most energetic and successful lawyers.

Ex. '86. Dr. W. L. Gerhart has taken a partner into his business. The partner's name is now Mrs. Gerhart, formerly Miss Mary L. Thomas, of Lewisburg.

'88. Harry M. Kelly has been elected Professor of Botany of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill. Prior to his election to this important position, he was engaged at the Alexander Agassiz School of Marine Zoology, at New Port, R. I.

'88. Prof. Lincoln Hulley and Miss Eloise Mayham, were married September 19. Prof. Hulley will begin his work at Bucknell, as Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature, next term.

'89. Joseph M. Wolfe has accepted a position as teacher of Mathematics in the State College Preparatory School.

'90. Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Haslam, of Norristown, have something besides the Declaration of Independence to help them remember July 4. It is a bouncing boy.

'91. John T. Hyatt has been appointed Vice and Deputy Consul of the United States at Santiago, Cuba. He will soon depart to his new field of labor.

'91. R. B. Dunmire is attending the Divinity School at Chicago University.

'92. R. J. Holmes, of Rochester Seminary, supplied the church at Ovid Center, N. Y., during vacation.

'92. Annie C. Carlisle died very suddenly at Beaver Falls, Pa., September 25. She was engaged as State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

'93. Edwin Maxey has been elected President of Palatinate College. THE MIRROR extends congratulations to its recent Editor-in-Chief.

'93. Rev. E. C. Paulling has resigned the pastorate of the Northumberland Baptist Church, and is devoting all his time to evangelistic work.

College News.

The University of Michigan has women students to the number of five hundred.

Advice to Freshmen.—Honor thy professor in the days of thy youth, that thou mayest be solid in thy Senior year.—*Ex.*

Epicurus reversed a good maxim when he said, "He who is happy is virtuous."—*The Phœnix.*

HORSE POWER.

'Tis strange, to say the least,
In this advancing hour,
The grinding mill of college
Is still run by horse power.—*Brunonian.*

We see that the "World's Fair" Congress of Religions was much troubled by pick-pockets. Would it not be a good thing to turn it into a revival meeting?

My empty pocket-book to-day
Gives cause for much repining;
Unlike the dark and stormy clouds
It has no silver lining.—*Ex.*

Christianity is the truest and highest of all philosophy ; but it springs especially from the life, new and divine, differing in this respect from the other, which is the fruit of pure speculation.—*Kee Mar Journal.*

A SYLLOGISM.

All Irishmen have big feet.
All Policemen are Irishmen.
All Policemen have big feet.—*Ex.*

Half the misery of the world comes from trying to look, instead of trying to be, what one is not. —*Geo. MacDonald.*

Professor in Economics.—Mr. G., will you explain clearly the difference between *capital* and *labor?* Mr. G.— I understand perfectly well the difference, but think I could explain it better by an illustration. Professor.—Very well. Mr. G. —When a fellow kisses his sweetheart—*that is capital*; but when he has to carry the squalling baby all night—*that is labor.*—*Ex.*

Ex-President, Benjamin Harrison, will deliver a course of lectures on International Law at the

Stanford University, in California, beginning in October. When the lectures are completed, they will be printed as a text book.

In Latin and Greek
He was quite a streak;
In dress he was foppish and tony.
The latter was due to his being an ass,
The former was due to his pony.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*—

Editor (to the professional humorist)—Your jokes are not like the quality of mercy. Humorist—In what respect? Editor—They're strained.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Freshmen year—"Comedy of Errors." Sophomore year—"Much ado about Nothing." Junior year—"As you like it." Senior year—"All's well that ends well."—*The Aurora.*

OBSOLETE (?)

At Christmas-tide, long years ago,
Upon the midmost rafter,
They hung a bunch of mistletoe,
This custom followed after—

That, if a lad should catch a maid
Beneath that hallowed spray, sir,
He need not be a bit afraid
To kiss the pretty maid, sir.

If I had lived long years ago,
And had as good a reason,
That bunch of sacred mistletoe
Had stayed there all the season.
—*Cynic.*

RECORDS OF COLLEGE GRADUATES.

President Thwing, of Adelbert College, has very carefully gone through "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography," keeping an exact record of the men who have graduated from college, and those who have not. Out of 15,142 persons who have become noted enough to have their names and lives in this work, 5,326 are college graduates and 941 of the remainder are graduates from some academy. About one-third are college men. The ratio of college graduates who are mentioned in "Appleton's Cyclopædia" to those who are not thus mentioned is one to forty, while that of non-college men who are mentioned to those who are not, is about one to ten thousand.

Some one has said in praise of books,
Their friendship never lacks;
Yet to their friends when on the shelves,
They coldly turn their backs.—*Williams Weekly.*

Does this strike you?—An egotist will always speak of himself either in praise or in censure, but a modest man ever shuns making himself the subject of his conversation.—*La Bruyere.*

Her hair as airy forms doth take
As wind-clouds in the skies;
A clear, unfathomed mountain lake,
The depths of her tender eyes.
Why is it then that I love best
Her hand so soft and fine,
And seeing it forget the rest
In wishing it were mine?
—*Harvard Advocate.*

The members of Greek-letter fraternities in the Colleges number 77,000.—*Ex.*

First Boy.—"I don't like Cæsar."
Second Boy,—"Why?"
First Boy.—"Too much Gaul."—*Ex.*

Light tan shoes are said to be very popular with Boston girls, because they need Browning frequently.—*Ex.*

If you want to see a good athletic exhibition, you should see a pole-vault, or a picket-fence, or a board-walk, or a paper-box.—*Ex.*

"I will now attend to this writ of attachment," said the young lawyer who was composing a love letter.—*Washington Star.*

Engraved on his cuffs
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map of the Dorian states,
And they found in his palms, which were hollow,
What is frequent in palms,—that is, dates.
—*University.*

Last year the United States spent $155,000,000 for education, while great Britain spent $35,000,000, and France only $25,000,000.—*Ex.*

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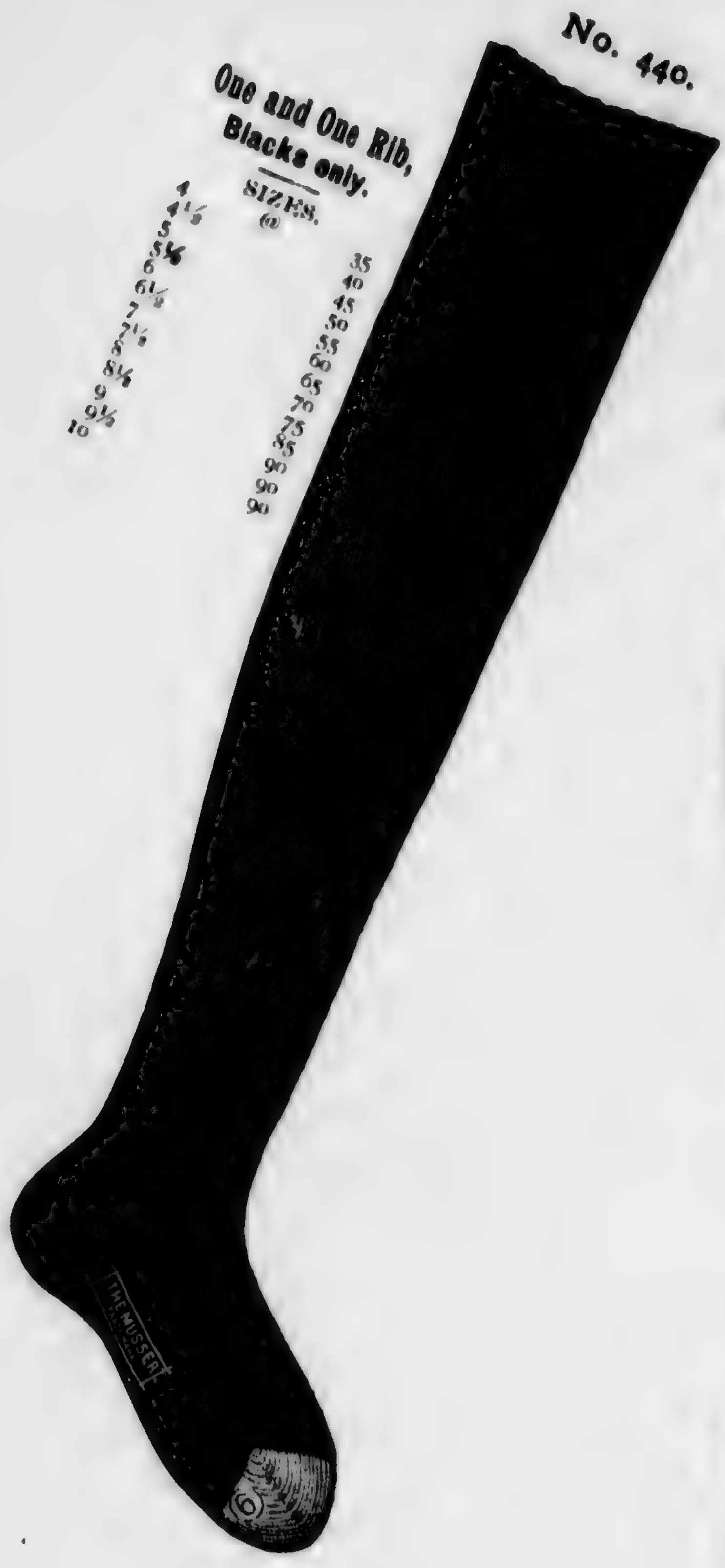

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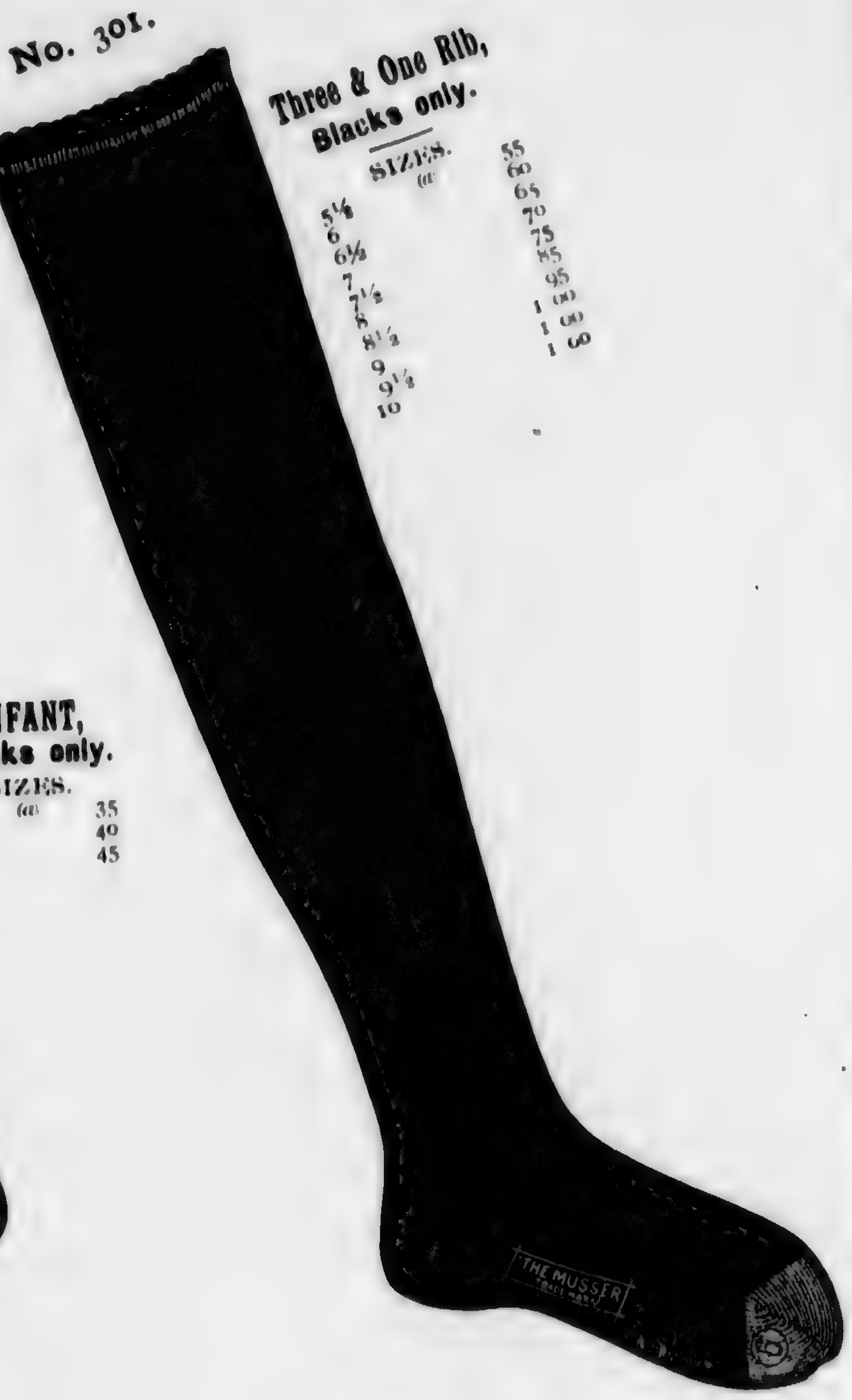

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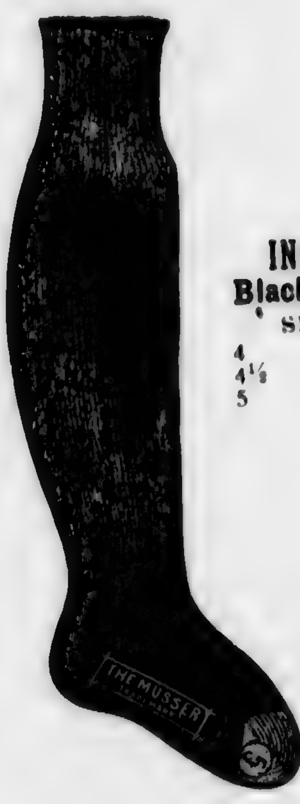

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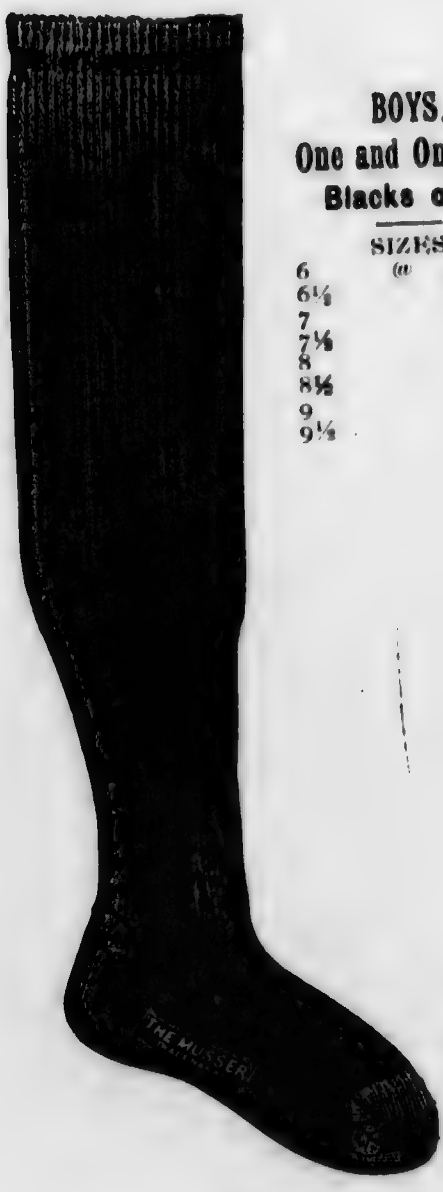

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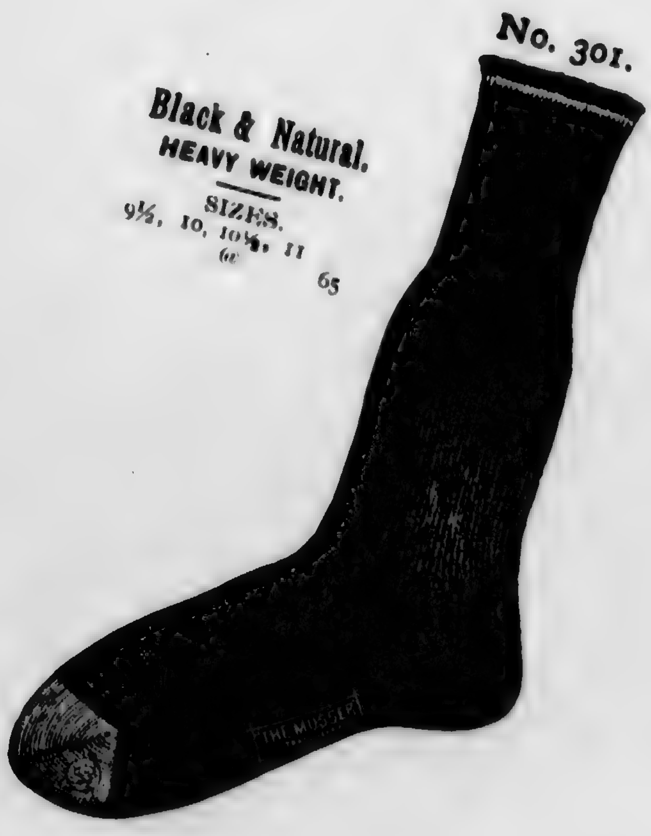

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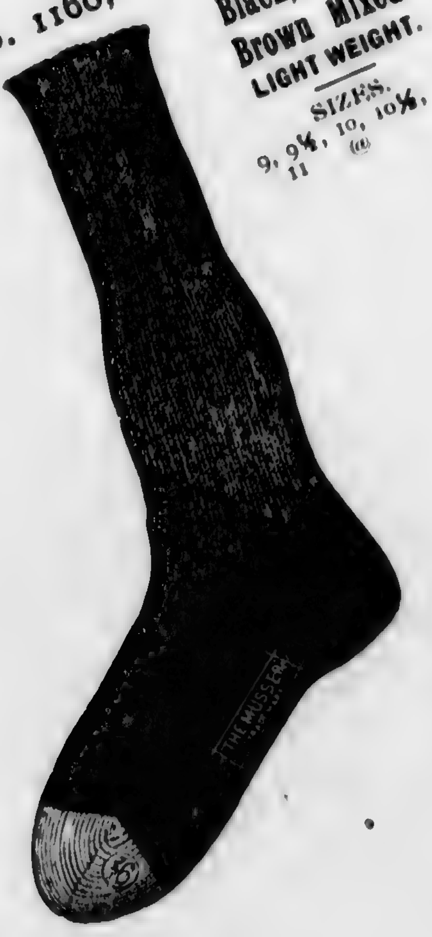

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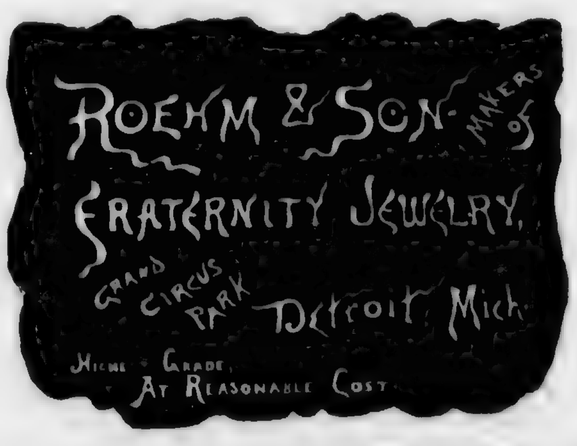

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Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., OCTOBER 25, 1893. No. 2.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
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OCTOBER 25, 1893.

Editorial.

THE present number may be regarded a memorial to our lamented friend and late fellow-student, Miss Carlisle. The various commemorative articles have, to some extent, crowded out several other items of interest in this and other departments We trust, however, that by pausing now and then to reflect the life and virtues of a fallen comrade, THE MIRROR may be, not less interesting, but more instructive.

◆

THE memorial services held in Bucknell Hall, Sunday, October 15, were a fitting and due tribute to the life and work of Miss Anna C. Carlisle, of the class of '92, College. It is good for us to turn aside and reflect upon the sweet Christian graces of one whom Providence removed in the opening of a promising life. Such reflection may sadden, but it also makes glad, if we can but discover the secret of power and the underlying motive which gave to her life its strength, usefulness and beauty.

◆

THE establishment of a course in journalism at the University of Pennsylvania is one of the signs of progress in the newspaper world. The power of the newspaper in guiding the formation of public opinion is growing. To be a guide, the editor must know more than those he would guide; he must be learned in all that pertains to man, especially in that which directly affects mankind financially, socially and morally.

The editor, of all men, has need of the broadest education, his eye must compass the whole round of human activity, his judgment must be quick and keen, his love of the truth and right an abiding and ruling emotion.

The course established seeks to fulfil the intellectual requirement by building upon the firm foundation of disciplinary study common to all colleges in the first two years of the course, a superstructure rich in the elements of studies pertaining to economics and sociology.

The point to be emphasized is the admitted need of a broad, general education for those who aspire to distinction in the journalistic field.

◆

OF THE many clubs and organizations to which college life gives rise, none hold the same relation to student life as the Christian Association. Other organizations are somewhat selfish in their aims, and work especially to promote the interests of their own members.

The Christian Association desires the welfare of all. To give work to the strong; to nurture the weak; to arouse the indifferent; to present Christ to all students is its mission. The methods of work vary with circumstances, but the fact that man has a physical, a mental and social nature is not overlooked, and many students are reached in this way who would not be by less skillful means.

Only when relations of friendship and confidence have been established can we successfully make personal appeals to our fellow-students. The provisions of the Christian Association assist in making this relation possible.

The importance of the work is clearly seen when we consider that much of the final moulding of character occurs during college life. A student can be approached by a student as by no one else.

Student life breaks through all shams, all disguises; we stand out before our fellow-students as we are; no cloak will suffice to hide our weaknesses and inconsistencies. Herein lies one danger. Would we influence a fellow-student, we must show and feel interest, not within the association rooms alone, but everywhere, nor should we allow any barriers of social or scholastic inequality to interfere.

The fact that so great a percentage of our college students are Christians is in a large measure due to the activity of Christian Associations.

◆

THE recent action of the Senior class in deciding to have, if the faculty permit, an orator at commencement instead of the time honored orations by the class, has much in it that is commendable.

The decision was unanimous and prompted by unselfish motives. It will prevent the injustices likely to occur in the selection of a few from a large class, the embarrassment of the many who are not permitted to speak. It will give more entertainment to, and interest a greater number of the general public.

On the other hand, it may be urged that the selection of speakers would be as just, and afford as perfect a presentation of the best talent in the class, as is possible; that the alumni, friends and interested public would prefer orations by the class, as affording, at least, a partial display of the mental attainment of the graduating class, and a hint in regard to the character of work done by the college.

There are arguments of weight on both sides of the question. Much depends upon who the orator is, and upon the circumstances of each individual class.

Literary.

OFF IN THE ''GYIAO-TZ.''

Up among the hills, near the eastern coast of China, a little party of us were gathered for the summer. We were all crowded into one small house, our sanitarium—ten of us in a building which could rightly boast of but four rooms. But we made curtains do duty for walls, and the two rooms down stairs—one for each family—were dining room, store room, sitting room and parlor combined. In fact, we were virtually ''camping out.'' Dr and Mrs. Master shared their apartments with the two young ladies, and our family, comprising father, mother, Wayland, Margeret, little May, and myself, quite filled our small quarters.

One day it was decided that a picnic would be necessary to complete the summer's program. We were all to go in ''gyiao-tz,'' or sedan chairs, for a distance of seven or eight miles, to a certain spot famous in the regions around for its beautiful scenery. The plans were all made and arrangements completed for an early start the next morning; and we children were almost wild with impatience for the day to come. But Father Time, unmoved by our longings, drove steadily on, and at the proper time ushered in the wished-for day.

I took a silent survey of the weather indications—beautiful sky, no clouds to be seen, air bright and fresh—all augured well. Then, breakfast over, began the bustle; servants busily engaged in strapping up the large lunch baskets for the coolie to carry; mother going hither and thither, performing the last bit of work before leaving for the day; chair-bearers looking to see that the chairs were all ready for use, or tying on a new pair of straw sandals for the journey, or, perchance, smoking their pipes in contented waiting. Would we never start?

At last the word came to go. A coolie headed the procession, with the lunch and extra shawls and rubber blankets slung over his shoulders on either end of a bamboo pole. Nearly all had mountain chairs. You don't know what they are. They have the regular two long bamboo poles, fastened at each end by a cross piece which rests on the coolie's shoulders. A board fastened across these poles about midway between the bearers, serves for the back ; the seat is a board slung on a rope, between the poles, and the foot-rest a similar board still lower. These chairs are designed for lightness so that the bearers may not be so burdened while toiling up the mountains. Comfort for the occupant is a matter of minor consequence.

Can you see the long procession in motion? The bearers, in their exuberance of spirits, stepped with more elasticity than was their wont, and increased the peculiar up and-down movement of the chairs. Coming, as we did, at the very rear, Margeret and I found the spectacle a mirth-provoking one. The long line, formed by seven or eight sedan chairs, resembled a huge dragon pursuing his undulating course. Every one was in the best of spirits, and wit was tossed back and forth, much to the amusement of our native bearers, who understood not a word of what was said, yet found the laughter contagious.

So the happy party wound merrily along ; now on the narrow foot-paths between promising rice-fields, which stretched up the entire mountain side in terraces of the most exquisite, tender green, now beside bamboo groves, which, at a distance, had given the appearance of a soft feathery cluster of ferns, now following a bright, sparkling stream, which bubbled over the stones and, with its gentle murmur, invited us enticingly to linger by its side, now through some rocky gorge ; but we were not afraid, for the bearers were sure-footed. Now and then we all alighted at some "liang-ling" or resting place for a drink, and, on the part of us children, an investigation ; for the natives always had at least one idol set up in each liang-ling, and we found it interesting to note the stages of decay into which these deities were passing.

But, before we had reached our picnic spot, the sky, which in the morning had been so remarkably clear, had become overcast with dark, ominous clouds, which very soon let down upon our poorly protected party a perfect deluge of rain. We took refuge, in all haste, in the nearest temple, and on finding that no one was wet enough to be harmed, we decided to stay and have our picnic there.

Of course a crowd of natives gathered around to see the foreign wonders, and followed us curiously as we went about the temple examining first one idol and then another. The remarks made by this crowd were extremely amusing to us ; for while we understood every word they said perfectly, they were ignorant of the fact and commented freely on every thing pertaining to us.

"See how small their shoes are. How can they get them on?" (Their own high shoes are after the pattern of our rubber boots.)

"See how white their faces are, and their hands, too, just look !"

"Which is girl and which boy?"

"That one is a boy with the robe on."

But they were considerate, and left us pretty much to ourselves while at lunch. This we took on some stone benches on the veranda, where we could at least be out in the open air. Lunch over, we had hoped it might clear away and thus allow us still to go to Z——. However, the rain still fell. So, although we considered ourselves able to put up with much that was disagreeable, nevertheless we thought it wise to defer this *pleasure* trip till some time when Father Sun would smile on us approvingly. Accordingly, with spirits only heightened by the rain, we set forth on our homeward way, through the same beautiful scenery, even more beautiful in its freshness, and welcomed at last the sight of old Larchfield once more.

Kao Kae-tih.

THE MELANCHOLY OF JACQUES.

One of the most forcible and influential elements of a man's life is contrast. Similarities are frequent; differences are rare. Day and night are the widest of diversities, but seldom noticed as such because one blends into the other by the most imperceptible shadings; they are not distinct in clear outlines. Seldom do we find two men of the same character, but the contrast is lost in similar exteriors.

If we now apply this rule to the literary side of life, we shall find that the most powerful weapon of the orator, the most influential means of the teacher, and the most effectual expedient of the writer, is the ability to set arguments, doctrines and characters in sharp contrast with one another. And we may search the productions of both ancient and modern literary efforts in vain for a more forcible and perfect contrast than that which Shakespeare has given us in the relations of the melancholy Jacques with the other characters of the famous play, "As You Like It."

To fully appreciate this relationship it will be necessary to first get a definite idea of this so-called "melancholy" of Jacques. According to his own description it is not that of the scholar or the musician, the courtier or the soldier, the lady or the lover; "but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in the most humorous sadness." We learn that Jacques had sold all his possessions to satisfy a desire that has no doubt entered the breast of every young man,—to see the world. He had drifted to Italy, the very mother of vice, had wasted all his property in "riotous living," and at last advanced years had reaped the natural harvest of sin—only remorse and sorrow for his past iniquities. Herein, then, is to be found the cause for his "sadness."

Still, in his own estimation, Jacques has not spent life entirely in vain. For he tells us that he "had gained his experience," or, in other words, a knowledge of human nature which he has found so empty, so unsubstantial, so unreal, that he calls "all the world a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

But if we stop merely with a definition of Jacques' character, we shall have lost its greatest force, its highest purpose, and the very object for which the inventive brain of Shakespeare conceived it. Notwithstanding the fact that "As You Like It" is an ideal play, yet life for each one of those characters, except Jacques, is intensely in earnest. No love could be deeper than that of Rosalind and Orlando; no misfortune could be more severe than that which befel the Senior Duke, however preciously he may have treasured his find of "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Each character, except Jacques, felt that there was something in life to which they might look forward, some cherished object which they perhaps might win, and some fond hope which might some day be realized, however dim might seem the prospect, however distant might be the goal.

On the other hand, when we examine the character of Jacques, we find absolutely nothing in his life except bitter satire and sullen cynicism. Unlike Orlando, "the something that nature gave him" has, not by the influence of hostile relatives or friends, but by a career of his own choice, been so thoroughly poisoned (if not utterly exterminated) that the only business seemingly for which he is now capable is to preach the emptiness of human hopes, and the utter depravity and treachery of mankind.

But with what receptions are his sallies met! It is just as useless for him to attempt to embitter those three glad hearts, which form the very life-beat of the entire production, as it would be for him to reform his own deep-rooted habits, or cleanse his own foul heart.

Brief, indeed, is his conversation with Rosalind, in whom he strives to inculcate the idea that "'tis good to be sad and say nothing!" How humorously she asks him if then "'tis good to be a post," and defines the melancholy of which he boasts as something worse than the most degraded conditions of intoxication or the most excessive transports of merriment! How sarcastically she speaks of him as "a traveler," informing him that to have "seen much and have little is to have rich eyes and poor hands;" dwells upon his traveling for experience that makes him sad, and finally bids him adieu by reminding him "to chide God for making for him that countenance!!"

Again, what a greeting he receives from Orlando! The latter flatly refuses to join with him in "railing against our mistress, the world, and all our misery." How wittily he responds to all of Jacques' remarks about Rosalind, suggesting that there was no thought of pleasing him when she was christened.

But still greater are the banterings which he receives from the Senior Duke, to whom he expresses his expectation of becoming a moralist or a reformer. The Duke frankly tells him that in the first capacity he will do no good whatever, and that in the second he would only disgorge into the general world "all the embossed sores and healed evils" which "a libertine, as sensual as the brutish sting itself, could catch," rather than bring his fellow creatures to a higher standard of moral excellence. But Jacques seems to exhibit such a shallowness of intellect and meagreness of comprehension that he is wholly unable to appreciate the jests made at his expense.

After receiving similar receptions from the other characters of the play, "Monsieur Melancholy" takes his exit, with the determination to court the company of penitent Junior Duke, in whom he will find, no doubt, a more appreciative listener to his dissertations on worldly emptiness than those with whom he had been recently associating.

Thus it is that Jacques is brought out in sharp contrast with the main characters of the play—a huge black monster set up, as it were, against those three pure, spotless dispositions, in order to present them in a still greater degree of integrity, and a still purer state of morality.

Picture painting and word painting are much the same. The writer and the artist are separated by a very slight distinction, for a touch from either's brush will reproduce the human emotions in their truest possible workings.

And so, if we compare the famous painting "The Angelus" with "As You Like It," it will be found that in one point they are precisely alike.

Two peasants, a rough field, the scattered potatoes, the green heath stretching out in the distance, the setting sun—what do these signify? Yes, we discern a reverent awe imprinted upon the countenance of those two laborers, an attitude of prayer; but yet we fail to see the object. Ah! away off there in the distance is dimly seen the spire of the humble little chapel, and we fancy we can hear the faint, faint toll of the bell pealing out the time for vespers—the time of "The Angelus." But suppose that spire was not there. The reverent laborers, the wave-like moorland, the distant hamlet, the rustic scenery, the tints of the sinking sun would mean nothing.

Just such a case do we find in "As You Like It." Little would the force of the play have been felt had Jacques been left out; little would the charming character of Rosalind, the gallant spirit of Orlando, and the contented disposition of the Senior Duke, have merited our applause or approbation. Merely by the introduction of a character so entirely different from them, which was occasionally bringing into contrast the spirit engendered by true happiness and by an unfaltering faith in mankind, with one soured by experiences of the vilest kind and embittered by a loathing of every conceivable object, we feel the force of each character, the full teaching of the moral, the intrinsic beauty of the entire play, and exclaim unanimously "Divine Shakespeare, thou who couldst, by a touch so delicate yet so striking, produce a perfect and sublime painting instead of a gaudy and empty picture."

ANNIE C. CARLISLE.

Annie Catherine Carlisle was born at Laurelton, Union county, Pa., April 6, 1862. She began her school life in Philadelphia. In 1875 she moved to Williamsport and entered the public schools of that city, graduating with distinguished honors in '81.

She immediately began to teach in the city and continued the work for seven years. At the end of this time she resigned the principalship of the Clay building to enter the Freshman class of Bucknell University. The Board of Directors paid a fitting tribute to her as a teacher when they permitted the public schools of the city to be closed on the day of her funeral.

During her college course she held an honorable rank in her class; taught some classes at the Institute; for three years held the Presidency of the Y. W. C. A. of the Institute; was an active worker in the Sunday School, and a leader in the religious work of the Institution. An exemplary college career.

"I came to Bucknell," she said, "to prepare myself to do more efficient work as a teacher." She accomplished the object for which she came and more. Often a student gets more out of his college course than he expected, because he enters college with a purpose. After her graduation in '92 she *could have done more efficient work as a teacher* in the class room, and for this very reason the Y. W. C. A. work of the state needed her. In September, '92, she accepted the state secretaryship of the Y. W. C. A., and continued in this work until the hour of her death. While making a tour through the state in the interest of the association, she went to Geneva College at Beaver Falls. On the evening of the same day on which she arrived she addressed the young ladies of the school at 6:30, and two hours later she was seized with a violent pain in the head; immediately she became unconscious and died at 9:30. This occurred September 25, 1893. A post-mortem examination showed that the cause of her death was *cerebral hemorrhage*.

She was buried in Williamsport, September

29, '93. The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. S. G. Reading. Prayer was offered by Llewellyn Phillips, her class mate, and addresses were made by Rev. S. G. Reading and Dr. Harris.

She was, preeminently, a Christian. Her life was governed by Christian principles. To her mother on leaving home for the last time she said: "I try to live every day as though it were my last day." While staying at home last summer during her vacation, she said to her pastor: "Give me some work to do." The work was assigned, and she began to do it when her summons came. To one of her friends she said: "I have selected as my motto, 'Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth.' "

Athletics and Chess.

SCHEDULE OF FOOT-BALL GAMES.

Gettysburg, at Lewisburg, Oct. 21.
Haverford, at Haverford, Nov. 4.
State College, at Lewisburg, Nov. 11.
Dickinson, at Harrisburg, (Thanksgiving) Nov. 30.

SECOND TEAM.

Williamsport, at Williamsport, Oct. 28.

What has become of Reno on the foot-ball field?

Bucknell defeated Milton at the Lewisburg fair grounds on Friday, Sept. 29, by a score 30–0. It looked much like a practice game.

The second team does good work on the field every evening. On one occasion they made a touch-down and goal and on another they pushed the first team within two yards of their own goal.

'97 has challenged '96 to a game of foot-ball, and '96 has accepted, on condition that it be played after all regular games are over, on account of the first and second team practice every evening. Many of the men from both classes are on these teams.

The Academy team is in touch with foot-ball this year. They have an active spirit, and Captain Elliott has put forth his efforts to make a good team. Their first game was a victory of 6–0 against Selinsgrove on Oct. 7. They go to Williamsport Oct. 14.

Much to the disappointment of the manager of the first team, a telegram from University of Pennsylvania arrived just as they were to start for that place on Friday, Oct. 13, saying that they would have to cancel the date on account of having to play another team on that day. They offered a forfeit to be released and it was accepted.

Bucknell 10, Shamokin 6. The first regular game of the season was played at Shamokin, Saturday, Sept. 30, with the result stated. The teams were pretty well matched. Shamokin contains many old college players, and Bucknell's team were not all there. Twenty-minute halves were played, and in that time the large crowd present yelled itself almost hoarse. Megargee, Bunnell, Marsh and Barclay made good plays for Bucknell. The teams lined up as follows:

Bucknell.	*Positions.*	*Shamokin.*
Megargee	left end	Frances
Jennings	left tackle	Hepp
Hollinshead	left guard	Lessig
Smith, Burns	center	McCall
Collins	right guard	Schadt
Lesher	right tackle	Bartolette
Smith, Bromly	right end	Marr
Mount	quarter back	Lewis
Marsh	left half	Potts
Barclay	right half	Brewer
Bunnell	full back	Jones

Franklin and Marshall 10, Bucknell 6. Such is the score that represents our first defeat at Lancaster on Oct. 14. There was a great deal of wrangling and hard playing during the game. Kaufmann and Jennings did some fine playing for Bucknell. Thirty-minute halves were played. The teams lined up as follows:

Franklin & Marshall.	*Position.*	*Bucknell.*
Kirk	left end	Mount
Hartman	left tackle	Kaufmann
Horman	left guard	Hollinshead
Stover	center	Burns Smith
Hower	right guard	Schub
Krick	right tackle	Jennings
Stroup	right end	Megargee
Cremer	quarter back	Cap. H. F. Smith
Lantz	left half	Marsh
Long	right half	Barclay
Skyles, Capt.	full back	Wolfe

The Chess club met in Euepia hall on Saturday Oct. 7, to elect officers for the ensuing year. The following were elected: president, Waid, '94; vice president, Allen, '95; secretary, Stock, '97; treasurer, Walkinshaw, '96; Board of Directors, Hughes, '94, Cregar, '95, and Sprague, '97. It was decided to change the name to "Chess and Checker" club, to admit those who are interested in checkers. A tournament is to be arranged between the members of the club.

We are also glad to note the interest taken in Tennis at this time of the year. Wood, Allen, Davis, Anderson, Harper, Bayard, Colestock, Ware and other old and new students are seen on the tennis courts regularly. Let us have a tournament next year.

Local.

We have a small Freshman named Birge,
Who was seized by his chums on a splurge;
He soon felt a bump,
Which left quite a lump,
And now he goes singing a dirge.

Williams, '97, has been initiated by Phi Kappa Psi.

Parker has become a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Wilson, '95, is convalescing from an attack of mechanics.

"Jimmy" Hughes preached in Ashland early in the month.

Get your "oi—l" of McLaughlin, Monday and Friday afternoons.

The plumbing of the gymnasium bath room needs prompt repairing.

Macnab & Co. are making mineralogical cabinets for the students of geology.

The college students were well represented at Bain's lecture on the "Masses."

The annual whiskers of '94 are blooming. Schub has harvested his first crop.

Mr. Dillon, a rubicund Freshman, has great success in heating the "gym." water.

Dr. U. G. Beek, of Milton, made a pleasant call on some of his friends here a few days ago.

Dr. Harris preached the dedicatory sermon of the Lebanon Baptist church on the 8th inst.

We are glad to note that Anderson, '94, is about again. He was sick, being confined to his room for a few days.

Powell is acting agent for the Danville Steam Laundry. He gathers the "wash" Monday afternoon and evening.

The Susquehanna affords good opportunities for boating. Some of the boys are treating their lady friends to an occasional row.

Phi Gamma Delta has initiated Messrs. Stanton, Bunnel, Sprague and Rivenburg, of the class of '97, and Jackson, of '95.

Dr. Aviragnet has ordered some new instruments for the band. Improvement is his watchword, and this means success.

A few days ago Macnab captured a live snake. He has developed such a liking for this one that he intends to enlarge his collection soon.

At a recent meeting of the Camera Club the following officers were elected: Sheddan, President; Cregar, Vice President; W. H. Carey, Secretary; Brick, Treasurer.

Prof. Bartol's new Geometry has been received with much favor by the students. It is neat, compact, and adapted to the time usually given to this study in Bucknell.

Prof. Perrine addressed a congregation of the Grant Street Baptist church in Wilkes-Barre on the morning of the 8th inst. In the evening he preached at Maltby.

A graduate fellowship in the Chicago University has been established by a friend for the benefit of Bucknell students desiring to pursue a special course there.

The members of Theta Alpha Literary Society have repapered their hall and in other ways beautified its appearance. The members are justly proud of their attractive hall.

Professor in the Chemistry class: "Name the three kinds of carbon." Mr. Hall: "Diamond, graphite and lumbago." (Hall was unable to see why the class roared with laughter.)

The French class should study their lessons in evening. Why? Because of the soporific effect. Some of the members of the class get so sleepy over it that they have to go to bed in the afternoon.

In accordance with the suggestion of the President and Board of Trustees, Dr. Perrine is about to send circulars to the alumni of the College. In these he will give a list of the books most needed in the department of Literature, together with the publishers' prices. Inasmuch as the alumni have voted to sustain an alcove in our library, it is high time for them to have even a passable representation.

The class of '95 has decided to publish *L'Agenda*. At a meeting for the election of editors, the following were chosen: Allen, Pease, Paullin, Kaufman, W. Carey, Smith and Miss McLaughlin. Messrs. Jackson and Simpson will manage the business department.

On Thursday evening, November 2, Dr. Perrine will lecture in Bucknell Hall on "The College Days of Daniel Webster." The entire proceeds will be given to the College Y. M. C. A. The lecture is highly spoken of. Let everybody turn out and give the Doctor a large audience.

F. W. Brown, '96, presented to the Laboratory a case of thirty-two different specimens of petroleum. Mr. Brown also gave an interesting talk about petroleum before the Chemical and Physical Society. For several years he was connected with the Franklin refinery, which is said to be the largest in the world.

At midnight, on the 13th, a howling tornado ripped up half of the tin roof over the East Wing. The rain soon leaked "on the just and the unjust." Palmer and D. Webster Phillips were soaked by the cataclysm. Dr. Gretzinger, with his characteristic hustle, had temporary roofing in place before the boys returned from breakfast.

Gilbert Beaver, assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. State Work, made our Association a pleasant visit recently. Mr. Beaver is a young man whom our members delight to meet. He spoke not only with reference to the State Convention, but more particularly about the religious awakening which is being experienced in the colleges in many parts of the country. Shall we have a repetition of last year's experience?

Memorial services were held in Bucknell Hall Sunday afternoon, October 15, for Miss Annie C. Carlisle, '92, who died at Beaver Falls on the 25th of September. After a funeral march was rendered by Dr. Avirágnet's orchestra, Scripture was read and prayer offered by Rev. J. T. Judd. Excellent addresses were delivered by Prof. Llewellyn Phillips, Mrs. K. B. Larison and Pres. J. H. Harris, and letters from class mates and friends read by Miss Jessie Wheeler. The music consisted, besides hymns, of a quartette and duet by members of the University.

Prof Aviragnet directed a successful musicale in Bucknell Hall, October 12, for the benefit of a series of open air concerts to be given by the band. The following program was rendered:

PART I.

Sweet Dream Serenade	University Band
Grande Fantaisie for Violin and Piano	Misses Louise and Josephine Lawshe
The Courier of Moscow	Mr. R. Davidson
Aragonaise for Piano	Miss Julia Aikin
Saved From the Storm	Miss May Morgan

PART II.

Andante and Allegro of 1st Symphony	Misses Juliet Aikin and N. Suiter
Valse Poetique for Mandolin and Guitar	Messrs. B. Martin and Moyer
The Mission of the Rose	Miss May Morgan
Sarnnambula Fantaisie, for Piano	Miss Julia Aikin
Quartette--Stars of Summer Night	Misses Morgan and Davis, Messrs. Bunnell and Davidson

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Mabel Wittenmyer has returned from a two weeks' sojourn in Chicago.

Among our students are representatives from the Empire, Garden and Hoosier States.

A pleasant Christian Endeavor social was held at the home of Miss Mary Owens on Oct. 14.

Miss Bronson, with her sister, is teaching in a boarding and day school in Providence, R. I.

Misses Rush and Mary Larison and Frances Montgomery, of McEwensville, are visiting the White City.

Miss Mary Morgan, of the conservatory of Syracuse, has the position of vocal teacher in the school of music.

The Choral Society, under the direction of Dr. Aviragnet, will shortly begin a new operatta, "Enthusiast," by Hewitt.

We are glad to have with us this year Miss Goddard, daughter of Rev. J. R. Goddard, of Colgate, N. Y., who gives us charming descriptions of life in China, as her childhood was spent in that distant land. All, no doubt, will be interested in her sketch "Gyaio-tz," found in another column.

The Shakespeare Club, which meets on Friday evenings, has entered upon the study of "Twelfth Night" with great enthusiasm.

Emerson says, "They who live with the *good*, find life glad and nutritious." True it is that the good are always profitable company. Those of us who were in daily intercourse with Miss Annie C. Carlisle during the four years she spent at Bucknell, will bear testimony that her life was a constant inspiration. To know that another is living nobly, is an electric touch, and no one can so perfectly impart this, as our companions. "Annie C.," as we girls called her, was always in sympathy with our social life. She helped us plan picnics and boat rides. She was happy in arranging the details of a social or a reception, yet we shall oftener remember her as presiding over our Y. W. C. A., or leading the Tuesday afternoon prayer meeting. When we think of her, our hearts are full and we thank God for the benedicdion of her life.

An intended burlesque—meeting of the Current News Club:

Pres.—"Now, girls, you know that this year the club is to be run on strictly business principles. Our officers were elected last week, and by the constitution each person must be present with an interesting and helpful bit of news. The secretary will please call the names, and you can respond with your items."

No response.

Pres.—Why, who is secretary?"

A long pause.

Pres.—Well, whoever was secretary pro tem, or whatever you call it, can read the names of the officers."

A chilling silence.

Pres.—"Why, who *was* it? Some one must have been, or it would not have been business-like. I think it was C—, and, anyway, she may call the names."

C.—"Miss B—."

Miss B.—"I really forgot the club was to meet to-night."

Pres.—Well, C—, read from the constitution the rule for such cases. (Aside) That sounded real business-like"

C.—"Why, I don't think we have one yet."

Pres.—Well, never mind, we had one last year, and she'll have to pay a fine anyway. Go on."

C.—"Miss L—."

Miss L.—"Oh, there isn't a single bit of news."

Misses M—, N—, O—, reply ditto, in answer to their names, but Miss W— redeems the honor of the society by saying, "Well, girls, I read that a great man is dead. I forget what his name is and where he lived and when he died, but everybody knows him, for there were two whole columns in the *Ledger* about him."

Pres.—"Now, girls, that's something like it. Oh! there is the study hour bell. Haven't we had a lovely meeting?"

["There's many a true word spoken in jest." —Ed.]

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. Cleeland, Correspondent.]

C. L. McQuistion can be seen working hard on the campus every afternoon.

Thos. J. Davis is at present employed in Texas. He sends his best wishes to the students.

The Saturday evening Bible class thus far has been well attended by the students of the Cad.

The Y. M. C. A. meetings are well attended and full of life. Let us see more students attending them.

Mr. Edward Flint's smiling face is missed in the Fourth Form this term. He will resume his studies at the beginning of next term.

The Academy has put some good men on the foot-ball field. Our big friend Craig is about to try his hand at the game. Big things are expected of him.

Elliott possesses the fearless characteristic of a good foot-ball player. The manner in which he leaps upon the advancing V. is surprising and crushing.

The Academy team has secured an able manager in Mr. Purdy, who is arranging dates with other schools, and doing all he can in general for the good of the team.

Principal Martin was called away a few weeks ago to attend the funeral of his brother, Thos. B. Martin. The deceased was well known, and his death is mourned by relatives and friends. Principal Martin has our sympathy in his loss.

Mr. Anderson has tendered his resignation as President of the Adelphia. Lack of time and the many duties pertaining to the Y. M. C. A. work have prompted this action. The presence of Mr. Anderson will be sorely missed if the gentleman's resignation is accepted.

About ten o'clock Saturday evening a victorious cry was heard ringing through the tall trees surrounding the Academy. The Cad team had played and won the first game of the season. The game was between Selinsgrove and Bucknell Academy, played upon the former's grounds. First half started with the ball in the hands of the Selinsgrovers, who, being unable to make any advance, the ball became the Cad's, which was greatly advanced by two long runs by Smith and Elliott, then pushed over the goal line for a touch down by Slifer. Ball kicked by Elliott and goaled. Selinsgrove again made a V, which was broken and nothing gained; after a fumble by them it was secured by the Cad, who advanced it to the ten yard line, when time was called. Second half commenced with the Cad making a V and gaining ten yards. Selinsgrove secured the ball and made a little advance, but gave the ball to the Cad who carried it ten yards. Ball was again turned over to Selinsgrove, who nearly made a touchdown. Our boys, after a hard fight, gained five yards from centre of field. Ball was in our territory when time was called. The Selinsgrovers put up a good game and treated the boys like kings. The game was characterized with many brilliant plays on both sides. Slifer, Elliott, Koser, McQuistion showed up in fine form for the Cad. This is our first game and victory this year. May many more be added to the list.

Personal.

Ex. '52. John A. Grier, Esq., has lately taken up his residence at 358 Maple street, Englewood, Ill.

Ex. '54. Hon. Henry C. Ford has again been elected president of the state fish commission, a position which he has filled for several years.

Ex. '59. Capt. John H. Owens has charge of a large exhibit of bronze monuments at the World's fair.

'63. Rev. Henry C. Dunro is preaching at Beverly, N. Y.

'66. Alfred Taylor, Esq , with his wife and child spent the summer in Europe.

'69. Rev. F. M. Baker is pastor of the Presbyterian church at Dauphin, Pa. His son has recently entered the Freshman class at Bucknell.

Ex. '70. Prof A. Judson Philips is teaching with great acceptability in Mr Moody's school at Northfield, Mass.

'71. The State Normal School at West Chester, Pa., opened this term with an attendance of 557 students. This speaks well for its principal, G M Phillips, Ph. D.

'80. Rev. Frank H Cooper has accepted a call from the Memorial Baptist church, Binghamton, N. Y.

'82. Rev. Henry Madtes has resigned the presidency of Hall Institute at Sharon, Pa., and has accepted a call to a pastorate in Cleveland, O.

Ex. '83. G. A. Lung, M. D., is now surgeon on the U. S. S. S. Minnesota, Station G, New York City.

'83. Rev. W. G. Watkins has resigned the position which he has held for some time past, and has returned to the pastorate of the Providence Baptist church, Scranton, Pa. Mr Gretzinger will continue the work of soliciting funds for the Bible chair.

'88. R. C. Hollenbaugh, Ph. D., died at the home of his brother in Williamsport, July 6

'89. Thomas Quintin, Esq., is practicing law in Olyphant, Pa.

'91. Charles Campbell, M. D., has succeeded to the extensive practice of his deceased uncle in Philadelphia.

'91. Prof. Charles G. Shaffer has taken charge of the Friends Academy, Rising Sun, Md., of which he was recently chosen principal.

Ex. '95. At Newport, September 1, the church gave a reception to the new pastor, Rev. Paul Weithaase, accompanied by a fine present. Mr. Weithaase was recently married.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVRESITY, LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 10, 1893. No. 8.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column $2.50 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

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Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

NOVEMBER 10, 1893.

Editorial.

SINCE our last issue this institution has lost a staunch friend and wise counsellor, in the person of Rev. Benjamin Griffith, D. D. A short sketch of his life and work appears in another column.

◆

OUR football team has been doing some excellent team work lately, preparing for the engagement of the season—the game with State College. All are anxious about the result, but confident of at least making a fair showing. A fair day, fair play, and a hotly contested game are all we ask.

◆

WHATEVER may be the general effect of prizes the proposed prize for debate, offered to members of the Junior class, seems to be having a good result. Many of the Juniors may be observed taking a more active part in literary society debates than heretofore. All who take part regularly, whether Juniors or not, may win power in public debate, a prize more valuable than the few dollars to be won at the contest.

◆

EARNEST, successful work in instruction deserves more than pay in dollars and cents, and we feel that we should acknowledge our indebtedness to Dr. E. Perrine for the course of lectures, Six American Authors, which he recently delivered to the Senior class. For unity of purpose, clearness of analysis, purity and beauty of diction, and power of suggestiveness, they equal or surpass any lectures which we have received during our course. In saying this we express the consensus of opinion of the class of '94.

◆

WE are wont to hear among the students criticisms upon the sermons delivered in the various churches of the town. Let us consider this matter and see wherein lies the cause of complaint, and the remedies applicable.

The pastors of the respective churches for obvious reasons are not the most eminent men in their profession. They are men of more than average ability, and are rendering effective and satisfactory service to their several churches.

The student is, or should be, a critic; finding not the imperfections alone, but searching out also the kernels, the meat, of a discourse. Observing the imperfections that he may avoid them in his own speeches, the kernels of truth and wisdom that he may be strengthened thereby. Especially in religious services should this latter process predominate.

The criticisms, if we may so call them, which one hears are somewhat as follows: "My! but ——— preached a dry sermon," "——— put me to sleep," "——— was no good," and so on to the end of the list. This is not criticism. Criticism is active, mental effort, expressing itself in specific statements. Such expressions as the above show the absence of all mental effort, even the attention necessary to passive receptivity.

Many of us must plead guilty to just such expressions of complaint at some time in our course. Such are the facts; now the causes and remedies.

We overlook the fact that the pastor's foremost consideration is due to his church. He must provide suitable pasturage for his own sheep, before he begins to cater to the wants of the goats and stray sheep which may be temporarily with his flock. The effects of late hours during the week, and on Saturday night in particular, are too often charged against the sermon.

If we attend some one church regularly, and assist in its maintenance, going there in the proper physical and mental condition, we shall doubtless receive our meat in due season, finding much to praise, to accept, and to practice in each sermon we hear.

◆

THE need of physical exercise in college life is at once apparent and acknowledged. In the regulation of our exercise we may have one of several different ideals before us. The Greek ideal of grace and beauty in physical development does not appeal strongly to our practical age, nor can exercise for strength appeal largely to students who expect to lead sedentary lives and do intellectual work. The ruling idea in the matter of general plan of exercise is exercise for health.

Certain physical conditions, pure air, sunlight, variety of exercise in kind and degree, together with the mental conditions of cheerfulness, animation, vim, determine largely the value of any exercise. Exercise taken with a wry face, no matter what the aim, loses half its value. The great value and prominence of athletic sports in our colleges arises from the fact that they fulfill the most favorable conditions of exercise. One enters into a game of tennis, base ball, or football from love of the sport, or, more exactly, from love of excelling, of cheerful companionship, of physical exhilaration. He has no thought as to what muscles are exercised, or what the effect will be on his digestion.

Participation in college athletics gives an abiding love for out door sports, and as a result we have a judge who can play base ball, a professor happy in the football canvass, preachers, lawyers, doctors, and business men who can participate in and enjoy viewing athletic games, and who perform their several functions with more vigor and efficiency because of athletic recreations.

Literary.

REV. BENJAMIN GRIFFITH, D. D.

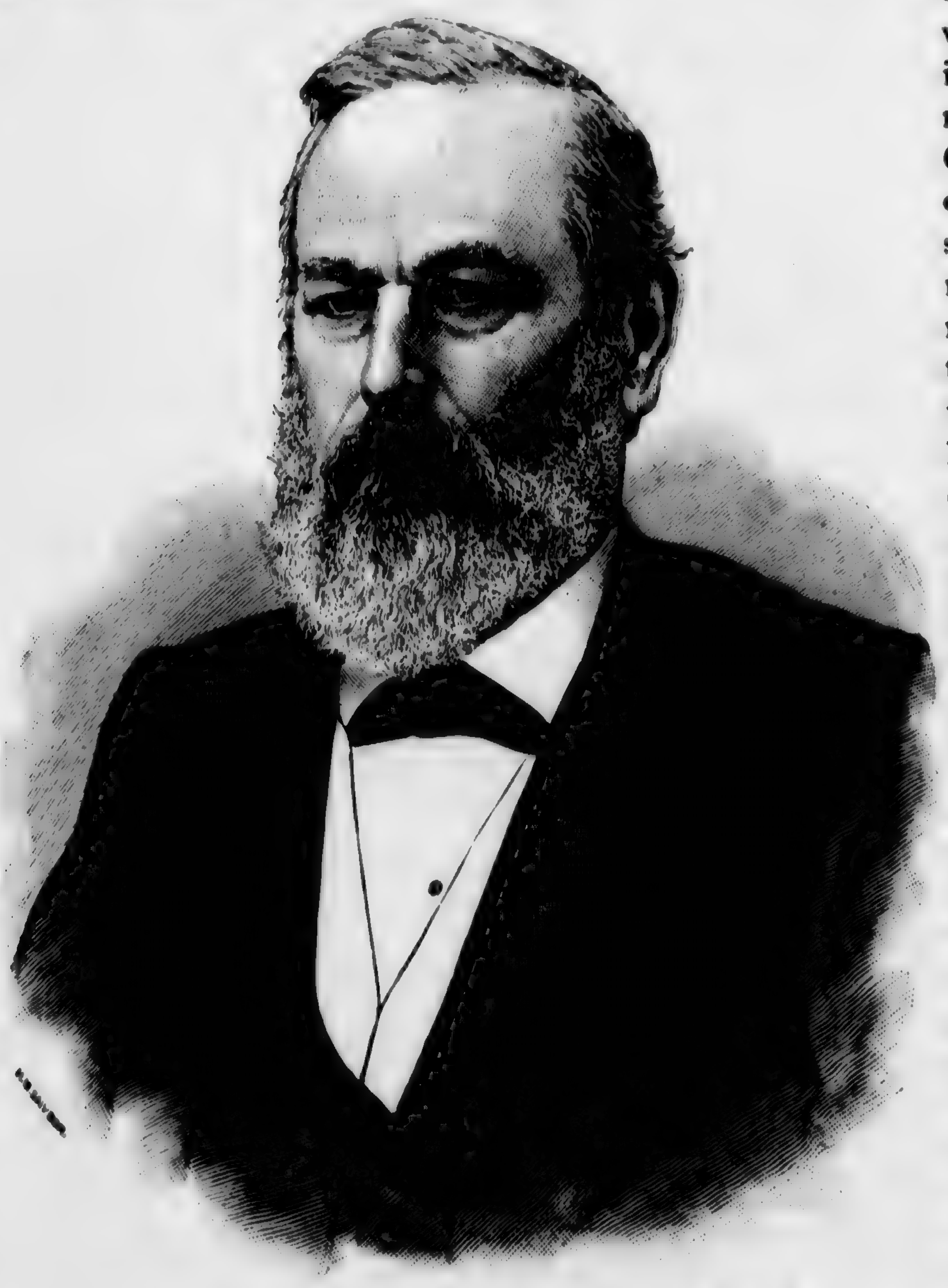
[Address delivered at Memorial Services in Bucknell Hall, Oct 28.]

PROF. ENOCH PERRINE, LITT. D.

Homer's chiefs, as they die in battle, fall down and loud their armor rings. David, lamenting over Jonathan, wails: "How are the mighty fallen!" The Indian, mourning the departed brave, exclaims: "He fell like the tall oak of the forest." These expressions, taken from widely different sources, serve to show that when some men depart, the shock is far greater than when other men go to their long home. To-day we hear the ringing of the armor and the crashing of the oak because a great man, a prince, has fallen in Israel. The work given to most of us is, from one point of view, so ordinary, so commonplace, so like what others are doing well, that when we die we may be greatly missed, but there is no doubt that the work will go on just as well, that the banner will be picked up from the very spot where we drop it and be carried on as though nothing had happened.

But in some cases the work appointed is so peculiar, so special in its nature, and so delicate, so important and far reaching in its results, involving so many interests where mistakes would work ruin—in some cases the work is performed with such consummate skill that when we die men say: "Where shall we look for another? How can the work go on? Help, Lord, for the faithful fail from among the children of men!"

The Rev. Benjamin Griffith, D. D., because of whose death on Tuesday last we pause this morning in our daily task, was such a faithful worker, and his work was of the kind to call for special sorrow now that he is no more on earth. Born in Juniata county of this state, on October 13, 1821, he entered Madison (now Colgate) University in 1840, and was graduated in 1846. Sent out by the Missionary Society, he was ordained to the ministry at Cumberland, Md., where he organized a Church, built a meeting-house and remained four years. He began at the bottom, was not afraid of hard work and was never compelled to climb downward, as is the case with some who proudly begin at the top. From 1850 to 1858 he



THE LATE REV. BENJAMIN GRIFFITH, D. D.

was pastor of a Church which has since grown to be the Fourth Baptist Church in Philadelphia—then an interest by no means great and inviting. During this period he married Miss Elizabeth Crozer, the daughter of Mr. J. P. Crozer, thus connecting himself with that family whose wealth and influence have always been at the service of the Baptist cause. In 1858 he became, and he has remained ever since, the corresponding secretary and business manager of the American Baptist Publication Society, in which he found his life work. The *National Baptist* expresses the opinion of all when it says: "It is hardly too much to say that for the last 35 years the history of the society has been the history of his life." When we remember what a large place the society has filled in the development of our denomination—that it sends out 67,000 copies of the Scriptures annually, has aided over 6,000 Sunday schools with books, has distributed over 1,000,000 religious books and over 40,000,000 pages of tracts, that it has organized 9,500 Sunday schools and supplied many pastors and missionaries with all their intellectual food, has established 1,000 Churches and helped very effectively to unify our sadly diversified denomination — when we remember all this and then know that the society's history is the history of Benjamin Griffith, we can begin to see why we are here with the dirge upon our lips and why it does seem that a pillar of our denominational edifice has fallen down. Contrast the narrow and dingy rooms on Arch street, which served for the society's headquarters, with the magnificent edifice on Chestnut street, familiarly known as 1420—an honor to the city as well as the denomination, in the building of which he was the leader—and you have some conception of the change wrought in the internal affairs of the society by the man whose face we shall see no more in this place. Since 1858 he has been the editor of the *Young Reaper*, that paper we have so often carried home from Sunday school in childish glee, whose founder, Dr. Shadrach, was for many years the staunchest friend this University ever had. From its foundation he has served as trustee of the Crozer Theological Seminary. As far back as 1854 he was elected Curator of the University at Lewisburg, and since 1882 has served on the Board of Trustees of Bucknell University. His has been a familiar face at almost every commencement, and none who heard his speeches here will fail to remember how he inspired all with his high hope and how he infused new determination into us through the contagion of his buoyant spirit. However dark the skies were to some, they were bright to him; however difficult it might be for others to plan, he was able to suggest a remedy that could be applied with good results—and there are those of us who cannot forget his kind words of appreciation spoken, from time to time, out of a heart that was never given to fulsome flattery. When, in 1864, this University bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity he had long passed the point where a degree would stand for anything else than the crowning of deeds that were worthy.

But these were not the only directions in which his energy ran—these that make his loss especially great to us. He was interested in missions, in the Pennsylvania Baptist Education Society, of which he was one of the managers, helping many who now hear me and many who have long since distinguished themselves in the Lord's cause; in the Baptist Orphanage, where he had on Sundays for a long time taught the children and for whose support he plead in the last public address of his life before a great gathering of Baptists the other day in Philadelphia. He redeemed the time because the days were evil, and he was anxious to do his part in dispelling the night of ignorance and sin that has settled upon humanity—he would contribute not one whit of darkness to make the gloom still deeper; he would open the door that sunshine with healing in its wings might enter.

Now, why is it that men are so sad because Dr. Griffith has gone the way of all flesh, and why do they ask: "Who will take his place?" Because, after all the influence of Christianity these many years, the qualities for which he was distinguished are still very rare, and the world can hardly afford to bury them in the grave.

First of all, he was devoted to his work, as every man must be who does not want, at some time, to be ashamed of what he has done. He was not a slave, working because he was compelled to—from all that degradation he had been happily relieved; he was not an hireling, working for mere wages and taking his pay only in the dollars he received—men have told me that had he devoted himself to mere money-making his ability in that direction would have made him very rich; he chose to spread by the printed paper, tract and book the good news of the Gospel, and in so doing he found "his exceeding great reward." But he could not have been so devoted to his work unless he had believed in it—believed that it was his duty to herald the news of salvation, believed that the "old story" would bring the rebellious son back in tears to his Father's house, from which he ought never to have gone. And he was not only *devoted* to his work, which was that of holding up Jesus to the world, but, as you see, *his* was a devotion to the very highest ideal which he early in life sought for. He would have had no sympathy with the notion sometimes expressed: "Oh! it doesn't make much difference on what your devotion is expended, only so you're *devoted*." He said by his life: "Covet the best gifts," and "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ." He lifted his eyes to the stars and kept on marching thither.

And in the second place, he was thoroughly furnished, both by nature and application, for that work to which he was devoted. He directed the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars—for though he was engaged in the Lord's business, yet it was business all the same. He must know what to do and what to leave undone, when to publish and what, and whether to reject—in short, he must conduct a successful business enterprise and yet do it without catering to the baser desires of purchasers, as many publishers do; he must do it all as under his great Task-Master's eye. And so it was necessary that he should possess—and he did possess them in large degree—great common-sense that refused to let him run after every will o'-the-wisp mistaken for Heaven's lamp; abundance of tact, that subtle power which enables one to bring things to pass just at the right moment and forbids him ever to say the right thing at the wrong time; and a persuasive eloquence that, never exerted to make the worse appear the better reason, was able to unite opposing forces and bring them with exultant step under the one banner of the Lord Jesus.

It is impossible to bury such a man as this, for, though his body be laid at rest, he lives on in a kind of double immortality—here through the influence he exerts, and there among the just now made perfect. Time cannot kill his influence, for God guides and amplifies it; and though, as the days go on, bringing other men and other forces to the front, he may seem no longer active upon the earth, yet so large was the place he filled and so many the streams of influence flowing from it everywhere, that he will really live on here—a perpetual benediction—though more or less out of our sight; and looking at that stage on which he played his part, between which and us the curtain has now been dropped, we can exclaim with one of our own poets:

"He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene."

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.

A huge continent, washed by the same waters that bathe our eastern shores, shone upon by the same sun that lightens our fair country, a land luxuriant in vegetation, rich in resource, ample in climate—such is Africa, toward which the eyes of the civilized world are now turning with intense interest. This great wilderness has lain long unnoticed ; but a prophecy of her brilliant future is seen in the fact that now, when the public mind is most capable of utilizing and controlling forces for the highest good of mankind, a mighty hand lifts the misty mantle from Africa and reveals untold riches beneath.

The growth and development of so vast a continent cannot fail to affect the trend of human thought and lend impulse to the evolution of science. At first, the important commerce is the only interest that tempts a great nation to prize and preserve a claim in a barbarous country. England and Germany, in East Africa, France in Comoro and Madagascar, Belgium in the Congo State,—all see such interests worthy of their protection. In the immense quantities of ivory, India rubber, gums, fibers and every tropical and sub tropical fruit in the richest profusion, they see wonderful possibilities for that country when penetrated by railroads and brought under the influences of civilization.

Germany seeing this is now surveying for two railroads in her African province. Following closely upon the locomotive must come education for the African race, and the destruction of the slave trade.

For ages Africa was infested with plundering bands of Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Moors and Turks, some of them penetrating far into the interior to seize slaves. Yet with all these raging fires of barbarism Africa and the African have not been consumed.

But what of the future of the African race? Is not the African capable of rising to take his place among the foremost races of men? Let us see what Europe was at the beginning of our era, with christianity in its infancy. There we find polygamy, slavery, terrible savagery, often worse than anything seen in Africa. "Christianity was introduced in no feeble and halting spirit, and notwithstanding the many corruptions of the church of those days, the change wrought has been most marvelous. It is from the naked savages of Albion and Germania that have sprung such names as Newton and Shakespeare, Handel and Goethe."

Christianity is no longer in its infancy. Civilization is no longer weak, and these strong arms exerted in behalf of Africa certainly will exterminate barbarism and crime and establish instead truth and righteousness. We will not witness again the tragic tale of America and the Red man, in Africa and her dusky race. The world is learning a better way than extermination.

The nations have had all the past from which to learn how to treat this tardy daughter of civilization so that she may become the fairest offspring of liberty. We look, then, toward this far off land with bright hope. We see over-crowded cities relieved of their congested state and the flood of immigration pouring into Africa ; capital and labor happily combined, felling the forests, bridging the streams, building cities ; we see Progress, her great wheels turning with unvarying precision, unimpeded by past errors; we see, most of all, the light of the Gospel of Peace dispelling the dark shadows of superstition, just as the bright star in the east foretold to the wise men a Savior.

Upon the treatment of Africa by civilized nations, hang the destinies of two hundred millions of human beings. The world of Africa is in our hands, as clay in the hands of a potter. We may mould it into a vessel fit for the Master's use, or into a vessel of dishonor. Hope peers anxiously into the future to read the fate of this fair land, and as she looks, Lo! the sunlight breaks through the clouds of ignorance that have so long overhung. She looks again – and Africa's sky is clear.

Athletics and Chess.

SCHEDULE OF FOOTBALL GAMES.

Swarthmore, at Swarthmore, Nov. 1.
Haverford, at Haverford, Nov. 3.
State College, at Lewisburg, Nov. 11.
Dickinson, at Harrisburg, (Thanksgiving), Nov. 30.

Smith's drop kick in the Gettysburg game was something fine.

The financial success of games at Lewisburg depends largely on the support of the students.

For students to see a game without paying admission is dishonorable for them and discouraging to the management.

A scrub team, composed mostly of "Cads," went to Williamsport, Oct. 14, and were defeated 6 to 4. The Bucknell boys outplayed Williamsport, but a few tricky plays gave the latter the lead.

Football is certainly gaining popularity among the students, as is manifested by the number who practice on the field every evening. The line of the first team is improving wonderfully, and the backs are developing quickness and snap in their play. One evening there were thirty-two men out for practice. Keep it up.

The Academy team still continues to win with good scores. They played Bloomsburg Normal, at Bloomsburg, Saturday, Oct. 28, and defeated them 32 to 6. The game was alive with good plays. Barclay and Marsh distinguished themselves by 30 and 40 yard runs around the ends for touch-downs. The "Cads" outplayed Bloomsburg, although Bloomsburg at times played fast and hard. The first touch down, by Marsh, was made in five minutes. Bloomsburg used the "flying V," but did not gain much by it. The Academy boys are to be complimented on the game they put up. They were treated finely by the boys at the Normal. Riggin umpired.

Bucknell 2d 6, Williamsport 0. The second team won their first game at Williamsport on Saturday, Oct. 28, according to the score given. Bucknell made twenty-five yards on their first V, and after a little hard playing Harris broke through the line and made a touch down. The ball changed hands frequently during the rest of the game, neither side scoring. Hollinshead made fine openings at center whenever Captain Jackson wished the ball to go through at that point. The teams lined up as follows:

BUCKNELL 2D.	POSITIONS.	WILLIAMSPORT.
Smith	left end	Thomson
Wilson	left tackle	I. Sanford
Hollinshead	left guard	Estep
Jennings	center	Armstrong
Collins	right guard	Willman
Rohland	right tackle	Smith
Firth	right end	Dean
Harris	quarter-back	C. Young
Carey	left half	W. Young
Bunnell	right half	E. Sanford
Jackson, Capt.	full-back	Crocker

Bucknell 23, Gettysburg 0. Our first game with Gettysburg resulted in a victory represented by the above figures. The game was one of good individual plays and team work on both sides. Bucknell's interference was excellent, and was intermingled with good plays by H. F. Smith, Kaufmann, Wolfe, Mount and Barclay. The ball started in Bucknell's possession, and in two minutes Barclay made a touch-down. The remainder of the first half consisted of well balanced play on both sides, with the ball changing hands many times. When time was called it was within ten yards of Gettysburg's goal. In the second half Wolfe made the first touch down, and Mount the second. When time was about to be called in the second half, and Bucknell was within fifteen yards of Gettysburg's goal, Smith kicked a goal from the thirty-yard line. Aukerman and Moser played well for Gettysburg. The teams lined up as follows:

BUCKNELL.	POSITIONS.	GETTYSBURG.
Wolfe	left end	Moser
Kaufmann	left tackle	Byers
Hollinshead	left guard	Becker
Smith, Burns	center	Rank
Lesher	right guard	Nicholas
Schub	right tackle	Trimmer
Mount	right end	Landen
Smith, H. F., Capt.	quarter back	Apple
Marsh	left half	Capt. Aukerman
Barclay	right half	Keefer
Megargee (Bunnell)	full back	Mottern

Local.

"Little nothings," McCay's translation of *nugas*.

Hughes was in Taylorville and Scranton on the 29th ult.

Dr. Perrine preached on the 15th and 29th ult., at Newberry.

"Thou art a jewel;" ask Douglas what this *lapsus linguae* means.

Stephens' father made his son happy a few days ago by visiting the college.

Hollinshead frequently occupies the pulpit of the Rush Baptist church, Snydertown.

Jackson has covered himself with glory;—he is at present wearing his arm in a sling.

Several whist and euchre clubs have been organized to while away the study hours.

Mr. X. Y. Z. Sinton has opened a barber shop and toilet room in the west wing. He shaves according to your capillarity.

Sheddan has been unanimously elected a member of '95. Several more are in *prospectu*.

Prof. Martin is seriously hampered in his work by the scarcity of books in the Alumni alcove.

T. S. Fretz preaches at Winfield. His Friday night lectures on "Marriage" are well received.

Barnar and Stephens go to Chillisquaque every Sunday. Their efforts at the mission are rewarded by large attendances.

The Lock Haven Baptists had Dr. Harris with them on the 29th. The Doctor noticed many substantial improvements in their church.

R. J. Davis is suffering from an abscess on his upper lip. A. H. Wynkoop preached last Sunday at Sunbury in the place of Mr. Davis.

Riemer was called home on the 20th to attend the funeral of his father. His student friends have expressed their sympathy by suitable resolutions.

The collateral reading and reporting system used by the foremost educators is gaining a strong following in Bucknell. It is a relief from the old text-book "grind."

The literary societies are doing good work this term. By varying the programs and by introducing new features occasionally, more interest is incited in the work.

Is the class of '97 in a state of "innocuous desuetude?" That class spirit which does as much as anything to make a man love his Alma Mater, seems to be lacking.

Last Saturday and Sunday the Y. P. S. C. E. convention of Union county, was held in the Baptist church. Several of the University students were on the program.

His speech is slow and dismal,
And Methodist his face;
He's been to see a Sem. girl,
Who set too hard a pace.

The annual elections of '95 resulted in the choice of Pease, president; Brick, vice president; Loomis, secretary; J. Carey, treasurer; Jackson, historian; Allen, poet.

Ezra Allen and B. Ware held missionary meetings at Bloomsburg Normal on the 29th. They are endeavoring to awaken an interest in the Student Volunteer movement.

Several members of the second football team attended a meeting of the Gamma Epsilon literary society of Dickinson Seminary. They returned with a determination to make the college societies equal to those of Prepdom.

Considerable interest is manifested by the students in the Chemical and Physical society. F. M. Simpson favored the members at the last meeting with a talk on diamonds.

Bromley Smith reported for the Scranton *Republican* while at the Y. M. C. A. convention. He played "tackle" for the Wilkes Barre athletic club against a heavy team from Bethlehem.

The Y. M. C. A. convention at Wilkes-Barre was well attended by our members. All the delegates report a profitable session and no one seems to be able to praise Robert E. Speer too highly.

The Sunday school classes are arranged as follows: Prof. Perrine, Seniors and Juniors; Prof. Phillips, Sophomores; Prof. Bartol, Freshmen; Prof. Hamblin, mixed class in Greek Testament.

The second Sunday in November and the week following, has been set aside as a time for general thanksgiving to God and to pray for the continuance of His blessings on the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America.

Rev. E. B. Palmer, D. D., of Philadelphia, has presented the following books to the college library: British India, Burke, (nine volumes,) Presbyterian Review, God in Human Thought, (two volumes,) the Geography of the Sea, and two old and very valuable volumes of Priestley.

Dr. Avignet announces that, authorized by Dr. Harris, he will give an advanced course in French pronunciation and French elocution, followed by the changes introduced by the French Academy in Orthography. The course will begin on Saturday, November 11, in the Laboratory at 11 o'clock, a. m.

The following books have been purchased for Prof. Catterall's department: Eliot's Debates, Schouler's History of United States, Von Holtz, (four volumes,) Curtis' Constitutional History, Stanwood's History of Presidential Elections, Fiske's Critical Period, and Documents Illustrating American History.

Did you hear how near Firth came losing his overcoat? Saturday evening while coming down from Williamsport he placed his overcoat on the back of one of the car seats. As the hour was late, one of the fair occupants of the car fell asleep, using the overcoat as a pillow. As the train drew nearer Lewisburg, Firth began to feel uneasy for his property. Of course his sense of chivalry would not permit him to disturb the fair sleeper. Fortunately Lewisburg was the young lady's destination and she awoke as the train pulled up to the station ; otherwise—

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

A chocolataire will be given by the Senior class, in the Institute parlors, on Nov. 10.

The lecture, "College Days of Daniel Webster," by Dr. Enoch Perrine, was thoroughly enjoyed by the Institute.

The president of the Y. W. C. A., Miss Jennie Davis, was sent as a delegate to a convention held in Lancaster recently.

A number of last year's students manifest their interest in Bucknell's doings by sending in their subscriptions to the MIRROR.

An enthusiastic member of the psychology class on being asked her age, replied "My soul has affirmed to itself the fact of having existed through eighteen revolutions of this terraqueous globe around the sun."

Considerable money has been expended in the last two years in refurnishing the gymnasium. Parallel bars, Indian clubs, and chest weights have been ordered for class use. The interest in calisthenics this term has increased greatly.

A delightful outing was given by the Phi Kappa Psi boys to their friends on Saturday, Oct. 28. After a drive of round-about ways and many miles Blue Hill was reached. The sound of a dinner bell was not needed to suggest lunch time, and sardines, olives, fried chicken, and cherries, were discussed with unchilled enthusiasm. After dinner the pavilion afforded shelter from the—yes, from the sun, for there was not much rain. The sky cleared for a lovely moonlight drive back to town.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Miss Katharine Baker, class of '92, has entered the Woman's College, Baltimore.

The late Mrs. Ella Quimby Weeks, of '64, left a collection of beautiful poems, which have been published in book form.

Miss Williams, '93's rising poet, has classes in German and English literature at her home in Peckville.

Mrs. I. H. O'Harra, '83, has returned with her husband from an extended tour in the Adirondack mountains.

Miss F. May Showers, '85, has accepted the position of teacher of music in Richmond College, Richmond, O. She is meeting with great success.

Misses Margaret Thomson and Sarah Johnson, class of '92, are engaged in teaching, the former at Clearfield, Pa., and the latter at Lumberton, North Carolina.

Mrs. S. D. Bates and Mrs. J. C. Bucher, '28; Mrs. M. B. Wilson, '60; Mrs. W. E. Martin, '62; Mrs. V. B. Hyers, '65; Mrs. E. B. Williams, '66; Mrs. E. B. Matlack, '69, and Mrs. Alice J. Chambers, '74, still evince their loyalty to their alma mater by each sending a daughter to the Institute.

The class of '78 is fortunate in having two members who have achieved literary fame. The daily productions of Miss Cara G. Reese, in the Pittsburg *Commercial-Gazette*, are attractive features of that paper. We note in the September number of *Worthington's Magazine*, of Hartford, a pleasing poem by Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt; and in a late number of the *Household* a very excellent article on "Extinct Birds," by the same author.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

Manager Purdy would like to see the Cad's football men at practice every day.

The fellows who subscribed to the Cad football team should not be bashful about paying.

The Third form has elected for officers, viz : President, Harvey; vice president, Elliott; secretary, Warren; treasurer, Cleeland.

Teacher, in English class—"Why is the sentence 'There ain't any apples on the tree,' incorrect?" J——b.—"Because there ain't no such a word as ain't in the English language."

Mr. Wrag did not return with the Y. M. C. A. delegates from Wilkes-Barre. The boys were afraid he had fallen down the shaft of a coal mine or got lost. Their fears were dispelled, however, by a letter telling of his whereabouts, and that he was in good hands.

The Adelphia literary society has elected Mr. Bayard as president, Mr. Anderson's resignation having been accepted. Mr. Wrag was also elected to fill the office of vice president, made vacant by Mr. Flint's absence.

The delegates at the Y. M. C. A. convention, held in Wilkes-Barre, were: Messrs. Dutton, Harvey, Warren, Kulp, Meeker, Bayard, Mitchell, Sherman, Wrag and Cleeland. These delegates represented the Y. M. C. A. of the Academy.

Mr. Charles Meeker was called home very unexpectedly, a short time ago, to shoulder part of his parents' burdens. We admire the willing and loving spirit, shown by Mr. Meeker, in being so ready to give up his school work so that he might help the old folks at home. Mr. Meeker expects to return to his school duties next term.

Of all the conventions, the Y. M. C. A. convention held at Wilkes-Barre recently was the best. Over 400 delegates, from all parts of the State, gathered there to tell of the work done during the past year in their several associations, and to be instructed in the Y. M. C. A. work. Wilkes-Barre's beautiful and spacious Y. M. C. A. hall was open day and night for the entertainment of the delegates. The Cad boys who were there will never forget the many blessings received from those who talked to them, and showed them how to do more effective work for the Master.

Should Academic students play football? If college and university men can play this game with propriety and good results, certainly the younger student should receive a similar reward for indulging in it. Football develops the physical body. It is eminently a muscular game. Physical exercise is just as essential during our earlier course of mental training as during our later years. By Academic students the game is not so hard fought and less accidents result. By football the student secures a corresponding development of all the muscles of the body. This game develops perfect control of the varied movements of the body and secures quickness of action. These results would be obtained to greater perfection if development should begin before our bodies are matured. Football develops the powers of endurance. If the student, during his preparatory course should harden his muscles and develop the powers of endurance, he would be able to withstand the mental strain caused by hard study without injuring his health. Football develops courage more than any other fall sport. Fearlessness is best cultivated during our younger years, before our characters become fixed and our habits formed.

Personal.

'64. Chauncey B. Ripley, LL. D., who was appointed one of the council for the Columbian exposition auxiliary on education, was prevented from meeting his associates by reason of sunstroke, which confined him to his residence on Ripley Hill, N. J., for nearly two months. His department included Greek letter fraternities.

Ex. '70. Rev. H. H. Leamy is preaching at Warrensville, Pa.

'73. J. W. Hague, Esq., recently donated several pairs of fine Indian clubs to the Institute gymnasium.

'63. We notice a mistake in our last issue. The item should have read Rev. Henry C. Munro (instead of Dunro) is preaching at Beverly, N. J.

'83. Rev. S. B. Meeser has resigned from his charge in Paterson, N. J., and has accepted a call to the Second Baptist church, Wilmington, Del.

'84. Franklin Pierce Lynch is at present located at Mukimuika, Congo Loando, Southwest Africa, where he has charge of the sanitarium and hospital of the American Baptist Union.

'85. S. Z. Batten has been called from his pastorate at Manayunk, Pa., to New York city.

'86. Prof. W. W. Kelchner has been elected superintendent of the First Williamsport Baptist Sunday school.

'86. L. S. Walter, Esq., of Mt. Carmel, owing to his increasing law practice, is contemplating moving to Sunbury, the county seat.

'87. Howard L. Calder, Esq., of Harrisburg, has formed a co-partnership in law with A. Wilson Norris, of that city.

'88. J. P. Pontius, M. D., is specializing on diseases of the eye and ear. He is located at 1204 Chicago street, Memorial building, Chicago.

'89. Frank B. Hargrave has removed from Greensburg to Latrobe, Pa.

Ex. '90. T. J. Purdy is reading law at Sunbury, Pa.

'91. H. W. D. Kirkendall was recently ordained to the ministry. He occupies the pastorate in Indiana county left vacant by Robert B. Dunmire, '91, who has entered Crozer Seminary.

'91. Paul Tustin is attending Moody's Bible Institute, Chicago.

'92. Elkanah Hulley is professor of Greek in Keystone Academy, Factoryville, Pa.

'92. Warren L. Kauffman has a position as teacher in the Normal school at Stroudsburg, Pa.

'92. John U. Wagner is principal of one of Scranton's high schools.

'93. A. F. Gardner occupies the Latin professorship in Peddie Institute.

'93. J. B. Cressinger, C. A Gundy, and W. C. Weber are studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. They all entered the second year class on their diploma from Bucknell. This speaks well for B. U.'s laboratory work.

College News.

An alumnus once thought he would speak
His youthful accomplishment in Greek;
But at the first word,
A sharp sound was heard,
For he broke the jaw bone of his cheek.

There are 580 Freshmen in Yale this year.

Truth hides from those who do not love it well enough to seek it.

He that will follow good advice is a greater man than he who gives it.—*Ex.*

If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.—*Ex.*

Lehigh University intends to build a Laboratory that will have no equal in the college world. The cost is estimated at about $200,000.—*Exchange.*

The large colleges of the country, as to the number of students, stand in the following order: Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Columbia and Yale.

A shrewd little fellow who had just begun the study of Latin astonished his master by the following translation: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap; vir-gin, a man-trap."—*Exchange.*

I sat me down in thought profound,
This maxim wise I drew;
It's easier far to like a girl,
Than make a girl like you.—*Ex.*

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom better than by any other what kind of a man you are yourself; for you show me what your idea of manhood is, what kind of a man you long to be.—*Carlyle.*

One of the most fatal mistakes a student makes—alas, how often he makes it—is to starve his social nature. He who confines himself wholly to his text-book and to the class-room commits suicide upon one part of his nature. There is no room for little souls. "Man is a bundle of relations." The teacher must be a man among men or he is of little use. Mere book-learning will not save him.—*Normal College Echo.*

We have before us the first issue of the *Institute*, published at Mt. Pleasant, Pa. We must congratulate Mt. Pleasant on having a school which can produce so good a paper, especially for its first issue. We welcome it among our exchanges, and assure it that its present high standard will certainly bring success. Its music and art departments attract attention; and there is a skillful presentation of the Colorado side of the silver question.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVRESITY, LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 25, 1893. No. 4.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.--Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column $2.50 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

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☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

NOVEMBER 25, 1893.

Editorial.

WE are called upon to chronicle the death of our distinguished alumnus, Chauncey B. Ripley, LL. D., '64. Mr. Ripley for years was the staunch friend of THE MIRROR, helping the managers most effectively to place it upon a sound, financial basis, and from time to time contributing to its columns. In thus practically assisting us he showed himself a true friend of the Bucknell students, who will ever remember him with the most tender regard.

◆

THE game of the season is over and the victory belongs to State College. Beyond the loss of the game, which was expected, we have little to regret. Our team acquitted itself nobly. Nor is it possible to say this or that one played the best game; nearly every one specially distinguished himself and no one shirked his duty. The unfortunate injury to Schub in the first rush necessarily weakened our team, but despite this they did excellent work.

There has been much said about "mean playing." In our opinion the game put up by both teams was about as fair as football usually is, while the interference of the crowd on the campus and, especially, on the streets was, to say the least, disgraceful. We commend our students, however, in taking no part in such proceedings except to protect our visitors.

◆

WE are now in the midst of reviews in our different branches of study, the busiest time of all the term. Reviews may be of use in two ways. We may crowd our minds with all the minutia of the subject in hand, retaining by any and every device of memory all the headings, points and sub-points given in the text-book, holding all in readiness to flow out upon the examination paper, a mass of undigested material, discharged from the mind completely as an irritant. Or during this period we may relate and subordinate the various parts, giving prominence to the essentials and reducing accidentals to their proper subordinate positions, in other words gaining a proper perspective view of the subject in the correllation of its parts and its relation to other branches of knowledge.

It is easy to decide which method will give the more lasting mental acquisition, and discipline of greater value.

◆

WE are living in an age of rapid transit, an age of hurry. We have scarcely time to live or to die. This restless, eager spirit is found in our schools as elsewhere. We have no time for the beauties of Homer or the finely turned sentiments of Horace, but must on to the practical, scientific studies. We want the greatest possible knowledge in the shortest time. This haste to know, causes some of us to be so busied with our studies that we have little time for anything else. Ability to do work is doubtless gained, but much of the culture to be derived from a college course is lost. Not only is leisure for study essential, but leisure for thought, for its elaboration, for its interchange and for social intercourse, is equally essential to the highest culture.

In our race after the practical we are too apt to consider the grosser material elements alone, neglecting the purer, more ethereal and enduring elements which constitute the truest culture.

THE time was when writing of Latin verse was one of the requirements of a college course, and some creditable stanzas were produced. Many a poet and novelist of renown began his work during his college course. Has Bucknell no embryo writer of fiction or poetry? If she has, we would gladly assist them to appear before the public by giving their best productions a place in the college journal. Further, is the literary spirit, which is supposed to pervade a literary college, extinct? If we may judge from the general feeling towards essays and orations at Bucknell, we must say that literary spirit is on a decline.

Many of our prominent, scientific schools are noteworthy for the lack of literary spirit. So much is this the case that professors in scientific departments complain of the general inability of students to write a thesis or make a report of work done. It is a common experience that interest in scientific work is accompanied by lack of interest in literary effort. There is no inherent antagonism between scientific work and literary effort, unless it be the insatiable demands of scientific work upon the student's time. There is no natural antagonism between doing and telling. Many of our most prominent scientists have left productions which will live as literary works after their contents may have been superseded by the discoveries of succeeding generations.

Our haste after knowledge has much to do with the lack of literary spirit. In neglecting the culture of this part of college work, we neglect the most important part for most of us. Very few of us are likely to be discoverers of new truth. Most of our work will consist in presenting old truths, and our ability to make these presentations in forms of beauty and power, will constitute largely the measure of the success and endurance of our work.

Literary.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHAUNCEY BOLIVAR RIPLEY, LL. D., BUCKNELL, '64.

The many friends of Chauncey B. Ripley, a prominent Alumnus of this University, were shocked to hear of his death, which took place Sunday, Nov. 12, in his room in the Hoffman House, New York city, where he was temporarily living.

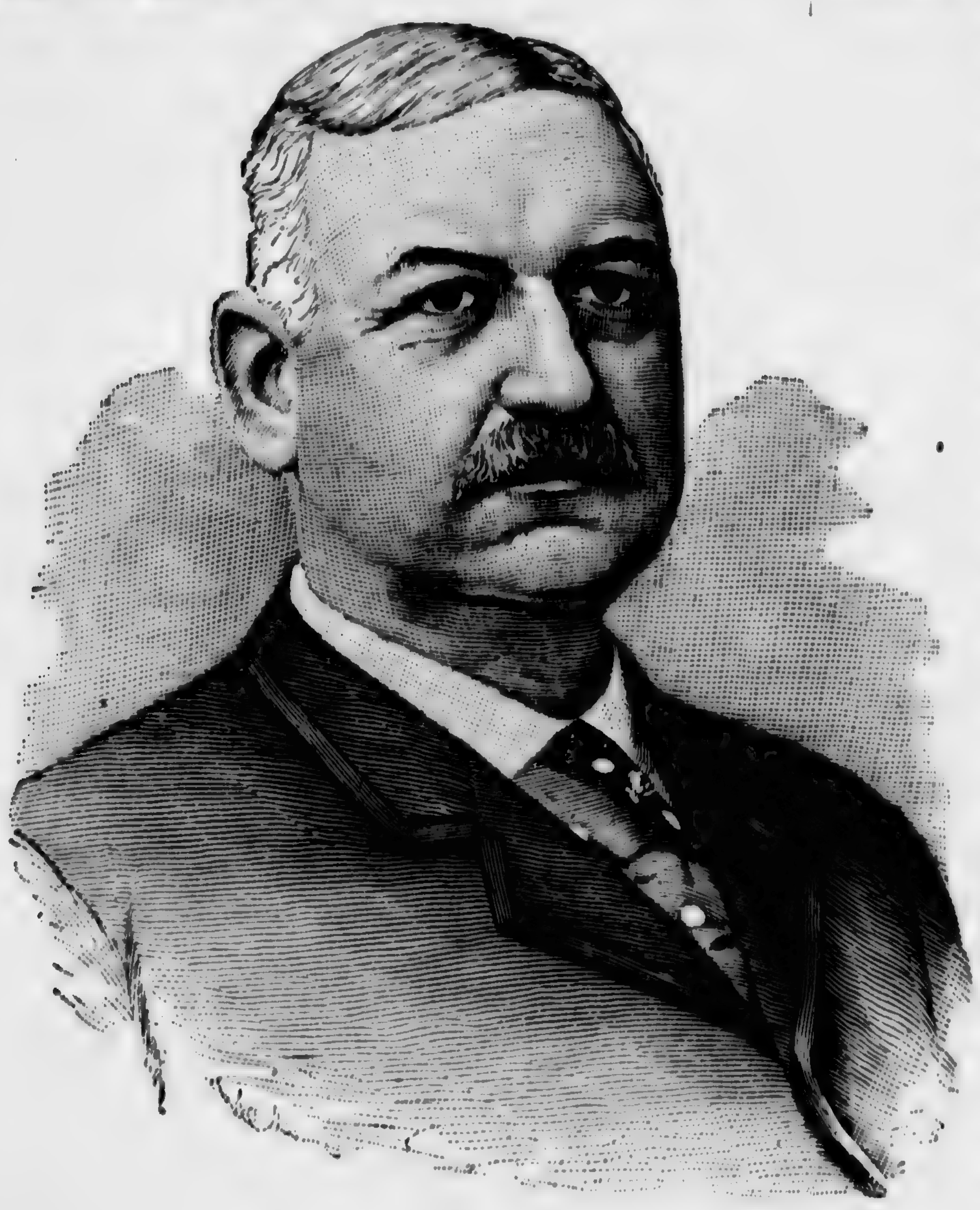
Dr. Ripley was found dead in bed, and a Coroner's jury, upon the opinion of several high medical authorities, found that the cause was cerebral apoplexy.

As an Alumnus of this institution he was one of the most loyal and enthusiastic of *Alma Mater's* sons. He frequently used his pen in her behalf, and wherever he could drop a word that might help the University he would do so. Dr. Ripley was a great friend of the Bucknell undergraduate body, and whenever appealed to would cheerfully respond, sometimes with a check for a neat sum to tide the MIRROR over a stormy financial sea, or again help to advance some form of athletics.

Dr. Ripley was greatly interested in the advancement of higher education, and it was through his influence that Bucknell secured access to the press of New York city; and through his efforts the institution received attention from prominent high class educational magazines.

Whilst in college here he was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity, in which he became prominent as an authority on fraternity history and government. When President Cleveland was admitted to this organization last winter, Dr. Ripley was selected to conduct the initiatory ceremonies. He was deprived of this high honor, however, as he was taken seriously ill a few days before the ceremonies were to be performed. A faithful picture of Dr. Ripley hangs in the hall of Kappa chapter, and is the pride of every Bucknell Sigma Chi.

From time to time Dr. Ripley has contributed to the various publications of this University, and whenever the editors of Bucknell publications were short of "copy" an appeal to "Chauncey Ripley," as he was best known among the students, would always bring a prompt reply on some timely subject. Altogether Chauncey Ripley loved the boys at Bucknell, and they in turn loved him for the many courtesies they received at his hands; and now that he is gone there is a vacant place in the heart of every Bucknell man who knew him, either personally or through his great love for the college that bore him. His name will pass into Bucknell history as a shining example of a son's devotion and love for the college that gave him.



Yours Truly,
Chauncey B. Ripley.

SKETCH OF DR. RIPLEY'S LIFE.

Chauncey Bolivar Ripley was born in 1835, and received his earlier education in the Connecticut Literary Institution, where he afterward became a teacher. At different times he taught in Windsor Locks and East Granby, Hartford county, Conn., and later at Scotch Plains and Westfield, and became principal of an academy in Springfield, N. J. His first step toward a graduate's degree was taken in 1860, when he began preparatory studies under the Rev. James Fuller Brown, D. D., now of Mullica Hill, N. J. Then he entered the University of Rochester, N. Y., in the fall of the year, remaining there two years. About this time he occupied the chair of mathematics at Flushing, L. I., and in 1863 joined the senior class of Bucknell University. In 1864 he graduated as a Bachelor of Arts, with honor, taking his Master's degree in 1867. In 1864, after leaving Lewisburg, he began the study of law in the University of the City of New York, also entering the office of Benjamin Vaughn. In 1865 he took the degree of LL. B., and then for twenty-three years practiced law in the old *Times* building, moving in 1888 when the structure was demolished. He then went to the "Potter" building, where he remained until his death.

The trustees of Bucknell University conferred the degree of LL. D. on him in 1888. He was twice President of the New York Alumni Association of Bucknell University, and served several terms as President of the New York Alumni Association of the law department of the University of New York City. For more than twenty years the trustees of this University annually appointed him one of the committee for the examination of candidates for degrees in the law department and for scholarship prizes. He delivered the address in behalf of the Alumni at the inauguration of Dr. Howard Crosby, as Chancellor of the University, in 1870. In 1891 Rutger Female College bestowed on Dr. Ripley the distinguished title of Literary Doctor.

Dr. Ripley had a fine stock farm at Westfield, N. J., and was very much interested in road building and the development of that town. He was chairman of the Executive Committee of the National League for Improved Roads, of which Senator Manderson is President. Dr. Ripley also served as a Commissioner in the Roads department of the World's fair and was on the Executive Committee of the National League for the Improvement of Roads. On the roads and avenues of Westfield, N. J., where he was an extensive owner of property, he had spent about $100,000.

His wife died in 1883, and he leaves no family. His burial took place at Westfield, N. J., Tuesday afternoon, November 14, 1893.

ANTONIO'S MELANCHOLY.

When Antonio, in the "Merchant of Venice," says: "In sooth, I know not why I am so sad," he strikes a chord in every heart, for every one has experienced a similar feeling.

For, a man in Antonio's position, a wealthy merchant with valuable cargo at sea, unmarried, the natural causes for melancholy would be anxiety for his property—continual worry lest his ships be wrecked; as Salario expresses it, "Every object that might make him fear misfortune to his ventures would make him sad;" or he might be in love, in which case some petty quarrels or jealousies might have darkened the days for him. But he distinctly denies these causes, imputed by his friends; to the first answering that his whole estate is not ventured upon the fortune of this present year, concluding with the words, "Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad." The latter reason he sets aside as utterly improbable, and we find nothing in the play to support such a view. He apparently contradicts himself in regard to his property when he says to Bassanio, "Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea; nor have I money nor commodity to raise a present sum;" and in the unfolding of the plot, Antonio does exhibit anxiety for the safety of his cargo. Yet we know it is from purely unselfish motives, and under circumstances entirely different from those at the beginning of the play.

So unless we find this melancholy explained by the character of the man himself, we, like Antonio, have still to learn

> "What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born."

If Antonio's character were to be estimated by that of his friends to whom we are first introduced, it might be somewhat depreciated. The conversation of Salarino and Salario, who appear first, protesting friendship for their wealthy companion, is rather common-place and indicates men of refinement, but of little reflection—men who take only a superficial view of the life about them, and are, perhaps, for that reason, satisfied with life as they find it. His friends are not coarse—that would be inconsistent—but being men of rather more than ordinary culture, Antonio's superiority to them almost isolates him from the society about him.

Antonio's answer to the jests of his friends concerning his melancholy, reveals much of his true character and relation to his associates:

> "I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
> A stage, where everyone must play a part,
> And mine a sad one."

His has been no passing glance, but he has judged the world with critical eyes, estimating pleasure at its true worth. No doubt he has fathomed the affection of his companions, and found how little real comfort is gained from ordinary friendship.

Yet Antonio does not avoid contact with men, hiding away in "moping melancholy;" a subtle sadness steals over him which he himself cannot analyze.

At this time, Antonio had no business demanding his constant attention which might have diverted his mind from its sad thoughts. He has only to wait for his ships, and anxiety at their delay but increases his melancholy. Perhaps the reason his melancholy became so noticeable just at this time of the play, is because before his cargo was shipped, he had that to keep his mind from sad reflections.

Antonio's business relations with such men as Shylock have not raised his estimate of men, and in these, too, he has judged with unerring keenness. He gives the result of his observations when he says:

> "Mark you this, Bassanio,
> The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
> An evil soul producing holy witness
> Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
> A goodly apple, rotten at the heart;
> O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

And when he, wishing to believe the best possible of men, has again been persuaded by the Jew's pretended admiration, he learns still more thoroughly how a "man may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

When the trial comes and Antonio sees that his life is in danger, his attitude changes. He no longer passively bears a sad part in the drama of life, but awakes to action, even attempting to make the despised Jew relent. Yet the trial discloses no weak point in Antonio's character; something of vital importance was necessary to bring into prominence his strong manliness, and the trial does that. When Antonio realizes that nothing but his death will satisfy the Jew, he calmly says:

> "I do oppose
> My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
> To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
> The very tyranny and rage of his,"

knowing that half of Shylock's pleasure would be to hear the Christian beg the Jew for mercy.

Neither does Antonio utter one word of regret. He might have overwhelmed Bassanio with reproaches for bringing him into such peril, when pleasure was the only gain. But instead he says: "All debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death;" and again: "Repent not that you shall lose your friend, and he repents not that he shall pay your debts."

Then Antonio's clemency, when the property and life of Shylock were in his power, shows another side to his character. That his hatred of the Jew was genuine can be easily seen—the antagonism between every philanthropic man and one who is successful at the sacrifice of others. Johnson said he loved a good hater; yet it is a mark of a "good hater" that he cannot injure an enemy whom circumstances have placed in his power. It is at variance with the nobility of his own nature to give back measure for measure, and although he may not forgive, he relents, judging that any injury received is as nothing compared with his own self-abasement, should he fight upon his enemy's level.

What cause, then, do these salient points in Antonio's character, give for his melancholy? They show a man of reflective nature, who has expected to find all mankind as generous and noble as himself. He has been disappointed in his friendships, seeing how much pecuniary considerations enter into them. He has been deceived, too, in man's honesty. Many a man who has prejudged the world and afterwards discovered how far short of his ideal it has fallen, has withdrawn entirely from intercourse with mankind. How much nobler, then, is Antonio, whose nature is no less sensitive, whose ideals have been equally shattered—how much nobler is he in bravely facing realities, and in endeavoring, so far as is in his power, to right the wrongs he finds in the society about him, and in exerting his influence, however small it may be, to bring the world up to his pre conceived standard.

Yet his mind, freed from business cares, takes retrospective glances and reviews the sad steps by which it reached its present condition. At such a time the play opens. This is proved, too, by the fact that at the time of the trial, when not his merchandise but his life itself is in peril, no trace of Antonio's melancholy appears, because his mind is intent on the present affairs and has no leisure to review the disappointments of the past. Pope says, "Remembrance and reflection how allied!" Especially true is this in Antonio's case; as soon as his mind is free to reflect, memories of the past in companionship with despair for the present and forebodings of an equally unsatisfying future, come to him—and then it is that he says, "In sooth, I know not why I am so sad."

◆

THE POPULARITY OF LONGFELLOW.

(An Outline.)

INTRODUCTION:

A popular poet sometimes a mediocre one; this is not true in the case of Longfellow. J. W. Westlake in 1876 calls Longfellow "the most popular of living poets." E. P. Whipple in 1876 says: "Longfellow is probably the most popular poet of the country." E. C. Stedman writes: "In extent of popularity Longfellow is the central figure in American literature."

THEME:

To show Longfellow's popularity as seen in his writings.

DISCUSSION:

I. Mastery over rhyme and rhythm:
  A. Variety in verse:
    1. "Miniature epics."
      Evangeline,
      Hiawatha,
      The Courtship of Miles Standish,
        characterized by
          a. Purity of language.
          b. Clearness.
          c. Sweetness of imagery.
          d. Sympathetic story.
    2. Lyrics:
      To the River Charles,
      The Belfry of Bruges,
      The Bridge,
        characterized by
          a. Vividness of detail.
          b. Melody.
          c. Choice of epithet.
    3. Ballads:
      The Skeleton in Armor,

Paul Revere's Ride,
Saga of King Olaf,
The Wreck of the Hesperus,
characterized by
a. Vivid detail.
b. Picturesqueness.
4. Sonnets :
Gioto's Tower,
Hymn to the Night,
Victor and Vanquished,
characterized by
a. Unity in themselves.
b. Regularity.
c. Delicate imagery.
d. "Song"
e. Sentiment.
5. Translations :
Dante's Divine Comedy,
characterized by
a. Preservation of style of original.
b. Preservation of sense of original.
c. Preservation of metre of original.
B. Variety in Versification :
1. Dactylic Hexameter :
The Courtship of Miles Standish,
Evangeline.
2. Trochaic Dimeter :
Hiawatha.
3. Iambic Dimeter :
Excelsior.
4. Iambic Pentameter :
God's Acre,
Hymn to the Night,
and others.
II. His characteristics in writing :
1. Clearness.
2. Simplicity.
3. Vivid Imagery.
4. Productiveness of Imagery :

"His thoughts were twin-born ; the thought itself, and its figurative semblance in the outer world. Thus through the quiet, still waters of his soul each image floated double, swan and shadow."

5. Regularity of metre.
6. Humor :

Scarcely noticed ; take this from Kavanagh, speaking of a servant as "being engaged to a travelling dentist, who, in filling her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something still more dangerous and mercurial."

And in the Courtship of Miles Standish, this :

"Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes over-running with laughter,
Said in a tremulous voice : 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

7. Purity of language.
8. "Moral."

Stedman says : "The great characteristic of Longfellow is that of addressing the moral nature through the imagination, of linking moral truth to intellectual beauty." "Little sermons in rhyme."

9. Erudition
10. Pathos.
11. Naturalness.
12. Imaginative power.
III. Breadth of his sympathy, due to
a. Education.
b. Puritan element in nature.
c. Kind-heartedness.
d. Cultivated taste.
e. Life abroad.

CONCLUSION :

Longfellow not what we call an original poet. E. C. Stedman says : "His genius was not creative, but the fosterer of taste and ideality" The materials for his longer stories, either historical, or stories were given to him. A German critic says : "We shall look in vain for any special originality in Longfellow if we are not willing to perceive it in his fascinating depth of heart."—Tribute to Longfellow as a teacher of the people.

MARY BARTOL.

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA.

Along that ever-winding path,
That mystic journey of the soul
Into the Future, unknown—unseen,
That we, for want of better name, call life,
How often in the gloomy vale
Of deepest sorrow, we look up
And see above the everlasting hills
Unchangeable in mighty majesty.
"How can we, dare we, hope to scale
Those frowning battlements!" we sigh,
"But shall we sink and cease to breathe
In that dread valley of the pit
Where ray of sunlight never fell?"
When suddenly a clear voice rings,
Like music falling from the sky,
"Look up, for all is light above ;"
And echoes chime it through the startled air.
And lo! those mighty frowning peaks
With glorious sunlight are lit up,
And when in feebleness we strive to climb,
The path before us opens step by step,
And what at first seemed useless to attempt
Grows easier day by day.

O. M. W.

Athletics and Chess.

SCHEDULE OF FOOTBALL GAMES.

Mansfield State Normal, at Mansfield, Nov. 25.

Dickinson, at Harrisburg, (Thanksgiving) November 30.

Riggin is playing football again.

Schub is confined to his room with a sprained ankle. He will be unable to play any more this season. It is thought that if Mr. Schub had not become injured we would have won the game of football with State College.

Dissatisfaction, arising among the members of the team on their return from Swarthmore and Haverford, resulted is the resignation of H. F. Smith as Captain and Manager. In his place Barclay was elected Captain and Portser, Manager.

Swarthmore 36—Bucknell 0. Another defeat is recorded to us by the above score. Swarthmore seemed to show, and indeed had, better training, and, by quick playing, made several fine runs around the ends for touch-downs. They also used the revolving V to advantage, and Bucknell's boys seemed unable to do anything with it. The result displeased the student body on account of sending away such a good team. Let Bucknell profit by this loss.

Bucknell 26—Haverford 0. This represents a victory from Haverford college, November 3, at Haverford Only 30-minute halves were played on account of the heat, and in that time Megargee, Marsh, Barclay and Mount had made five touch-downs and H. F. Smith had kicked three goals. H. F. Smith, Mount, Marsh, Barclay and Schub put up the game for Bucknell. Schub broke Haverford's V's in a fine manner, and the tandem work of H. F. Smith and Megargee through center counted for good gains. For Haverford, Alsop, Conklin, Thomas and Blanchard played the best game. The teams lined up as follows:

BUCKNELL.	POSITIONS.	HAVERFORD.
Megargee	left end	Conklin
Kaufmann	left tackle	Alsop
Hollinshead	left guard	Wood
Smith, Burns	center	Goodman
Schub	right guard	Kirk
Lesher	right tackle	Morris
Mount	right end	Captain Strawbridge
Smith, H. F., Capt.	quarter back	S. Thomas
Bunnell	left half	Blanchard
Marsh	right half	A. C. Thomas
Barclay	full back	Hamlin

State College 36—Bucknell 18. The game between State College and Bucknell, on November 11 at 2:30 p. m., was one of the most exciting that has been played on the campus for a long time, owing to the rivalry between these two colleges. Bucknell's team was materially weakened after the Swarthmore game, and, with only two days' practice, met their rivals nobly. State College came here with the intention of not letting us score, but had we played as well in the first as in the second we would have won the game. Schub was injured in the first rush, which materially weakened the team at this point, but Collins filled his place well. Jennings' first game at centre was just as good as his opponent's, and he played a fine game. All of the team are to be complimented on the game they put up, and Bucknell is just as proud of her team as if they had won.

The features of the first half were Haley's plunges through center, and in the second Barclay's brilliant runs and Wolfe's run of 60 yards around the end. Haley's action was so rough at times that the crowd rushed upon the field to take him off. Touch-downs for State were Atherton, Haley 2, Fisher, Harris, Stewart and Dowler; goals, Atherton 3. For Bucknell, Barclay 3; goals, H. F. Smith 3. Young, Bucknell's full-back, distinguished himself with honor and offered valuable assistance in coaching in the two days' practice before the game. Whenever he bucked center he always made good gains. The teams lined up as follows:

STATE.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Harris	left end	Wolfe
Dunsmore, J. A	left tackle	Kaufmann
Fisher	left guard	Hollinshead
Hoskins	center	Jennings
Dowler	right guard	Lesher
Dunsmore, W	right tackle	Collins, Schub
White	right end	Mount
McCaskey	quarter-back	H. F. Smith
Haley	right half	Megargee
Atherton	left half	Barclay
Stewart	full-back	Young

Referee—J. M. Wolfe, State.

Umpire—C. H. Bernheisel, Cornell.

Ten members of the Chess club have entered the tournament for this term. Each is to play fifteen games, and not more than two with each individual. A tournament in checkers has also been arranged, and four so far have entered. Let all, who can, join these tournaments.

FOOTBALL ETHICS AND STATE COLLEGE.

November 13, 1893.

EDITOR OF THE MIRROR:

Dear Sir—Apropos of the recent State College game, a few words on football may not be out of place.

The treatment of State's team by the "muckers" of the town, and a few brainless "muckers" of the college was most regretable. It is my purpose to examine the grounds advanced for that treatment. It is claimed that State played a dirty game, and did considerable slugging, and that consequently the crowd had a right to mob them. I admit the slugging, question the dirty playing; and, in any case, the inference is totally indefensible.

As to dirty play, I can bear witness to this fact: State College has always played a rough, hard game, and, as football goes, a fair one. As to slugging, football ethics are in a very sad state indeed, simply because we all approve of it when we do it, and disapprove of it when our opponents do it. It makes a mighty difference whose ox is gored. The same statement will apply to every college in the country. I will bring a few instances in evidence of this. The following rules are said to be posted up in the Bowdoin football quarters:

"Never line up without kicking somebody's shins."

"Never get out of a scrimmage, if possible, without giving a man a black eye."

"When you down your man, fall on him; remember, the more you use him up, the sooner you'll get the ball."

"In slugging, strike quick and hard with the bare knuckles; never mind the referee; keep your eyes on your man."

A recent letter from a friend, one of the best football players on the field, gives this advice: "Tell the guards not to be afraid to take hold of their opponents. It is a foul, of course, but they will never be caught. They will probably get slugged for it, but that don't matter." I made this happy suggestion, and I have heard it more than once heartily approved as being conducive to good football. Another notable football player assured our team that the way to play ball is to do your best to "knock your man out the first rush." One of the State College men said to me after the game that "a player of ours fouled more than half the time," and then added, "but that is the way to play football." The latest and best authority on the game is a little work by Messrs. Stagg and Williams. Everyone knows Stagg. He is a perfect gentleman, a model of kindness, and an earnest Christian. In this little book one of the authors says, "The methods usually employed in getting through the line are striking the opponent in the chest quickly and hard, and following it up with a shove to one side when he is off his balance," *i. e.*, the first method recommended is slugging, "quickly and hard."

And now I will simply ask anyone who has ever listened to college men talking with admiration of their team's slugging ability, if slugging is not recognized as part of the game, at least if we do it? and not only by the boys themselves. For instance, a very kind and well disposed gentleman, who is not a student, condemned the hard and rough play of State College in the warmest terms. A moment later I asked, "But did you see how X— did up his man? Dropped the ball once and caught him right in the eye." A smile broke over my friend's features, developing into a pleased laugh, which said as plain as words, "Ah, but that was fine." Another instance, a State College man, cursing our crowd, stopped on a remark made to him about one of their players, and said, with a show of pride and satisfaction, "Why that man is the worst slugger on the team. He was knocked senseless at the University of Virginia."

I say, then, that fouling and slugging are recognized elements of the game, and generally commended when we do the fouling and slugging. I go further and declare that slugging is sometimes excusable. A case in point happened in the State College game: Haley was tackled but not thrown. He called "down." Now, according to the rules, he could not be further interfered with. But no football player would allow a man to stand and yell "down." That is not football. A man with the slightest knowledge of the game knows that touch-downs are not infrequently made after the runner has called "down." He must be thrown, then. But no one has a right to touch him, and, moreover, it is decidedly unpleasant to be thrown on your neck when you are doing nothing. A man with a spark of self-respect is bound to resent such treatment. This was Mr. Haley's case; he struck, and was justified in doing so. Slugging is inevitable, too, where there is holding in the line; but holding is "good football."

I come to these conclusions: Under the present conditions of the game slugging is inevitable; it is approved of by the only public opinion which might be efficient in stopping it, viz.: the public opinion of a man's own college. But slugging by anyone else is highly reprehensible. Now so long as these ethics prevail honest football is impossible, and the feeling between colleges is bound to be intolerably bad. I conclude, too, that slugging is sometimes excusable, and we must recognize that fact. Finally, the crowd must not be permitted to interfere. There is an umpire to look after fouls. The crowd is perfectly irresponsible and can never tell the rights of the matter because it is governed by a blinding bias. The crowd of last Saturday acted like madmen; our respected "copper" made a show of himself by attempting to arrest a player, and some of the toughs slugged a State College man. Now, if the crowd is to be allowed to take a hand in this fashion, the game of football is doomed. It cannot stand such treatment as the mob accorded State College here on the 11th, as the Lancaster mob accorded Swarthmore on the same date, or as Pennsylvania students visited upon Princeton the day of the Manheim game.

As to the "muckers" among our students who attempted to foment a riot, one has the satisfaction of knowing that they are poor animals in all respects, neither good students, gentlemen nor athletes. They are too cowardly to play football, and too brainless or dissipated to study. I am glad to be able to state that there was a strong contingent of the best men in college who opposed these fellows from start to finish, and who went to see our guests off in the full determination of fighting, if fighting had to be done, for State College.

In conclusion, let me say that a change in football ethics is absolutely necessary; next, the umpire must be something better than the mere dummy that he now is, and, finally, the crowd must be made to know its place. I might suggest remedies, but space forbids.

RALPH CATTERALL.

Local.

Ike Greene was in Philadelphia on the 30th ult.

Simpson's birthday came election day. Twice happy man!

Rev. Frank Dobbins preached in the chapel November 19.

Prof. Catterall's brothers made a flying visit to Bucknell on the 11th.

Pease, Ware and S. Wood take an active interest in the Sunday School at Pine Grove.

E. C. Kunkle attended the B. Y. P. U. convention recently held at Williamsport.

The class of '97 has failed to show a color or give a yell. Has the breed of noble bloods departed?

B. K. Brick read a paper before the C. P. S. at a recent meeting. His subject was "Sugar Refineries."

Mr. "S." Vastine treated his club to an oyster supper not long ago. Such is the fate of the election better.

Miss Nellie Connard, C. E. Folmer, "Fatty" Vastine and other friends came to see the game on the 11th.

Reno has a sword which his grandfather used in the war of 1812. Marks of blood can still be seen upon the hilt.

There would be one advantage in wearing a long beard—it could not be easily seen whether or not one had completed his toilet.

The American Baptist Publication Society recently sent about fifty Sunday School books to enrich the literary department.

A great revival in art study is noticeable among the college men. The Paris *Figaro* is attracting considerable attention every evening.

Owing to the amount of work which he desires the class in Chemistry to cover, Prof. Owens has made the remainder of the experiments optional.

At the Union county convention of Christian Endeavor Associations, Messrs. Palmer, Sprague, Lewis, Suiter, Hall, Allen, Colestock and Fisk gave addresses or read papers.

Monday evening, December 4, Rev. J. M. Hare, '85, of Burlington, N. J., will lecture on the Columbian Exposition. Illustrations will be a feature. Admission by card only.

The Freshmen have elected for their class officers the following: President, Fisk; Vice President, Miss Sprague; Secretary, Parker; Treasurer, Stock; Historian, Miss Hanna; Poet, Miss Taylor.

Three Bible classes have been organized under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. No Christian can afford, during his college course, to neglect a systematic study of the Book of books.

In the annual report of the Baptist Educational Society the names of some thirty-eight college students appear. The high rank our ministerials take in their classes is surprising. Very few receive marks below "Ex."

The Y. M. C. A. room, with some new chairs and a new carpet, presents an inviting appearance. The committee that had the matter in charge did their work quickly and well; they deserve the hearty thanks of the Association.

Dr. Groff has published in the circulars of the State Board of Health an article on "Dairy Hygiene" and an illustrated pamphlet on "Emergency Hospitals." In recent numbers of *Science* he has written very pointedly on "Science Teaching in Secondary Schools."

Dr. Aviragnet's lectures on French pronunciation and French elocution are well attended. His auditors appreciate the fact that what they hear comes from one well versed in the subject. Perhaps no other instructor connected with the University devotes as many hours to his department as does Dr. Aviragnet.

The literary editors acknowledge with thanks the volume of commencement speeches and proceedings of Pierce Business College, Philadelphia, from 1882 to 1892. The volume is tasty, well printed, and comprises addresses by many eminent men. Those who desire access to these will find the book in the College library.

Our library is sadly in need of additions to the department of American history. A full supply of "State Papers" and "Registers of Congressional Debates" would please Prof. Catterall and his class in Constitutional history.

The festive Callathumpian made Calvin take up his bed and walk on Hallow e'en. The dormitory privileges of a St. George street backyard were not sufficient to restrain Mr. C. In revenge, it is said, he strove to ignite "one of the University buildings" with Vastine's mattress. Kind friends have interfered to settle the growing feud.

A certain trivial incident which occurred at Chapel a few mornings ago seemed to afford some of the ladies especially an occasion for considerable mirth. The various articles of a masculine costume are not valuable according to their utility only; on certain occasions any man would without doubt exchange even his overcoat for so small a thing as a cravat.

Rev. S. A. Field, pastor of the Baptist church of Tioga, Pa., visited friends here a few days ago. Mr. Field would have been graduated with the class of '93 had he not terminated his course during his Freshman year. Mr. Field states that the act of severing his relations with the University before completing his college course was one of the great mistakes of his life.

Thursday evening, November 2, Dr. Perrine gave his lecture on the "College Days of Daniel Webster." A large audience greeted the lecturer as he mounted the platform. The presence of a goodly number of students showed the Doctor's popularity even more than the generous sprinkling of townspeople. At a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. a motion was passed, expressing the thanks of the boys for the interest Dr. Perrine had taken in helping to secure a carpet for the Association's hall.

In the winter term, 1894, there will be offered to the Junior class electives in Latin, French, German, Hebrew, Logic, Differential Calculus, Quantitative Analysis, Animal Histology, History of England and the Bible in English. The Seniors will have as their regular work the course in Ethics, four hours per week, and in the History of Philosophy two hours per week, one lecture and one of Collateral reading. The Seniors will be offered all the electives of the Junior year, and also Greek, Roman Law, Economics and Comparative Anatomy. Prof. Hulley will give courses in the History of England, in Hebrew and the English Bible. Principal Martin will instruct the class in Logic.

Calderwood's Handbook of Moral Philosophy will be used as the basis of instruction for the Senior class in the winter term, 1894. This book was issued in 1872, and has run through many editions. It has recently been re-written, so as to bring it up to the present state of the science. Older editions cannot be used; students will need the sixteenth edition. In Philosophy proper, instruction will be by lecture and reading in the works of the great Philosophers. Through the liberality of the daughters of the late William Bucknell the library is well supplied with works in that department. The honor work offered will be in the Philosophy of Education, the work of Rosenkranz under that title forming the basis. This work made an epoch in the treatment of educational theory. This course will be open to the Juniors.

One of the members of '96 was recently made the victim of a practical joke. According to the latest rumor the affair stands about as follows: A certain one of the members of the class of '94 of the college, doubtless feeling somewhat piqued because he was not invited to the chocolataire given by the fair members of '94 of the Institute, plotted revenge. He sent (according to the rumor) an invitation, purporting to have come from the Senior class of the Institute, to one of the Sophomores, inviting him to attend the Senior reception at the Institute. As the writing was disguised and as the *bona fide* invitations were class invitations the recipient of the counterfeit, being unable to detect the hoax—and ignorance surely was bliss—sent in his acceptance and in due time put in his appearance at the reception. Of course he spent a pleasant evening, and came away feeling that the gods had been propititious. The plot worked to a charm, but it would seem that the crafty schemer missed his mark.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

A pretty French story, "Balthasar," by Antole France, is being translated by the advanced French class.

Miss Bessie Noyes was summoned home to attend the funeral of her mother, and on Saturday evening, Nov. 11, Miss Mench received word of the death of her grandfather in Mifflinburg.

The Senior reception and football game were the means of bringing back many former students. Misses Martha Goldy, Louise Lane, Bertha Wittenmyer, Frances Montgomery and Blanche Pursell were guests of the Institute.

The first reception of the season was given by the class of '94, in the Institute parlors, Nov. 10. In the informal arrangement of refreshments it pleasantly resembled a five o'clock tea. The little program cards announced a chocolataire.

"'Tho' chocolate and cakes are the chief of our diet,
A Senior reception can never be quiet,"

remarked the class poet, remembering "Mother Goose." "Ye sorrowfule piece," was given by Miss Gertrude Sieber, and the character ballad of "Raggedy Man,"—"ye funnye piece," by Miss Greene. Miss Swengel, accompanied by Miss Suiter, sang Schubert's Serenade. Miss Mabel Wittenmyer's guitar solo was, as ever, followed by a request for more. The Seniors are to be congratulated for the very pleasant and unique entertainment.

The following poem was kindly sent us by Miss Orie Williams, well known in Bucknell's literary realm. It is to be hoped that the class of '94, for whom the poem was written, will recall as many pleasant memories of school life as the author of

"GREETINGS TO NINETY-FOUR."

One, who one short year ago,
Stood where you are standing,
On the Senior pedestal
Lofty and commanding
Sends you greeting. Take it though
From the world that lies below.

Greetings, yes, and sympathy
For your tribulations,
For even Seniors, strange to say,
Have their botherations.
Even Seniors are not gay
Everywhere and every day.

But I must not gloomy be,
Cranky grow or crusty
Just because my fun is through
And my pen is rusty.
Trials should forgotten be,
Pleasures live in memory.

For my pleasures certainly
Far outweighed my trials,
Remembered frolics far eclipse
Any self denials.
As you doubtless will agree
When you're looking back like me.

Then here's to merry Ninety-four,
May they always have prosperity,
And may the fame of their career,
Be handed down to posterity.
With a hundred good wishes less or more,
I'll end with "Success to Ninety-four !"

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The Bucknell Alumnæ, of Philadelphia, will hold its annual meeting Monday, Nov. 27. Miss Cara G. Reese, '78, is to be the invited guest, and Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt, of the same class, is president of the club.

'84. Mrs. Ra-Chella Scott Beale's little daughter, Katharine Larison Beale, is a most "winsome lassie," and will enter the Institute as a student at the earliest possible date.

'91. Miss Mary L. Bartol has been appointed by the Lewisburg Alumnæ club to report to the Philadelphia Alumnæ club matters of interest connected with the University.

'91. Miss Blanche Schreiner, who since her graduation has resided in England, contributes to various papers. The following is a selection taken from her recent poem, "Edith at Hastings," in the Philadelphia *Press*, Nov. 12 :

"She sat a woman lone in all that vast array,
And watched with strained dry eyes that bloody battle fray ;
Far off she sees the ocean, breaking along the shore,
But her heart is in the battle, in the battle's rush and roar.

For he, whom she has loved so well, her Saxon Harold brave,
Is fighting for fair England, on the dark brink of the grave.
She takes her beads with trembling hands, and stills her heart to pray,
That God will save her king, from the bloody battle fray.

* * * * * * * * * *

The stars rise softly overhead, the moon shines pale and clear,
And Edith, as she sees the dead, tries hard to still her fear.
The wounded and the dying lie ghastly on the ground,
She passes them with sick'ning dread, her Harold must be found.

At last the monks who follow her, are startled by a cry,
'Tis a cry wrung from the bitterness of deepest agony,
For he, for whom she has searched, is lying cold and dead.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Go! Go!" she utters passionately, "I tell you he is mine!
For death has knit us soul to soul, in unity divine!"
The nobles and the courtiers bowed low, with reverent head,
And turning, left her in the night, alone, with Harold, dead.

* * * * * * * * * *

Oh, Hastings' bloody battle field! Oh! Saxon lying dead!
'Tis Edith's arms that cling to you, when others all have fled.
And heart to heart united, in the shadows, cold and gray,
Are Edith's king, and Harold's love, found thus at break of day."

Hastings, England.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

Cober is doing great work in a football suit.

What's the matter with Bayard? Why, "he's all right."

Mr. James T. Dobbins attended the B. Y. P. U. meeting held at Williamsport a few weeks ago.

Have you seen Warren and Cleeland's little money jug yet? If you have not, look out for them.

Mr. Charles Pierce sends his best wishes to the students of the Cad. He is now teaching school in Idaho.

Can the Preps shout? Did you hear them at the State College football game? They were out in full force.

It certainly is very amusing to see Bower, the second, grab the bottom of his coat when he recites in class.

The Cad boys were very much pleased with the Y. P. S. C. E. convention, and feel that it has done them good.

Mr. Charles Meeker's letter was very encouraging to us. We are glad to know how nicely he is getting along.

Mr. Saul was made to shed tears by the application of too much mustard upon a piece of meat. Mr. Saul said "it was hot stuff."

Professor—"Now, young man, please tell me what kind of a question *ne* implies?"

Pupil (after long pondering)—"An interrogative question."

Mr. Perrin is quite a philosopher, and can ask some questions that would cause the moon to wink. Oh! Mr. Perrin, come up from the cellar when you reason; you are too deep.

Prof. Phillips filled the pulpit of the First Baptist church of Williamsport, November 5, in order that Dr. Woods, the pastor, could address the Y. P. S. C. E. convention held at Lewisburg.

One way to acquire a good, strong, round voice is to shout as much as you can. A remarkable change in the voice can be detected by all those who try shouting. Therefore, let us shout more at football games.

At the twenty-first annual session of the Union County Sunday School Association, held in the Union church at Mazeppa, October 25, 26 and 27, Prof. Stewart made an address, entitled "Unsuccessful Teaching—Its cause and cure."

Personal.

'53. Asa P. Meylert, M. D., of New York city, recently died. He is the fourth of his class who has graduated from the "school of life" with honors.

Ex '54. William J. Coxey, of Camden, N. J., at present engaged in the produce and provision business, is greatly interested in church extension. Mr. Coxey has been instrumental in founding four churches near Camden, the leading one being the church at Merchantville, N. J., of which Rev. S. S. Merriman, '86, is the efficient pastor.

'63. Rev. W. W. Case has removed from Holmdel, N. J., to West Hoboken, N J.

'63. The Baptist church of Hightstown, N. J., through the efforts of its pastor, Rev. O. P. Eaches, has opened a Home for Aged Women in a brick building adjoining the church.

Ex. '68. The MIRROR recently received a very kind and encouraging letter from Mr. R. F. Curtis, Chauncey Hall school, 598 Boylston street, Boston, Mass. Mr. Curtis also sent a catalogue of the school in which he is engaged.

'71. Rev. Henry Colclesser has been called from Gunnison, Col., to the Tabernacle Baptist church of Harrisburg, Pa.

'72. We recently received the Biennial Report of the Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory, at

Huntingdon, Pa., also a copy of Minutes of the Center Baptist Association, through the kindness of Rev. S. A. Forgeus, who is Chaplain of the Reformatory and Secretary of the Association.

'83. Dr. E. J. Brown paid Lewisburg a visit recently. He has a thriving practice at Wyoming, Delaware.

'84. Rev. F. M. Goodchild has been elected president of the Baptist Young People's Union, of Philadelphia.

'86. Rev. C B. Furman has removed from Plymouth Meeting, Pa., to Jamestown, North Dakota, where he has accepted a pastorate.

'87. George Fish Clark, M. D., of Brooklyn, was recently married to Miss Bessie Grace Thompson, of the same city.

'88. O. K. Pellman has built up a large practice as a dentist, in Mifflinburg, Pa.

'89. Rev. W. C. Leinbach has been called to the Berean Baptist church, of Reading, Pa.

'89. *The Independent*, of Nov. 9th, contains a story entitled "Ebenezer's Sunbonnet," written by Rev. Wm. F. Gibbons. He is pastor of the First Presbyterian church, at Forty Fort, Pa.

'90. Rev. J. S. Young died recently at Deanville, Pa. He was holding meetings at that place at the time, and was stricken down by typhoid fever, which was raging there. His widow is now prostrated with the same disease.

Ex. '93. H. A. Denny was admitted to the bar at Montrose, Pa., during the summer. He was recently married to Miss Rose Jones, of Ariel, Pa.

College News.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never (to himself) hath said,"
As he stubbed his toe against the bed:
—— ! —— ! ! ! —— ! —— ?

—*The Radiator.*

The Associated Press—A kiss.—*Exchange.*

"Vanity is the quicksand of reason."—*George Sand.*

Over 9,000 students attend the University of Paris.

A constant strain—"After the ball is over."—*Daily Cardinal.*

The lover is addicted to idolizing; the poet to idylizing; the tramp to idleizing.—*Exchange.*

We can account for some of the misery of the world on the ground that there are 2,750 languages.

An exchange says in Vassar they call gum an elective, because one needn't take it unless she chews.

The 94 universities of Europe have 40,000 more students than the 360 universities of the United States.

AN AFTER IMAGE.

The student hurriedly leaves the game;
To the Latin lecture races,
Renders *In struxit triplicem aciem*:
"He stayed and drew three aces."

—*Brunonian.*

Chicago University is to have the largest and most powerful telescope in the world. The object glass, which will be made in Cambridgeport, Mass., will be forty-five inches in diameter. The telescope is a gift of Charles T. Yerker, and will cost half a million.—*Exchange.*

A prize of $25,000 is offered by a combine of barbers to the person who first discovers Columbus' magical way of raising whiskers. It will be noticed on the new one-cent postage stamps that Columbus, just before landing, has no beard; on the two-cent stamp, just after landing, he has grown a full beard.—*Exchange.*

Doctor—"It's a boy, but I am sorry to tell you that, although it is not exactly deformed, it has enormously large feet, and was born with a big crop of hair."

Father—"That's all right, Doc. Just think what a rattling football player he will make when he's old enough to go to college."—*Puck.*

The session of the World's Parliament of Religion, which has just closed, marks an epoch in the world's religious life. For the first time in her history have representatives of every faith met together, not for the purpose of sectarian controversy, but that they might fairly and dispassionately study and compare the different religious beliefs of the world. No event has occurred within a century which proves more clearly that the world is advancing in civilization. It shows that the barriers to progress are being torn down, that men and nations are being drawn nearer and nearer together, and that the universal brotherhood of man is being more and more ackowledged.—*Holcad.*

His head was jammed into the sand,
  His arms were broken in twain;
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone,
  He never would walk again.

His lips moved slow, I stooped to hear
  The whispers they let fall;
His voice was weak, but this I heard,
  "Old man, who got the ball?"

In olden times the lovelorn youth,
  Who held life not worth living,
Would plunge a dagger in his heart
  And die, his love forgiving.

The modern youth who, soured by love,
  Seeks shorter paths to Heaven,
His sweater dons, eats raw beefsteak,
  And joins the football 'leven. —*Sequoia.*

The *Nation* calls attention in an editorial on the "glorification of athletics" to the "swamping throughout the entire year of every other undergraduate ideal by the one predominant and overwhelming athletic ideal," and says that this is the greatest evil which the modern development of college athletics has brought in its train. "We know of no compensating advantage to put over against the distorted conception of life, and particularly of college life, the false standard of individual and college distinction involved in the increasing glorification of athletics." Is not there a tendency here to magnify the "athletic ideal," to make that one a hero who excells in athletics, tho' he may have none of the essential qualifications of a hero? Those most prominent in athletic affairs expect rightly the whole University to manifest great interest in athletics, and gauge a man's loyalty accordingly, while they pay little attention to other interests of the University that are just as necessary. It would be out of the question to expect that men be as enthusiastic over any other one thing as athletics, but we do think that just as all of us are united on this question, so the whole student-body ought to be interested in other things that really are the most important of college life, and that some of them be not met with a sneer or slight remark. "In some way the present mal-adjustment of college ideas ought to be corrected, so that a good scholar need not apologize for attention to his studies, or a lover of letters or sciences be obliged to point to some physical infirmities as his sufficient excuse for not having done his part in upholding the true glory of the college in the scrimmages of the football field."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Werner Company, of Chicago, is publishing in weekly numbers a report of the proceedings of the World's Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago, in the Memorial Art Palace, under the auspicies of the World's Columbian Exposition. The addresses are complete, and verbatim, and are illustrated with portraits of one hundred of the principal delegates and speakers. There are to be eleven parts, and the entire series cost but $1.00, postpaid.

"Parlimentary Tactics, or Rules for Debate," is the title of a handy little book published by the Scientific Publishing Company, New York. It is compiled from such authorities as Roberts, Cushing, Matthias, Jefferson and Crocker. A marginal index makes reference convenient. Cloth, 50 cents.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVRESITY, LEWISBURG, PA., DECEMBER 10, 1893. No. 5.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column $2.50 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ A cross opposite this indicates that your subscription has expired.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

DECEMBER 10, 1893.

Editorial.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a Happy New Year to all our readers.

The secret of a merry Christmas, mirth and joy for the soul as well as body is suggested by the following lines from Dickens:

"Christmas is a time in which the memory of every remediable sorrow, wrong and trouble in the world around us should be active with us." A few more days of sore trial for us undergraduates, and then the "preliminary" and final examinations over we will unbend, as only students can.

◆

IN SOME of the southern colleges it is said that so strong is the sense of honor among the students at recitations and examinations that a dishonest student could not remain in the school. This is as it should be. In many of our northern schools, alas, it is different; too often it is looked at as a game. Any help is legitimate. Detection is crime. There has been some reform in this matter in some places and certificates of honesty in examination have come into use as a prop to bolster up frail humanity. Like many other props this too is of doubtful utility. The only stay of use is a backbone of pure upright honesty.

◆

Among the many New Year's resolves which will be made by our alumni and students we would suggest that those who are not subscribers resolve to take their college paper. It may not be a paper of very great literary merit; it may not contain the news of the world; it may not be the organ of your party or of any party; but yet it furnishes the best means of keeping alumni in constant touch with the progress of their *Alma Mater* and showing students what is going on outside of their own circle.

◆

THE football season of '93 is ended. Bucknell's team did creditable work during the season. Whatever be the state of football ethics we are proud to claim among our players some whose Christian grace restrained them from slugging under the most favorable opportunity and the strongest provocation. If the state of football ethics is as bad as portrayed in our last number, and we have every reason to credit the gentleman's statements, no amount of physical benefit can counterbalance the moral detriment derived from participation in the game; better "down" the game at once and reform it, or keep it down.

Football is the all absorbing topic during its season, it gives us the wild excitement which we Americans crave. If introduced from the proper quarter, would not Spanish bull-fights or Roman gladiatoral contests prove equally fascinating?

Football has reached such a stage of development that it seems to need defense, and is defended on various grounds. It is said that football advertises the college; so it does, and according to the argument advanced students will flock to the school which has the best football team, then woe be to the small college. The most unique and practical defense which we have seen lately appeared in one of our leading illustrated weeklies. The author pointed out by specific instance how football players might find a suitable occupation and be a great value to the commonwealth by joining the police force after graduation, and making use of their scientific methods of tackling in catching thieves and other criminals.

◆

WITHOUT presuming to criticise those who have planned our curriculum we may say a few words concerning the order of studies. In the classics a student may take required or elective work in Latin or Greek, or both, during every term of the college course. Mathematics and the Sciences, Organic and Inorganic, are recognized in all the courses as of equal value with the classics. To many of us great advantage would result, if the same advantageous sequence and cumulative effect could be secured in mathematical and scientific line of study. There is so much sameness about language study that breaks or lack of sequence in this line is not as harmful as in the others mentioned. The comparatively small number of students pursuing the classics throughout the whole course is additional argument for a change favorable to mathematical and scientific lines of study.

◆

THE COURSE in Philosophy of Education offered for the winter by President Harris is a beginning toward supplying a long felt want. The number of prospective teachers in our College is increasing. Perhaps no other profession receives so many novices, destitute of even theoretical training. Pedagogics on its philosophical side, as a field for the application of the principles of psychology and ethics, contains much of great value to a general education.

To be sure undergraduate work in this department should not and cannot take the place of a professional course of study, but many who intend to teach cannot take a professional course at once, and such a course as the above, while of advantage on the side of general education, is of double value to the prospective teacher, giving him a knowledge of what is to be accomplished and of the means which have been employed. Quite a number have elected the study for the next term.

Literary.

A FOOT-BALL GAME.

FIRST HALF.

Groups of townspeople were scattered everywhere. On the corners men stopped to talk over the news. Matrons gathered on the marble steps before their houses to discuss the matter pro and con. Crowds of boys and girls assembled in the school-yards at recess to exchange ideas on the subject. All seemed so equally well-informed that the conversation was, chiefly, on the strangeness of the news.

At five o'clock in the morning, on the twenty-first day of November, 18—, according to their custom, the inhabitants of Utopia had mounted their reading towers, and turned their opera-glasses toward the center of the town. There a huge four-sided bulletin board had been erected for the convenience of the public. At suitable distances, large stereopticons were stationed to throw the daily news upon the board. With the aid of their glasses, the people of the whole city could thus read the doings of the world from the same newspaper.

Amazement came upon the features of the readers as they looked at the enormous headlines:

"CHALLENGE EXTRAORDINARY!

THE GLOVE THROWN DOWN!!

Brobdignag and Lilliput!!!

"Fantasia, Nov. 20.—On account of certain depreciating remarks and the patronizing air lately assumed by the inhabitants of Brobdignag, the foot-ball team of Lilliput hereby challenges a team from Brobdignag to a game of foot-ball on Thanksgiving day, subject to the following conditions:

"1. The center of the field shall be one hundred feet from one end and one mile from the other.

"2. The Lilliputians may use artificial means of playing.

"3. The Brobdignagians shall not trample upon the Lilliputians.

"4. The ball shall weigh two grains."

About eight o'clock in the evening, the Utopians again assembled in their reading towers to see whether this remarkable and, seemingly foolhardy, challenge had been accepted. A large picture representing a giant assaulted by fleas occupied the center of the board, while beneath were the words, "Omne Rectum."

Forthwith preparations on a gigantic scale were begun. Provision must be made to feed the influx of visitors. In empty fields whole oxen were roasted; a dozen fowl were spitted at once; and enormous "Washington" pies were baked. The breweries ran day and night. Flag poles were erected to bear the colors of the rival teams. Dry good stores were crowded by throngs purchasing bunting, ribbons, and material suitable for public and personal decoration.

Out on the suburbs of the city, men were busy in the athletic park arranging "bleachers," rolling a part of the field, and building stalls for the visitor's horses.

On one side of the playing ground a huge grandstand of aluminum was erecting. Immense cranes swung the metallic braces into their places. Hundreds of men were carefully handling plates of glass to be used as a covering for the whole area in case of rain.

The field itself was well rolled for about two hundred feet; the rest was made as rough as possible. Goal posts were placed at proper distances and lines were drawn proportionate to the respective halves of the field.

All preparations being finished, on the eve of the game, the populace gathered in the public square to listen to orators who instructed them in the principles of the game, and gave its history, mentioning, especially, the popularity of the sport among the most intelligent classes of highly civilized nations. The people then quietly dispersed to their homes.

SECOND HALF.

Toward noon on Thanksgiving day the Brobdignagians began to appear in the streets of Utopia. Hungry and covered with dust they sought the refreshments kindly provided by the Utopians. Seizing huge slices of bread and the side of an ox, they would make a sandwich, then, grasping a pie, they would stroll toward the park, eating as they went. Before two o'clock several thousands of the giants had taken their seats on the grandstand. They laughed and coarsely joked, though praising the diligence and hospitality of the townspeople.

The Utopians themselves gathered in coaches, and lined the ropes stretched about the field. Some brought movable grand stands for the use of their families. All had opera glasses.

Suddenly there was a whirring noise, a darkening of the air, and, amid the surprised and loudly applauding people, the Lilliputians landed from their air ships.

Immediately their team trotted out upon the field. By the time they had reached the center, they were almost lost to sight. The opera glasses were brought into use to discover the ball as it was punted in the air.

Forth from their dressing rooms came the mighty Brobdignagians. Tremendous shouts rent the air, colors were waved, but, somehow, the whole audience pitied the wee Lilliputs. To put the giants on a par, the Utopians gazed through the large ends of their glasses.

The multitudes were silent while the captains tossed a coin for the ball. "Riese," quarterback of the Brobdignagians, won, and took the ball.

The umpire and referee were two prominent Utopians who had seen a game of foot-ball as played by the educated youth of foreign countries.

Time was called at quarter past two. The giants formed a "V," Rub-dub-dub holding the ball between his fingers. A quick movement and the huge mass started forward. In their endeavors to avoid trampling on the Lilliputs, the giants fell over their own feet, and down went the whole "V." The ball rolled ten feet away, where "Daumling," full-back for the midgets, caught it. Under the protection of "Parvolus," he ran cautiously around the heap of giants, and, by hiding between blades of grass and stones, advanced within ten feet of the goal-line before he was discovered. At this point he would have made a touch-down had not "Bumpernickel," full-back for the giants, accidently dropped his chewing gum on "Daumling's" head, nearly killing him.

The ball was "down;" the sides "lined up;" the ball was put in play, being thrown to "Sneewitchen," half-back, who, dodging adroitly between the feet of a floundering giant, made a touch-down. Score, 6-0.

Again the Brobdignagians took the ball with no better success than at first. However, they stopped the dwarfs by lying down upon the ground, thus preventing an advance, for the Lilliputs were unable to crawl under, or climb over them. The umpire being appealed to declared the play legitimate, although it looked somewhat like tripping. Thus the first half ended; the giants being unable to score.

After fifteen minutes of rest, the teams again met in the center. "How are the Lilliputians going to run over that mile of rough field?" was on everybody's tongue. The giants would surely score again and again with only a hundred feet to gain. The "pill" was in the hands of the midget's center-rusher. Forward surged the two bodies. In and out the Lilliputians dodged. No gain. On the fourth down they lost the ball. Now for a score,—the whole multitude of Brobdignagians arose and cheered. But where were the dwarfs? No one had seen them depart. The referee ordered the game to go on. Rub-dub dub began to advance, when there came a shrill, whirring sound, and he fell to the ground, struck behind the ear by an areoplane. Quick as a flash, a Lilliput snatched the coveted ball and sailed down the field. The giants now became angry and claimed unfair play, but the condition—that artificial means could be used—was read to them.

In the next "line-up" they began to injure the midgets, for which several of them were ruled off the field. Seeing that the game was hopeless, the captain called his team from the field.

Wild with joy the pigmies rushed forth to greet their heroes. No more would they be objects of scorn and derision. Brains had conquered matter. The choicest viands of the Utopians were brought forth in honor of the victory. For the giants even, there were a few words of pity.

But they, poor monsters, were overcome with shame. All their vaunted glory gone, laid in the dust by these seemingly infinitesmal beings. They slunk home, objects of laughter. Proud boasts no more were theirs; self-complacency had received its death blow.

And when, late at night, they arrived at home, a good old father met them at the city gate, and whispered softly in the ear of each, "My child, don't talk too much."

"THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL."

A few miles eastward from the centre of the city of Cleveland, on one of the most elevated and beautiful mounds in the cemetery, stands the beautiful "Memorial" dedicated by the American people to the memory of James A. Garfield. To find the entrance to this cemetery, we pass out Euclid avenue, known as one of the most beautiful avenues in the world. From the entrance we follow a broad stone walk which winds around the hillside with graceful curve, until we near the top. Here we are obliged to ascend two or three flights of stairs until we reach the door of the Memorial.

We approach the building from the west, and from that standpoint we will view it for a moment. The base is square and is built of brown stone, while the length of each side is possibly fifty feet. This base continues to about half its height. Around the top of this square base are engraved in the stones, a series of scenes which represent the different periods of Garfield's life. The first of this series is on the northern side, and represents him as a teacher. On the western side three scenes follow in the order of lawyer, general, statesman, and on the southern side is depicted his death bed scene. Above the base the building is of a circular, tower-like shape, and is built of brick and capped with a dome-like roof. This part of the building contains little or no decoration.

At the entrance of the building we find a heavy oaken door and above this is the inscription indicating the purpose of the building, and by whom dedicated. Having entered, we find ourselves standing face to face with a life size statue of Jas. A. Garfield. This is hewn from a block of solid marble. He is standing in position, as one in the act of speaking, with the empty chair behind him. As we approach the railing, which keeps us from this statue, we find that it stands beneath a beautiful dome, which rings upon the utterance of the slightest sound.

This dome is decorated with inlaid Mosaics in colors richly mingled. This dome is formed by five or six arching pillars, but about half way between the floor and the top of this dome, the pillars seem to come together for a space. Around the solid walls thus formed, various prominent historical scenes are represented, which have a prominent bearing upon the life of America. A fact interesting to notice is, that all this coloring and all these representations are made by inlaid work. The work has been so delicately performed, however, that one would scarcely think it possible that it was any other than the work of a painter, and only after close observation can the difference be distinguished.

We leave this floor, with its bright and beautiful dome, for a more gloomy place. We have scarcely realized ourselves in the home of the dead. We pass down a dark, narrow and winding stone stairway for about twenty feet, and find ourselves in the presence of the casket which contains the ashes of our honored dead. The casket is of bronze and is hermetically sealed, so that no odor can escape it, although our imaginations would at first make us think so. Although we know that the ear within is dull, and the eye dim, yet as we enter the room, with small barred windows, our voices become hushed, and our hands seek to lift our hats as we stand in the presence of the dead. The withered wreaths upon the casket and the shadowy darkness, all vie in making this place gloomy.

Having viewed these two rooms there is little left to see of the building itself, but above the inner dome, there is a room unfinished and undecorated, from which one can obtain a view of some beautiful scenery. To the north, the broad expanse of Lake Erie; to the west, the delightful city of Cleveland, and in the other directions a large district of farming land.

Having viewed this structare in its grandeur and beauty, we would indeed pronounce it a fitting "Memorial from a grateful people," and although its walls are strong and its arches firm, yet the spirit of love and gratitude which will be handed down from generation to generation, will make a far more enduring monument to the memory of James A. Garfield.

THE RIVER DAME.

A quaint old dame,
With a real Scotch name,
Dwells down by the rippling river.

Secretary of the Navy,
One might call her, maybe,
Though other appellations we could give her.

"Brittania" certainly
Would suit her to a "T,"
For at "L" she surely rules the wave.

Lo! see her boat,
Every day afloat,
Manned by student oarsmen brave.

A conversationalist,
Of no mean gifts,
She is, I can assure you.

A sample of her style,
Philosophic—without guile,
With the greatest pleasure, I'll assure you.

Apropos of "spoony" pairs,
Who were liberal customers,
Ensued this moralizing.

"There's a time for everything,
'Cording to my reckoning,"
She affirmed with emphasis surprising.

"For garden sass to grow,
For the river to get low,
And for the same its banks to overflow.

"And it's time for a weddin', I calkilate,
When a nice young lady gradooates
Simultaneous with her beau.

O. M. W.

Athletics and Chess.

Mr. Will Young, of Williamsport, coached our team prior to the Dickinson game. The boys were well pleased with him and profited by his good advice.

The Chess club received a challenge from the Keystone Academy Chess club to play a series of three games by mail. It was decided to accept the challenge and play the games next term.

The Thanksgiving game ends the foot-ball season and Bucknell has acquitted herself well. She may not have played a winning game at all times but she did play one which showed science and good training and which did as much credit to us as a victory. Let us take our defeats as becomes us and when the team lines up next fall we hope that there will be a bright outlook and a good thing in store. The class of '97 has certainly contributed well to our team this year and its members on the foot-ball team have held their own. Nor must the Second and Academy teams be laid aside, for they have also carried off laurels, not having lost a game. The men in those teams are promising material for next year's team in the College.

Whoop 'er up for the Freshmen-Sophomore game, now since all regular games are over. Heretofore these two classes have hardly known each other, as may be judged from the commotion produced by them. Let us enliven class spirit by such meritorious contests.

Laying aside outdoor exercises we shall now go to the Gymnasium and show our muscle and skill there. Drills are voluntary after Thanksgiving, and compulsory for the winter term. The directors look forward to good classes and hope to be able to give two exhibitions.

Bucknell 20, Dickinson 12. Our Thanksgiving game with Dickinson College on neutral grounds at Harrisburg resulted in a good victory. Everybody seemed happy that we had won the last game of the season. The game was a hard fought one, and everything seemed doubtful to us in the first half, when the score was 6 to 0 in Dickinson's favor. But Barclay received a long pass from Smith, and made a long run of 55 yards for a touch-down, thus tieing the score. Smith kicked the first goal. In the second half Bucknell made three touch-downs, from which Barclay kicked one goal. Megargee made long plunges through center at times, and Wolfe's playing was something fine. Dickinson did not make any brilliant plays, but made their touch-downs by short advances. Dickinson tried the revolving V, but did not gain anything by it. Bucknell's massed interference worked well. Several men were slightly hurt, but all through the game was fairly played. The teams lined up as follows:

BUCKNELL.	POSITIONS.	DICKINSON.
Wolfe	left end	Bassett
Kauffmann	left tackle	Beall
Hollinshead	left guard.	Taylor
Jennings	center	Hockman
Lesher	right guard.	Bechtel
Collins	right tackle	Ford
Mount.	right end	West
Bunnell, (Smith)	quarter	Lincoln
Marsh	left half	Thomas
Megargee	right half	Vail
Barclay	full.	Morrison

Umpire—J. B. Cressinger, of U. P.
Referee—Snodgrass, of Lafayette.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 29, 1893.

Editor of the MIRROR.

DEAR SIR.—Referring to the article "Foot-ball Ethics and State College," published in the MIRROR of Nov. 25, 1893, I quote the following:

"Now. if the crowd is to be allowed to take a hand in this fashion, the game of foot-ball is doomed. It cannot stand such treatment * * * * as Pennsylvania students visited upon Princeton the day of the Manheim game."

Now, Mr. Editor, the statement and its implications are incorrect and unjust, and in view of the fact that a number of Bucknellites are attending the University here, such statements are decidedly unpleasant coming as they do from our *Alma Mater*. At the Manheim game there was no collision between Princeton and Pennsylvania men. On the trains to and from the games, the rival factions rode together in the same cars without any bad treatment being "visited" upon either side.

A few *personal* encounters took place in the the evening between students who had imbibed too freely, but there was no mistreatment of Princeton men by Pennsylvania students as a body.

As a nunmber of Bucknell's graduates attend the University of Pennsylvania and as some of those who are at present attending Bucknell are expecting to enter the University here, I hope that the mistaken statement will be promptly and willingly corrected. Sincerely yours,

JOHN B. CRESSINGER,
U. of P., Medical, '96.

Local.

Reno is teaching a class in stenography.

Wood, '96, preached at Newberry on the 26th.

Dentists should apply to Brown, '96, for a new way to pull teeth.

There is a growing interest in the weekly prayer meetings of the Y. M. C. A.

L. W. Baldwin spent Thanksgiving day with his parents near Philadelphia.

Snow played a dashing game of football at Huntingdon on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. F. M. Simpson spent his Thanksgiving vacation with relatives in Mahanoy City.

Rivenburg spent part of his vacation in Philadelphia under the care of an eye specialist.

In the third term of the Sophomore year a course in Higher Surveying is to be given.

Without doubt it is some unusual attraction which draws Firth down to Chester so often.

Miss Eleanor Harrison, an ex-audiens, gave a reception to her friends in town and college on the 25th.

J. B. Suiter assisted in organizing a C. E. society recently at Spring Garden, Union county, Pa.

Prof. Catterall's article on football ethics has caused considerable comment among the students.

The preliminary contests for the Sophomore declamation prize were held before suitable judges on the 23d.

The members of the Euepia Literary Society are making some improvements in the appearance of their hall.

The Rev. J. M. Hare's lecture on the "Columbian Exposition" will be given on December 11th instead of the 4th as before stated.

Prof. R. Catterall attended the wedding of an old friend on the 28th. While in Scranton and vicinity he called upon many of his old friends.

Registrar Gretzinger was in the wilds of New Jersey on the 21st and 22d inst. He visited the Peddie Institute and South Jersey Institute on business.

From the members of the Sophomore class Messrs. Brown, Colestock, Davis, Finn, Josephs, Ware and Wood were selected to compete in the annual contest in declamation.

Mr. F. O'Schub is on his feet again. While recovering from a svere sprain of his ankle he engaged Mr. Dobbins, of the Academy, to fill the pulpit of his Montandon pastorate.

In accordance with the will of the late Chauncey B. Ripley, Bucknell University has been made a residuary legatee of two-fifths of his estate. The University is also to receive a specific sum of money.

Prof. Aviragnet lectured during November on the "Origin and Pronunciation of the French Language." His December lectures will be confined to "French Elocution" and "The Changes in French Orthography."

Professor—Mr. H., what can you say of John Brown's early career?

Mr. H.—When quite young he married. His wife became the mother of seven children. Soon after the birth of the oldest, she died.

The annual meeting of the Bucknell University Club of Philadelphia was held at the Colonnade Hotel on Monday, December 4th. Officers were elected and the general interests of *Alma Mater* were discussed. A suitable collation was served.

The annual contest in oratory of the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association of Pennsylvania will be held at Lewisburg on February 22, 1894. It is expected that at least a dozen colleges will be represented. To choose our orator for the above occasion a contest has been arranged for and will take place about the middle of January.

On Friday evening, December 1, a most novel and entertaining social gathering took place at the Institute. The invitations, of colonial style, had made the guests expect to meet descendents of the Pilgrim Fathers in quaint attire; but such a company of queens and peasants, characters of history and romance, of fairyland, of fable and nursery rhyme as were introduced was an entire surprise. Five tableax were excellently presented, especially "The Telling of the Secret" and "The Artist's Dream." Refreshments in harmony with the occasion were served. A solo by Miss Morgan deserves mention. The gentlemen present found the ladies of former days of equal interest with those of the present time. Much credit is due to those who planned and those who so admirably executed so unique an affair.

Services were held every evening during the Y. M. C. A. week of prayer. On Friday evening Dr. Harris led the meeting, and gave a forcible talk on the subject of "The Power of a Guilty Conscience." On Saturday evening the Quaker Evangelist, John Dean, conducted a service in the Chapel. While all the meetings were fairly well attended and on the evening that Dr. Harris spoke many extra chairs had to be brought in, yet many of the students were unable to attend the services because of the pressure of their studies. Without doubt this was used simply as an excuse in some instances; and yet it does seem that if the lessons were shortened somewhat during such occasions more interest would be taken in religious work. An untold amount of good might be the result if the Christian workers in the college could receive from the faculty a little more sympathy and co-operation in their work.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Dr. F. W. Larison and wife, of Lambertville, N. J., spent Sunday, November 11th, at the Institute.

The Bucknell Alumni Club of Philadelphia presented the following program at their annual meeting at the Woman's Exchange on November 27th: "Institute Girls in the Good Old Days," "Educated Women as Leaders," "Seminary Girls as Pastors' Associates," "College Women at Bucknell," by Nellie W. Conard; "Our *Alma Mater:* How Can We Help Her?" "Bucknell Institute of To-day."

A delightful digression in school work one Friday afternoon was a lecture given by Dr. Groff, entitled "The White Slave Trade in Pennsylvania." The lecture was of an entertaining character, abounding in ancecdotes, and was enjoyed by all present. An interesting legal document concerning this form of trade, dated 1817, was shown. Dr. Groff has kindly consented to give us a lecture in January on "Out of the Way Places in Our Country."

A high court of appeal, to which all doubtful questions may be referred, has recently been established in the Institute. The court deals with all cases in a manner peculiarly its own. Neither plaintiff nor defendant is obliged to appear before its authority, and complaints may be filed with all the secrecy of the star chamber. But the question is weighed in the august presence of the "Witaregemot," and decisions are given with the most democratic freedom. Although claiming simply the modest name of Query Box, through this court have come moving results.

Extract from a letter written by Miss O. W.: "Among some of our great-grandfather's books there was an old theological work by Dr. Owen that was published in London in 1664. The title reminds me, by its length, of some of the early works in American literature: 'The Nature, Power, Deceit and Prevalence of the Remainders of Indwelling Sin in Believers, Together With the Wages of Its Working and Means of Prevention.' I think it is quite a treasure. Then there was an old hymn book containing several names of ancestors with accompanying dates, the earliest being 1752. In the back of the book, between the yellow fly-leaf and the cover, which had apparently been stuck together purposely, I found a small folded slip of yellow paper with these words on it: 'The Rose is red, the Violet blue, the Carnation is sweet, and so is my dear sweetheart, Elizabeth Lewis.' It was in the same writing as one of the names. Now, wasn't that a pretty bit of romance? I could almost write a story about it, imagining a youth of more than a century ago hiding his little confession between the leaves of a book whose ancient covers had preserved his secret well."

An invitation to the character party in the Institute parlors, December 1, reads as follows: "Ye descendants of ye Maeflowere summone ye goode man —— to appeare in ye beste roomes of Madame Larison's schoole onne Fridaye, ye firste daye of ye twelfthe monthe, betweene ye seventhe and tenthe houres, paste meridiane. Let ye Uncle Sam carrye ye replye this daye. Committee onne ye Invitations." Some very amusing and quaint replies were received, from which three have been selected for publication: "Ye goode manne —— —— will decke himselfe in his Sundaye clothes, to meete ye faire maydens in ye schoole onne Fridaye eve." "Ye College on Ye Hill. To ye Fair Members of ye Committee: If ye eating of muche turkey on ye Day of Thanksgiving is followed by no serious results, ye obedient recipient of ye invitation will complye with ye summons." "Ye goode man, whom common folke do call —— —— and who maketh his abode in ye elle of ye college, toward ye rising sonne, dothe tender his sincere regrettes that to the moste kind and gentil ladies, descendantes of ye Maeflower, he must pleade an engagement previously compacted for ye firste eveninge of ye twelfthe monthe. Nothinge else could prevente him from accepting with much pleasureable anticipation for an exceedingly happie event, ye kind invitation." And this in old English lettering: "Ye —— —— Junior, sonne of a Daughter of ye Revolution, to ye Mandement of ye faire May-dens of Antiquity, do make Response that with muche Pleasure and with greate Alacrity will He hie Himself to ye beste roomes of ye Gentlewoman Dame —— on ye Evening of 12 Mo., 1 Day, being ye 6th of ye Weeks, at ye Houre of early Candlelight, and with equal Sorrowe and Reluctance will he drag himselfe hence at ye laste momente."

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLERLAND, Correspondent.]

The lover and the gas are foes,
Without an earthly doubt;
For every time the one comes in
The other one goes out.

Messrs. Craig and Mitchell visited Rev. Bowser at Danville November 18th.

Prof. Phillips occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church November 19th.

The boys of the Third Form are beginning preparations for their declamation contest.

The 'Cad football team had their pictures taken November 25th. The camera was not broken.

Messrs. Hobbins, Lindemann and Warren are the doctors and nurses attending to Mr. Schub. Where are the college men?

Teacher in Elocution—What form of gesture would a person make when surprised?

Student—Open my mouth.

The Academy boys enjoyed a very good talk delivered by Mr. Dean, the Quaker Evangelist, in Bucknell Hall November 18th.

We, the 'Cad boys, enjoyed a well prepared Thanksgiving dinner. Our matron is to be commended for her skill in such matters. No cases of dyspepsia have been reported as yet.

Student in Greek Class (struggling with the sentence, "What are you thinking about?")—I don't quite see the translation.

Professor—What are you thinking about?

Student—This sentence.

The Y. M. C. A. held special meetings during the week of prayer for colleges. Brother A. F. Anderson took charge of the meeting on Wednesday evening; Brother W. R. Harper, Thursday evening; Brother C. W. Harvey, Friday evening. The meetings were all well attended.

At an entertainment held at the Marsh Mission Thanksgiving night the following took part: Misses Ruth Sprague and Emily Williams, Messrs. C. Williams, C. A. Lindemann, John Sherman, J. J. Hobbins, T. C. Sprague and W. Warren. The proceeds went towards the Marsh Building Fund.

Personal.

Ex. '74. Hamil Alexander, M. D., is situated at Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa.

'89. Oliver B. Finn, 627 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, has a position as bridge plate inspector for the Pennsylvania railroad.

Ex. '90. T. J. Purdy is at present reading law at Sunbury, Pa.

Ex. '91. Rev. Charles DeWoody is pastor of the Mansfield Baptist church. He is also interested in the Normal School football team at that place.

'88. Prof. Lincoln Hulley is lecturing three times a week in the churches of Chicago on the English Bible. This work is under the direction and upon the recommendation of President Harper.

Ex. '95. R. D. Minch and C. F. Hall, pastors at Hawley and Honesdale, Wayne county, were ordained November 16th and 17th. They expect to come back and finish their courses at Bucknell as soon as possible.

'86. The Plymouth Congregational church, of which W. C. Stinson is pastor, has issued a neat pamphlet containing officers, order of services and calendar of church. Rev. Stinson is also studying for a post-graduate degree at "Brown."

'86. The Mirror receives frequent congratulations from Alumni and former students. Among the last was a very kind letter from William A. Lewis, who is engaged with J. Thompson Brown & Co., of Richmond, Va., in real estate business.

'80. Rev. H. M. Wolf, Jr., pastor of the First Baptist church of Waterford, Conn., preached the Annual sermon before the New London Association, and was invited to take the position of State Missionary for the state of Connecticut. Owing to the special interest manifested in his church, a gain of fifty-six in membership during the past year, he refused to accept the call to a larger sphere.

'90. Rev. W. C. McNaul was ordained a few weeks ago as pastor of the Grace Baptist church, Chicago. The church occupies the building hitherto known as the Sacramento Avenue Mission on the street of that name, between Walnut and Lake. It organized, and was recognized by a council of the Baptist Association of Chicago a few weeks ago, Mr. McNaul having acted as its pastor while it was in the inchoate stage of a mission chapel. The new organization has about sixty members, and the earnest spirit that has characterized their efforts hitherto gives promise of growth into a strong and useful church.

College News.

TENNYSONIAN.

(With apologies to our readers.)

"Sunrise and chapel bell,
And one clear call," he said,
"And may my breakfast be indeed no sell,
If I get out of bed."

"Twilight and evening songs,
After that—polling,
And may there be no stiffening of our tongues
To-morrow's flunks consoling."
—*The Lafayette.*

One-sixteenth of America's college students are studying for the ministry.

The sum of eighty million dollars is annually paid in salaries to college professors.

$ympathizing $ubscribers $hould $end $ubstantial $uccor.—*Business Manager Exchange.*

"Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast gotten by working."—*Carlyle.*

It is said that for fifty years no smoker at Harvard has graduated with the honors of his class.

An organization of Spiritualists recently met at Liberal, Mo., and raised $100,000 for a Spiritualist college.

The good old times are no more. Between 1590 and 1680, 3,400 women were burned in Scotland for witchcraft.—*Ex.*

Of the 124 leading American colleges, the highest president's salary is $10,000; the lowest, $620; the average, $2,015.

This is a chestnut, but nevertheless it is good: "There are two boating associations here," wrote a Japanese student home, "called Yale and Harvard, and when it rains the members read books."—*Ex.*

ALAS! THE POOR GIRLS.—"There are in round numbers 3,000,000 young men of marriageable age in the United States, and a greater number of young ladies waiting to see what they are going to do."—*Ex.*

He—If you'll give me just one kiss, I'll never ask for another.

She—George, it's bad enough to tell a falsehood without insulting me at the same time.
—*Boston Transcript.*

A western man who was touring through the east, in passing a meadow, heard a driver say: "Abandon the direct progression to the straight thitherward, and deviate by inclinatory and aberrant dextrogyration into a dextral incidence." It was an amateur Boston farmer saying "Gee, Buck," to his yoke of oxen.—*Ex.*

How much a man is like his shoes!
For instance, both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned, both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right;
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need heeling, oft are sold,
And both in time will turn to mould.
With shoes, the last is first; with men,
The first shall be last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out, they're men dead, too.
—*Ex.*

Why is it that we hear so much fault-finding with the gym. drills? Will any one deny that physical training is of value to them? It is well for us to remember the inscription in the Greek room—"Body, mind and soul make the man." Perfect culture involves the training not only of our mental and spiritual natures, but also of the body. A strong, vigorous, healthy body is a priceless possession. None of us, after we have left college, want to be spoken of as "a cranium attached to a pair of legs"—a developed mind and an inferior body. Work faithfully in the gym. Don't cut drills! You will never, in after life, regret the time spent in building up your body.—*Lafayette.*

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVRESITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY 10, 1893. No. 6.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $2.50 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

JANUARY 10, 1894.

Editorial.

WE ARE GLAD to welcome Prof. Lincoln Hulley back into our midst. Under his leadership the new department of Hebrew and English Bible will take a prominent place in the college curriculum. The high esteem in which the Professor is held and the importance of these subjects in the minds of the student body is evidenced by the large number electing Hebrew and English Bible.

◆

THE nobility of many of our manufacturers is seen in their efforts to keep their works running even without profit or perhaps at a loss. The ethical problems suggested are many and deep-seated—as deep-seated in their final solution as the very corner-stones of government and the inmost springs of action in the individual soul. How far is wealth an individual possession to be selfishly used and increased? How far is it such from the standpoint of even-handed justice? Is it a treasure held in trust for society? If so, how far is it right to injure or diminish the efficiency of capital for the relief or prevention of present distress? Are we our brother's keeper?

◆

THE problems before our legislators and financiers are largely those of political economy. How to keep the mighty wheels of commerce and trade from ruinous stoppage and disuse. There are many men and many measures—much doctoring of symptoms. Some propose panaceas for all the ills of the body politic; some have one remedy, some another; some are uncertain what to propose. Between them all our country is ill, but shows signs of great vitality, and will donbtless recover in spite of all the dosing. Over-production, silver coinage, change of administration, free trade tendency of the dominant party, a periodic sickness, liquor consumption, etc., are all mentioned as the chief and only causes of the present distress. To the student there is offered a fine field for the application of scientific principles in reasoning. He must sift the evidence carefully, keep a sharp lookout for formal and material fallacies and be willing to suspend judgment where the evidence is insufficient.

◆

TO THE student there is no more productive or important field of study than that of economics. There are so many different leaders and such a difference of opinion on account of the complexity of the problems presented that the very best training of the judgment can be gained. A student, especially a college graduate in a republic, is and should be expected to have knowledge of the principles of political economy, and should be able and ready to express and enforce opinions upon topics of political economy and kindred subjects. The Mugwump and the independent voter is on the increase, which shows that people are beginning to think for themselves. They are tiring of being duped by the man who has an axe to grind. The ordinary bombastic, illogical, untruthful political harangue is losing its power. Men of intelligence and education in our cities are organizing into clubs for the discussion of measures important to the commonwealth and the enforcement and furtherance of good government. The scholar's day in politics is coming. It behooves us to be prepared to take the prominence in politics which our privileges render our obligation to society at large. There should be no shirking of duty on account of the reputed filthiness of the political field. If it is filthy, who can cleanse it but those who have knowledge, high principles and power?

◆

THE giving of credit in college records to the editors of college journals is receiving only a small part of the attention it deserves. With characteristic editorial modesty we have, heretofore, refrained from taking up, in our own behalf, either sword or pen, but as the question must sometime be settled, for the sake of those who may follow us, a few words may not be out of place.

As matters now stand the work of the editors is wholly without remuneration; it consumes time which students not thus engaged may put upon honor work, and it affords a practical training of which college records should take cognizance. Therefore, we think credit should be given for this as for other extra work.

A number of colleges recognize in some way the work done by students on their respective journals, and the basis of credit granted is generally seven hours a week for the chief editor and two hours each for his associates. This seems eminently just, and we earnestly recommend such a plan for adoption in our college. We believe that if credit were given, greater pains would be taken with the work, more students would be willing to devote their time and energies to it, and the standard of the college journal would be constantly raised.

◆

YALE, Harvard, Brown, Princeton, Leland Stanford, Cornell, University of Wisconsin, and University of Michigan now publish daily papers, and the University of Pennsylvania will begin the publication of one soon.—*Ex.*

Literary.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

DR. GEO. G. GROFF.

To-day, no intelligent person denies the value of physical culture. To college students, who have for years been confined in school rooms, and who yet look forward to years of confinement over their books, athletic sports are simply invaluable. These are intended to make the body strong, steady, supple, quick, accurate and beautiful, to increase its endurance, in a word, to give to the young man a harmonious physical organization. It is now believed that a strong mind should dwell in a strong body and that physical exercise promotes good digestion, good circulation, good assimilation, and a good working brain. Exercise in the open air is especially valuable to the student who spends the greater part of his time in a poorly ventilated, and generally overheated room. The eye, the ear, the hand, the nerves, the whole body should be trained in the athletic sports adopted by college students.

GOOD SPORTS.

There are many good sports. Some well known, others almost entirely unknown. The following are all believed to have points of merit, viz: *Tennis*, *cricket*, *rapid walking over fields and through woods*, *running*, *mountain climbing*, riding on horseback, riding the bicycle (when done properly,) *rowing*, *swimming*, *boxing and fencing*, *shooting with a rifle* or *bow and arrow*, base ball and foot-ball. No form of exercise has been found better to develope the bodies of young men than military drill, but this can scarcely be called a sport, though it is excellent exercise.

FOOT-BALL.

As the foot-ball season drew to a close the present year, a wave of indignation and disgust seemed to sweep over the Nation at the travesty of athleticism, and the mockery of education revealed in this game as now played. The press of the country, secular, religious and medical, all seemed united in condemning the game and in demanding that it be reformed or abolished. That it has become a rough and barbarous game is shown by the fact that some twenty-seven players are reported killed the present season in Great Britain and seven in the United States, besides a large number with limbs broken or sprained. A report of the last Yale–Harvard "battle" states that "Big *Acton*, of Harvard, to settle a dispute on the ground, caught *Beard* on the jaw with a right hander and brought him to the earth beautifully," and again, "*Thorne's* nose was broken, and blood gushed from his nose and mouth, dyeing the front of his jacket a bright crimson." From a recent article in THE MIRROR it appears to be stated that a Professor in the University of Chicago, and an Instructor in Bucknell University, both believe that *slugging* is justifiable, and may be *necessary* as the game is now played. The Hartford *Courant* gives this account of the death of the player White: "The heavy weights landed on White, who sank to the ground. A muffled, inarticulate sound was heard and White was felt to be limp. When the men had finally separated, White lay on the ground in a sort of crouching position, face down, with his head bent on his chest, apparently lifeless. The unfortunate player's face was livid and discolored as if by strangulation, with staring, sightless eyes and protruding tongue."

The *Nation*. in a recent editorial, says: "It is true that foot-ball is, has always been, and of necessity must always be, a rough game. There is a line, however, which separates roughness from brutality, and there are many lovers of the game who, after watching its recent developments with grave concern, believe that that line has been crossed. It is to them a matter of regret that the objections which have been urged against the game from the outset, have now such a solid foundation that they cannot be overlooked." The *New York Evening Post*, the journal *par excellence* of educated gentlemen, used these words of the game in general: "College foot-ball is fast becoming a national calamity. At Harvard, when the game stands highest, about twenty-five 'gladiators' monopolize the game. As a spectacle the game is only one degree removed from the prize fight, and nobody participates in it or looks on without finding his dislike for prize fights diminished and his respect for prize fighters increased."

An editorial in the *New York Independent*, the leading religious paper in America, states: "A form of exercise for bodily profit which results in such frequent and awful casualties is manifestly an absurdity. No possible advantage it possesses can compare for a moment with the injuries it involves. It is not play, but war; not athletics, but pugilistics; not an innocent, invigorating exercise, but a demoralizing and dangerous diversion. If it cannot be radically reformed it ought to be quickly abolished. Colleges ought to take the matter in hand without delay. Young men are not sent to them to be crippled or killed, or to be taught how to become gentlemanly ruffians. These intercollegiate contests are often not only gladiatorial shows, in which brutalities are given and taken, but occasions of rowdyism and dissipation." Col. Ernst, Superintendent West Point Military Academy, says: "It is doubtful, in my opinion, if the benefits derived from playing this game, which I am free to acknowledge are very considerable in some directions, are commensurate with the risks it entails to life and limb, which, according to statistics, are much greater than commonly supposed."

Athletic sports, to be of value to anyone, must be enjoyed. Of foot-ball, it may justly be said, very few men in a college play it. At Harvard it is said one hundred out of three thousand practice, and that twenty-five monopolize the game. At other colleges the same ratio is said to be held. It then is not valuable for physical development. Those who look on and howl are not benefitted, but rather the contrary. The game is not one that appeals to the esthetic nature. "What a spectacle is that quilted, betrodden, dishevelled, long-haired, begrimed, scarred foot-ball hero, who finds glory in a savage's scrimmage in the mud!"

Not only is the game to be condemned because of its roughness, but it has become a game of professionals, and is accompanied by betting and gambling, and this even on the grounds of professedly religious institutions. Worse still, the games are accompanied by drinking, debauchery and profanity. The editor of the *New York Independent* gives a personal experience: "In a western city the writer recently saw a mob of foot-ball victors take possession of a hotel, and hold it for an hour or more. They massed themselves in the spacious office, which guests could not enter, and yelled like mad men. Squads of uniformed youth from sixteen to twenty frequently visited the bar, and what they got there did not tend to reduce the noise and confusion."

The editor of the *Medical News*, in a telling editorial, remarks: "The beautiful games of cricket and base ball have, on the whole, been a blessing to the country; they are not brutal; they have large elements of skill and intellectuality in them; they encourage suppleness and all-round development of the body, of the senses, and of the mind. A 'scrub-game' by suburban boys, or even by street gamins, does not make the players worse than they naturally are, does not arouse all the fierce and brutal passions of the savage nature, none too easily held in control even by the best. But compare this with a foot-ball game by the same half-civilized or quarter civilized little savages, and one sees quickly the influence for evil of apparently so simple and small a thing as a game. If, governed by rigid rules and umpires, the presence of a vast, refined audience and the possession by the players of good home-training, education, and all that, the game results in charges and the facts of 'slugging,' and in passionate enmities and rivalries, what then is to be expected from its translation into the conditions of the alley, the vacant lot of the city outskirts, and 'played' by the most unregenerate types of human nature? Imitation is flattery—usually—but in this instance the flattery is nauseating even to the flattered. It is a cause of deep regret that we should approach the ideal of Rome in our national sports, rather than that of Greece, and it is especially significant when educators and universities show this tendency. One would not expect them to encourage gladiatorial rather than intellectual and truly athletic contests."

It has been affirmed in the public press during the past season, that following three intercollegiate games, the visiting teams have been threatened with mob violence, the mobs being composed partly of students and partly of lookers-on.

WHAT IS DEMANDED.

That the game be reformed, the brutality and debauchery entirely eliminated, and if this is not possible, then abolish from colleges which mean to maintain their self-respect and that of their patrons. The editor of *Harper's Weekly*, speaking to college Professors, says: "There loom up, side by side, with the growth of the game and the increasing interests, two evils which threaten not simply to dampen the enthusiasm but to entirely put a stop to the sport. These evils are brutal tactics on the part of the players, and drunkenness on the part of their supporters. Some day, in the near future, when a player falls, never to get up again, because his opponent, in the heat of the contest, has struck a little harder than he intended, you will seize the opportunity to say, 'No more foot-ball.' But the responsibility of that man's death will rest upon you." Addressing the same persons, the editor of the *Medical News* writes: "If reform is possible, it must follow:

1. That personal violence and injury must be stopped.
2. That no public matches must be allowed during term time.
3. That the first duty and function of a college being that of mental training, this during no day dare be subordinated to the rage for games and athletics.
4. The physical development of all students is to be encouraged, not the game-winning powers of a few.
5. An end must be made of rowdyism, drunkenness and gambling, in connection with, or as a result of the games.

"The aim of educators, so far as it relates to athletics, should be to give every student a rounded harmonious physical organization, not two train a dozen or two dozen semi-professionals (sometimes wholly professional except in name,) hired, bribed, or wheedled to attend the institution, to be a show-team, and win matches in order to attract students to the institution. The college that has not a splendid gymnasium, large enough for every one of its students, and a compulsory system of physical training for each, has little just claim upon parents or the public. The wise father, other things being equal, will send his son to the college that has the best general gymnasium and the poorest record in winning public athletic games."

The *Independent* says: "Any game that imperils life and limb, and gives occasion to brutality, dissipation and rowdyism is a positive wrong, and our colleges ought to be the first to find it out and condemn it. They are primarily halls of learning and discipline, not schools for physical contests more fatal than those of the prize ring. If the game is reformed it must be so reformed as to exclude brutalities; and college authorities ought to make a rule that it should be played only in college towns, on college grounds."

It is proper to state that the writer of this paper has not witnessed a game of foot-ball for several years. Believing that the game tends in the same direction as the prize ring and the race course, he has avoided it. For all the statements made the authority has been given. It is not to be understood that any of the above written is in condemnation of any college team. It is the game as played, and not the players, to which reference is made.

Lewisburg, Pa.

THE JEALOUSY OF OTHELLO.

Humanity is frail. No man, however good, true and noble, is perfect. And Shakspeare in holding the mirror up to nature reflects not alone one side of man's character, but every part. He reveals the grandest moods and the lowest passions; the most lofty thoughts and the basest desires. In short, he shows us men as they are and as we know them. In dramatizing Cinthio's story the same faithfulness to nature is distinctly outlined. Othello is a man Noble it is true; with high desires and a trusting love, but yet with all the weakness and proneness to err in judgment to which humanity is heir. And the great crime he is led to commit affords an opportunity to study character as seen and understood by the greatest of English writers.

The chief characteristic in this wonderful tragedy is the growth and final consummation of that "green-eyed monster, which doth mock the food it feeds on." Let us then examine the reasons for Othello's change of feeling toward the beautiful Desdemona, and look for a moment at the results.

The elements of Othello's character afford us a clue. For in these we may discover the vulnerable points—the places open to the enemy's attack. Othello was of high-born nature. Being himself noble and above suspicion, he did not look deeply enough into the characters of those about him. Like many we still meet, knowing himself worthy of trust, thought that others were likewise incapable of betraying confidence. Iago says of him:

"The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so:
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are."

And again he is obliged to confess that

"The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature."

This very trust—this frankness of nature was exhibited most freely towards the one most undeserving of such confidence. That Othello believed in Iago's integrity is shown by frequent allusions to him as "a man of honesty and trust," and "Iago is most honest." Iago himself says: "He holds me well; the better shall my purpose work on him." It was through this trustfulness—the object of Iago's contempt—that Othello was to receive the fatal poison. Othello's trust is shown also toward Desdemona. "My life upon her faith," he exclaims when the first shadow of suspicion is sent flitting across his path, and it is only when proofs seem overwhelming that he believes her faithless.

Nor was he naturally jealous, for he says:

"Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme."

He is proud and self-reliant. When besought to go into the presence of Desdemona's father and friends to conciliate them, he says:

"Not I; I must be found;
My parts, my title and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly."

And as the old Senator threatens him while crying, "down with him—thief," he exhibits beautifully, almost sarcastically, his self-command in the words, "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them."

With this brief examination of Othello's character we are somewhat prepared to examine more closely the machinations of Iago. This character, unique in wickedness and treachery, is frequently compared with Milton's Satan, though much less noble in purposes and methods. More closely does he resemble the Mephistophiles of Faust, if the supernatural aids employed by Goethe, are omitted. Accomplished, courteous, wise, he debases all good qualities "the genuine devil to play." It has been urged as a criticism that Iago does not have sufficient motive for the villainous part assigned him. He does appear the incarnation of evil, but as Coleridge expresses it, "a being next to devil, and only not quite devil, and yet a character which Shakspeare has attempted and executed without scandal."

Acting then with almost "motiveless malignity," Iago sets forth to destroy happiness scarcely less than that upon which Satan gazed in the world's first paradise. He looks upon the scene of gladness and joy and remorselessly exclaims:

> . . . . . "O, you are well tuned now!
> But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
> As honest as I am."

Disliking the Moor he seeks to destroy him, and destroy him through his affections. He was well acquainted with Othello's character, as indeed he knew all with whom he dealt. This is shown in the sentence: "I have't; it is engender'd." With consummate skill he works upon the feelings of Othello and plots to

> "Put the Moor
> At least into a jealousy so strong
> That judgment cannot cure,"

and uses for this purpose the most trifling circumstances, weaving them into a web of evidence so strong that there is no escape. He believes and proves that

> "Trifles light as air
> Are to the jealous confirmations strong
> As proofs of Holy Writ."

And taking his first cue from Brabantio, "She has deceived her father and may thee," by various hints and insinuations, hesitatingly made, of course, he arouses Othello's suspicion of Desdemona and Cassio and allows himself to be drawn into making lying statements with such a semblance of truth that both are compromised; and Othello, crazed with doubt and suspicion, determines to end the life of her whom he believes unfaithful.

Desdemona's confidence in the Moor is implicit; her love for him, perfect. On these grounds—believing her confidence and love fully reciprocated, as indeed they were at first—we may account for some of her actions which to an untrusting mind might be suspicious. Her solicitations for her former lover, the dishonored Cassio, are real and earnest, but in them is nothing to arouse the jealousy of an unprejudiced mind. She believes her

> "Noble Moor
> As true of mind, and made of no such baseness
> As jealous creatures are."

In the conversation concerning the handkerchief, that ensues between Othello and herself, she is frightened both by her husband's manner and the story in regard to its ill-omened loss, into a series of equivocations mingled with pleadings for Cassio's reinstatement that only entangled both more thoroughly in the meshes Iago has woven for them. Later she protests her entire innocence of any crime or unrighteous thought toward him. But in vain; the poison has done its work; in Othello's eyes not only is she herself dishonored, but his own fair name,

> "That was as fresh
> As Dian's visage is now begrimed and black
> As mine own face."

To Iago he explains his feelings and divulges his plans in a beautiful figure:

> "Like to the Pontick sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on
> To the Propontick and the Hellespont;
> Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
> Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
> Till that a capable and wide revenge
> Swallow them up."

After this vow is accomplished; when Iago's treacherous deceit is fully exposed and Desdemona's purity proved, the remorse of Othello is pitiful to see. Just before taking his life he accuses himself of being

> "One, whose hand,
> Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
> Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd
> eyes,
> Albeit unused to the melting mood,
> Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinable gum."

The sad ending of this marvelous tale may lead us to judge Othello too harshly. But let us put ourselves in his place. Not thoroughly acquainted with all the customs of the Venetians, when Iago speaks of certain covert and deceptive practises which only heaven sees, Othello's curious suspicion is naturally aroused and sustained. Of different race and accordingly thought inferior—for what nation does not believe in its own superiority?—he the more readily, through cognizance of this belief, falls into Iago's trap. His confidence so basely betrayed; his trust in humanity so rudely shaken; his love turned to hate; his sweetness to gall—what wonder he was driven to end the whole affair by a wicked murder that others be not likewise deceived. Coleridge has said, "Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did." So then we must pity, rather than condemn, the victim of worse than devil, and hold up to execration him through whose devilish designs the happiness of others is ruined.

Athletics and Chess.

Bromley Smith, '95, has been appointed, by certain persons connected with the University, as special trainer of track athletics. It is desirable that he will receive the hearty co-operation of all the students in order that talent may be developed in this line. By this means we hope to have better records on field day.

The annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held in Euepia Hall on Saturday, December 9, for the purpose of electing the officers of the association and electing managers for the various athletic teams. The election, which was very close, resulted in the selection of Portser, '96, as base ball manager, and Cregar, '95, as foot-ball manager. The revision and adoption of the constitution was left until a special meeting in January.

Bucknell came out quite well in athletics last season, as is shown in the foot-ball scores. The season was one of great benefit to the students and University. Two games with University of Pennsylvania and Lehigh were cancelled on account of confusion of dates. Financially, the management was not only out of debt, but had a balance in the treasury. Below are the games played by the University teams: Bucknell 10, Shamokin 6; Bucknell 6, Franklin and Marshall 10; Bucknell 23, Gettysburg 0; Bucknell 0, Swarthmore 36; Bucknell 26, Haverford 0; Bucknell 18, State College 36; Bucknell 20, Dickinson 12. Second team 6, Williamsport 0; Academy 6, Selinsgrove 0; Academy 32, Bloomsburg Normal 6.

Local.

How did you spend your vacation?

Loomis, '95, has joined Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Eddie Kendall has been initiated into Phi Kappa Psi.

The Y. M. C. A. work needs your support; you need its aid.

Messrs. Sigmond and Megargee assisted at a concert held in the Methodist church, Friday, December 8.

During the holidays Bucknell boys were quite numerous in Philadelphia.

E. C. Kunkle was engaged in evangelistic work in Williamsport during the vacation.

Robert E. Speer says that the Young Men's Christian Association is simply a part of the church at work.

Miss Goddard, '97, spent a few days of her Christmas vacation with her class-mate, Miss Nellie Taylor.

With the advent of the winter term Prof. Caterall returns to finish his course at the University of Chicago.

Friday evening, December 8, the college girls gave their annual reception to the Senior Sem's and gentlemen from the hill.

T. S. Fretz conducted a series of meetings near his home. Several of his friends and relatives were led to begin the Christian life.

Amos Williams spent the last week of the term watching his sister at the Seminary. She was the victim of a very severe attack of the "grip."

It is to be hoped that those who are musically inclined will soon unite in some organization. The Sigma Alphs have started a banjo and guitar club.

Gymnasium work begins in earnest this term. There is no better way to clear out the cobwebs from one's upper story than to take regular and systematic exercise.

The following was overheard on the train: He (college man,) "Whom did you get to darn your mitten so nicely?" She (fair sem.) "I did it." He, "It's darned good."

Cober, '96, has moved his family from Lewisburg to Newberry, where he has been called as pastor of the Baptist church. Mr. Cober will continue his studies, however.

"Nine nights from to night,
I hugged her so tight,"

said he, with that far-away look which seemed to indicate that the speaker was indulging in a day-dream.

T. S. Fretz and other Bucknell students attended a musical entertainment during the holidays given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. There were nearly one hundred instruments.

On the morning of December 7, a fire was discovered in the house of President Harris, by Harvey Marsh. The young man battled heroically with the flames until help arrived, when they were extinguished. The damages, at present unknown, are wholly covered by insurance.

The prevalence of "la grippe," colds, whooping cough and general debility, was never so marked in college as it has been this fall term. A great number of remedies were used by the boys, some even trying faith-cure. That the ailments were sympathetic and contagious was shown by the number of cases at the Institute.

Prof. Perrine preached at Birmington, Huntingdon county, December 10. He was entertained at Mountain Seminary, of whose teachers and surroundings he speaks in the highest terms. This institution has a remarkable history, in that it has been under one management for over thirty years, and has always maintained a high standard, attracting the young ladies of Presbyterian families. Miss Lida Bell is a graduate of this Seminary.

The first annual Junior debate was held in Theta Alpha Hall, Friday evening, December 8, before Rev. J. Summerbell, Rev. Judd and Mr. Gundy. Both sides of the question, *Resolved*, "That the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States is advisable," had been prepared by the debators. The sides were given just before speaking. Of the twelve who spoke the following eight were chosen to speak during the winter term: Messrs. Allen, Jackson, Kendall, Paullin, Pease, Schuyler, Sheddan and Smith.

Saturday evening, December 9, the Sophomore class gave a prize contest in declamation in Bucknell Hall. The program, arranged by Prof. Phillips, was as follows:

Music—First Movement of the First Symphony	—*Mozart*.
Misses E. Faust and N. Suiter.	
Prayer	Rev. H. H. Henry.
Music—Violin Solo with Piano Accompaniment	—*Bohm*.
Miss Louise Lawshe.	
Thrilling Sketch	S. R. Wood.
Eva's Death	T. L. Joseph.
Grant's Private Life	F. W. Brown.
Music—Thou Art Mine All	*Brawsky*.
Miss Jennie Davis.	
A Terrible Experience	D. F. Finn.
Studying for the Contest	B. B. Ware.
Music—Caprice Aerien	*Wollenpaupt*
Miss Juliet Aikin.	
The Battle of Waterloo	J. W. Davis.
The Apple Tree and the Borer	H. F. Colestock.
Music—Grand Air of Barbiere di Siviglia	— *Rossini*.
Miss Mary Morgan.	

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Mrs. Jennie Katherman Cross, class of '88, writes: "I will not engage a room for my daughter just now. If she enjoys her school-life at Bucknell Institute as much as I did, and carries away pleasant recollections, and ambitions for something better, she will have used her time well."

An operetta, "Enthusiast," upon which the Choral Union so faithfully practised last term, will be presented in Bucknell Hall the latter part of January. A definite date has not yet been arranged. A small admittance fee will be charged, and the proceeds given to a worthy object.

For some time past the Current News club has been battling with the momentous and complex "Silver Question." Dr. Perrine finally came to the rescue, by kindly giving a lecture before the club, on Monday evening, December 4 The perplexities and doubts existing in the minds of many, were largely dispelled by this practical and suggestive talk.

Friday evening, December 8, was the occasion of a "preliminary examination," presided over by the college girls, in the Institute parlors. Those summoned to present themselves hied thither with fluttering hearts (not of the kind that ordinary "exams" induce,) and hasty footsteps. The subjects included History, Botany, Physiology, Geography, Geometry and even Psychology. All were exceedingly anxious to "pass," and many begged for an extension to the "time limit." Refreshments were served during and after labor.

Miss Mary R. James, Ex. '78 Institute, who had been attending Cook County Normal, Chicago, died at that place and was buried at Lewisburg, December 11, 1893. She was a daughter of Prof. C. S. James, and had been engaged in teaching nearly all her life; having taught in Monongahela College while her father was president of that institution. Her funeral brought to Lewisburg many old friends of the University, including Rev. J. Sexon James, '68; C. R. James, Esq., '75, and Mrs. Alice J. Chambers, '74 Institute.

A delightful reception was given on Tuesday evening, December 12, in the Institute parlors, by the Bucknell Alumnæ club, of Lewisburg, to a number of their friends, including the class of '94. An interesting program was prepared, and the meeting was presided over by Mrs. S. D. Bates, the president of the club. The topic for discussion was "An hour with the Moors." A story of a Moorish Princess, was read by Ruth Sprague, from Irving's famous "Tales of the Alhambra," and a paper by Mrs. Loomis, entitled "Moorish Architectures." This paper especially deserves mention, for the valuable information given in a pleasing style. Mary Butler, class of '93, had a carefully prepared paper on "Social Life of the Moors." Photographs of a Moorish palace and architecture were then shown by Prof Owens. The program was ended by a talk from Mrs. Larison on "Characteristics of the Moors," after which a dainty lunch was served by the young ladies of the club. Some time was spent in social intercourse, and all departed feeling that it had been an evening "long to be remembered."

The following is an extract from a letter concerning the meeting of the Bucknell Alumnæ club of Philadelphia, in November: "As you know from the invitations, Miss Cora G. Reese was to have been the guest of the club. She was unable to be present owing to her work, but sent her paper which Mrs. Spratt read. The paper was a section of the one that Miss Reese read before the Woman's Congress, in Chicago, last summer. It was a strong, well written paper, and made the rest of us ordinary mortals more ordinary than ever when it was time to read our feeble productions. After the reading of Miss Reese's paper, Mrs. Tustin was called. Her subject was 'Institute girls in the good old days.' She began by saying that it was eminently fitting that she—one of the good old 'girls'—should have been given the subject assigned to her. 'For,' said she, 'all the girls were good in the 'good old days.' ' Then in a simple and pleasing way she told of many of her experiences at the Institute. Now and then a touch of humor, or some playful reference to some of the pleasures of those youthful days added greatly to the interest. It was especially gratifying to me, having experienced so recently all those delights which girls only enjoy, to feel that other girls, even so long ago, indulged in many of the frivolities that we did. Mrs. Suiter read a pager on 'Educated Women as Leaders.' Mrs. Suiter's comparisons between the educated woman in the home and one who is not educated, were clear cut and forcible. Mrs. Wakeland and Jessie Jones spoke on 'Our Alma Mater.' 'How can we help her?' Miss Reed read some items of interest concerning 'Bucknell of to-day.' My own paper was on 'College Women at Bucknell.' "

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

Mr. J. Elmer Saul is married.

Mr. Elmer E. Conrath was married Dec. 28.

Mr. James Hobbins spent his vacation at school.

We are glad to have Mr. Meeker with us again.

Mr. McCrea, Ex. '93, is now a Freshman in Haverford College.

The "grip" made its talons felt upon Prof. Stewart and others of the Academy during vacation.

Prof.—"What can you tell of the Invisible Spectrum?"

Student—(after pondering)—"You can't see it."

A band known as the "Christmas Band," consisting of Messrs. Crawford, Sprague, Harvey, Dutton, Giffin and Cleeland, were out during the Christmas holidays, under the auspices of the State Y. M. C. A.

The nature of the "Band's" work was purely evangelical. Mr. Chas. Harvey was appointed leader, and was ably assisted in his efforts by a quartette composed of Messrs. Crawford, Dutton, Sprague and Cleeland. The first place visited was Plymouth, Pa. Here the band did very efficient work and was well received and entertained by the town people; quite a number of conversions resulted.

The next and final town visited was Tunkhannock, Pa. Here also a number of people were converted and an intense religious spirit was aroused among the church people of the town.

Personal.

'60. Rev. James H. Marr, for thirteen years pastor of the Beacon Presbyterian Church, Cumberland and Cedar streets, recently preached his farewell sermon to that church.

'64. Rev. C. A. Stone closed his pastorate at Walton, N. Y., on Sunday, November 12th. During his pastorate the church has made much progress, having been increased by 121 additions.

'65. Rev. E. E. Jones, of Elizabeth, N. J., has accepted a call to Clinton, N. J.

Ex. '67. Ex-Mayor Merritt, of Reading, is a candidate for Superintendent of the Mint. He is ably supported by Representatives Erdman and Reilly, and is making his race as a compromise between the contending elements.

'72. Dr. Albert Foster is receiving very hearty support from his church at Roseville, N. J. The church building has recently been remodeled.

'84. Rev. A. W. Hand, pastor of the church at Keene, N. H., has been assisted in revival work by Mr. Geil, of Doylestown, Pa. The pastor baptized twenty-seven on November 19th.

'84. M. W. Shreve is reading law in addition to carrying on an extensive carriage and wagon business in Union City, Pa.

The annual meeting and banquet of the Bucknell University Club of Philadelphia was held on the evening of December 4 at the Collonade Hotel. Among those present were President John H. Harris, Ph. D., LL. D, of the University; Harry S. Hopper, President of the Board of Trustees;

the Rev. D. P. Leas and Dr. J. K. Weaver, of Norristown, also members of the Board; the Revs. Lemuel Moss, D. D., H. L. Wayland, D. D., J. G. Walker, D. D., W. H. Conard, D. D., J. W. Willmarth, D. D., LL. D., Thomas A. Gill, D. D., Chaplain United States Navy. George Morris Phillips, Ph. D., President of the club, was in the chair, and the divine blessing was invoked by Dr. Willmarth. After dinner President Harris was introduced and made an address. He said that in the Senior class this year there are thirty, and it is considered an exceptionally strong class. There are now demands on the University for broadening the curriculum. There are not many colleges of that size which are doing as much work in English as Bucknell. He was in favor of the study of the classic languages, which are not dead, but living. With the English language come English ideas and English thought. He had been exceedingly gratified by the interest taken by the alumni. General Merrill was called on, and made a few remarks. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Wayland, who said the institution had greatly prospered. Chaplain Gill called attention to the necessity of having a separate building for the library and additional ground for the enlargement of the campus. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. J. K. Weaver; Vice President, Chaplain T. A. Gill; Secretary, the Rev. R. B. McDanel; Treasurer, Dr. C. B. Lowe; Chairman of Executive Committee, the Rev. B. MacMackin.

College News.

FIRST DOWN.

He was a foot-ball player,
  She a maiden petite,
He had a struggling mustache,
  Which, of course, he thought was neat.
She was a bit sarcastic
  And only laughed at the frown
That spread upon his countenance,
  When she asked "Is it first down?"
—*Lafayette.*

At the University of Wisconsin a rank of 85 per cent. in daily or term work exempts a student from examination.—*Ex.*

Lines written on hearing of the singing of the Doxology by the Princeton team after the Thanksgiving game:

What news is this! Ye gods and little fishes!
  The Tigers singing the Doxology.
Old Harry can quote Scripture, but oh! this is
  Too great a problem for theology.
—*The Scribbler.*

Two annuals will be published by the Seniors of the University of Michigan, one by the fraternity men and the other by the non-fraternity men.

The annual meeting of the Central Inter-Collegiate Press Association was held at Lancaster in the parlors of the American House on Saturday, December 9. The principal item of business was the adoption of a new constitution. It was also decided to hold all subsequent meetings in Philadelphia, unless otherwise ordered, for special reasons. After dinner the following papers were read: "Journalism in the College Curriculum," by T. K. Smith, of *Red and Blue*, University of Pennsylvania; "Should Editors Be Elected by Popular Vote, or on Account of Competitive Work?" J. Travis Smith, of *Georgetown* (D. C.) *College Journal*; "Should a College Publication Be Issued on Individual Responsibility, or on the Basis of Student Body Authority?" M. L. Trexler, of Muhlenberg College, Allentown; "Should a Monthly Be Literary, or for News?" Herman Conrow, of *Swarthmore Phoenix*, Swarthmore; "The Future of Journalism," Percy L. Hansel, of *The Lafayette*, Lafayette College, Easton; "How to Maintain a High Literary Standard," A. O. Reiter, of *College Student*, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. MacDaniel, Dickinson; Vice President, H. Conrow, Swarthmore; Secretary, M. L. Trexler, Muhlenberg; Treasurer, P. L. Hansel, Lafayette. *Mercersburg Monthly*, of Mercersburg College, represented by W. E. Hoffheins, was admitted to the association after considerable discussion, it being objected to as being only a preparatory college. BUCKNELL MIRROR was represented at this meeting by the editor in-chief.

◆

THE MIRROR is on file at the editorial rooms of the University Review, 236 Fifth Avenue, New York, where all college men are given a hearty welcome.

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1894

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY 25, 1894. No. 7.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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Terms.--Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $2.50 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law The Mirror will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, Bucknell Mirror, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

JANUARY 25, 1894.

Editorial.

Whatever may be said about the criticisms of foot-ball offered in the article on "College Athletics" published in our last issue, they represent the opinions of cool, impartial men, men of experience, whose opinions are of weight and not to be gainsaid. Let our own men speak on the subject, if they will, especially those with ankles permanently enlarged or who have been limping around with a cane for months at a time.

◆

At our next election we should be glad to see a full turnout of all the members ot the Association. Let all come with no interest paramount to the success of Bucknell Mirror, no party or faction but one, and that Bucknell College, no candidates but those chosen on the ground of fitness, all friendship and social affiliations disregarded. The formation of one party compels the formation of another, and parties formed within social lines are especially jealously watched by those outside, preventing some, perhaps, from holding positions justly their due. Come, help in the election, and if your candidate does not win, acquiesce to the will of the majority and help on to higher success.

◆

Probably before our next issue is out and read, another Mirror election will take place. There are important offices to be filled, and perhaps of most importance is that of business manager. The Mirror's financial success during a period of business depression and in spite of the increased cost of bi-monthly issues, has been due in no small measure to the hearty, persevering, efficient labors of our business manager, A. C. Lathrop. We need another man just as good to take his place. Upon whom shall the mantle fall?

◆

If any of our scientific friends feel generously disposed towards our College and feel like giving substantial proof of their generosity, they cannot do it in any better way than by presenting the College with much needed apparatus for the work in Organic Science, in Physics, or more advanced chemical work. Our College has passed the day when mere illustrative apparatus for the lecture table answers the purpose. What we need is modern accurate apparatus for exact scientific work. We have some, but like all other growing colleges we want more. Many of the older graduates visit us and seeing what we have, speak of the advantages we have over them; but, gentlemen, we are no better off now than you were then. Our needs have increased and faster than our advantages.

◆

A liberty in conduct towards each other is accorded to college students which is not given to other citizens. Its origin doubtless dates back to the days when the university faculties had civil authority and sat in judgment in cases of minor offences.

In most American colleges the same freedom from the ordinary restraints of law obtains, in some cases without any judicial oversight or executive higher than opinion among the student body This is, when sifted to its bottom, a high, noble and powerful court. And where else, pray tell, if not in our colleges, should we find a body of men capable of self government? The public demands more of colleges to-day than heretofore. It demands that in public and private the same decorous conduct, the same respect for the rights of personal liberty and of property be rendered by college men and between college men as by ordinary citizens and between ordinary citizens. This is not asking much, it is simply asking that each retain the same regard for law and the rights of others which he had on entering college, and that he do not turn ruffian because he is in college and is one of a class. The past few years have seen quite an advance in this line, but the old spirit still crops out occasionally.

It must stop, if not by the authority of the student body, there are those who are ready and willing to carry such matters into the civil courts. The time has come when any student or body of students who shall appeal to the courts to sustain them in enjoyment of their personal rights, will have the support of the public and of the better element among the student body. Don't interpret this to mean that there shall be no fun, no inter-class contests in college. The demand is simply that at all times, and in all places, and all respects we be gentlemen, respecting the rights of others and defending our own.

Literary.

MY WIFE.

[THE MIRROR cannot be responsible for the peculiarities of sentiment or composition found in a manuscript of the 21st century. We give it just as found.]

My wife is a hustler. She can transact more business in an hour than most women in three. Since taking the seat in Congress, to which she was elected last Fall, she has been devoting her energies mainly to one object, namely, some recognition at the polls for us poor, down-trodden mortals, the men. And only two nights ago as she was departing for Washington, laden with an immense roll of manuscript and an important-looking grip, she gave me a flying good-bye kiss and said, "I will strike a blow in your behalf. Your own wife will take the shackles from your fettered wrists. The women shall not domineer altogether over the men." Ever since I have been idly dreaming of by-gone events and great things to come from those prophetic words in the future.

I like my wife pretty well, which, perhaps, is natural. Her liveliness, her wit, her ability in debate or public speech especially charm me. Her deep contralto voice is in striking contrast to my piping tenor and is the very thing that elicited my admiration while I was attending the Young Men's Institute where we first met. Now, since I am indulging in reminiscences, I am tempted to disclose a few matters concerning our courtship and marriage which heretofore have remained quite secret.

Let me see—mother sent me to the Institute in the fall of 2043—yes, and that very first term, we, our class, held a reception. The girls invited to be present were chosen from those attending the College nearby and had to be approved by the long, lank, white-whiskered dominie who constituted our principal. Ah! I can see them now as they came trooping into the parlors. I was on the committee of reception that evening and I remember that my heart fluttered just a trifle as a certain guest took my little gloved hand in her own strong and white one. I had sent furtive sidelong glances at her during some of the daily chapel services, but one could not commit such a breach of propriety openly without being campused for a week. Even in those stolen glances, however, I had conceived a liking for her. I thought of her in secret as my heroine. And now this evening how handsome she was! Stylishly dressed in velvet corduroy knickerbockers with silver (perhaps only silver plated) knee buckles, dark velvet coat, snow white dress shirt with great wide frills, wider ruff lying loosely over the shoulders, immaculate cuffs and a jaunty cap above the closely cropped curly hair, she was worthy of anyone's admiration. Black silk stockings and highly polished low shoes completed the attire. Is it any wonder that the rate of my heart beats was increased by two?

Girls have so much freedom in dress. Now we boys could wear only the long regulation frock, fitting close to the chin and surmounted by a narrow upright collar, with a double row of large buttons straight down the front and having large side pockets. I once read, while at the Institute, a book which asserted that formerly men wore trousers, literally and figuratively, but that near the beginning of the 20th century a certain fashionable class of men, called dudes, wore very long frock coats which gradually lengthened into the present frock. At the same time the women who had been hampered for centuries with dresses began to wear divided skirts and similar dresses to enable them to ride bicycles and horseback, and to give them more freedom in general. Thus their present attire was developed. About the same period, the book continued, Women's Rights Associations were formed to secure the right to vote, which previously had been denied. Then, too, they pushed forward in many trades and the liberal professions that many men were forced to withdraw from them in order to save their homes and to properly rear the children now neglected by the women. Finally winning a working majority in Congress they speedily passed laws effectually retiring men to the seclusion of the kitchen or drawing-room. Our principal, Master Squeaks, came into my room rather suddenly while I was reading this, took up the book, knit his brows while looking at it, gravely pushed his bony fingers through his long white whiskers, then turned his eyes on me and solemnly said: "This is the merest nonsense. All such theories have long ago been proved the most absurd myths. Men always have worn dresses or similar garments, as is proved by the statues of the ancient Greeks and Romans. And as for managing government affairs, ever since Eve made Adam eat the apple, woman has bossed every job of any importance. History, poetry, fiction, all prove this. Why sir, it's heaven-ordained; so what's the use of objecting? You must not read such trash or you'll not be reconciled to your sphere in life." So he went away with the ill-fated book and I've not seen it since.

But this digression on dress and government has taken my thoughts away from the reception. These dreams are such vagaries! I knew I had won her that evening, for she told me so much of her past history and plans for the future. She was earning her way through College. The summer previous she was conductor on one of the air ships that make a daily trip between Manhatten and Chicago. Although this was quite remunerative, it proved disagreeable. One day while rounding the projecting point of a cyclone, the blizzard nearly scalped her—the wind was so sharp. Her hair was almost immediately restored by electric air draughts—a treatment in which currents of air, highly charged with electricity, are forced on the affected places—but the romance of the situation was completely taken away. For the next summer she expected a position on the Pneumatic Tube Line which makes ten minute trips between St. Louis and San Francisco. And I may add parenthetically that she gained this position and filled it with credit and profit. I cannot tell all we talked of that evening, but I was charmed with her conversation and we parted on very good terms. I had to give my consent to have her call if Master Squeaks would permit. I did often wish that boys could earn their education. But society is very strict on such matters; boys must be dependent on the incomes of their mammas, and any attempt to free themselves is frowned down as ungentlemanlike.

Our acquaintance ripened into friendship, our friendship became courtship and then—well you know what usually follows. There was scarcely anything of importance to interfere with the natural sequence of events. One young man, however, frequently cast sheep eyes at my sweet-heart and perhaps had designs for by conversation I learned that nearly all young men preferred to be married, accepting the undoubted cares and responsibilities of married life, rather than undergo the uncertain livelihood of "single blessedness." But my rival was a strict adherent to society rules and according to the code no young man could make any advances to a lady, all overtures must come from the opposite sex as was natural and right. Society was very strict on this point also, so beyond a few incidents which I cannot now relate, I was confirmed in my sweetheart's regard. And when school days were over and Ethel established in a nice law practice, we were quietly married.

I frequently heard my mother say that in the days of her youth there were competitive examinations to determine whether the name of the man or of the woman should survive as the family name. By some means, however, the women came out victorious so often that all competition was finally dropped and the woman's name taken by silent consent. Thus my name from the plain Master James Watts became Mister Ethel Dagomarsh. We have had a pleasant wedded life so far. To be sure mending Ethel's socks and sewing buttons on her shirts become monotonous at times and I often sigh for the time when men shall have their rights, though I don't know who'll do the mending then. But I am sure through our Men's Rights Associations and the interposition of right-minded women, as my wife, there are brighter days for us in the fut——

The sudden entrance of my wife speedily brought an end to my day-dreaming. "We've won," she shouted, "freedom is come at last ; the first blow for universal liberty is struck. My bill granting men the right to vote on all matters affecting their own real estate was passed almost unanimously. Hurrah ! But," she slowly added with a puzzled look, "not-many-men-own-real-estate."

THE "EVE" OF PARADISE LOST.

Hawthorne's "New Adam and Eve" in their first day's experience comprehended only the natural. Yet, one feels that toward the close of this day they were beginning to exercise art, and had the second day of roaming been granted them, doubtless art would have so developed that their minds would have ceased longing so much for the clouds and canopy above, and striven more for the unveiling of the many peculiar phenomena which they encountered.

Milton's "Adam and Eve" were in their first days delighted and absorbed only with the natural ; the fruit, flowers, birds, sun, moon and stars, along with mutual adoration was their soul joy. Art, however, soon found its way into their hearts, and especially that of Eve's ; for, had it not, she would never have desired to leave the side of Adam, and to test whether or not she was vulnerable to the darts of the "malicious foe," if perchance she should meet him. We are glad that art is possible ; for, were it not, Adam and Eve would have been as servile as the beasts which were put under their dominion.

It is noteworthy that this art was first developed by Eve ; and though it deceived her, we cannot commend Adam as being of better judgment and more sagacious, for the reason that after Eve's fall he says,

> "And me with thee have ruined, for with thee
> Certain my resolution is to die."

We may eulogize him for this act, but what more? Was he in duty bound to Eve more than to the Almighty, who had first and personally forbidden to him this tree of knowledge? He also had spoken to Eve about the "One Easy Prohibition," yet was the second to disregard it, and with much less persuasion than it took the crafty serpent to beguile Eve. Adam was as weak as Eve but not so curious.

But we must away from opposite sex comparison and look at Eve from the standpoint of true womanhood. To compare her with the heroines of Homer or Virgil might be well were they not, as the epics themselves, for a single race of people ; while Eve, as also the entire Paradise Lost, is for all human kind. However, it will be proper and just to place Eve beside our natural woman, remembering all the while that she represents womankind, and see whether or not Milton merits praise from this character.

Physically we see her formed,

> "For softness and sweet attractive grace,"

And,

> "She, as a veil down to her slender waist,
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore
> Dishevelled, but in wanton wringlets waved."
> "Under his forming hand a creature grew,
> * * * * so lovely fair,
> That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now
> Mean" * * * * *

Mentally, from Adam's lips, she is so cultured,

> * * "That what she wills to do or say
> Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

She was sufficiently modest and

> * * "Would be wooed, and not unsought be won."

These characteristics are well taken, for we cannot think of the second of creation having other than a perfect physical form, an intellectual cast, a modest demeanor.

If there is anything faulty in the Eve of Paradise Lost, of course, the defect belongs to Milton. The great criticism brought against this character is her being deceived, by a serpent, after having had the frightful dream and also the admonitions from Adam. Now to any thoughtful person, it is known that Eve must be deceived, and that by a serpent, because it is so recorded in the Biblical record. No, Milton cannot be censured here unless we say that he should not have caused the serpent to trouble Eve by the dream, thus making the danger so plain. This argument, however, would be very flimsy ; for, then, a poet would not be allowed to indulge his imagination, and imagination is the half of any poetry, especially of epic. How otherwise could Milton have revealed the art and craft of Satan? How could he have introduced those thrilling, tremulous words of Eve relating the dream, or, those kind, warning, tender, sympathetic replies of Adam? Had Eve not experienced this terrible dream, Milton could not have given us the controversy which arose between our first parents, so full of judgment, not of passion; which was conducted with such reason, not with excitement. Addison says, "From the few particulars" (gathered from Genesis) "Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. It seems to be a complete and full relation of what the other is only an epitome."

We must bear in mind that Eve, as well as Adam, never did unnatural things, as did the Messiah, the Angels and Satan. So then if Eve acted conformably to the woman as we know her, Milton surely merits praise.

We will show that Eve did this, and exquisitely too, in four different ways. (1) Her entire subjectiveness, (2) her desire after a time to have her own way, and being deceived, (3) exulting in her folly until fully realizing her guilt, and then (4) repenting only as woman can.

Listen to the submissive, compliant, humble speeches of Eve, pulling, we sometimes think, wool over the eyes of Adam.

"* * * * O thou for whom
And from whom I was formed flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him, indeed, all praises owe,
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds."

Again after Adam has told Eve the need of retiring, and the amount of work necessary to be done on the following day, Eve, docile creature, replies,

"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st,
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains,
God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

In this next speech of Eve, while showing the recognition of Adam's superiority, still indicates her charming art.

"Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan, yet me thought less fair,
* * * * * * * * *
Than that smooth watery image."

but when

* * "Thy gentle hand
Seized mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

Secondly, we are led to believe that Adam made too much of a baby of Eve. He wanted her by his side, fearing lest she pricked her fingers ; but there were no thorns, you say? Well then, possibly, she might faint. No *woman* to-day will be so babied by her husband, neither would Eve. She did not openly rebel, but with great skill and tact revealed to Adam that he should not consider her a weakling.

Adam's remarks to Eve concerning her departure were very forcible and well put ; yet, "With our judgments, as our watches, none run just alike, yet each believes his own," so Eve had her opinion ; and, to show that it was honest, we will simply quote a part of two or three speeches :

"But that thou should'st my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear."
* * * * * * * * * *

"His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduced ;
Thoughts, which how found they harbor in thy breast
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear."

Eve in the following waxes more eloquent and surely her reasoning is well founded :

"If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit strait'nd by a foe,
* * * * * * * * * *
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?"

Again,

"Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd ;
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd."

We now pass to the third act and note Milton's skill in representing Eve after the fall. So like to life is the passion, selfishness and jealousy now revealed by Eve.

> "O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees
> In Paradise! of operation blest
> To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infamed,
> And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end created."

Thus we see her passion and the following will represent her selfishness:

> "* * * But to Adam in what sort
> Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
> As yet my change, and give him to partake
> Full happiness with me? or rather not,
> But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
> Without co-partner? so to add what wants
> In female sex, the more to draw his love
> And render me more equal, and perhaps,
> A thing not undesirable, sometime
> Superior; for inferior who is free?"

Now let us observe her jealousy, as many similar instances we have all seen.

> "* * * But what if God have seen,
> And deatn ensue? then I shall be no more,
> And Adam wedded to another Eve,
> Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
> A death to think."

But we are to consider, in the fourth place, Eve's repentance. She fell as have all her daughters, and was passionately delighted over what she was experiencing. But, when the true realization of her guilt was revealed, she showed that contriteness of heart and humility of soul, that only woman can show. And, after having tenderly approached Adam, and is repulsed, yea, spurned with upbraidings and indignities which only man can utter, still she, unaffected by these hideous taunts, with tears and disordered tresses, humbly fell embracing his feet, and sought peace and pardon in such ardent, tender words as these:

> "Forsake me not thus, Adam; witness Heav'n
> What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
> I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
> Unhappily deceived."
> "While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
> Between us two let there be peace."
> "* * * both have sinned, but thou
> Against God only, I against God and thee."

Milton's Eve takes her seat beside those whom we consider to be as near angelic as is possible for human creatures. She is now willing to forgo any pleasure, for, having heard Adam's lamentation that, "In me all posterity stands cursed," she is anxious, desirous to relinquish "love's due rites" and "nuptial embraces sweet." And besides, in her eager longing to rectify, she suggests that they seek death. A thing not commendable, yet natural. Again, after having become reconciled to her loss, she laments on hearing that they must leave the garden:

> "O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
> Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?"

How natural! yet when pacified, she says to Adam, "but now lead on, in me is no delay."

So we trace Eve from her entire submissiveness to Adam, through a state of variance in which she had her own way; thence her fall and passionate delight at the results, on to her indescribable repentance, and finally to a consecrated obedience to both Adam and God. Her life in every particular is natural, and considering that Eve must be deceived, Milton merits great praise in the disposal of this character. Addison observes that "Milton's art is nowhere more shown than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the readers with pity and compassion towards them."

Athletics and Chess.

During the winter term, when out-door exercises, such as tennis, baseball and football are out of the question, those athletically inclined, along with those who are not, wend their way towards Tustin Gymnasium three times a week. Such is the required amount of time to be spent in gymnastics, as set down by the faculty. Here all are placed on an equal basis, and receive equal ininstruction whether they be football players or deep students. It is one of the best modes of developing one's body when he does not care much for exercise. The interest taken in gymnasium drills is manifested by the work done by the students in general. Directors Smith and Harper seem determined to give the boys all the chance possible to derive benefit from these drills. There seems to be more activity in the gymnastic work than at any time heretofore. No student should shirk the important duty of developing his body as well as his mind.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association on January 13th a new constitution was adopted, which will do much to place athletics at Bucknell on a higher standard. The choosing of the men of the various teams is left to an advisory board, which is made up of alumni, professors and students. It also requires the payment of $2.50 to become a member of the association, which entitles said member to a ticket admitting him to any or all athletic contests upon our campus. This seems like a large fee, but will be found in the end to be cheapest.

There are prospects of another minstrel show during the present term for the benefit of the baseball team. Bucknell has plenty of talent enclosed within her walls, and that is the proper way to develop it. Besides, it is for a good purpose.

Two simultaneous games of chess and two of checkers are at present being played with Keystone Academy. As the games now stand neither side has any advantage. We hope soon to hear from other colleges.

Local.

Hobby canu, canu, canix,
Sophomore banquet '96.

Wilson, '95, held special meetings at Burlington N. J.

Reynolds spent his vacation in Rising Sun and Philadelphia.

J. W. Davis was in Philadelphia and Chester whiling away a few days.

Ralph Snow, while at home, made a trip to Cambridge and Mercer.

''Pop'' Wynkoop spent more than half of his vacation in Austin, Potter county.

Simpson called upon old acquaintances in Montrose, Carbondale and Scranton.

Macnab was in Bridgeton and Paterson, N. J., while on his way to Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pease preached weekly at Starrucca, and visited at Dalton, Jackson and Lake Winola.

A. E. Finn worked in a confectionery store and visited his lady friends in Philadelphia.

Allen, '95, spent a pleasant vacation with friends in Coudersport and Austin, Potter county.

Prof. Heim made calls on friends and relatives in Watsontown, Muncy and Williamsport.

Laning, '92, was in town on the 6th. He is at present teaching in Mt. Pleasant Institute.

Prof. Catterall left for Chicago on the 28th, after visiting Starkey, '91, at Bridgeton, N. J.

Harvey Marsh left for his home in La Plume on the 4th. He is expected to return next spring.

George Catterall, of Watsontown, was at college a day before returning to his preparatory school.

The habit of being a little late at the Chapel services is becoming somewhat chronic on the part of a few.

Rev. D. C. Hughes, D. D., of Scranton, has been elected to preach the annual sermon at commencement.

Daniel Phillips, '97, has left college to take a position as principal in one of the graded schools of Scranton.

The gymnasium drills are quite well attended. But there are some who say that they have no time for such things.

Stanton, '97, made his parents happy while at Chinchilla. He visited friends while at Keystone Academy on the 22nd ult.

Ware worked a printing press at Millville, N. J. He had a large number of orders for visiting cards and book labels to fill.

Prof. Elkanah Hulley, of Keystone Academy, called upon his brother and friends while on his way from Chester to Montgomery.

Not a few laughable renderings of Chaucer occur in the Literature class. The modest, well-bred prioress was introduced as ''a great sport.''

Bunnel, '97, passed the early part of the vacation with his parents in Montrose. Before returning to college he visited a friend in Pittston.

Harry Sprague and Crawford, '95, made a flying visit to Wilkes-Barre while on their way to Tunkhannock to hold evangelistic meetings.

The officers of the Y. M. C. A., are arranging for an entertainment to be held in the early part of February. Further particulars will be given later.

A jubilee social given at the Baptist church on the 6th, was attended by many of the students. It was held in honor of the 50th anniversary of the church.

Bromley Smith visited Keystone Academy during the vacation. Gardner, '93, and he acted as judges of the annual prize speaking contest of the young men.

Theta Alpha elected for the winter term, Kaufman, President; Wood, Vice President; Collins, Secretary; Schuyler, Treasurer; Strayer, Critic, and Dillon, Curator.

The term election of Euepia resulted in the choice of Pease for President; Hanna, Vice President; B. Smith, Secretary; Snow, Critic; Lesher, Treasurer; and Riemer, Librarian.

With the opening of the winter term the freshman class received three new members: F. L. Camp, of Union city; Ferdinand F. Nelson, of Richmond, Va., and Miss Birdie McHenry, of Exchange, Columbia county.

Prof. and Mrs. Lincoln Hulley came on from Chicago during the holidays. They have taken rooms in the Academy for a time. The college ladies gave them and Prof. and Mrs. Hamblin a reception at the Institute on January 19.

It is not difficult to imagine why Sinette tried so much to detain Suiter when the Sophomores were boarding the train to go to their banquet. On the next similar occasion Miss C—— should make special arrangements so that Sinette may be permitted to keep her in view from another car.

The members of the Student Volunteer Band meet every other Monday evening. The meetings last one hour and begin promptly at 6:30 o'clock. The subject under discussion for the present term is India. This country, its people, customs, government and its religions are studied and discussed from a missionary point of view.

One of the neatest receptions of the season was the one given to Dr. Robert Lowry and wife in the Phi Kappa Psi rooms on the evening of January 6. Dr. Lowry seemed to lay aside all outside matters and come to Lewisburg in the attitude of the student. He always seems to make himself at home and on that account the reception was made all the more pleasant. Those present besides the members of the chapter were Prof. and Mrs. Owens, Prof. and Mrs. W. C. Bartol, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Dreisbach, Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Gerhart and Mr. W. C. Gretzinger.

On Friday evening, January 12, the Sophomore class held its annual banquet at Hotel Haag, Milton. The Freshmen, on short notice, ran to the Reading station and abducted six of the Sophs. This glorious achievement brought into play an astonishing amount of fisticuffs, and resulted in amusing incidents and bloody noses. Pandemonium was now let loose. Plans were laid in a meeting of tremenduous enthusiasm. Dark night found the plotters taking dire vengeance upon the absent revellers. The husky couch went hurtling thro the gloaming from the battlements. The wooly blanket, the immaculate sheet, and the gorgeous comfortable were bundled without ceremony into boxes and driven with slow music to Milton. Here the orgies were disturbed by the mellow gurgle of the porter. All was not over, however. The industrious Freshies returned to Lewisburg, placarded the streets with posters containing singularly appropriate, though imbecile, witticisms. Plugging the key-holes of the vacant dormies with plaster paris, satisfied the thirst of class spirit. About 3:00 o'clock a. m., the college was awakened by the muttered imprecations and the jeering laughter of the b(l)anquet laden Sophomores. For further particulars see *L'Agenda* of '95.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Bucknell University the following minute was passed and ordered to be sent to the University Mirror:

The Board of Trustees of Bucknell University desire hereby to place upon record their sense of the great loss they have sustained in the death of Dr. Benjamin Griffith, which occurred October 24, 1893. Dr. Griffith has been a member of this Board since its reorganization in 1882. No member has been more devoted to the interests of the University and of higher education. Not only was he wise in counsel, but self-sacrificing and generous in work and benefactions. Accustomed as we have been to rely upon him, we grieve over his departure from us, and will greatly miss him in all of our future deliberations and efforts. Nor is the loss which has thus befallen us one which was merely public or official. Dr. Griffith was a man who won and held our individual affection, and it is with a deep sense of personal sorrow we enter this minute upon our records. The thought that we shall no more on earth look upon his kindly face or hear his cheering words fills our hearts with a grief like that which attends the departure of a brother. We rejoice that it has been our privilege to know and work with him, and we will ever gratefully cherish his memory.

I certify that the above is a transcript of the minute on Dr. Griffith's death adopted by the Board of Trustees of Bucknell University Jan. 11, 1894. A. I. Rowland, *Secretary*.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Belle Wilson has entered Geneva College.

Miss Martha Goldy is pursuing a course in art at Drexel Institute.

Miss Catharine Engelbert, of '92, mourns the loss of her father, Mr. A. F. Engelbert, who died suddenly of heart failure.

A pleasant reception was given on Friday evening by the college girls in honor of Prof. and Mrs. Hamblin and Prof. and Mrs. Hulley.

Three examinations in music are now requisite for graduation in the Music School. Two examinations are held at the opening of the winter and spring terms, and the third at the close of the spring term. A post-graduate course has been added.

In addition to the establishment of the infirmary, it was very nice of our thoughtful principal, Miss Larison, to provide a small dispensary of useful medicines for use in case of great emergency.

A French club has been organized by Dr. Aviragnet, which will meet on Friday evenings for the purpose of studying French literature. Attention will be given classic literature, short stories and conversation in French.

We are glad to welcome two former students, Misses Cora Perry and Harriet Sayre, and four new students—Misses McHenry, Exchange; Lily Dungan, Philadelphia; Flora Sigel, Watsontown, and Florence Winters, Hamilton, N. Y.

A course of lectures will be given the Institute on Friday afternoons during the term. The lectures have been arranged as follows: February 3, 9 and 10, "Biblical Literature," by Prof. L. Hulley; February 23, "Out-of-the-Way Places in Our Country," by Dr. Groff; February 30, "Woman: Her Past and Present Condition," by Dr. Aviragnet.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

All the boys have returned from vacation.

We are glad to welcome the new students among us.

The boys recently spent a very pleasant evening at the Baptist.

The Y. M. C. A. started out this term with a good meeting. Let everyone attend regularly.

Our respected friend Case has fully recovered from the "grip" and is again about his daily duties.

By the appearance of some of the Cadites one would think that the shaving of mustaches was in vogue.

A racking pain runs through my brain
As though my head would rend, sir;
My back is broke, I'm nearly choked,
Can this be "influenzir?"

The Third Form is to have a preliminary contest for the purpose of selecting nine students who will compete in a final contest for the Third Form declamation prize.

Adelphia's officers for this term are, viz: President, Bell; Vice President, Wilkes; Chaplain, Wragg; Secretary, Bayard; Treasurer, Mitchell; First Critic, Levis; Second Critic, Lindemann; Sergeant-at-Arms, Cober, and Censor, Meeker.

Personal.

'54. Robert Lowry, D. D., and George Frear, D. D., attended the Jubilee services of the Lewisburg Baptist church, and took part in the exercises. Much of the music used was of Dr. Lowry's composition.

'60. Governor Pattison has appointed Wm. A. Marr, of Ashland, to be trustee of the Ashland Miner's Hospital, vice Gen. Wm. Lilly, deceased.

'62. Rev. A. J. Rowland, D. D., is the editor of the *Senior Quarterly*, international Sunday School lessons.

'63. Rev. W. W. Case is now located at West Hoboken, N. J.

'69. Hon. Martin Bell, of Hollidaysburg, was recently installed President Judge of the Blair county courts.

'69. Rev. William H. Shermer, of Elizabethport, N. J., has made arrangements for bringing to Boston the figurehead of the United States frigate Chesapeake. Mr. Shermer found the figurehead in the British Navy Yard at Halifax, N. S. The bones of "Don't-give-up-the-ship" Lawrence, who was wounded in the battle which makes this figurehead famous, rest at Halifax.

'71. Rev. James Rainey is now the very successful pastor of the Laceyville Baptist church. They recently completed a new house for worship. Rev. Rainey preached the sermon at Jackson, an old pastorate, upon the ordination of their new pastor.

'90. Eveline J. Stanton, for three years Lady Principal of Keystone Academy, is now attending the University of Chicago. She is making a specialty of History and Literature.

'91. The Lewisburg papers cantain occasional letters of much interest from Cuba. They are written by John T. Hyatt, Vice Consul to that country.

'92. Miss H. Ophelia Staufft is teaching in Bethel Female College, Ky.

'92. Willard A. Lanning is a Professor in Mt. Pleasant Institute. He spent part of his vacation at Lewisburg.

'92. John U. Wagner has resigned the principalship of one of Scranton's schools, and has accepted a position as editor in that city. D. W. Phillips, Ex. '97, occupies his position in the school.

Ex. '93. H. W. Sneck and C. E. Schuster, ex. '91, were recently admitted to the bar at Rochester, N. Y.

Ex. '93. Miss Florence Pannebaker is teaching Mathematics and Elocution in the Lewistown public schools.

Ex. '95. William C. Scotney is a real estate and insurance agent, located at 1702 South street, Philadelphia.

Ex. '95. Robert Simpson has entered Cornell University, class of '96, for a course in civil engineering.

College News.

The foot-ball season's over,
The sweaters laid away,
The "full-back" and the "touch down"
All have seen their day.

The boys, who through the fall term
Have played from morn till night,
Now find they're much admired
As the social carpet-knight.

But alas! with features pallid,
They seek the barber's shop,
And bid him clip the treasured hair
Which saved them many a knock.

The college girls are mourning
Those locks which won renown;
They'd like to have a sample
To tie with white and brown. —*Ex.*

The authorities at Harvard consider five hundred dollars a year an ample sum for a student to spend at that college. In the class of '91 were forty men who worked their way through, and twenty-five spent less than $500. Three spent over $3,000 a year, but these were far from being the best scholars.

Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.—*Browning*.

Once upon a midnight dreary I was polling weak and weary,
Over many a buried verb, root and myth of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
Next a rapping, then a snapping of the panels of my door.
"'Tis the Sophomores," I muttered, "gaining entrance at my door."
How I wished that night was o'er.

Ah! distinctly, I remember of that night in bleak December,
How eleven living members much like ghosts came through the door;
How their spectral faces thrilled me, how that icy water chilled me,
As I, rowing with tooth-picks, sang "Pull, sailor, for the shore."
But one single thought consoled me as I sang as ne'er before,
Next year I'll be a Sophomore. —*The Lafayette*

The medical department of the University of Michigan have evolved the following yell:

"We diagnose, we prognose,
We cure you, every man!
No homeops, but orthodox,
Are the docs of Michigan!
Wah hoo! Wah hoo! Wah hoo again!
Michigan, Michigan, Medicine Man!"

Ambition is a balloon which carries no parachute.—*Elmira Gazette*.

AN OUTLINE POEM.

Man,
Girl;
Fan,
Twirl.
Man
Sappy;
Girl
Happy.

Both
Flirt;
Man
Hurt.
Man
Sighs;
Girl
Guys.

Man
Swears;
Girl
Stares.
Man
Goes.
Story's
Close.

MORAL.

Don't
Flirt.
Get
Hurt.

—*Somerville Journal.*

The government spends $30,000 a year to educate the two thousand pupils in the schools of Alaska.—*Ex.*

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life is done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,
A harvest of barren regrets. —*Owen Meredith.*

The University of Cairo, founded A. D. 973, has the largest attendance of any college in the world, the number of students being 10,000.

"How did your son do at college last year, Mrs. Wilkins?"

"Very well, indeed. He did so finely that he got an encore."

"A what?"

"An encore. The faculty have requested him to repeat the year."—*Silver and Gold.*

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

The value of a college journal as an advertising medium is oftentimes underestimated. Business men are inclined to judge the value of the number of copies of each issue. Hence we hear it sometimes said that college papers are of little worth to advertisers. The only point urged to substantiate this statement is the smallness of the issue.

Let us take a college journal—the MIRROR, for instance—which sends out an average issue of about 600 copies semi-monthly during the college year. Suppose the college to be small and only 150 members of the college are subscribers, 275 copies are sent to alumni and friends outside of the town, 75 copies taken in the town, and 100 go to exchanges, advertisers and reading rooms. Many of the college men send their copies home as soon as they are through with them. Fraternities, societies and reading rooms place them on their tables, where large numbers look through the papers. The issue of 600 copies is without doubt read by not less than 3,000 persons, and these readers are educated people—people of the best class, whose patronage is worth having. College men are also inclined to favor those who advertise in the college journal. New students are advised where to deal by those in charge of the paper, and those places are the advertisers in the journal. The college journal is not the place to advertise catch-penny schemes, but it is decidedly one of the best mediums for advertising what people need. Many business men realize the truth of this, and advertise largely in college journals. Among such advertisers are some of the best known houses in the country. We have seen numerous testimonies from advertisers as to the value of such mediums, and who continue their "ads" from year to year.

The MIRROR management acknowledge the receipt from the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, Mass., of a neat and serviceable desk calendar. The calendar is artistically embellished, and contains some suitable words concerning the value of bicycle riding on each day's leaflet. A blank space is left for making note of engagements, etc., for every day. It speaks well for the enterprise of this company, whose Columbia bicycles have a world-wide reputation.

It was our privilege recently to visit the extensive works of the Keystone Watch Case Company, of Nineteenth and Brown streets, Philadelphia. Their watch given in exchange for advertising in the MIRROR is a gem. Their "Non-pull out" watch cases are unquestionably the best made. The company will accept our thanks for their courteous treatment and the prompt settlement of their advertising account.

Readers of the MIRROR, do not fail to read the advertising columns. Only the best and most reliable advertisements appear in the MIRROR. You will find in these columns things of interest to you. Write or call on our advertisers for what you need in their line, and we can assure you of satisfactory and courteous treatment.

◆

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- **Hibiscus, Sunset,**
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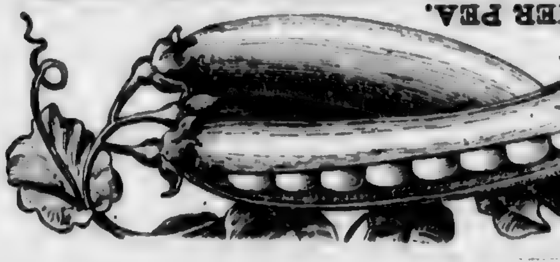

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Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY 10, 1894. No. 8.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.--Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $2.50 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

Editorial.

THIS IS OUR last appearance before re-organization of the board of editors. The usual words of apology and self-congratulation we will allow our readers to supply. New persons will be added to the board before re-organization. We hope that these persons may be of the most talented and that in organization each may find his proper place.

◆

ONE OF THE hardest places in which to render service satisfactory to all parties is as editor of the "Local Column." Each student likes to see his name in print. Every time he preaches, visits, makes some funny error in recitation, or does, or is connected in any way with something outside the ordinary routine of daily life, he feels that mention should be made of it in the "Local Column." We have no fault to find with this desire for publicity. The accompanying modesty is the source of trouble. The "Local Editor" is neither omnipresent nor omniscient. If you aspire after frequent public mention, kindly write out your doings and hand them to the "Local Editor," or, if modesty forbid such procedure, trade off with your chum, write out items of interest concerning him and he in return may act reporter for you.

◆

THE ADVANTAGES of slang are well brought out by the following incident. A young lady asked for a new slang expression, on being given the famed exclamation of Benjamin Franklin, during the French Revolution, "*Ca ira*," she used it upon every occasion, suitable or otherwise. When she was taken to task for such promiscuous use of the expression, her reply was, "Oh! you must understand what I mean."

◆

A TRUE RELATION between teacher and pupil is essential to the highest development of the student and the greatest efficiency of the teacher. There is necessary, on the part of the teacher, knowledge, judgment of character and ability, authority, sympathy, patience and perseverance. It is essential that the student feel towards the teacher as towards a guide under whom he has placed himself for an arduous journey. He must feel confidence in the teacher as in one who knows the road, who sees the end from the beginning. If the road be rough and disagreeable, his confidence should encourage with the belief that it leads to some desirable end. He should feel reverence for the authority and character of the teacher and render implicit obedience in all matters not affecting obligations to higher authority.

We make this brief sketch of what should be in order to contrast it with what is, especially on the part of some students. The proper relation of mutual confidence is changed by the student's action into one of mutual suspicion, the teacher suspects that the student uses unfair means, and the student suspects that the teacher is watching him and uses the more cunning in his deception. The whole relation degenerates morally and becomes a sort of game in which there is no remorse nor loss of self-esteem, except upon occasions of detection, and then the disapproval of self is on account of allowing one's self to be caught, not from any moral consideration. How much the marking system is responsible for this vice, or wherein the full remedy lies, we do not know. This much we feel sure of, all students are honest much of the time, a majority are honest all the time. The vice might be noticeably checked by proper sentiment on the part of those who are honest. It should not be a matter of indifference among students, and those who are honest should at least be as free in expression of their sentiments in this regard as the others are in boasting of deception.

◆

THE TERM "Grind" is a well known appellation among students. The habits of the "Grind" are too thoroughly known to bear description, and he has some most excellent habits and traits of character. We wish to speak of another species of the genus student, a species as well-marked and distinct as the one mentioned above, but as yet not distinguished by a suitable name. We refer to that class of students who depend upon their natural smartness, who do not study and boast that they do not. These fellows are really too smart already, they know more than the "Prof." It is a shame that they should be kept in "durance vile." These fellows neither do good to themselves nor to anyone else. They are a noisy brood and exert a pernicious influence over those who are not proof against the charms of their seeming brightness. As for themselves they are not forming habits of study, not training themselves so that they can attend to any subject which they may choose, nor is their moral conduct in recitations such as would lead them to form habits of acting in accordance with right. What a pity that we have no suitable name by which to distinguish them! Perhaps their rarity is the reason for lack of name.

◆

NO TIME WAS more propitious for the organization of a first-class glee club than the present. Usually there is a lack here, as in other schools, of sufficient voices to sustain the tenor parts. But now there are quite a number who can ably sing the high notes. As for the other parts, probably there has never been an excessive dearth. And at present we can boast of having many voices sufficiently trained for glee club purposes. The feeling, too, that the University should have such an organization is quite strong on the part of the students.

The value of such an organization can hardly be overestimated. Aside from the pleasure and profit arising to the individual members who engage in this work and participate in the trips abroad, there is a benefit accruing directly to our *Alma Mater* from the advertising which a glee club affords. And it is advertising among the very class most desirable and profitable for the University to reach.

In organizing such a club we should not stop at eight (tho' a glee club of that number is better than to have none), nor even twelve voices. We can as easily have sixteen or twenty, if those who can sing will devote a little of their time to it. With a club of this number combined with the mandolin and guitar club, already, as we understand, quite proficient, Bucknell would be able to give an entertainment equal to those given by any combination of kindred college clubs in the country.

What is needed is a capable leader who is not a member of the student body. And this statement does not at all reflect on the ability of our musicians. For without such a leader much of the time that ought to be spent in ardent practice is frittered away and disappointments and discouragements invariably follow. On the other hand one, who by his position can command the respect and in a sense the obedience of the members of the club, has in his power the success of the organization. An enthusiastic leader would lend new interest to every selection to be learned.

If anything at all is to be done, organization should be effected at once and a leader chosen. Organize with an object in view. Plan a trip for the Easter vacation and bend all efforts for the accomplishment of the plan. Put spirit and enthusiasm into the work and success is assured.

◆

There were sold in one year in the college town of New Haven 25,000,000 cigarettes.

✤Literary.✤

GLIMPSES OF SARATOGA.

In the eastern part of New York, nestling near the foot hills of the Adirondacks, is one of America's most popular summer resorts, the famous Saratoga.

It is situated in one of those picturesque portions of the Empire State on which nature seems to bestow her charms with lavish hand. On every side are rolling hills and broad meadows, while toward the south gleams a blue lake, dashing its tiny waves against the shore with an incessant murmur. In the far distance loom the verdant mountains of Vermont, and on the north MacGreagor lifts its lofty crest, proud that on its brow the spirit of Ulysses Grant took flight. Around every rock and tree historic associations cluster, for at Saratoga Burgoyne laid down the British arms in unqualified surrender; and, across the fields, a noble shaft points heavenward, a constant reminder of the memorable victory. Such is the setting of this brilliant gem of wealth and fashion.

Saratoga itself is a town with a population of about ten or twelve thousand in winter, but from thirty-five to forty thousand in summer. It is tastefully laid out in broad streets, lined with grand hotels and charming homes. Of the former the most splendid are the Windsor, United States and Grand Union. The Windsor is an imposing frame structure with numerous towers, and, placed on a slight eminence, commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country. Its appointments are very elegant, and within its walls every luxury may be obtained.

The United States is the largest hotel in this metropolis, and doubtless one of the best equipped on our continent. It is constructed of brick, built around a beautiful court, in which sparkling fountains and bright flowers make the spot a veritable fairy-land. Extensive piazzas surround this enclosure, where frequently musicians delight the guests with sweet melody. The entrance to the hotel proper is paved with marble in Romanesque fashion, and columns of the same material support the lofty ceiling. The parlors are spacious, furnished richly in white, gold and blue.

The Grand Union, a very fine building, was the property of the late A. T. Stewart, and now under the management of his estate. It closely resembles the United States in size and appearance, and like it possesses an inviting court and broad porches. Often, in summer, evening garden parties are given in these enclosures, at which the wealth and beauty of all America is displayed in the magnificent toilets and fair forms of charming women and "brave men." On these occasions electricity with its magic power, sweet blossoms, and brilliant music produce a scene of rare beauty, and "all goes merry as a marriage bell." The private homes of Saratago are especially attractive, presenting almost every material and style of architecture. In the most recent houses, massive gray stone is employed with good effect, but many of the most unique dwellings are built of wood. Velvet lawns prevail on every hand, while the creeping ivy and luxuriant woodbine relieve the monotony of brick and stucco, and grand, old trees shade many of the avenues. About one mile and a half from the town proper is the estate of Judge Hilton, an heir of A. T. Stewart. This is an extensive domain, affording a drive of some miles. The mansion of the Judge, sheltered by the wealth of foliage, is an attractive affair of gray stone, adorned with stucco work in dark red, somewhat resembling the houses of Holland. Around it are several smaller cottages for the accommodation of guests and servants, while near these and scattered among the thickly set trees are beautiful pieces of statuary. The whole estate is surrounded by a high wall with massive gates.

One of the most pleasing features of Saratoga is the park which occupies the central portion of the town. This is an enclosure of several acres, rendered delightful by artificial lakes, gorgeous flowers and pretty pavilions. Every afternoon during "the season," a musicale is here given when fair debutants and stately dowagers appear in elaborate costumes, displaying the skill of Redfern and Worth. Perhaps it may be asked, why do so many people visit Saratoga, as it is neither in the mountains nor by the sea? Ostensibly this great assembly is gathered for the purpose of recreation, and receiving benefit from the mineral waters with which the place is highly favored. The earth in this part of New York abounds in mineral springs, and Saratoga is especially fortunate in this respect. The best known waters are the Hawthorne and Congress, which are sent to all parts of our country, but in addition to these several other varieties exist, differing more or less in pungency and flavor. A place of much interest to those visiting this resort is the Indian encampment, where the "red man" displays his wares and excites the curiosity of old and young by his clothing and manner of life. Art also finds a favorable abode in the centre of fashion, and one of its latest acquisitions is a house arranged and fashioned precisely in the old Pompeian style. At every point evidences of culture and refinement are revealed ; what Newport is to Rhode Island, Saratoga is to New York. Although gay, worldly, frivolous, often verifying the words of the "wise man," "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," it is beloved by rich and poor, and so long as its glory endures will be the pride of the Empire State.

MAUD ELIZABETH HANNA.

CHAUCER'S PARSON.

A nation represents multitudinous life. As individuals change, so nations change. Civilization drives out the baser and advances loftier standards. As the plane of morals rises higher, the forms of religion become fewer. Yet these are all outward forms—results from an inner cause.

Man's nature remains the same from age to age, and especially in that it is constantly seeking the better. This longing is the cause ; the scenes of to-day, in contradistinction from those of yesterday, are the result. Consequently, the true part embodies the ideal of man's nature in the real.

Chaucer has done this in his description of the "Persoun." We say that the parson is ideal because we recognize his virtue, and find no fault in his character. It is only natural, therefore, to regard him as a model parson for the close of the nineteenth century.

The character of "this good man of religion" was made up of such elements as would befit any preacher of the gospel. Chaucer tells us that he was a learned man. The delicate, easily impressionable soul requires as competent a physician as the coarse fibres of the flesh. Keen insight is needed ; an intellect sharpened to penetrate difficult problems ; a judgment trained to detect the real amid the feigned ; a mental vision that sees beyond the visible and beholds the unseen. All these elements learning brings in greater or less degree ; some particular quality predominating, perhaps, by reason of natural gift, but all strengthened. We may reasonably look for one or more of these developed traits in the "Persoun." In the line, "If gold ruste, what shulde iren doo?" we see a naturally bright intellect, trained to find the truth and to express it with good judgment, keenly and introspectively.

Such a mind is powerful in teaching, whether it be for right or wrong. But this man's wisdom was based upon and directed by the "true source of wisdom." His preaching was not a collection of fine-spun theories, with no better foundation than the fancy of his own cultured mind, calculated to win for himself the applause of men, but "Christe's Gospel truly wolde he preche." His penetrating vision made known to him the fact that "Christ's Gospel" was all sufficient; he needed to add nothing—that it had its specific purpose—he must take nothing away ; that the "law of the Lord was perfect," hence he must not change it. In short, he was orthodox. Having learned the truth, he preached it truly and taught it devoutly to his people.

Thus far the description presents to us a theologian, cold, unfeeling, intellectual. In his presence the mothers would feel an unbearable restraint, and the little children would run away in fear. But Chaucer has a most happy faculty of compounding mental traits with bodily appearance. We need no better picture of a face, through which the good man's soul was always shining, than in these lines : "Benigne he was, and wonder diligent, and in adversitie ful pacient." The word "benigne" would be belittled by further comment. We read in his face no weak lines ; they had no chance to develop in his busy days, even if they had ever faintly shadowed themselves. A "pacient" face is not a sign of weakness ; rather, it tells the story of wonderful victories in hard-fought battles which less strong minds would have lost. "Patience were not a virtue if it did not overcome."

His was not a life passed in the study, the only results of which were to be seen on Sunday in the faces of his hearers as they calmly slept through the long discourse, which was as irrelevant to the needs of their daily lives as evolution is to sowing seed.

> "But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
> Unto his poure parisschens aboute,

Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce,
He cowde in litel thing have suffisance."

He knew the home lives of his people, one by one, rich and poor alike. And the frequent appearance of that "benigne" face, and the homely words to fit into the cares of life and lighten them, were worth more than the choicest thoughts which might go in one ear and out of the other, spoken to them from the high pulpit platform, so far above them that he seemed to be in another world.

He practiced what he preached, or rather, "First he wroghte, and afterward he taughte." He was a "noble ensample to his sheep." A leader, a true shepherd who loved his sheep; not an hireling.

With all his patience in adversity and benignity of countenance, he was active in putting down evil. He was not afraid to chide a man, even though the man were rich. Rich and poor were alike the recipients of his favors and of his warnings. This fact is another proof of strong character. "He waytede after no pomp ne reverence, ne maked him a spiced conscience."

But the crowning element is his sincerity:

"To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse,
By good ensample, was his busynesse,
Christes love, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, and ferst he folwed it himselve."

This sincerity and the realization of his high calling, that of saving souls, are enough of themselves to commend him as a model. The other elements are but natural outgrowths.

We are glad that Chaucer has preserved this man's life for us. The picture of the nobly simple, grandly meek "persoun" is so refreshing after seeing the gilded sham, the "whited scepulchers," the Monk and Frere!

He is a bit of life from the every-day, common folk, who, despite their simplicity and trustfulness, have sent forth the world's noblest men. And we hope that the coming students, as they read Chaucer's delightfully real sketches, may look about them and say, as we do to-day: "Such a man as the 'Persoun' exists, not only in the ideal, but we have him in flesh and blood, fulfilling his ministry of 'good deeds'"

TOWN CLOCKS.

In a small town of Pennsylvania, in the lofty tower of a church, dwells a town clock. In most respects it resembles other town clocks which one finds in almost every town of importance; but there is one feature which makes this particular clock of special interest.

This distinguishing feature is a certain independent manner in which this clock conducts itself. Its brown stone home is built on a corner lot of a much-traveled street. If one walking westward toward the clock were to note the time, and, after turning the corner to go southward, should again glance at its face, he would doubtless be impressed, as was the writer, with the rapidity of time's flight. Calculate as he will, it has taken him ten minutes to turn the corner. This clock is a humorist in its way. As the pedestrian attempts to account for this unwonted spurt of time and glances again at the clock—for he half feels that he has been imposed upon—the clock returns the look with a gravity that is droll. A careful examination reveals the fact that to three-fourths of the town the clock points off the same time, while to the remaining one-fourth it delivers a different message.

There is something sad in it all. For it suggests a man with many strong personal traits, but whose character is marred by one grave fault It suggests a man whose influence is great and whose possibilities for good are many, but in whose advice or judgment one may not wholly trust, unless he knows upon which side to approach him. Reflection upon this feature, so at variance with the wanted regularity of a public timekeeper, led to the following thoughts on town clocks in general.

A town clock is a public character of great note. He is looked up to by all, not only because of his high position, but also because of the reputation he has gained for reliability. Like the Squire in the old New England village, he is known to all. Every man, woman and child regard him as a friend. He looks benignly upon every one, like a great hearted philanthropist, smiling upon all alike. When he speaks, it is with the same voice to young and old, from which there is no appeal. His voice is firm and strong, filling the laggard with dismay as he looks at his neglected work, and yet it falls with sweet accents upon the ear of the faithful laborer as it tells him of the day's toil ended.

As men leave their homes, they look up into his face for a morning greeting, and are cheered and strengthened by the sight. The regularity and precision with which he labors day after day inspire confidence, as does the example of every man who works quietly and steadily upon the task assigned him. What is the secret of this constant, regular work? It is identical in clock and man. In the clock, hidden from the eye, is the mainspring, the generator and supporter of action, and this is guided and restrained by the regulator. In the man this mainspring is a controlling purpose regulated by a strong will.

In sunshine and in storm the town clock goes firmly and steadily on. At times when darkness covers everything and the storm rages violently, his voice sounds forth clear and distinct, and er, sitting in the shelter of their homes, are reassured. Seldom does the storm conquer and cause the faithful hands to cease in their work, and only for a short time does it rest; soon it is again doing its work with wonted regularity, like some strong man whom only the severest storms overwhelm and who, when the first shock is over, quietly resumes his task. Day after day the town clock delivers its lessons, and finds, as does every teacher, some apt pupils but more who are careless and indifferent.

A FEBRUARY EFFUSION.

This message, honey-sweet,
Sent young Cent-a-line
To Miss Marguerite
As a valentine.

I send a message, love:
Read each tender line.
O thou white-winged dove,
Be my valentine.

Others send them, too,
Bowing at thy shrine,
But to me be true.
Sweet, my valentine.

O what joy to me
Should thy heart incline
To my humble plea,
Be my valentine!

What a raptured bliss,
Shouldst thou, love divine,
All I mean by this,
Be my valentine!

How my heart would thrill,
Boundless joy be mine,
If thou saidst, "I will
Be thy valentine."

—O. W.

Athletics and Chess.

The Academy base ball team expects to start out early and do effective work. They have elected Mr. Purdy manager and Mr. Bayard captain.

The base ball manager is already at work arranging dates for the coming season. We hope to see better playing and better results than heretofore. Several have already begun practice in the gymnasium.

The annual minstrel show for the benefit of base ball is now an almost assured fact. The glee club under the leadership of Mr. R. B. Davidson, '94, has been re-organized and will do all in their power to make it a success. This should be made a standing custom for years to come in order to aid the base ball manager in putting the team on a firm financial foundation.

Thus far during this term a great deal of interest is manifested in the work of the gymnasium. The new students especially have taken great interest in this line, which, if it continues, proves that Bucknell will have a better class of athletes than heretofore. The student should not go to gymnasium drill and enter the classes simply because he is compelled to. He should aim to do everything in neat form, that he may present a good appearance. To this end all should strive to make the exhibition at the end of the term not only interesting, but also to excel the one given last year. It is necessary for each to do his best to participate in the exhibition. The Physical Directors will gladly aid any who fall short in any part of the work. Those who are the best gymnasts will be chosen for the exhibition, regard being had also for attendance.

Local.

E. R. Myers will enter class '97 next term.

F. D. Finn still sports his World's fair uniform.

W. A. Crawford sings in the Presbyterian choir.

T. S. Fretz recently visited friends in New York state.

T. L. Josephs has been invited to deliver a lecture before the Farmers' Institute.

F. O. Schub is taking honor work in metaphysics.

Professor Perrine preached in Newberry, January 21.

L. W. Baldwin is making a special study of Shakespeare.

Perhaps Wynkoop could give Ware a few hints on Beardology.

William Wilson teaches a class in the Lutheran Sunday School.

E. McVitty Green, ex. '95, visited friends in College on the 21st.

W. B. Sheddan, a few days ago, visited his parents in Pottsgrove.

C. W. Williams is quite an expert in playing his part in the orchestra.

F. I. Sigmund is one of the leading singers of the M E. church choir.

W. W. Irwin drives several miles to and from the University every day.

C. F. McMann gave a very able address before the Y. M. C. A. a week or two ago.

H. S. Schuyler, although taking five studies, finds time for his usual afternoon nap.

Messrs. Pease and Ware have changed from the Neyhart to the Augstadt Boarding Club.

David Phillips sprained his ankle quite seriously while exercising in the gymnasium.

At an oyster supper given by Mr. F. Finn on the 20th, a Keystone Academy Club was organized.

Dr. Harris occupied the pulpit of Rev. D. C. Hughes, Scranton, while the latter was in Lewisburg.

Barner, '97, occupies the pulpit of the Northumberland Baptist church, formerly held by E. C. Pauline.

W. M. Vastine still attempts to amuse the professors by getting off an occasional joke in the class room.

C. J. Berger had a narrow escape from a catastrophe of no small moment. His chum recently received a "box."

A. C Lathrop, the hustling business manager of the MIRROR, is convalescing from a severe cold. He says it is not la grippe, but only an old-fashioned cold.

Revs. W. Ellis, Muncy, and R. Catterall, Watsontown, were visitors at the College, January 18.

Hon. Rudolph Blankenburg lectured Thursday, February 1, in Bucknell Hall on "Russia and the Great Famine of '92."

Rev. T. A. Gill, D. D., '65, has presented a complete set of Lowell's works to the literary department of our library.

Douglas gave several of his friends a royal treat a few evenings since. Some of the toothsome dainties had come all the way from Scotland.

Rev. E. C Pauling visited College on the 19th. He was on his way to New York where he expects to enter a training school for missionaries.

S. R. Wood and J. W. Davis at a recent meeting of the Theta Alpha Literary Society vividly rendered a scene from Shakespeare's King Henry VI.

B. B. Ware and H. T. Colestock were elected delegates to represent the College Y. M. C. A. at the District Convention to be held at Sunbury soon.

Ezra Allen expects to attend the International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, to be held at Detroit, Michigan, February 28 to March 4.

W. A. Kauffman was the happy recipient of a gift tendered him by the other members of the Anderson Club. Mr. Kauffman has been caterer of the club for several terms.

F. R. Strayer adds considerable interest to the Literary exercises of Theta Alpha by his judicious criticisms. The office of Critic is one of the most important in any Literary Society.

J. D. Macnab has been spending his spare moments in compiling a joke book, drawing his material from medical almanacs. Giffin will be sole agent for the work when published.

W. E. Hall, learning that Demosthenes and many other great orators never wore mustaches, forthwith applied the razor to his own upper lip. It is wonderful what ambition will cause a man to do!

Under the auspices of the Montandon Baptist church a successful oyster supper was given Saturday evening, 20th. Mr. Schub, the pastor, secured the attendance of many students from the "Hill" and Institute.

The class in English History is hampered even more than the class in American Constitutional History was last fall. There are but four or five original authorities in our library with which to corroborate the statements of the text book.

The amount of reading done by the students is increasing in proportion to the encouragement the department of literature receives. A much larger number of students read in the library room and take books therefrom than did two years ago.

The sermon on the "Day of Prayer for Colleges" was delivered Thursday, January 25, by Rev. Lemuel Moss, D. D., LL. D. In the evening Dr. Moss lectured in Bucknell Hall on the "Christian Scholar and His Obligations." During the afternoon there was a prayer meeting led by Prof. Hulley.

Friday evening, January 26, a reception was tendered Professor and Mrs. Hulley, and Professor and Mrs. Hamblin by Phi Gamma Delta. The members of the University faculty were invited to partake of their hospitality. Among those present from abroad were Miss May Peck, Scranton, and Miss Carrie Lloyd, Phoenixville.

H. M. Pease, who has hitherto been a very regular attendant to the Pine Grove Mission, sent a note to one of the young ladies of the Mission and asked her to take his class, giving as his excuse for absence I Chron. XIX, 5, "Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown, then return." Imagine his chagrin when she replied with Ezekial V, 1.

At the Farmer's Institute, held in Lewisburg, 16th and 17th, Prof. Owens gave an address on "My Experience in Buying a Cow." Dr. Groff informed the audience that it was possible to "Raise Two Crops From the Same Soil in the Same Year. On the 17th, after a heated discussion on "Silos" and "Short-horned Cattle," Dr. Perrine lectured on "Fallacies About Money." In the evening Prof. Owens gave an illustrated lecture on "Water."

The MIRROR association held its semi-annual meeting on Saturday morning, February 3, at which the following editors were elected: Hughes and Vastime, '93; Hanna and Schuyler, '95; Brown '96, and Kunkle '97. Officers also were elected for one year: President, Stevens; Vice President, ——; Secretary, Jackson. Mr. J. B. Suiter was elected Manager of the MIRROR for a term of one year. In view of the splendid financial report of the late business manager, Mr. Lathrop, it was unanimously decided to grant him $25.00 in addition to the usual commission. The report showed that the balance in the treasury was very good in spite of the prevailing financial distress and notwithstanding the increased cost of bi-monthly issues.

From the *Biblical World* we take the following: "A new professorship in Hebrew and Biblical Literature was founded this year at Bucknell University. President J. H. Harris announced last year that such a department was needed and must come, and through his personal efforts an endowment fund was started to equip it. By action of the Board of Trustees last June, the chair was established, and Rev. Lincoln Hulley, Fellow in Semitics in the University of Chicago, was called to it. Work has begun this year under the most favorable circumstances. The courses in English Bible will be supplemented by lectures on the literature of the Bible, Hebrew life and thought, Hebrew institutions, Hebrew schools of thought, the types of Hebrew literature, literary forms of expression, great men, ideas, and movements in Hebrew history, and the influences of the English Bible on English institutions and civilization. Professor Lincoln Hulley, a graduate of Bucknell and Harvard and formerly an instructor in Bucknell, is known in Pennsylvania as a man of energy and scholarship. He began his Semitic training in the summer schools of the American Institute of Sacred Literature, and has since continued it as a fellow in the University of Chicago and as an instructor in the Institute of Sacred Literature. The general verdict in Pennsylvania is that in this matter Bucknell has taken a step forward. She is fast winning recognition among graduate schools for quality of work and progressive scholarship, and she has the distinction of being among the first to respond to the awakening in Hebrew study."

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

The seniors have presented as their annual gift to the school, a number of books.

The two classes in gymnastics propose to give an entertainment the latter part of the term in Commencement Hall.

A much enjoyed social event was the reception tendered the Association by the Academy Y. M.

C. A. Refreshments were served, after which were given toasts, all bearing on the subject, "An Awakening in Our School."

The Y. W. C. A. have issued cards containing topics, references and names of leaders, for the weekly prayer meetings.

Miss Gertrude Myers, a former college student, is teaching Latin and Mathematics in the public schools of Durango, Colorado.

The last week brought three most welcome guests, Miss Carrie Lloyd, of '90, and Misses Frances Montgomery and Mayme Peck, of '92.

The French club has begun the transalation of the French drama, Athalie, while the Shakespeareans are, with much enthusiasm, studying Hamlet.

An oyster supper, for the benefit of the Montandon Baptist Sunday school, was well attended by the young ladies. All speak in praise of the delicious supper.

The recent character sketch of the well known author, Walter Besant, in the Review of Reviews, gives some account of his life, as senior professor of mathematics in the Royal College of the Island of Mauritius. While there he wrote, "They were Married," a story of the island under the name of Palmiste, in which each character is drawn from real life. Dr. Aviragnet was professor of languages in the Royal College for some months during Walter Besant's profesorship, and he gives us some pleasant reminiscences of his life there.

The following production was suggested to the mind of a Senior by a straw-ride to Vicksburg :

Saturday night,
Girls quite
Spoiling for some fun ;
No snow
Or beau,
What is to be done?

Big hack,
Straw stack,
Backs up to the door ;
Pile in,
What a din,
Always room for more.

Horns blow,
Off we go,
"Vicksburgh" is the cry ;
Songs sweet,
Horses fleet,
Swiftly on we fly.

Not long
Till the throng
Filled the shining hall ;
Supper hot,
Quickly got,
There's a feast for all.

Evening past
All too fast,
Homeward must we go?
"Rah ! Rah ! Rem !
Bucknell Sem ! !"
Who says the girls are slow ?—A. J. L.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

We welcome Mr. Flint's return.

The Preps. make a fine showing in the Gymnasium.

The chorus rendered recently in the Baptist church, under the leadership of Dr. Aviragnet, has been highly praised by the Cad. students.

The success of the Academy Foot-Ball Team last season, was, in a great measure, due to the able management of Mr. Purdy and Mr. Elliott's good captaincy.

Immeasurable is the amount of profound instruction that Dr. Moss has imparted unto us. His Godly thoughts and noble exhortations will ever be cherished in our hearts.

Hermania's officers for this term are : President, Slifer ; Vice President, Martin ; Chaplain, Kulp ; Secretary, Hutchinson ; Treasurer, Hobbins ; First Critic, Dutton ; Second Critic, Harvey ; Censor, Perrin ; Librarian, Koons ; Sergeant-at-Arms, Bower.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers were elected, viz : President, Bayard ; Vice President, Scatchard ; Secretary, Leiser ; Business Manager of Base Ball Team for next season, H. L. Purdy ; Captain of Academy, Base Ball Team, Bayard.

On Saturday evening, January 13, the Academy Y. M. C. A. tendered a reception to the Y. W. C. A., of the Institute, at the Academy. The early part of the evening was devoted to social intercourse, after which the ladies and gentlemen repaired to the dining hall and partook of refreshments. Choice selections of music and an appropriate programme added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion.

The report of the business manager, Mr. H. C.

Purdy, of the Academy foot-ball team, for the season ending with the year 1893, was the most satisfactory of any year. The finances, for the first time, came out even, while the association is in possession of a very good outfit for next year's team. The number of games played on their grounds were three: Selinsgrove Missionary Institute, at Selinsgrove, score, Bucknell Academy 6, Selinsgrove, 0; Williamsport Athletic Association, at Williamsport, score, Bucknell Academy 4, Williamsport 6; Bloomsburg State Normal School, at Bloomsburg, score, Bucknell Academy 32, Bloomsburg State Normal School, 5. In all these were ten points scored against the Academy while they have a record of 42 points against their opponents. This is a very good showing for a team entirely new in the business, most of the players having played for the first time that season. There are very good prospects for an excellent team next season.

Personal.

'62. The Baptist Publication Society issues as the first of a proposed series of "Bible Hand-books for Young People," a little volume on the Pentateuch, prepared by Rev. A. J. Rowland, D. D., of Baltimore. It is an excellent guide to the study of the first five books of the Old Testament, discussing with candor and discrimmination, authorship, date and contents of the various books. A summary of the contents of each book follows, special attention being given to things requiring elucidation. The little book is scholarly, painstaking, brief and clear.

Ex. '67. E. R. Bliss, Esq., a quite prominent Chicago lawyer, formerly Raymond Bliss, of Lewisburg, a son of Dr. Bliss, deceased, has, in partnership with four other gentlemen, struck rich ore in a gold mine they own at Cripple Creek, Colorado. It assays at from $1,000 to $10,000 a ton and will run in value (estimated) from $1,000,000 up to $6,000,000. It is stated that there is no better mine in the Cripple Creek camp. Mr. Bliss stands high as an attorney in Chicago, and was county attorney of Cook county during a period of eight years.

'77. Rev. T. J. Collins, one of Scranton's most successful pastors, preached the ordination sermon of A. B. O'Neal, at Dunmore, a former mission of the Penn Avenue church, of Scranton.

'83. Morgan J. Watkins, pastor of the Factoryville Baptist church, recently read a paper before the "Monday Morning Ministerial Conference of Scranton," on Pauline Saintship. The article is very highly spoken of, as is all of Rev. Watkins' work.

'84. Since Rev. M. G. Smith became pastor at Towanda, Pa., in March, '92, he has received eighty into the church and sixty of these by baptism. Their Christmas treat was an offering to the Baptist Orphanage of Philadelphia.

'86. Charles R. Kurtz, editor of the *Centre Democrat*, which is published at Bellefonte, was seriously inconvenienced some time ago by fire. Through the kindness of neighboring printers, the editions of the paper appeared regularly.

'89. Rev. T. W. Booth is pastor of the First Baptist church of Marinette, Wisconsin. A new church edifice was dedicated on January 21, with very pleasing and profitable exercises.

College News.

TRIALS OF A BUSINESS MANAGER.

An undertaker's "ad" he sought,
  Alas, the fates forbade,
For the undertaker, smiling, said
  He'd take it out in trade.—*Ex.*

CHARACTERISTICS.

Freshies,
  Knowing;
Sophomores,
  Blowing;
Juniors,
  Grumble;
Seniors,
  Humble.—*Arcadia Athenœum.*

DID SHE.

Under the mistletoe
  With coy and winsome grace.
She stood with cheeks aglow.
Under the mistletoe
  I wondered, if she so
On purpose took her place
Under the mistletoe
  With coy and winsome grace.—*Ex.*

The Wellesley girls say,
As at vespers they pray:
"Help us good maids to be,
Give us patience to wait
Till some subsequent date,
World without men—ah me!"—*Brunonian.*

I heard him sweare a sollemn vowe,
An oathe bye alle ye gods I trowe,

Toe love hys ladye faithfullie
And ever her true knyghte toe be
No other suitor toe allowe.
Untoe hys Love he cometh nowe,
Observe hys staytelye graceful bowe ;
Againe that oathe on bended knee
I hearde hymn sweare.
They married and he thinketh howe
Toe earne hys breade by swette of browe.
I listen to hys wife's decree
Begone thou lazie churl sayde she ;
And as he toe milke ye cowe
I hearde hymn sweare.—*Willsams Weekly.*

The University of Chicago has the largest library of any American college ; it contains over 225,000 volumes.

At St. John's College, all the lectures in Philosophy are given in Latin and the examinations are carried on in that language.

Columbia's endowment, amounting to $9,000,000. is second only to Girard College, while Harvard comes third with $8,000,000.

Wesleyan's new $60,000 gymnasium is expected to be ready for use next fall. Their old building will be devoted to the use of the football team.

In the early years of Yale College, and until 1776, the names of the graduates were arranged not alphabetically, but in order of the social rank of the family to which they belonged.

WHAT THE ENVIOUS WORLD SAYS OF US.—St. Peter—"Halt !" New Spirit—"Can I come in ?" St. Peter—"I'd rather you wouldn't. You are just out of college, and we don't want any advice about running the universe."

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.—"The BUCKNELL MIRROR is among our highly prized exchanges. It is mostly the product of the editorial staff and seems to tell us that the Bucknell University, at Lewisburg, Pa., is a living institution"—*The Athenaum.*

The Amherst College Senate, composed of undergraduates, with the President of the college as its President, suspended eight of the most popular students for creating disorder after a foot-ball game. This shows the value of a system of student college discipline.—*Ex.*

◆

THE MIRROR is on file at the editorial rooms of the University Review, 236 Fifth Avenue, New York, where all college men are given a hearty welcome.

◆

BOOK NOTICE.

"Feathers for Shafts" is the title of an attractive booklet of subjects for Bible reading, by J. Berg Esenwein. It is introduced by Pastor D. M. Stearns, of Philadelphia, and has various contributed articles by prominent men. It promises to be very useful. Frank J. Boyer, Publisher, Peading, Pa. 25 cents.

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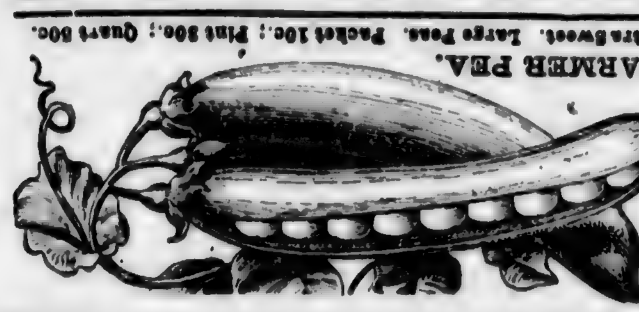

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Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY 25, 1894. No. 9.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.--Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

FEBRUARY 25. 1894.

Editorial.

WE SUPPOSE that our readers ought to be informed of the reorganization of the editorial board following the recent election of new editors. May we add that we will endeavor to make THE MIRROR as interesting as it has been in the past, and, if possible, even to improve it. THE MIRROR has attained a high standing among the college journals of the country. To maintain and excel this position will not be easy, nevertheless that is our aim.

◆

THE RENOVATION of the Literary Society halls will be an additional inducement to make them ring with the old-time eloquence. With walls artistically papered, paints, busts and pictures neatly scoured and carpets cleaned, the halls certainly present a fine appearance. This has been accomplished at considerable expense and not a little labor on the part of the active members of both societies. But both money and time have been cheerfully expended in the hope of making the societies of lasting benefit to the students. The attendance has increased lately, but it should be regular and not spasmodic.

◆

THE ASSOCIATION deserves congratulations for the wisdom shown in selecting men of distinguished ability to carry on the business part of THE MIRROR.

The retiring manager, Mr. A. C. Lathrop, has placed the Association on a firm financial basis. The newly elected manager, Mr. J. B. Suiter, is a man of wide business experience, and under his management the aggressive policy of the past will be fully maintained.

◆

THERE is a reckless disregard of property on the part of some of the students which we think ought to be corrected. Living in a college community, as we do, we all are dependent for our comfort, to a greater or less extent, upon the thought and care of others. When a few show a disposition, either from carelessness or downright maliciousness, to misuse or destroy the property for general use, immediately the rights of all are curtailed. That such disposition is present is manifest especially in the main buildings, but in others as well. Let us have a care for the University property.

◆

THE INTEREST displayed by the large number of students attending the recent mock trial in Eupeia Hall suggests that a variation in the exercises occasionally would prove quite a drawing card. Although there was an innocent disregard of many ordinary court forms and a painful distortion of some others, yet the trial may be said to have been a success. Especially will it be thought successful when it is known that the audience waited patiently until midnight to ascertain that the jury could not agree upon a verdict. The examination and speeches of the lawyers were good while the charge of the judge was excellent.

The societies have too long confined their work to a set program, scarcely daring to deviate from it. As a result the members, realizing that it was a bore either to prepare or to listen to what had been prepared, carefully avoided the society halls. But since a change has been inaugurated and new interest developed, the members should be careful to keep up a wholesome, entertaining and instructive variety.

◆

THE THREATENED action to exclude society journals from transmission in the mails as second-class matter is a menace to the existence of many college papers, for the large majority of such papers barely pay expenses and quite a number suffer the inconveniences of an annual deficit, so that if their expenses were increased by the much larger rate of postage proposed, many would be compelled to suspend publication.

But laying aside mere sentiment in regard to their existence, are not college journals entitled to the lowest mailing rates obtainable? Admitting what is not always primarily true, that they are published in the interests of the college they represent, should they not rather be encouraged to extend the cause of education? For in the first place the college, the presumptive beneficiary, exists for no pecuniary gain, but to spread knowledge, which it does at a large expense of its own funds, or of money donated by its friends. And in the second place the paper itself, the instrument conferring the benefit, is not a source of financial profit.

The measure, if passed, will prove a serious set-back to college journalism, which in the last few years has taken important forward strides. We have seen quarterlies become monthlies, monthlies become weeklies or bi-weeklies, and weeklies changed to dailies. There have been comments and favorable criticism upon the literary value of these papers from the press and individuals until "college journalism" is no longer a phrase for good natured contempt, but occupies a distinctive position in the field of general literature. To be sure, not all these advances have been due to cheap postage, nor will all of them be curtailed by the higher rate, but they are largely due to prudent and economical management of those having them in charge, and such managers know that postage is an important item of expense. An increase in such expense means a more limited number of issues and a narrower field of influence. This is retrogression.

The alumni and friends of the various colleges publishing periodicals should unite with the faculties and students in memorializing Congress on behalf of college journals. No effort should be wanting, no opportunity lost, no influence, that might be brought to bear, wasted in presenting the just claims of college journalism.

Literary.

THE PRAISE OF WINTER.

Deriding Job's alleged wisdom, the Almighty asks him, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" He plainly implies that there are treasures in the snow, too subtle, perhaps, for Job, sitting on his ash-heap, to notice and appreciate. But the poets, however, and their kinsfolk, who live where the snow flies, have found out these treasures, and have gone so far as to take the sharpness away from the icy fangs of even Winter himself, leaving him frosty but kindly. It may be delightful to sit under palm trees and amid orange groves, cooling the hot season's breath by copious draughts from the poets who have sung the praises of Winter; but I make much doubt whether that felicity is comparable to the exalted joy whose home is by the blazing hearth and in the very soul of the reader who, with feet on fender and book in hand, flies o'er the glistening ice or skims along the snowy main, while the winds and the sleet knock vainly at his castle-door. Now while every scene and incident depicted is before the reader as he looks out of the window, he can feel to the full the connection between literature and life, and he will surely have at hand the following:

(1) Lowell's essay — "A Good Word for Winter" — in which the old fellow has justice done him;

(2) Emerson's — "The Snow Storm" — "announced by all the trumpets of the sky;"

(3) Whittier's — "Snow Bound" — when the teamsters draw near "to break the drifted highways out;"

(4) Thomson's—"Winter"—"driving along the darken'd air;"

(5) Cowper's—"Winter Evening," "Winter Morning Walk," and "Winter Walk at Noon"—when the Winter is everywhere, his "forehead wrapped in clouds," his beard "white with other snows than those of age;"

(6) Shakspeare's songs—especially the one on "Winter" in Love's Labor's Lost—when

> "Dick the shepherd blows his nail
> And Tom bears logs into the hall
> And milk comes frozen home in pail."

Surrounded by these friends who talk thus familiarly with him, what cares he for the howling blast? Nay, rather: with their help he can translate the stubbornness of fortune into a style so quiet and so sweet that he would not change his lot for meadows of asphodel and the languishing airs of a more genial clime. Amid the whirling snow, then, let us read and think about the praises of Winter. E. P.

A VISIT TO THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

Soon after the battle of Gettysburg a plan was suggested for collecting the bodies of the Federal soldiers and burying them in one place, instead of burying them where they lay, scattered over all the battle field. The plans were laid before the Governor of Pennsylvania, who interested the Governors of the several states which had men in the battle, and a committee was appointed to select the grounds. The gentlemen chose a beautiful location, about one-half a mile from the town, on what is now called Cemetery Hill. In this manner the foundation of a noble work was begun.

Let us now take a walk through the grounds and see what thirty years of prosperity has accomplished in beautifying the resting place of our nation's defenders.

The main entrance to the cemetery is guarded by massive bronze gates, hung from stone columns on either side of the roadway; the columns are surmounted by large bronze eagles with wings spread and feathers ruffled, as if ready to pounce upon the weary sight-seer, if he should venture within those sacred borders.

As we stand in the gateway we see, directly before us, a relic of the great battle in the form of a cannon. Where this instrument of destruction stands, the main road divides into two beautiful drives; one branch bears slightly to the right, the other, turning to the left in a graceful curve, runs along the eastern border of the grounds.

Just behind, the cannon, in the angle between the roads, stands a beautiful monument nearly hidden by trees; this is the Reynolds monument. It consists of a semi-colossal statue of General Reynolds in bronze, set upon a granite base.

To the right, a short distance from the main road, stands a neat house, nearly hidden by shrubbery and vines, in which the keeper of the grounds resides.

But let us go on to the cemetery proper. We will take the road to the left because it is the pleasanter.

As we go up this beautiful drive, shaded on either side by evergreens and willows, we can see, through the openings in the trees, the grand monument toward which we are directing our steps.

After a few minutes' walk we reach the desired point, and what a grand sight meets our eye! From our position, at the base of the monument, we can see nearly the whole of the battlefield. We are standing on the spot toward which the Confederate cannon were pointed with such terrible effect. Looking south, our eye runs along the ridge which was occupied by the Union soldiers, and in the distance we see "Round-top."

Let us move around to the west side of the monument. At our feet we see the terrible effect of war in the form of three thousand graves.

We are standing in the center of a semi circle and facing the circumference, toward which the ground slopes in an easy descent. The gravel walks, starting at our feet, run to the circumference after the manner of the spokes of a wheel.

About half way from our position to the outer edge of the semi-circle, is a circular path running parallel with the road at the circumference. These paths divide the cemetery into lots for the different states; the lots nearest the center, being the smallest, are occupied by the states having the less, while those outside the circular path mentioned, by the states with the larger number of men killed in the battle.

The graves are on a level with the ground and the grass is kept as short as on the finest lawn. The granite stones, which mark the graves, are in long rows and are not more than one foot above the surrounding ground. At the end of each lot, and facing the center, is a large stone with the name of the state cut upon it.

But the grandest sight is behind us—the National Monument; it was erected by the several states to commemorate the memory of the men who died in the nation's defence. It is purely historical in its design, telling its own story with pleasing simplicity. The base, of white granite, is twenty-five feet square, and the main shaft rises sixty feet, and is crowned with a colossal marble statue representing the Genius of Liberty. Standing on a three-quarter globe, she holds in her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, while with her left she clasps the victorious sword.

Projecting from the angles of the pedestal are four buttresses supporting an equal number of allegorical statues representing respectively, War, History, Peace and Plenty; these figures are all beautiful in design and finely executed.

As one looks over these sacred grounds he feels that the prevailing expression of the entire cemetery is one of *simple grandeur*. Simple, because the scene leads gradually from one object to another in easy harmony, avoiding abrupt contrasts, and unexpected features. Grand, because all intricacy and great variety of parts is avoided; but more particularly, because the designers have refrained from introducing any display of ornament.

Such is the final resting place of our departed heroes. Who can estimate the importance, to us and our posterity, of their valor and heroism? Their deeds will live in history long after our bodies have mouldered into dust; and the place where they now lie will be honored, protected and preserved as a sad but sacred memento of their brave conduct.

F. M. S.

ROMAN POETRY—HOW FAR NATIONAL, HOW FAR AN IMITATION OF THE GREEK.

We shall inquire how far Roman poetry is national. It is quite evident to the careful student of Latin that there is much in Roman poetry which *is* national. If there were not something peculiar to the poems of Rome, they would not be read with so great a delight by so many people. Certain deep and abiding impressions are stamped upon them, which have penetrated the cultivated sentiment of our own times.

In the first place, there is a charm in the language and sentiment of Roman poetry which differs from that of any other language. We have Schlegel for authority that "in didactic poetry the Romans surpassed their predecessors, the Greeks;" and so we find in the didactic poem of Lucretius, for instance, a sublimity which is unsurpassed. In the finer and softer tones of Virgil and Horace we find an unequaled power to move the heart to sympathy with the beauty, the enjoyment, and the sorrows of life.

Much of the *substance* of Roman poetry is native in its origin. We must exclude, of course, their Epic poems, and poems on mythology. But the pastoral poems of Virgil; the odes of Horace, in which the rural life of the Romans especially is portrayed; the satires of Juvenal, replete with the follies of city life at Rome; and some of the subjects of Ovid's elegiac metres—all these give evident signs of Roman origin.

There were two new forms of poetic composition introduced by the Romans, which are distinct from the Grecian forms, the Satire and the poetic Epistle. The Italians had in earlier times struck out a native measure, called the Saturnian, in which they expressed their religious emotions and commemorative instincts in a rude manner. But Ennius had rejected this measure as unsuited for his great work, and it had accordingly died out. No new measures were introduced until the Satire showed *its* effectiveness, and Ovid expanded the elegy into the epistolary form.

But how far is Roman poetry an imitation of the Greek? Although there were some things distinctly Roman in Roman poetry, yet this poetry owed its first *impulse* to the intellectual contact with Greece. The form and expression of Roman poetry was moulded by the teaching of Greek masters and by the study of Greek writings. Their poetry came to them after their habits were fully formed, as an ornamental addition to their power. Most of the poets at the time of the establishment of the Empire were born in the provinces of Italy, and derived the materials of their art as much from the stores of Greek poetry as from the life and action of their own times; because as dwellers in the provinces they had no live, active interest in their own times.

The forms of composition of Roman poetry, and the metres employed, are both signs of imitation from the Greeks. As we said before, the satire and the poetic epistle were the only productions of Roman art. They learned to time their measures from the measures of Greece; and they were not equally successful in all the forms which they attempted to reproduce. In tragedy they were far inferior to Greece; in epic and idyllic poetry, and in philosophical dialogue they betrayed their inferiority. Sellar says: "The Roman character and Italian feeling of their poems have been partially obscured by the foreign forms and metres in which they are expressed."

Roman poetry is, to a large extent, an imitation of the Greek in its subject matter. The Romans were wanting in speculative capacity, and the substance of Roman poetry does not rise to those imaginative heights from which the poets of Greece beheld the wonder and solemnity of life. The beautiful and stately forms of Greek legend lived a second life in the works of many Latin poets. The story of the Aeneid is of foreign origin, and the religious creed which is expressed in it is a composite result of Greek mythology and Roman sentiment. So also, at times, the odes of Horace seem to bear no vital relation to the convictions of the poet, and are based on the praise of some god or mistress of Greek mythology.

Therefore, we conclude that from one standpoint Roman poetry is a new revelation of the human spirit, while from another it is an imitative reproduction of the Grecian art. Sellar says: "Roman poetry is a branch of literature moulded, indeed, on the forms of a foreign art, but executed with native energy, and expressive of native character."

W.

OUR DUTY IN THE PRESENT INDUSTRIAL SITUATION.

The history of mankind has recorded not only the bright days of the past but the dark ones as well. Bloody wars, pestilence famine, and industrial depressions, want and suffering, have always had their seasons. The lessons taught by the past have often been unheeded and forgotten. Hence we see history repeating itself. The present industrial situation has had its counterpart in the past.

It is not the sudden evolution of some great evil that brings about the present situation. Its development has been the result of years of growth. Gradually have the forces of events converged to the present crisis. The evidences of the present industrial depression are everywhere present. Instead of prosperity adversity stalks its way through our blooming land. Where the hum and song of activity were heard now is the stillness of the night. Stagnation has stopped the revolving wheels of activity. Dust and rust are accumulating on the machines in our shops. Where confidence sweetly reposed her trust in our country and its institutions distrust is now sulking. Instead of plenty for all want is evident. The cry of hunger arises to the heavens and re-echoes itself through the length and breadth of our nation. The child of joy and happiness has become sad. Yet we see these circumstances as superfluous; only temporary; not permanent. The resources of our nation are great; we can produce enough for all The patriotism of our people will make their strength mighty for the overthrow of the causes of the present condition and the restoration of prosperity.

The present industrial situation affects all classes of society. Employers receive less profit, yet their loss is small in comparison with that of the employed. For every employer who feels want there are ten thousand toilers whose state is far worse. The real burden of the present distress falls with greatest effect upon the working classes.

Whence is this woeful condition in our land? The best students of economics and government do not, like some of our monomaniacs, trace the condition to a single cause. They see rather a network of complex causes that have operated toward the present condition. The situation has been intensified and made far worse by the cry of "calamity." Our daily papers have almost with united voice raised this cry, saying that we were on the verge of financial ruin unless certain measures were adopted, until they have destroyed public confidence. Fictitious horrors have been pictured to us, until they appear real. The distorted views they have spread broadcast have resulted in the withdrawing of large sums of money from circulation, raids on banks, and are largely responsible for the present direful times. Instead of being messengers of truth the press have become carriers of the false and evil. Oh, that our papers had the patriotism to declare confidence in the ability of our nation to stem the tide of affairs regardless of the passage of the "silver repeal," or any other bill by Congress. Let confidence be restored and the present distress will be relieved. Political trifling has also made the situation more trying. The spoils idea has so possessed our office holders that they have dared to trifle with the people's will. The basal causes are several: First, Debauchery:—Intemperance and vice have always caused evil, and they will ever continue in the same destructive work. Earnings are thus worse than wasted. The noblest endowment of wage-payer and wage-earner—the mind—is degraded. They become as brutes, and their relation with each other are of no higher type. Second, Plutocracy:—The rich are made supreme in their power, enabling them to make their employed as mere vassals, whose only aim is to make more wealthy their masters. Third, The financial policy of the government:—There is no doubt but that this policy, carried out as it has been in the interests of Wall street speculators, has seriously affected the situation; but to lay at its door all the blame is only avoiding the real issue. A sufficient circulation and proper equity between the money metals is needed. The lack of this is in favor of capital, but destructive to labor. Fourth, Strained relations:—The relations of the employer and employed are inter-dependent. The two classes are complementary, and their harmonious and unified action is essential to our best industrial interests. Starvation wages and strikes strain these relations, entailing financial distress. There are doubtless other minor causes, but, whatever they may be, the fact of industrial distress remains and must be met.

Our duty in the present industrial situation is to look affairs directly in the face. We are not to be cynics, looking only on the darkest possibilities. Hope, as a beacon, sheds its guiding light out on the way. Duty, then, demands us to act promptly to counteract these causes, asserting the power of the right and of true citizenship. We must, if possible, *remove* the causes, or at least restrain them.

It is our duty not to to decry, but, in patriotism, to seek to restore confidence in our nation and her institutions. We ought to do our utmost to keep the wheels of industry moving. If employers, duty calls upon us to give employment to as many as we are able; if laborers, to accept work at less wages, if necessary, than our capabilities entitle us. This is far better than charity, yet charity may be a part of duty. We cannot do the Master's bidding unless we feed the hungry. We have no right to allow men to starve. We are our brother's keeper, and are responsible to God for his keeping.

Let us see to it that we do our duty. If, as educated Christian citizens, we are faithful to our charge, the industrial situation will brighten. Want will give way to plenty; prosperity and joy will again lift the shroud of adversity and sadness from many of our brothers.

The darkness suggests the dawn; the dimness of the present the brightening future. Let courage, then, possess our hearts. Let us press on in patriotic trust and endeavor for our Country's welfare, ever remembering:

"A better day is coming,
A morning promised long,
When girded right and holy might
Shall overthrow the wrong."

Local.

Butler has joined Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Lathrop's father paid him a visit Feb. 10.

Sigmund preached at Winfield on the 28th ult.

"Much ado about nothing'—Nelson Davis' letter on "dog."

Baker, the Freshman, is an applicant for a clerkship at the Lewisburg postoffice.

Kauffman and Stephens are the latest additions to the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

We welcome Parker to his new room in the east wing. He is at last in a good neighborhood.

Mr. B. B. Ware addressed the students of Gettysburg college on missionary subjects on Jan. 21.

A Senior soliloquy:

Girls may come and girls may go,
I study on forever.

Raymond Davis will soon present two barrels of oranges, a gift from his cousin in Florida, to the Angstadt club.

Theta Alpha expects to render the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice" during the latter part of March.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon tendered to their lady friends a sleigh ride to Sunbury Feb. 2. A pleasant time was reported by all.

There is an unusual interest in the study of literature this term. The number of students pursuing honor work in this subject is greater than ever before. Dr. Perrine deserves great credit for the enthusiasm he has aroused.

Prof. in Osteology—"Mr. Smith, are the feet very powerful parts of the body?" Mr. Smith—"Very powerful in some people."

Haddock is not absent minded as a rule, but on Sunday, Feb. 4th, he escorted a young lady to church and forgot to escort her home.

Cyrus Gresh, of Milton, who had been a member of the Freshman class at Ursinus college, is the latest addition to the ranks of '97.

Dr. Harris preached at Williamsport on the 11th inst., and on the next day addressed the meeting of Bucknell Alumni in New York city.

Mr. Deppen left town on the 8th inst. to act as "best man" for his new brother-in-law. He returns philosophizing over the way the world wags on.

The members of the college Y. M. C. A. were greatly interested in a talk on "Moody's Training School," given by C. W. Harvey, of the Academy, February 6.

The recent C. E. entertainment in the Lutheran church was greatly enhanced in interest by three vocal quartettes, in all of which Mr. B. Meade Wagenseller took part.

Nelson Davis has undertaken to supply the class in animal histology with dogs for dissection. Formerly cats were used for this purpose, but Mr. Davis prefers larger specimens.

Ben Brick has been suffering from a serious wound in his right eye. It is now much better, and we are glad that Mr. Brick is no longer obliged to wear his head in a sling.

Theta Alpha literary society recently discussed the important question: "Resolved, that long engagements are conducive to married happiness." Many very original ideas were advanced.

Prof. in Physiology—"Mr. Firth, what is the shape of the red blood corpuscles?" Mr. Firth—"Round like a dollar." Professor—"How large are they?" Mr. Firth—"A little smaller than a dollar."

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gretzinger entertained the Phi Kappa Psi boys at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Stoner, of Sunbury, on the evening of Feb. 2. It was the occasion of the third anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Gretzinger. A bountiful feast was given which was intermingled with lively toasts and college songs.

MOCK TRIAL.

Friday, the ninth, Euepia Hall
Was filled with guests—the great and small,
From Vastine down to Davidson,
Freshies, Sophs and honest men—
To hear Guie tried for battery
On Harper's physiognomy.

Judge Sheddan ably occupied
The honored bench; while Sigmund cried,
With much unnecessary din,
That now the session would begin.
And Sheriff Reynolds' dignity
Maintained the Court's authority.

Prothonotary Harris then
Called out the petit jurymen,
From which list those of honest face
Were chosen for the jurors' place—
MacNab and Jackson, Waid and Hall,
And Firth and Rogers, six in all.

The witnesses were soon sworn in
And testified where Guie had been,
What share he had in that great fight
Which took place Soph'more banquet night;
While lawyers, armed with book aud pen
Cross-questioned these unhappy men.

And many a high contention rose
When Sheddan must needs interpose,
"Let there be Pease and silence Grimm"
Or "Pease proceed to question him,"
"That juror will not interfere,
His notion has no bearing here."

But Dr. Brown was far the best,
That learned jaw-bone specialist,
Who testified that Harper's face
Of Guie's advances bore no trace.
A skillful story he composed
And so the testimony closed.

When the defense had made its plea,
Riemer discoursed quite audibly,
Thundering out old Blackstone's law
On injuring a Soph'more's jaw;
Until the jury was assured
Guie was a wretch, to crime inured.

With brief, well-chosen language then
The Judge dismissed the jurymen.
And then a half an hour they spent;
Five voted for Guie's punishment;
But that sixth man would not agree
And Guie is still at liberty.

Mr. Josephs, one of Bucknell's ablest orators, addresses the Farmers' Institute, which meets in Millville during the latter part of this month. His subject is, "A wheel within a wheel." This offers Mr. Josephs great opportunities of instructing the farmers in the history of civilization and scientific progress.

A company of idle youths, arrayed in costumes usually worn between bedtime and morning, paraded around the seminary a few evenings ago. Ghostly was the march, but the windows responded with mirth.

On the morning of the 14th inst. the following valentine, dedicated to two Cs, was found near the bulletin board:

You stand in beauty side by side:
  Your hearts seem filled with glee;
Your love is strong, and deep, and wide,
  As the waters in the sea.

S. R. Wood, '96, preached at Derrs, Columbia county, on the 4th inst. To reach Derrs he went by way of Watsontown over the Weak and Weary railroad. So tired was the engine on the following Monday that it required twenty hours to make the return trip, a distance of about 35 miles.

Macnab recently was a member of a sleighing party to Potts Grove. On the way home, although having a pretty miss for a seatmate, he fell asleep and tumbled from the sleigh. No more serious injuries resulted from the fall than mortification of the spirit and contusion of the knee-cap.

The usual "stag" dance of the winter term was held in the gymnasium on Saturday, Feb. 10, at 9 p. m. The elaborate costumes of the ladies (?) and gentlemen were the source of much amusement to the spectators. A large crowd was present, and all enjoyed themselves whether they could dance or not The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of a spring board.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt, '78, contributes regularly to the *Home and Country Magazine*.

Miss Elsie Roth, '90, was recently the guest of her classmate, Miss Katharine Wolfe, of Lewisburg.

Two recent guests were Miss Bertha Wittenmyer, '92, of Middleburg, and Miss Mamie Jones, of Olyphant.

Miss Flora Clymer, '93, is actively engaged in missionary work, in Philadelphia, as the assistant of her pastor, Rev. C. H. Thomas.

The prize essay contest of the Senior and Fourth Year class will take place on March 15. Themes will be taken from "Sketches of Sir Roger de Coverly," and "Evangeline."

"Merrily the sleigh bells tinkled in the icy air of night" as the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity gave a sleigh ride to Sunbury. The evening was passed in a delightful manner. The musical members of the fraternity contributed much to the pleasantness of the occasion.

The Hermenia literary society, of the Academy, entertained a number of their friends in a very pleasant and unique way by giving a ride to and banquet at Vicksburg. Although the weather proved inclement this did not detract from the pleasure of the evening, and all reported a "right royal" time.

The following poem was written for the MIRROR by Dr. Lemuel Moss:

COUNT THE COST.

Luke XIV, 28:33.

Many a tower is left unfinished,—
  Planned, begun, abandoned, lost;
For the thoughtless, foolish builder
  Fails to count the cost.

Many an army, proudly marshalled,
  Marches into helpless woe,
For the reckless, vain commander,
  Underrates his foe.

Many a vessel richly freighted,
  Sinks beneath the whelming deep;
For the sailor in the look out,
  Heedless, falls asleep.

Many a life goes out in darkness
  That might shine in endless day;
For the soul bewitched by folly,
  Barters it away.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

Rev. Mr. Bowser paid a visit to Messrs. Craig and Mitchell.

The competitors for the Third Form declamation prize have been selected.

The "prep's" lament:

Latin is a burden,
  Greek it gives me pain;
Mathematics set me crazy,
  And football makes me lame.

The members of the Hermania Literary society, with their Seminary and town lady friends, participated recently in a "buss" ride to Vicksburg. Upon arriving at Vicksburg the merry company directed their steps to the Great Western hotel, where a well prepared spread awaited them. A literary program followed, consisting of music and recitations, after which they started for home. The party reached the Seminary at a seasonable hour, and all expressed themselves as having "a very pleasant evening."

Personal.

'65. Rev. H. F. King has had great success at Powelton Ave., Phila. The church is in a better condition than it had been at any time before.

'66. Rev. J. S. Hutson is still the efficient pastor of Nixon St., Pittsburg. Through his efforts many important missions have been built up.

'68. The annual book reception at Mount Pleasant institute, of which Dr. Leroy Stephens is president, was recently held. It is a good way in which to build up the library of that institution.

'85. Rev. S. G. Reading, of Williamsport, is an associate editor of the *Expositor*, published in Western Pennsylvania.

'86. Pastor S. S. Merriman, of the Baptist church of Merchantville, N. J., has just issued his annual letter, which shows very encouraging reports. In the past four years he has increased a membership of thirty to one hundred, thirty-three of whom joined last year.

Ex. '86. In the recent trial of the Mineral Range train robbers at Houghton, Mich., Attorney Myron Sherwood figured very prominently on the defense. Although the robbers pleaded guilty their sentence was lessened by the efforts of Mr. Sherwood on certain points of the law.

'87. Rev. W. E. Staub has entered upon his fifth year at Blockley.

'88. On Jan. 1 Rev. C. A. Soars removed from Bridgeport, Pa., to Nicetown. Thus far he has been very successful in his new pastorate.

'92. Rev. R. B. Dunmire is enjoying his work at Crozer, and recently greeted the MIRROR management with a letter enclosing his subscription for the present year.

'93. Miss Carrie Lloyd, of Phœnixville, spent several days recently at her alma mater.

Ex. '94. Dr. LeRoy Merriman is editor-in-chief of a monthly published by the students of Hahnemann Medical college.

Ex. 96. Wilber J. Lewis, who is in business at William Penn, recently made a short visit to Bucknell. It is his intention to continue his course next year.

Ex. '—. Rev. C. E. Grove recently spent a day at school and was pleased with its workings.

Exchanges.

The Tragedy of Hannibal is the title of a recent production of Mr. Henry David Gray, of the class of '97 of Hamilton college. This work will be of interest to all college students, and we trust we may secure a copy as soon as it is published.

In the columns of the *Spectator* we note an article concerning the fight between Corbet and Mitchell. Our contemporary does well in attacking this disgraceful event. Let all our college publications denounce this relic of barbarism. The article on "Immigration and Education" contains some practical truths. The "Party Boss," "Labor and Capital," "Pauper Labor," etc., all suggest the attending dangers of this national problem.

"Smith college is about to publish a paper which contains no advertisements."—*St. Louis Collegian.*

The above move is a commendable one. Good for Smith college! It does seem that college publications should be self-supporting. What college will be the next to follow this example?

In the exchange column of the *Reveille* we note the timely remark concerning college publications drafting from standard authors in order to supply the deficiency of contributions. We heartily agree with our contemporary on this point. Let each column of the college paper be supplied with material from the student body.

Politics in its noblest definition is patriotism.—*The Wittenberger.*

Eighty eight per cent. of the citizens of the United States can read and write.

Every student should be filled with enthusiasm and wholesome victuals. Never eat indigestible food or fail to yell at a foot-ball game.—*De Paw Weekly.*

College News.

AMBIGUOUS.

He who from parting maketh bliss,
(For "parting such sweet sorrow is,")
Would fain have parted with a kiss.
Did he in parting kiss a miss,
And part, in parting, with a kiss?
Or else in parting miss a kiss
And thus in parting part with kiss?
If not, he then did kiss amiss,
And would fain have parted with that kiss.

Muhlenberg college has forbidden all football games with outside teams.—*Spectator*.

The University of Chicago has adopted the goldenrod as its flower.—*Denison Collegian*.

One hundred and two members of the House of Representatives are college graduates.—*College Student*.

It is said that Governor Pattison will probably succeed to the presidency of Lehigh University. —*The College Mercury*.

"We sometimes meet an original gentleman who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them.—*Emerson*.

EPIGRAM—FROM THE FRENCH.

"My patients ne'er complain of me,"
Said Quack, an ignorant M. D.
"I'll tell you why," quoth Sexton Todd,"
"They cannot speak beneath the sod."—*Leloup*.

"Marts," said the young lady's father, "you couldn't earn your salt." "Oh, yes I could sir," she replied complacently; "but I might have to fall back on you for the Pepper."

The total receipts of the Yale-Princeton game were about $47,000, of which $15,000 were paid out for expenses, thus leaving over $30,000 to be divided between the two colleges.—*St. John's Collegian*.

'Twas Russia's Czar, who, from afar,
To us this curse did send, sir;
And on LaGrippe our tongues do slip,
But stick on "influenzir."

Oxford University is the largest in the world, embracing twenty-one colleges and five halls. It has an annual income of $6,000,000.—*Ex*.

Prof. of Psychology—"What is love?" Chemical student—"Love is a volatile precipitate, and both marriage and time are solvents in which it quickly dissolves.—*Ex*.

Latin teacher—"How shall I write, 'I ought to be loved by my pupils?'" Best pupil—"In the subjunctive," (contrary to fact).—*Ex*.

The University of Paris has over 7,000 students, and in this, as well as other universities of France, there are no classes, no commencement day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs, and no fraternities.—*Ex*.

The University of Missouri has received from the State Legislature since February, 1891, by direct appropriation and in interest on its endowment, $1,525,000. No other State in this country has ever given to its university so much money in so short a time.—*Ex*.

"Tempus fugit," said the Roman;
  Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on:
    Ever coming,
    Ever going,
Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.

But as I think of next vacation,
  Poring o'er these lessons huge,
    Ever harder,
    Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge."—*Yale Record*.

College development may be compared in a certain way to Evolution. Query: If a Sophomore who has been evolved from that lower order of beings known in scientific circles as the species called Freshman, is an ape; in ordinary language what is a Freshman to be called? (This question is submitted to the president of the Freshman class.

Said Atom to Molly Cule,
  "Will you unite with me?"
And Molly Cule did quick retort,
  "There's no affinity."

Beneath electric light plant's shade
  Poor Atom hoped he'd meet her,
But she eloped with a rascal Base,
  And now her name's Salt Petre.—*Ex*.

Representative Everett, of Massachusetts, is regarded as easily the ablest classical scholar in either branch of Congress. Like his distinguished father, he is credited with the ability to recite Æneid from beginning to end, and even with the ability to determine the quantity of any word in the whole Latin lexicon. Outside the classics the best of the Congressional linguists is Senator Turpie, of Indiana, who has a colloquial familiarity with three modern languages beside his own, and can read several more.—*Washington Post*.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MARCH 10, 1894. No. 10.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column $3.00 per inch.

☛ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☛ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

MARCH 10, 1894.

Editorial.

THE COMING exhibition in the gymnasium is attracting quite a little interest. This is a fitting climax to the work done in this line during the winter term. Those students who faithfully attended class drill have realized in themselves the physical improvement resulting from the exercises Not only was health maintained and bodies made supple, but to some extent a little grace acquired. All this we hope will be evident to the visitors on the final day, March 17.

◆

PENMANSHIP as a fine art is perhaps too difficult an attainment, or requires too much time for the average college student. But surely this is no warrant for swinging to the opposite extreme. Plain, legible writing is often appreciated more highly than the ornamented, and certainly is an attainment within the reach of any student. For those who expect to do much writing, whether for the press or in the form of letters or documents, it is well to bear in mind that many grievous blunders may be avoided by cultivating a neat, legible handwriting.

◆

GYMNASIUM exercises are enlivened and made more attractive by the music accompanying the various movements. When we consider that this work, which requires not a little skill on the part of the performer, is done without any recompense and at the sacrifice of considerable time, we feel certain that the students attending class drill will join with THE MIRROR in extending to Mr. Green this acknowledgment of his courtesy, his faithfulness and promptness in this matter.

◆

PUNCTUALITY in meeting an engagement is a virtue by no means to be despised. Punctuality in retiring when the business is finished may at times be a virtue worthy of equal commendation. If one asks another for five minutes of his time and takes ten or fifteen, he robs him of just so much. Tho the time be not valuable to the one it may be to the other. The tendency in school life is to be too profligate with the moments given for improvement. It is much easier and far pleasanter to use up an hour or so in light conversation than to dig out Greek roots or wrestle with mathematical theorems. And when we make a visit to borrow a book or ask about a lesson we are apt ofttimes to extend the time and talk about anything except the book or the lesson. Punctuality at both ends of the engagement would result in the accomplishment of more real work.

◆

THE *Free Lance*, of State College, in an interesting editorial discusses at some length the present foot-ball situation and the outlook for the coming season. It regrets the dissolution of the league of '91, claims to have out classed Bucknell (tho, be it remembered that in the last game, Bucknell scored 18 points, which for an out-classed team is doing extremely well), ranks herself with Lehigh and Cornell, and advocates the formation of another league composed of such teams as Cornell, Union, Lehigh, Lafayette, Univ. of Virginia, and State, and possibly admitting Bucknell, Swarthmore or F. and M. It is on the advisability of Bucknell entering such a league that we wish more particularly to speak.

In briefly reviewing the history of '91, if memory serves us rightly, Bucknell was the only team in the league that played all the games assigned, but lost the pennant to her defeated opponent thro a game forfeited by another team equally inferior to both. This state of affairs was fully matched by the depleted condition of our treasury and the debt in which we were involved. Long trips, too frequent engagements, insufficient guarantees and poor receipts at home games contributed to more than exhaust our funds. So that in so far as games and finances were concerned that league was anything but profitable to us.

Nor would a new league, such as proposed by the *Free Lance*, be any more advantageous to Bucknell. For if we should enter, twice the time heretofore devoted to foot ball, would be required to train for the harder contests, not to speak of the days needed to travel to the distant places. Even supposing those interested in foot-ball were able and willing to devote this time, their number is scarcely large enough to stand the strain of severer practice and yet present a team strong enough to meet their opponents.

Again, financially we would be no better situated. Long and frequent trips would necessitate a large outlay of money, much more than the gate receipts could be expected to balance. A coach would have to be employed and entail an additional expense. Altogether we might confidently expect to leave a large, round deficit for our collegiate posterity to settle.

If the seasons of '92 and '93 have taught us anything it is that Bucknell is much better off outside a league than in one. For even tho we suffered defeat, and the consequent opprobrium of being out-classed by our ambitious rival, the seasons, especially the last, favored us with a fair measure of success. Considering finances alone they were entirely successful. For our Athletic association was able not only to meet all expenses but to close the books with a respectable balance in the treasury.

Nor is our situation outside a league absolutely hopeless. There are quite a number of foot ball teams in our immediate vicinity. Games with these will continue to afford us plenty of practice. And occasional dates with college teams will afford us all the athletic sport we could wish.

Literary.

A VISIT TO THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

That masterpiece of the sculptor's art and man's ingenuity, the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," is the most conspicuous object about New York. It is seen upon entering the city from New Jersey; from the Brooklyn bridge; from any high point of lookout in the city. To appreciate the full magnitude of the bronze, a near approach and close examination are necessary. New York, whose ways of rapid transit remind the novice of the Arabian Nights' transportation, has provided the public with a quick and thoroughly satisfactory mode of access. Boats leave the Barge office every hour, and anyone upon paying the fare of twenty-five cents is carried to the island, given free entrance to all parts, even to the very forehead of Liberty, and return passage to Gotham.

The writer and a college friend, while on a vacation tour, determined to see the statue. Embarking on the little steamer, we were quickly nearing Bedloe's island. The boat kindly took us around beyond the island, so that we had an excellent view on three sides. The nearer we approached, the more colossal the proportion appeared, until, obtaining an upward view from the edge of the island, the statue towered far above, grandly impressive in her magnificence. While the close view gave a better idea of the gigantic size of the figure, it detracted from the perfect symmetry so noticeable at a distance.

Landing, we walked with the crowd to the dock, set our feet on the famous soil and entered the enclosure. The island is a fort; consequently we found breast-works of some considerable height. These are of solid masonry, with eight corners jutting out, somewhat like an eight-rayed star, completely bordering the land. In the centre, the statue rises on her pedestal. This pedestal, with its foundation, is 154 feet high, and 91 feet square at the bottom, diminishing to forty feet at the base of the statue itself. The figure rises from the pedestal to the top of the torch, held in extended right hand, 151 feet, making the total height from the ground 305 feet.

We enter the foundation at the very base. Passing in to the centre, we find a small rotunda, from which the entrances branch at right angles, like the four branches of a cross-roads. We are glad to escape from the damp, dark surroundings, and begin to ascend a broad stone stairway. The ascent from this point to the base of the figure is by straight flights of stairs. Arrived at the top of the pedestal, we might have stepped outside upon a corridor, extending all the way around, to taste the salt breezes. However, our desire to gain the "top-most top" spurred us upward. Inside the statue, we climb up a narrow staircase, in width not more than 18 inches, provided here and there with little iron chair-like seats in the railing, as resting places for the weary. Before we had lifted one foot up ahead of the other the 154 times necessary to reach the top, we were rather glad to take advantage of one of these seats while we caught breath. As we sat in the dim light (for the incandescent lamps, placed at intervals of about twenty feet, do not make a bright illumination), we heard descending steps close to us. They seemed above; then, underneath; but no one had passed by on our stairs. This led to the discovery that two flights of these circular stairways have been built about a common central standard; one for people ascending, the other for those descending.

Arrived in the top of the head, we find ourselves in a room which will comfortably hold forty persons. We go over to one of the sides (if one may use that expression of a circular room) and see that what we had taken from the sea level to be small indentations in the crown are in reality windows ranging from a foot in height on the sides of the head, to nearly three feet at the centre above the forehead. Looking out, the eye reaches far over the city, and had the day been sufficiently clear, we might have descried the Palisades of the Hudson and even some Connecticut landmarks. We immediately recognize the Brooklyn bridge, although never seen before, so realistic are the pictures which have been scattered over the land. From other points of view, we see Brooklyn, to our right; in the near centre, the bay dotted with many a sail; to the left, New Jersey coasts, Jersey City, Blackwell's Island and the other islands near. A glance upward to the crown, surprises and awes. The rays that from the boat had seemed only as long as a lead pencil reach out and upward fully six feet. The arm holding the torch extends above; at some considerable distance from us, apparently. The torch is forty feet higher than our point of observation.

A few additional dimensions of our "Goddess" may be of interest. The length of index finger is 8 feet; distance across eye, 2 feet; length of nose, 4 feet 6 inches; width of mouth, 3 feet, and size of finger nail, 13x10 inches.

Descending, we step out into the corridor of the pedestal, and from between the tall Grecian columns, through window-like openings, look out again over the bay. The breeze bears us our first taste of salt air unpolluted by the city odors. Below us, the long swells break in foam on the stony shore. A wholesome feeling of sadness, such as true grandeur always produces, mingled with one of protection, stole in unawares, as we felt that far above us the strong figure towered—emblem of our land—mighty, enduring, a welcome beacon light to the weary sailor homeward bound.

E. A.

HOW MISS ELIZA MILKED THE COW.

On the farm adjoining my father's, when I was a boy working at home, there lived a widow, Mrs. Wood, who formerly had resided in New York city. After her husband's death in the city, Mrs. Wood, being desirous of a life free from city conventionalities, purchased the old homestead which her father once owned.

Her neighbors were unable to see any peculiar attraction in the old farm, and they often wondered why this city lady should delight to live there, quite alone, with the exception of her hired girl. But to Mrs. Wood the homestead was endeared by many remains of her father's handiwork, although for over forty years the farm had been in the hands of strangers.

That she spent at least two dollars for every dollar's worth of produce she received from the farm did not seem to disturb her in the least. She kept a horse and a cow, some sheep and poultry. She tilled her garden herself, but rented the remainder of her plow-land; her stock was sufficient for her pasturage. Evidently she had plenty of money and enjoyed this mode of dissipating it.

But even in this quiet manner of living there was one vexation which caused her no little annoyance. The loneliness and solitude of the widow's isolated life were more than her hired girls could endure; and she was unable to keep an assistant for any length of time.

It so happened that about the middle of August the girl, whom she had engaged for all the summer, left without a day's notice. Now, it was extremely necessary that Mrs. Wood should have some one to assist her at once. On account of her rheumatic wrists it was quite out of the question for her to think of doing the milking herself, as she had done on similar occasions previously, when without a girl for a day or two.

Mrs. Wood knew very well that it was impossible to hire a girl in the country during the busy summer months, so she at once drove to the neighboring village. In this village lived one of Mrs. Wood's sisters, who was the wife of one of the leading merchants of the town.

After a vain search of several hours, for three of her former assistants lived in this village, the widow called at her sister's home and began to relate her unfortunate plight.

"How glad I am, Aunt Augusta!" exclaimed Miss Eliza, the younger of her nieces, who was home spending her summer vacation from Bucknell Institute.

"Glad? why Eliza how you talk!" said her sister reprovingly.

"Dear aunt," said Eliza without heeding the interruption, "I'm just dying for something to do. Mamma and sister think that I should 'rest' until school begins. But *I* am thoroughly tired of 'resting.' Will you take me home with you, aunt Augusta?"

Though this conversation was half in jest, yet when Mrs. Wood drove home, her niece, Miss Eliza, accompanied her. This young lady had visited frequently in the country, of course, but she knew practically nothing at all of such work as she had volunteered to do.

When within a mile or two of the homestead a thunder shower, which had suddenly arisen from the west, burst forth and gave them a thorough drenching. By the time they reached the farm, however, every cloud had disappeared, the sun was shining majestically over the western hills, and the atmosphere was filled with the delicious perfume of the newly mown hay.

Miss Eliza helped her aunt to prepare the evening meal and to look after the poultry. The little chickens were safely cooped; all the eggs were gathered; and the other duties about the house carefully attended to.

"Now, we are all done but the milking," said Mrs. Wood, "and my rheumatism is so bad to-night that I dare not go out in the damp any more. Do you suppose, dear, you could milk old Brindle without my going down to the yard with you?"

"Certainly, auntie," said Miss Eliza assuringly. She had been prompted to make this reply on the spur of the moment because of her aunt's infirmity. But this was the work which had caused her considerable misgivings, for she had never yet attempted to milk, and she had hoped that her aunt would give her a few lessons before testing her skill. Nevertheless, Eliza was not the girl to show the white feather. Other girls had learned to milk, and why couldn't she?

Taking the milking pail, the young lady tripped lightly down the path to the yard where old Brindle stood patiently chewing her cud and vainly trying to keep off the flies which swarmed about her legs and sides.

At first Brindle was a little shy of the stranger, but her fears were soon overcome, and Miss Eliza, after she had petted the gentle creature a while, seated herself on the three-legged stool and attempted to relieve the distended udder.

"Soo, bos, soo; I won't harm you," said Miss Eliza. By sheer good fortune she happened to sit down on the right side of the cow; she didn't know that it made any difference. She placed the pail on the ground, and, sitting off at arm's length, she daintily squeezed one of the teats.

As the cow was an easy milker, she brought forth a copious stream; but instead of going into the pail, the milk persisted in spattering her new russet shoes. She tried to give the stream another direction; the bottom of her dress caught it this time. Changing hands, she tried it again; an abundant stream soaked the cow's left hind foot.

During these attempts of the fair milker, the cow kept swithing her tail furiously.

"I should think aunt Augusta would have your tail cut off!" she exclaimed, after it had hit her in the face two or three times.

Now it so happened that the cow was standing quite near an old rail fence and that one of the stakes was close behind the cow's right hind foot. The young lady was making first rate progress, —she had milked about three quarts, and fully one quart had landed safely in the pail. Just then Brindle switched her tail vigorously from side to side and with seeming intent dipped the heavy, brushy end right into the milk. In another instant the cow switched again. This time the dripping tail struck Miss Eliza squarely on the cheek.

"I wonder how aunt Augusta manages this cow's troublesome caudal appendage, anyway?" said she. "Perhaps ——, and to think was to act.

For a minute or two everything went off nicely, and Miss Eliza was congratulating herself on the success of her scheme.

But the poor cow! The flies pestered her exceedingly. She tugged and tried to switch them off, but her tail refused to obey. Most cows would have kicked, but this cow was no kicker. She leaned forward, twisted her body from right to left. Still her tail refused to switch. In alarm, the young lady quickly arose from her stool, and none too soon.

The cow gave a jump; somebody screamed; down came several lengths of fence; and old Brindle galloped down the lane with a fence stake trailing at her heels.

By some fortunate coincidence of circumstances I happened to be near by in an adjoining field on my father's farm. Hearing the scream, and the noise caused by the tumbling down of the rail fence, and seeing the cow capering about with the fence stake fastened to her tail, no explanation was needed when I arrived on the scene, at least so I told the young lady.

It did not take long to relay the fence; surely the fifteen minutes didn't seem long. Miss Eliza tried to help. Before the last rails were replaced, I began to wish that more of the fence had tumbled down. Never before had I found building rail fence so delightful a pastime. Usually it was rather disagreeable work.

The cow, having loosed herself from the stake, had quieted down by this time. I drove the cow up to the usual milking place and proceeded to give the young lady a lesson in the art of milking. It took several lessons, however, before she seemed to be proficient. Yet, I must say, she was not slow to learn.

Of course, more might be said; but —— you do not wonder that I remember so well how Miss Eliza milked the cow.

H. T. C.

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A COMMUNICATION.

The Literary editors earnestly request contributions to their department. The readable quality of our paper must inevitably suffer unless subscribers and others aid in this way. It is true that the editoral staff is large but two only are assigned to the literary part. A little calculation will show that no small amount of sacrifice is needed for two busy students, with regular school literary work pressing hard upon them, to provide every two weeks for nine or ten columns of *interesting* reading, and that of a nature, too, which will conform to the readers' standards. For them to write it all is out of the question, both in respect to time and in regard to popular opinion. We therefore cordially solicit contributions from every one.

We know that our judgment is not all that could be desired, and doubtless in many cases would be somewhat unjust, as we are but students. We know, also, that modesty plays a large part in the hesitancy that the student feels in submitting productions to the public eye. This, while commendable to a certain extent, should be put underneath for the benefit of our University journal. The appearance of an article in cold print often reveals to the writer a slight lack of taste in expression that would, perhaps, not be discovered in manuscript copy. Hence, the aid to the composer. On the other hand, a printed page is far more interesting than a written one, because the ideas are more quickly grasped by the reader, and a very favorable judgment passed on the same matter in print which would seem weak in writing.

We aim to make this department both instructive and readable—not too much on the *North American Review* style. In choosing subjects for term essays, bear this request in mind, and let us see the result. We will never set it down as your desire for notoriety, but will thank you from the depth of our overworked lives. Write something, also, that is especially for THE MIRROR.

We desire to thank all who have heartily aided us in this and other ways in the past, and all who will do so in the future. Let each one who has the interest of our school at heart uphold its journal in every way possible. It will do you good and raise the Bucknell MIRROR to a higher place than it now occupies in the esteem of contemporaries. Please hand or send contributions to the Literary editors,

T. S. FRETZ,
EZRA ALLEN.

REPLY TO AN EXCHANGE.

I read in the MIRROR of the 25th of last month the following extract, which is a mistake from the beginning to the end :

> The University of Paris has over 7,000 students, and in this, as well as other universities of France, there are no classes, no commencement day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs, and no fraternities.—*Ex.*

At first there is no University of Paris, and there is only one university for all the country. It is the Universite de France, having sixteen branches called Academies, in the following great cities: Aix, Besancon, Bordeaux, Caen, Chambery, Clermont, Dijon, Douai, Grenoble, Lyon, Montpellier, Nancy, Paris, Poitiers, Rennes and Toulouse.

Each Academy is under the presidency of a *Recteur*, who controls the public lectures given in the palace of the Academy, and the classes of the lycees, colleges and public schools. Above all the *Recteurs* is the Minister of Public Instruction, *Grand Maitre* of the University of France.

The public instruction is divided into three categories: 1st. *Enseignement Superieur* which has five faculties: Theology, Law, Medicine, Sciences, French and Foreign Belles-lettres. 2d. *Enseignement Secondaire* to which belong the lycees and colleges. 3d. *Enseignement primaire* to which belong the public schools.

We have classes in the five faculties and in the lycees and colleges, and, in our colleges, the students who do not know their lesson are severely punished without any consideration. We have no periodicals, it is true, but we have glee clubs, orchestras and bands. I have been myself, for many years, a member of these organizations. As for the fraternities, we have enough antagonism in the political parties and do not care to introduce such a cause of rivalry in our colleges. All the students of the same college are members of the same fraternity, which is like your associations alumni and alumnæ.

Every year, we have a general meeting of all those who are able to come to the banquet ; we inquire about the absentees, and when we know that some of them are in need of help or support, the association never forgets them. That, we believe to be the true fraternity. Our commencement day is called *distribution des prix* and is the greatest and most solemn ceremony in our colleges and schools. This is all the truth.

Yours very respectfully,
E. AVIRAGNET.

Local.

Parker's favorite color is red.

Schubb is again walking without a cane.

Joe Wood's brother visited Bucknell last week.

Sigmund spent Washington's Birthday in Milton.

Rodgers is the latest addition to the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

Extensive improvements in the library are in contemplation.

A new spring board in the gymnasium is the result of the stag dance.

"Chestnuts" picked by J. D. Macnab is the latest Bucknell publication.

On the 24th ult., Lathrop addressed the Pomona Grange, at New Columbia.

During the scrimmage on the 22nd ult., Sinnette singled out Douglass as his victim.

Mr. McMann's description of the Song of Songs: "A free treatment of a delicate subject."

Rev. D. C. Edwards, of Punxsutawney, was the guest of Mr. Josephs on Washington's Birthday.

Mr. J. Y. Sinton chaperoned a party of Sophomores and their ladies to Mifflinburg on the 17th ult.

In the Logic Class: "The way-faring man though a fool, can see that, can't you Mr. Jackson?"

Waid preached Sunday, February 25, at Lansford, and on the following Monday visited his parents.

Anderson has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Washington, D. C.

Rev. C. F. Hall, ex '95, at present pastor of the Honesdale Baptist church, was a recent visitor at Bucknell.

During the last month, W. H. Carey has been busily engaged in making caricatures for '95's L'Agenda.

J. W. Davis, although far from being a skillful skater, always found plenty of ladies anxious to skate with him.

Prof.—"Mr. C. you may discuss the next point." Mr. C —"I pass." Prof.—"There may be some doubt about it."

Firth's interest in the exercises on the 22nd prevented him from making his usual mid-termly visit to Chester.

Civil Engineering is among the new subjects just added to the curricula, and will be taught next year for the first time.

Professor Lincoln Hulley, M. A., of the University of Chicago, has assumed the new professorship recently established here.

Allen, of '95, Ware, of '96, and Miss Kunkle were at Detroit, Michigan, attending "The Convention of the Student Volunteers."

Baldwind quit school for a few weeks in order to expound the merits of a new subscription book to the good people of Danville.

Mr. Wagenseller left on the 21st of last month for a short visit at his home in Selinsgrove. Mr. Barclay Reynolds accompanied him.

The new catalogue, consisting of 120 pages, is now in press and will be out soon. The Registrar of the University has charge of its distribution.

The matter of putting down a cinder quarter-mile track, on the athletic field, is being agitated, and it is expected that the same will be laid this summer.

W. T. Harris, ex '95, at present a student at the University of Pennsylvania, delivered a lecture on "Kings and Fools" at Derrs, Columbia county, on the 3rd inst.

The members of the committee for the annual mid-winter minstrel show have been chosen and are as follows: Mount, Bunnel, Brick, Davidson, Megargee and Wagner.

During this part of the term we find the Freshmen taking an example from the busy little bees in expelling their drones. Baker is the first drone expelled from their hive.

The Freshmen claim to have enjoyed a delightful banquet in town on the evening of the 22d. For many and much disputed reasons they were unmolested by the Sophomore class.

Work in the Tustin Gymnasium is quite active under the direction of Harvey F. Smith and W. R. Harper. During the winter term, all students are required to take work in the gymnasium.

Wilson, '95, reports that the pupils of cats' eyes vary at his home with the movement of the tides. The well known effect of New Jersey electricity is all that made the class doubt the result of his observations.

Overheard on the Sem. walk—First Voice—Did you see Davy's green specs? Second Voice—When? First Voice—At the operetta. Second Voice—Why no; you can't see ruby glass on a red flannel back ground.

The following syllogism has been propounded, by a member of the Logic Class, to the Physical Directors: All indoor exercise should be taken in a well ventilated room. The gymnasium is not a well ventilated room. Therefore, no exercise should be taken in the gymnasium.

We are glad to see the great use made of the library. Of course, its principal purpose is to furnish a few co'eds a chance to read over lessons—and talk—together. To be sure the students who want to read there have no right to consider themselves annoyed by such trifles?

The Y. M. C. Associations of College and Academy have in joint meeting elected Robert E. Speer, of New York, to preach the annual sermon. Rev. C. C. Tilley, of Bridgton, N. J., was elected first alternate. The sermon is to be preached on the first Sunday of next term.

The Athletic Association has adopted a new constitution, which entirely revolutionizes the management of athletics, and places them upon a more solid basis. The advisory committee created by the new constitution consists of Hon. H. M. McClure, Professor F. E. Rockwood and W. L. Gerhart, M. D.

Scene—The Laboratory—Time 3 p. m. — J Shorty V. (as Doc. Mount is heard talking to a visitor)—"Say, Doc quit your lying to that man. (Looks up to find the visitor has an M. D. after his name.) P. S.—Shorty keeps on the other side of the street now when he meets the Professor of Histology.

The "Coral Union" held a musical entertainment in Bucknell Hall on the evening of February 24, for the benefit of "The Student Loan Society." Mr. R. B. Davidson impersonated the musical enthusiast whose daughter was offered as a prize for the best vocal solo given by the characters, each representing different nationalities.

The University has been made a residuary legatee of the estate of Dr. Chauncey B. Ripley, deceased, late of New York city. By the will of the late Elizabeth W. Moore, of Philadelphia, the institution will also receive $1,000 for the endowment. Two thousand dollars from the Logan estate, establishing the Lycoming county scholarship, have been paid over to the treasurer.

The Shakespeare Club discusses the fact that the author always represents his characters as falling in love at first sight, and Davis asks, what is love, anyway?" Cober replies—"Love is inward inexpressibleness and outward all-overishness." This differs decidedly from the definition given by Miss Wolfe in the literature class—that Rosalind's feeling toward Orlando was merely a friendly interest.

In addition to the account given of the contest between Freshmen and Sophs, we give the decision of the board of arbitration consisting of three Seniors and two Juniors. After the board had deliberated on the merits of the contest for some time, they appeared bearing the following decision: "So far as the accomplishing of the objects of either side is concerned, we decide the fight a draw, with the advantage at the time the contest was stopped in favor of the Sophomores." The last clause was adopted by a vote of three to two.

Washington's Birthday was appropriately celebrated. In the afternoon, President Harris delivered an address on the federal government. He showed how our system was developed, not from Greek and Roman models, but from the Saxon Witenagemot, how this had been modified before our fathers left England, and how, after they came to this land, they had developed new features which England and other nations were adopting. He showed what part Washington had played in organizing our government and spoke of the men, like Marshall and Lincoln, who had contributed much that the world, outside of ourselves, considered valuable.

On the evening of Washington's Birthday the pupils were entertained in Bucknell Hall by "Something new." A contest was held in Prohibition Oratory. Of the four speakers, Mr. E. C. Kunkle was judged to be the best man to represent the College at the Inter-Collegiate contest at Williamsport next June. As our singers were prevented from assisting the program on that evening by "other engagements"—interesting especially to the Freshmen—the Prohibition Quartette, of Williamsport, rendered very suitable entertainment. During the latter part of the evening, Professor Hulley made an address, presenting a few most convincing arguments in favor of the prohibition movement.

Many years ago in a village tavern in Germany, Lowell found the following inscription:

Fürchte Gott
So wirst du selig!
Trinke Bier
So wirst du fröhlich!
D'rum furchte Gott!
und
Trinke Bier,
So wirst du selig
und
Frohlich hier!

And he translated it in this wise:

Fear thou God
And thou'lt be holy!
Drink thou beer
And thou'lt be jolly!
So fear thou God
and
Drink thou beer,
And thou'lt be holy
and
Jolly here.

February 22nd, unlike many another day of battle, dawned bright and fair. Everything had been comparatively quiet during the previous night. The Sophs were on the alert and accordingly slept on their arms. The Freshies, too, were not to be taken by surprise. Each man was ready for the fray, but there was no call to arms. The latter's sentinels whiled away the monotony of the night by emblazoning their coat of arms on the gymnasium roof and by daubing various disgusting expressions on the walk in front of the college building. Capt. Fisk, of the Freshies, assembled his men at an early hour and with a red flag at their head, '97 paraded through the town. Douglass, of the clan of '96, was the first to see the enemy. Quickly sounding the alarm, the Sophs gathered from all quarters under the leadership of Capt. Lesher. Capt. Fisk had his men massed together like a Roman phalanx, himself in the center with the standard of anarchy lashed to his body. Slowly and with measured tread, the little army came up the path past the laboratory toward the college, where the ranks of '96, with sullen look and clenched fist, awaited them. When about four rods distant, '96 gave a mighty warwhoop and rushed upon the approaching enemy. The conflict was short and fierce, but indecisive. The loss was small on both sides—principally blood and temper. The Freshies retired from the field of battle to the shelter of the Academy with the flag in their possession. The Sophs raised exultant shouts of victory, because they had stayed the onward progress of the Freshies. Thus ended the great battle between '96 and '97, which—

> Some say the Freshies won and some say the Sophs won,
> And some say that none won at a' man ;
> But one thing I say, sir, that on that day, sir,
> A battle there was, which I saw, man.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Carrie Geary, of Carbondale, visited "old friends" at Bucknell.

Mrs. Larison attended the February meeting of the Bucknell Alumnae Club in Philadelphia.

Misses Edith and May Hull '90, of Olyphant, are studying methods of kinder-garten work in Scranton.

The operetta Enthusiast was well appreciated, and the amount realized was given to the Student's Loan Society of the Institute.

A "starvation symposium" was given by the members of the C. E. Society, on Friday evening, March 2, at the residence of Rev. Judd.

On Saturday, February 17, a merry company of Seminary girls enjoyed a sleigh ride to Milton given by their friends at the hill. They all took supper at Hotel Haag and returned highly delighted with the evening's pleasure.

The February meeting of the Lewisburg Alumnae Club was an interesting one. Music by Miss Harris enlivened the occasion; while much amusement was afforded by a "pronouncing bee." Mrs. J. T. Judd received a book as first prize.

The anthem which was sung in Bucknell Hall on Sunday, February 18, was composed by a member of the Bucknell Music School, Miss Faust, of Watsontown. Miss Faust was awarded a prize by Dr. Aviragnet for this musical composition.

The Bucknell Alumnae Club, of Philadelphia, held the second meeting of the year on February 26, at the Woman's Exchange. The guest of the day was Mrs. Nathan Shepherd, who spoke concerning "Some Well known People, whom I have Met." Tickets were presented at the door, bearing the words "Show your colors," as a gentle reminder of the "orange and blue." The following papers were prepared and read : "Are the Pen and Broom at War with each other?" Mrs. E. R. Cobb ; "Seminary Girls and Pastor's Assistants," Mrs. F. M. Goodchild ; "Educated Women as Home Leaders," Mrs. Jas. Bailey, "News from Our Folks," Mrs. Harrison O'Harra.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

They say, "Cleeland makes a pretty good Dutchman."

"Consider my hat off" is the latest salutation of the "preps."

The Main Hallers recently enjoyed a feast of apples tendered by Mr. Eliott.

Mr. Mitchell was recently the recipient of a box of sweets, which were, by his generosity, shared among the Main Hall boys.

Latin Prof.— 'Mr. L——s, what do you understand by the passive voice?" Mr. L——s.— "Something that happened in past time."

The imitation fever is strong in the Cad. Mr. Wragg has followed the example of his elocution teacher, Josephs, and has parted with his mustache.

A Shakespeare club has been organized in the Academy with Prof. Heim as instructor. The club is open to all the students of the Academy. Those desiring to join can do so without expense. The club meets every Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The prospects for the Academy Base Ball team are remarkably bright. Under the able management of Mr. Purdy and the captaincy of Mr. Bayard, the team ought to demonstrate the ability of the Cad in this line of athletics. The manager has already made arrangements to practice with the college team, which will be mutually advantageous. Keep your eye on the ball team.

Personal.

Ex. '—. Hon. Theodore Runyun is now Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador from the United States to Germany.

Ex. '61. Rev. W. R. McNeil, pastor of the First Baptist church, Emporium, has fallen heir to a fortune of $10,000. Some years ago Mr. McNeil did a kind act in relieving a strange woman in a city in New Jersey, while by-standers were laughing at the woman's temporary misfortune. She afterwards proved to be Miss Harriet Johnson, of Bridgeport, Conn., who left her entire estate to him.

'65. Our personal in reference to Rev. H. F. King in our last issue should have given his field of labor as Uniontown, Pa., instead of Powelton Avenue, Philadelphia.

'68. J. S. James, D. D., of Hartford, Conn., has been assisting Rev. J. H. Chambers, '72, of West Chester, in a very successful revival.

'79. The fifth year of Rev. A J. Irey, of Wheeling, W. Va., closed January 31. The church is better off financially and in numbers than ever before. Mission work is being actively pushed forward on the outskirts of the city.

'88. Dr. Paul J. Pontius is assistant surgeon of the first battalion of the Illinois State Naval Militia. This is one of the best regulated and equipped organizations of that state. They were recently presented with the battle ship Illinois which was on exhibition at the World's fair.

'91. On February 28, Miss Margaret O. Evans was married in Lewisburg to Rev. John MacCalman, pastor of Middle Street Christian Church, New Bedford, Mass.

'93. J. B. Cressinger is a member of the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania. He is also a promising candidate for the crew.

College News.

THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

I had a dream the other night,
  When everything was still;
I thought that angles, lines and squares,
  Played over me at will.

A circle fell around my neck,
  A point got in my eye,
A rombus and a rumboid fought
  Together on my thigh.

A Parallelopipedon
  Lay flat across my nose,
Whilst trapezoids and triangles
  Were strung along my toes.

A regular dodecagon
  Skipped lightly o'er my face,
And two tribedial angles
  Together ran a race.

And awakening next morning,
  I thought at least to find
A dozen parallelograms
  Cemented in my mind.

But when I came to rack my brains
  In G'ometry that day,
Not even one poor theorem
  Got left in there to stay. —*Ex.*

The ladies of the Otterbein University have adopted a unique way of assisting the Athletic Association by making a quilt in which they embroider the names of all who send in donations for athletics. Many are sending in gifts in order to secure a place for their names on the Otterbein quilt.—*The Free Lance.*

The proceeds of the concerts of the Yale Glee and Banjo clubs this year will be used to aid the poor students of the University. — *Brown and White.*

Student—"Professor, will you please read the advance for to-morrow."

Prof.—"To-morrow."

Class—"Ha, ha, ha, ha."

The class of '94, of Syracuse University, has introduced the lecture system in place of Commencement exercises.—*Brown and White.*

During President Dwight's administration of seven years, $4,000,000 has been given to Yale. —*Ex.*

The song of the return electric current, "I'm going home to dynamo."

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MARCH 25, 1894. No. 11.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.--Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

MARCH 25, 1894.

Editorial.

THE base ball cage now in course of construction in the gymnasium will, no doubt, prove a valuable addition to the athletic apparatus already there. The earliness of spring may render the cage somewhat unnecessary this season, but in future years its advantages will be fully appreciated. For this, as for many other favors, we are indebted to our genial registrar, Mr. W. C. Gretzinger, who devoted the proceeds of the recent concert to this object in particular and base ball in general.

◆

IT is to be regretted that it was deemed necessary to remove the bowling-alleys from the gymnasium. Bowling in itself is an innocent sport, and one affording good exercise, but when used for wrong purposes it becomes a source of evil. Without entering into a discussion as to who abused this privilege, nor as to the best means of correcting the evil, we may say that as the balls and pins were taken away some time ago the mere alleys, as such, were of no earthly use, but occupied badly needed space. On these grounds it was decidedly better to replace them with something that can be used.

◆

IT is a favorable sign to see the early organization of the base ball team. Is is even more favorable to see so many men on the diamond practicing and competing for positions. With an aggressive manager, a capable captain and an enthusiastic team we shall have, doubtless, an interesting season of ball. Already, we understand, dates have been secured with various college teams, and more are being arranged. All who play should turn out in full force and give Bucknell the best team it ever had.

◆

WE devote this number mainly to college athletics. This is done in the hope that with the return of a new season interest in outdoor sports will be aroused and enthusiasm maintained. A splendid campus, good facilities, and excellent training in the gymnasium during the winter months should cause every student to engage in open air exercise with vim and delight. The articles on this subject, we are sure, will be read with pleasure and profit, and if their advice, either direct or implied, is followed the result will be physically beneficial to all of us.

◆

WE take pleasure in presenting to our readers a picture of last season's football team. Tho not so successful as we could have wished, yet their record is good and their playing showed many strong qualities. Altogether we have been fortunate in almost all of our football teams. With so few from whom to select. with players who are students in fact as well as in name, thereby devoting only a limited portion of time to practice, and with very little coaching or outside help, Bucknell has been able to put on the field nearly every season a creditable team. Nor was the last team least worthy of honor. The majority of games resulted in their favor, and those which were lost had close scores. Hard practice, perseverance and skill contributed to the season's fair measure of success.

◆

TENNIS is becoming more popular than ever. Already the wielders of the racket are getting the courts in order and playing games. Altho it is too early in the season to tell just who or how many will develop into good players, yet it may be well to have our minds fixed upon a tournament at the close of the school year. Last year we failed in such a project partly because we started too late in working it up. A committee should be appointed NOW by the Athletic Association to watch up possible contestants, and urge all players to compete for places in the tournament that the exhibition may be interesting. The men we have at present are, probably, not inferior to those of former years, but need only to develop their skill to become first-class players.

In this connection may we not venture to suggest that the University lay out a few courts and maintain them for general use. The courts now in use have been made by individual labor and expense; and certainly to those who were granted the privilege of constructing courts, and who put time and money into them, belongs the right—even the exclusive right—of playing upon them. Thus we need more courts, or a completion of those partially finished. These, we think, should be made by the University that the great number of students desiring to play may be accommodated without encroaching on the rights of others.

Literary.

WHAT IS PATHOS?

The task of determining in what the essence of pathos consists is a difficult one because, as in the case of all subjective qualities, there is no constant standard by which to judge. Not only is there no outward measure, but our mental standard is continually undergoing modification. Our conception changes as we become older, so that stories and incidents which in childhood seemed to us most touching, we style "foolish" when we are more mature, and we think pityingly of the time when such things could influence us. When we are older, our standard is influenced largely by our occupation. People of ordinary sensibility would feel pity for the innocent young girls carried to the guillotine at the time of the French Revolution; but a Barnaby Rudge would view the scene from a hangman's point of view. Education and cultivation, also, influence our ideal of pathos.

With the standard varied thus by age, occupation and education, the only way to determine in what pathos consists, is to eliminate all elements which are contrary to pathos as we find it in literature and in our own experience, and then to submit the result to the judgment of as many as possible.

There is a pathos in what may be called cruelty toward innocence; in the abuse and sufferings of children or of the lower animals; so the trouble of Mimsey and her playmate in Kipling's "Light that Failed," touches us and makes us indignant, but the element of true pathos is lacking. We sympathize with them; we put ourselves in their places; we do not suffer because they do, but we feel as we ourselves would in like circumstances. Many persons see pathos in the budding of the trees before the frosts are over, and in the death of the flowers, but it is because they are so in touch with nature that they read themselves into inanimate life, and are in reality pitying themselves. In the case of dumb animals the feeling is that of dislike to inflict pain or to witness it. We sympathize with nature and animals, but our deepest feeling is not touched. Pathos includes sympathy but it contains an element to which sympathy is a stranger.

In pathos there must be no ill-will or resentment. Ophelia in her insanity utters not a word of reproach to the murderer of her father whose death crazed her, and, as Horatio said, "Her mood must needs be pitied." The sight of Ophelia, singing love ditties as she distributes flowers to her hearers, is truly pathetic. The forebodings of Desdemona, when she sings the death-song of Barbara—in fact the whole scene before her murder, is pathetic, and also, her last words, "Commend me to my lord,"—"my murderer," she might have said.

It is the undying, unreproaching love and devotion to her husband that moves us. Our feeling for her is not the sympathy we have with an abused child or injured animal. It is something higher. So, too, there must be something higher in the way she bears the wrong done her, that causes deeper emotion in us.

A spirit that grovels under persecution does not affect us so strongly as one that suffers in silence. Isaac, of York, as Scott represents him in "Ivanhoe," is a most pitiable object, tortured unjustly for his money ; but his abject attitude removes all possibility of pathos. We are indignant at his tormentors, but cannot feel much sympathy for the mercenary wretch. If, on the other hand, a person in trouble rebels and "takes arms against a sea of troubles," our sympathy for him is lessened. The picture of Job complaining to God, and protesting his innocence, is not nearly so touching as that of Samson, after the Lord had departed from him, grinding in the prison-house. There is pathos in that once-powerful figure, silent, bowed, grinding with stones—a woman's task. Not only in literature, but in life, also, there is pathos in the down-fall of a powerful man, if the calamity be borne patiently. There is a feeling that the man who rebels has, in a measure, satisfied his grudge against fortune, while the uncomplaining spirit raises up champions for itself.

Neither is there pathos in the suffering that continually advertizes itself, calling upon its witnesses to sympathize with it. There is a dislike on the part of most people to become "universal sympathyzing machines." Acting that is evidently intended to make a heavy draft upon the feelings of the audience, falls far short of its aim.

There must be in pathos something that compels our respect and admiration—the feeling that the sufferer is rising above his trials, and is showing himself more noble in affliction than in success. Jean Valjean, in his intense struggle with himself—debating whether to deliver himself to justice, or allow another to die in his place—would not be so truly pathetic if the less noble side of his nature had prevailed.

So, then, while in pathos there must be no ostentation, resentment, groveling, rebelliousness, abjectness or complaint, there must be superiority and nobleness. The feeling that the sufferer is acting more nobly than the majority would in the same circumstance, is the element in pathos that is not found in sympathy.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE LIBRARY.

Some time since, in accordance with the suggestion of President Harris and a vote of the Trustees, I addressed a circular to the Alumni, asking for contributions to the department of English Literature. The Alumni had already, by formal vote, adopted this alcove as their own and one for which they were to care. Along with the circular was sent a list of desirable books and a postal card. I append a list of the results of my effort :

Rev. O. P. Eaches, D. D.,	
The English Language—Lounsbury,	1 vol.
Rev. D. W. Sheppard,	
Demosthenes—Bredif, ...	1 "
Rev. T. A. Gill, D. D.,	
Complete Works—Lowell, . . .	12 "
Letters—Lowell, ...	2 "
American Literature—Nichol, . .	1 "
Chaucer—Lounsbury, ...	3 "
Prof. J. Wolverton,	
Studies in Shakespeare—White. .	1 "
Rev. W. H. Conard, D. D.,	
Familiar Quotations—Bartlett, . .	1 "
Miss Nellie Conard,	
English Literature—Taine, . . .	2 "
Mr. W. C. Gretzinger,	
Johnson's Six Lives—Arnold, . .	1 "
Rev. A. B. Still,	
Homiletics—Hoppin, ...	1 "
Prof. H. M. Kelly,	
Forensic Oratory—Robinson, . .	1 "
Rev. S. S. Merriman,	
English Miracle Plays—Pollard, . .	1 "
Inspiration—Horton, ...	1 "

It will thus be seen that these, our friends, have materially helped us, and to them we owe a debt of gratitude. But it will just as readily be seen that, up to this time, very many of the Alumni have not felt it their duty to assist. If anybody should ask me, "What are Alumni Associations good for?" I should reply, "Why, to help their Alma Mater, of course." If that same person were to ask me, ' If they neglect this duty, are they not good for anything else?" I should reply, "Nothing that I can think of, and the matter has been on my mind for a long time." E. P.

Athletic.

OLD TIME BALL PLAYERS.

I shall endeavor to accede to your request for a short sketch of the college ball team of twenty-five years ago.

It is said that lightning never strikes twice in the same place; and yet, I have personal knowledge of the remarkable fact that at four different times our College campus has been struck. An estimable lady, somewhat afraid of lightning, was accustomed to remark, some years ago, that she fully believed all these dreadful storms came to punish us for permitting those wicked games of ball to be played upon our campus.

In view of this good woman's opinion, it may be worth while, for the sake of those who are now aspiring to positions upon "the team," to inquire what does really become of our ball players. How fares it with the members of the "Varsity" nine of a quarter of a century ago? Do their careers in life go to show that only "the wicked" play ball at college, or, that boys of the stamina that make men, are the leaders upon the diamond field?

Twenty-five years ago, during the spring term of my freshman year, I found myself among the successful candidates for a position upon the college nine. Among my associates of this team was Martin Bell, '69. Bell played first base that year with a vim and enthusiasm that would put him on the initial bag to-day, were he a candidate. Mr. Bell has been for many years a leading lawyer at Hollidaysburg, Pa. He now sits among the judges in Blair county, having been elected a year ago to succeed the Hon. Judge Dean, now of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Henry Bliss, '70, was our great out-fielder. His throwing from deep centre, after a catch, surprised many a base-runner. Mr. Bliss located in Washington, D. C., shortly after graduation from college, where he rapidly rose to prominence in his chosen profession. As a leading lawyer of the capital city he is widely known to-day.

George Matlack, '70, was our popular third-baseman. Always held in the highest esteem as a strong player and fair-minded man, he was generally chosen to umpire our inter-class games; a series of such games being played from time to time for class championships. His career was that of a successful business man. He lived many years in our midst, esteemed for his kind, courteous bearing and generous public spirit. We who knew him well are sad that his race is run.

William Grier, as catcher, and Frank Marr, as pitcher, were our famous battery. Marr's home was in Lewisburg, and much of his work, since graduation, has been accomplished here. He has made money in the electric light business. Grier died at the early age of thirty five. He served his alma mater ten years as Professor of Latin. Great things were expected of Grier.

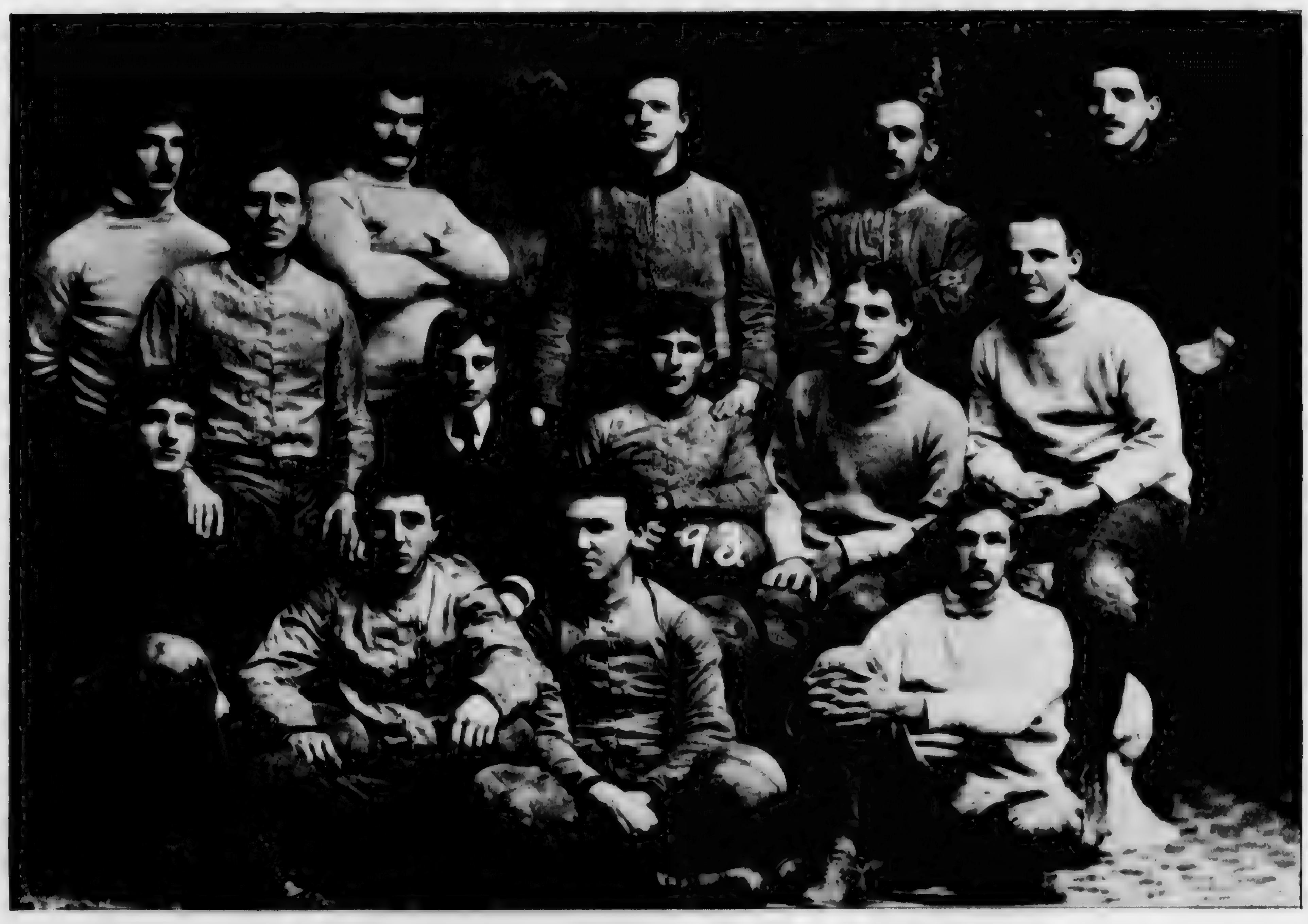
John Humpstone, '71, played the position of second base during his course of four years. I am confident that no one ever played "second" here more enthusiastically and more successfully. Humpstone was a ball player. He felt then that it was a glorious thing to catch a runner at "second." His address to-day is Dr. Humpstone, pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Brooklyn.

Joseph Bogert, '71 was our brilliant short-stop. As a hard and safe batter he had no superior on the nine. He was a worker and went in for success. Bogert rose to eminence as a politician. He served as chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and received the nomination of his party for State Treasurer. He was postmaster of the city of Wilkesbarre when he died some six years ago.

J. W. Putnam, '72, was probably the best known student of his time, in Lewisburg. Putnam was the life of "the team." He was a formidable pitcher in those days. The opposing batsman was a man of nerve if he was not rattled by the deceptive antics of Putnam. Mr. Putnam resigned the pastorate of the Temple Baptist church, of Philadelphia, a few years ago to take charge of the endowment movement for Bucknell. His success in this undertaking is well known to all of us.

At present, with the pretext of freeing college athletics from professionalism, and of minimizing certain alleged dangers to life and limb, our leading universities are abridging most privileges formerly granted to college athletes. Dr. Eliot's rules evidently aim at the abolition of inter-collegiate contest altogether. All this opposition is, to my mind, a mistake. It grows out of the prevalent false notion that athletics have no value beyond that of enabling one to study with effect, or of keeping up the full working powers of the mind

BUCKNELL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1893.



Collins. Schub. Smith. Kauffman. Wolfe.
Lesher. Portser (M'g'r.) Barclay (Captain.) Mount. Hollinshead.
Bunnell. Megargee. Jennings Marsh.

by physical exercise. There is, however, a discipline that belongs to athletics alone. Courage, self-restraint, self-reliance and other qualities essential to the strong man, may be cultivated not from the studies of the curriculum but from the contests of the diamond and of the gridiron.

W. C. BARTOL.

A REVIEW OF THE ATHLETIC SITUATION AT BUCKNELL.

The fact that Bucknell is a denominational school may, or may not, be detrimental to her interests. It is certain, however, that within the past four years her student body has well nigh doubled. In the faculty a necessary increase has been made, due to the number of students, the enlargement of the curriculum and the progressive tendency of the college.

It is not to discuss the position of Bucknell as a denominational school, nor to speak of the scholastic advantages of the institution, that this article is written, but to review the athletic situation in the college. In order to get data from which to properly discuss this matter, let us bear in mind the athletic averages of the past three years:

1.—FOOTBALL.

Victories,	12
Defeats,	7
Points scored by opponents,	290
Points scored by home team,	339
Draw games,	1; score, 0–0

2.—BASE BALL.

Victories,	4
Defeats,	6
Points scored by opponents,	88
Points scored by home team,	84
Draw games,	1; score, 9–9

3.—TENNIS.

'92—An intercollegiate tournament held on our campus, in which State College, Franklin and Marshall, and Bucknell participated. Our representatives were successful in both singles and doubles.

'92—A local tournament.

4.—FIELD AND TRACK ATHLETICS—RECORDS FOR '92.

100 yards dash,	11¼ sec.
120 " hurdle,	23 sec.
50 " dash,	5½ sec.
Half mile run,	2 min., 30 sec.
Mile walk,	9 min., 42 sec.
Putting shot,	31 ft., 9½ in.
Throwing hammer	52 ft., 6 in.
Throwing base ball,	305 ft.
Hop-step and jump,	38 ft., 5 in.
Running broad jump,	18 ft., 2 in.
Running high jump,	5 ft., 2 in.

RECORDS BROKEN IN '93.

100 yards dash,	11 sec.
120 " hurdle,	22¼ sec.
Throwing hammer,	65 ft., 1 in.
Broad jump,	18 ft., 10 in.
Mile walk,	9 min., 15 sec.
High jump,	5 ft., 3 in.

NEW RECORDS.

220 yards dash,	26½ sec.
440 " "	1 min., 16¼ sec.
Pole vault,	8 ft., 6 in.
High kick (indoor)	7 ft., 8 in.

From these figures the present university records may be known, and the ease with which they can be broken may be deduced.

With the above information at hand, let us seek the causes of success and failure in our athletic sports.

Tho' Bucknell is a small college, the number of men in the collegiate department being 120, yet she has been successful in football as far as the number of games and amount of interest displayed is concerned. Obvious reasons for these facts are, first, the physical condition of the candidates after a summer of labor; second, the practice and training necessary to play the game; third, the frequent changes of men, due to injuries and rivalry; fourth, the hope of gaining a position upon the team.

A waning of enthusiasm in football toward the close of a season may be ascribed to the injuries of the captains, the failure to train, the jealousy of players, and the loss of an important game.

Among the causes of a lack of interest in other sports may be mentioned the comparative poverty of our students. Between thirty and forty of the men are dependent upon the Baptist Educational Board for their education.

Again, the university itself and the alumni have not displayed an alarming desire to foster an athletic spirit among the students. A few shekels from our alumni would produce a pleasant warmth about the cockles of our hearts.

Further, the envy and jealousy with which the members of the different fraternities regard one another is a lamentable feature of our school life. Whether just cause exists, or not, makes no difference; there is always a suspicion that one fraternity is trying to outwit another. This hostile attitude has its effect not only upon the fraternity men, but upon those who do not belong to an organization. Because the feeling is present, non-fraternity men look askance upon any sport in which the fraternity men seem to be prominent.

Having briefly reviewed the causes of success and failure in the past, what remedies can be suggested to bring us success, harmony and honor in the future?

That the athletic field needs improvement is certain. Leveling and sodding would add to its appearance and make it more agreeable to base and football players. For real track athletics a track is a nececessity. We shall remain among the old-time colleges until we secure a proper equipment for field and track athletics.

Our candidates for teams must train in order to make the most out of themselves and to bring honor to their *Alma Mater*. Between the fraternities there should exist a friendly, tho' earnest, rivalry. When fraternities become, or seem to be, mere political organizations, it is time for the members to inquire into the idea of brotherhood which lies at the foundation of their existence. The real spirit which should dominate in sports as pursued by college fraternity men should be, first, the honor of the university; second, the welfare of the fraternity; third, the personal ambition of the members. A due amount of assistance from the university and the alumni, both in coin and words of wisdom, will do much toward increasing the interest in athletics.

Lastly, there is needed among the students as a whole, a strong love of the games themselves, a determination to defeat opposing teams, and an intense enthusiasm for the welfare of their *Alma Mater*.

BROMLEY SMITH.

BUCKNELL'S FOOTBALL TEAM, '93.

In this issue we present our readers with a cut of Bucknell's football team for the season of '93. The team played seven games in all, winning four and losing three. Those from whom Bucknell won were: Shamokin; Penna. College, of Gettysburg; Haverford, and Dickinson. Those colleges to whom games were lost were: Franklin and Marshall College, of Lancaster; Swarthmore, and Pennsylvania State College. The season was a successful one as far as financial management was concerned, a large balance being left in the treasury at the close of the season. The one universal regret of the college was the fact that Mr. H. F. Smith, who has taken such a leading part in all college athletics for the past four years, was compelled to resign his position as captain and manager three weeks before Thanksgiving Day. This undoubtedly weakened our team for the State College game of Nov. 11, although Mr. Smith was prevailed upon to play in all the games of the season—Mr. Barclay, of the Academy, accepting the position of captain. Five members of the team were new men, and their good work and rapid development last year predicts success for Bucknell's team in the coming year.

Local.

On the 2nd, Jennings returned to his home at Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Bowen has been elected captain of the base ball team for the coming spring term.

When Mr. W—— calls at the Sem. he must assume another name if he desires attention.

Kendall, '94, has been elected Orderly Sergeant of Company A., Twelfth Regiment N. G. P.

The sermon before the Y. M. C. A. will be preached in the Baptist church, Sunday, April 15.

Messrs. Wood, Smith, Brick and Harper played the first tennis game of the season last Saturday.

Prof. G. M. Phillips, of West Chester, will lecture in Bucknell Hall some time during the month of April.

The Angstadt club has elected its captain and manager for the spring term's base ball team—Bunnel, captain; Fretz, manager.

Mr. Hanna lately made a tour east, and Sunday, March 11, occupied the pulpit of the First Baptist church of Bridgeport, Conn.

A number of the students have already signed contracts to canvass for subscription books during the summer. Views seem to be at a discount at present.

Dr. Brown has secured a tiny pair of shoes (size 1) to accompany his diploma, which he exhibited at the recent mock trial. Call on Dr. Brown for particulars.

Mr. Pease was very liberal at the recent social held at the home of Pastor Judd. In answer to the request for a pound of provisions, he kindly offered his 130 pounds of Pease—whiskers having been already reserved at home.

J. C. Carey has been worried considerably of late by the fact that Reno, Camp, and a host of other worthies, are applicants for the position of short-stop on the base ball team.

The following comes from the Seminary :

We like the haughty Seniors,
  And modest Juniors, too,
But noisy Freshs and boastful Sophs,
  We entirely eschew.

Prof. of Ethics.—"Mr. Riggin, you may discuss the topic, 'will essential to personality.'" Mr. Riggin, almost choked by words—"I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

The first indication of spring noticed around Bucknell was the presence of general agents for various subscription-book publishing houses ; the second, was poetry from the fertile brain of Vastine.

A Senior, as he sauntured in rather late to a tri-daily meeting of the Starvation Club, was heard to remark : "This abstract process of satisfying the cravings of appetite is beginning to make me weary."

The prosperity of the Baptist church at Northumberland is due, partly to the zealous, untiring labors of the pastor, Rev. A. S. Barner, and partly to the earnest efforts of the choirmaster, Mr. E. R. Powell.

Sheddan, having tired of the study of agricultural philosophy and the raising of poultry as a fine art, on the 7th inst. disposed of an elegant assortment of farming implements and chicken incubators.

The Chemical and Physical Society, through the indefatigable efforts of Prof. Owens, continues to prosper and to exercise a commanding influence over scientific thought and investigation in the university.

Prof. of Carpentry—"Mr. Reno, will you please call again this afternoon?" Mr. Reno—"Why?" Prof.—"I want some holes put in this board." Mr. Reno (enraged)—"Oh, I'm a 'bore,' am I?" —*Macnab's Joke Book.*

The object of Bourn's bi-weekly visits to Danville is a puzzle to his friends, some of whom hazard the opinion that he is interested in Sunday school work, while others are rash enough to suppose that he goes home only to see his mother.

Is there any relation between measles and whiskers? Would Pease have been taken sick if he had allowed that magnificent growth of hair to continue to adorn his face? These are questions for the consideration of our prospective doctors.

The Professor had piled illustration upon illustration in order to make the point perfectly clear. After he had ceased speaking, and was wiping the perspiration from his brow, Mr. J—— remarked, "Prof. I don't quite see the force of your illustrations."

Because bed clothes are used to fill up some of the openings in the windows of Brick's and Cregar's room, visitors to the university should not take it as a sign of the poverty of the occupants. It merely indicates that a stray snow-ball has passed that way.

Scene—Class in English literature. Time—Next morning "After the Ball." Prof. (calling the roll)—Megargee, Rohland, (no answer). Megargee! Rohland! (Looks up. Proceeds to lecture the class for allowing its ministerials to preach regularly.)

The regular annual election of the Y. M. C. A. which took place Tuesday evening, March 6, resulted as follows : President, Ezra Allen ; vice-president, S. R. Wood ; corresponding secretary, H. T. Colestock ; recording secretary, E. C. Kunkle ; treasurer, A. Douglass ; sergeant-at-arms, J. W. Davis.

Senior to Soph—"Have you heard the latest?" Soph—"No, what is it?" Senior—"One of your classmates has been stolen." Soph. very much excited—"Who? Who has stolen him? Where has he been taken?" Senior—"Megargee is the man. The faculty has stolen him from the Sophs and placed him among the Freshmen—in the catalogue."

A man is generally considered justified in using all legitimate means to improve his personal appearance. Mr. D——, a dignified Senior, occasionally uses his sister's curling irons to make those lovely ringlets which deck his forehead and which the Seminary girls think so bewitching. In this case, however, the question arises, are the means legitimate?

Dr. Perrine delivered a lecture on "Lowell," on Friday evening March 2, before the Young Ladies Seminary at Lutherville, Maryland. "Bucknell" is represented on the faculty by Miss S. I. Van Gundy, of the Institute class of 1884, who holds a prominent position there. Dr. Perrine speaks in the highest terms of the institution, its Principal—the Rev. Mr. Twiner—its corps of cultivated teachers and its pupils, all of whom made his visit one of great pleasure. He was glad to hear from Prossessor Yance high praise for the Bucknell MIRROR, and coming from those who direct such a paper as the Lutherville *Seminarian*, it was praise of which to be proud. He also visited the Woman's College at Baltimore, as the guest of Miss Catharine Baker, Institute class of 1893, where the Dean and the Professors told him of the good opinions she is winning for her scholarship.

On March 9, the second preliminary debate of the Junior class was held. This occasion was public, and a goodly audience assembled in Bucknell Hall to hear arguments for and against the abolition of the U. S. Senate. The seven disputants, while each spoke individually, brought forth various facts and arguments, and general freshness characterized the remarks. The debaters regretted to notice that the faculty, who, it is understood, have established the prize to be awarded at the final contest, were conspicuous by their absence. The judges chose Allen, Jackson, Schuyler and Sheddan to conduct the debate next term, at which time the prize of fifty dollars will be divided between the best two speakers. This "final" is expected to occur about commencement time.

The delegates to the Student Volunteer convention held recently at Detroit, report a very profitable meeting. It is interesting to note that to the students is due the honor of calling together the largest missionary convention ever held on this continent. Of the total number present, 1,187 were students, representing 294 educational institutions. Even law schools sent delegates. Missionaries, members of home boards and other speakers give the grand total of 1,357 registered visitors, while a large number of unregistered, who were in the city for the convention, were not accessible to the executive committee for estimation. None but an interdenominational body, (which the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions is) could have assembled an equal concourse of Christians. Thirty-eight denominations of the United States and Canada, and one delegate from England were present.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Misses Bertha Shirley, '91, and Katherine F. Dill, '84, were recently the guests of friends in town.

The Hermenia Literary Society gave a straw ride to Pine Grove school house Saturday evening, March 10th.

We owe to the facile pen of Miss Nellie Conard the following interesting account of the doings of our Alumnæ: "On Monday afternoon, the 26th of February, the Bucknell Alumnæ Club of Philadelphia, met at the Woman's Exchange. In spite of the heavy snow fall of the previous night and the rain driven along the streets by a north-easterly blast, quite a number of us braved the pittiless storm. 'We girls,' some young and some older, did not mind the weather, though we did give ourselves an approving pat on the back and indulge in a smile of self-satisfaction when a sudden gust of wind or the noise of the sleet against the window panes reminded us how severe the storm was. After a dainty luncheon had been served, and while we were sipping our coffee, Mrs. Spratt introduced the guest of the occasion, Mrs. Nathan Sheppard, whose husband, a former student of Bucknell, was professor in the universities at Edinburgh and Aberdeen for a number of years.

"Mrs. Sheppard had prepared a paper on 'Some Well Known People I Have Met.' It is impossible to make any one who did not hear this paper appreciate its charms. In a quaint and remarkably original way Mrs. Sheppard described for us her life in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. How swiftly she took us in imagination through towns and cities famous by their association with genius! One by one great men and women, who have fascinated us as we have read their books, were presented to us so real that we were a trifle embarassed at finding ourselves in the presence of so many celebrities.

"Then we were borne on to Paris—Paris, the charming and wicked. Streets made famous by historical events and hallowed by the genius of famous men were pictured for us. Mrs. Sheppard gave us some hints of her life here during the Franco-Prussian War, when Paris was besieged for four months. Gladly would we have heard more, but the memories of that time were too sad. The paper was read in a modest, gentle way, and has left golden memories with those who heard it.

"Mrs. E. M. E. R. Cobb, one of the editors of the *National Baptist*, was next introduced. She discussed the question, 'Are the Pen and Broom at War With Each Other?' Several kinds of literary women were described. The woman who writes something brilliant, but is totally oblivious to the existence of cobwebs and dust. The ideal woman in the literary field was presented to us. Her's was a home where order and neatness had a place. There was no neglect of the home in order that its mistress might rush to her 'sanctum sanctorum' and court the literary muse.

"A talk on 'Seminary Girls as Pastors' Assistants,' was given by Mrs. F. M. Goodchild. We heard of the pastor's wife as some think she *should be*, but as she *never can be* while she has such cross-grained mortals to contend with. The pastor's wife as *she is* was before us, just as susceptible to right and wrong as we. The talk was full of humor, and many playful references were made. Through it all, however, there was a vein of sound common sense, and many good lessons were learned from it. Mrs. Harrison O'Harra, read 'Some News from Our Folks,' telling of life and its interests at our '*Alma Mater*.' "

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

A side remark—"Don't Mitchell look like Cæsar?"

Mr. Sherman is now business manager for the Cad. Hand him your subscription.

Mr. Edward Bell has nearly thoroughly recovered from hissevere spell of sickness.

The manner in which the boys show up at practice speaks well for the Cad. ball team.

Quite a number of the boys are going to canvass books during the coming summer vacation.

Kleckner—"What are the names of some minerals?" Wilkes—Gold, silver, lead, gum boots, bricks and hats."

Sunday, March 4th, Prof. Phillips preached in the Milton Baptist church, occupying the pulpit both morning and evening.

The Y. M. C. A. officers for the following year are: President, Harvey; vice president, Cleeland; recording secretary, Cober; corresponding secretary, Bayard; treasurer, Kulp.

Personal.

'64. Rev. T. A. K. Gessler, D. D., of New York, recently delivered an address on Emotionalism of Religion before the Baptist Congress held at Atlanta, Ga. The address was one of the most brilliant before the Congress and was most favorably received. Dr. Gessler has removed his church to the upper portion of New York in one of the substantial residence parts of the city, where he can do more efficient work.

'65. Rev. E. Everett Jones is the successful pastor of the Baptist church, of Clinton, N. J. He has recently recovered from a severe illness, but has entered upon his work with renewed vigor.

'65. Rev. H. B. Garner is pastor of the Memorial Mission, 18th and York streets, Philadelphia.

'66. Alfred Taylor, Esq., whose reputation at the bar of New York is well known to the friends of Bucknell, has recently added greatly to his celebrity as a pleader by his brilliant advocacy of the Howe-Woodruff case, one of the *causes celebres*. A verdict for his client under most difficult circumstances was the recent reward of his labor. This verdict was undoubtedly a cause of great joy to Mr. Taylor, but that which will cause equally profound congratulations on the part of his friends and which also equally gratified his paternal heart, was the arrival in this world of Alfred Taylor, Jr., during the progress of the trial.

Ex. '78. Rev. W. H. Humphreys has resigned the pastorate of the Port Norris, N. J., Baptist church.

Ex. '83. Charles M. Reed is at Crozer Theological Seminary.

'87. Rev. W. E. Staub has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Elizabeth, N. J.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel has entered on the fifth year of his pastorate at Wissahickon Baptist church, Philadelphia. During the four years, 153 have been added to the church, and a floating debt of $7,750 paid.

Ex. '88. Rev. E. T. Derr has become missionary pastor of Euclid Avenue Baptist church, Cleveland, O.

IN MEMORIAM.

Milton Compton Reinhold, class of 1888, died at his home, Mahanoy City, March 1, aged 27 years. Mr. Reinhold was, at the time of his death, one of the most promising young lawyers at the Pottsville Bar. In three years he had risen to distinction. His practice was so large as to require an assistant. In college Mr. Reinhold was a general favorite, all classes liked him. His nature was genial, kind and courteous; his class work gave promise of a bright future; his habits were studious, and his acquisitions solid. In literary work, debate and similar duties, he was especially strong. Mr. Reinhold leaves a young wife and a small child. He was buried in Pottsville March 6. His funeral was the largest ever known in Mahanoy City, all classes attesting their respect. Two train loads of people accompanied the body from Mahanoy City to Pottsville. Prof. Lincoln Hulley, of Bucknell, his former classmate, preached the funeral sermon. A number of his old school friends Messrs. Pellman, Jones, Bucher, Gretzinger and Ginter attended the funeral. The Sigma Chi fraternity, of which he was a prominent member, adopted the following resolutions at a special meeting:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from our midst our much beloved friend and brother, Milton Compton Reinhold; and

WHEREAS, We, the members of Kappa Chapter of Sigma Chi Fraternity, deem it fitting to place on record some testimonial of his services as a Sigma Chi and manly worth, be it therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Milton Compton Reinhold, this Fraternity and Chapter loses a loyal and zealous brother; one who was devoted to the welfare of Sigma Chi; wise in council and fearless in action; an honest and upright man, whose virtue endeared him, not only to the brothers of this Fraternity, but to all who knew him, and whose natural and educational abilities well fitted him for the career of brilliant promise upon which he had entered, and were sure to make him an ornament to his profession, a useful member to society and an honor to this Fraternity;

Resolved, That the chapter tenders its heartfelt sympathy to the family of our deceased brother, in this the hour of their affliction; and

Resolved, That the Halls of the Chapter be draped in mourning for a period of ten days, and that these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Chapter, and a copy thereof be sent to the bereaved family and published in the University MIRROR and Sigma Chi Quarterly.

IDEN M. PORTSER,
FRED W. WAGNER, } Com.
R. M. STRAWBRIDGE,

College News.

"Shall I brain him?" cried the hazer,
And the victim's courage fled,
"You can't; it's a Freshman,
Just hit him on the head." —*H. G. C.*

The Signal comes to us for the first time this week. It brings with it the impress of success. Much success to our new visitor.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the *Normal College Echo* as a new exchange on our table. We trust we may be mutually benefitted by our exchanging.

The Athenuæm is always welcomed to our table. Among its various departments the "Corridor Man" is chiefly interesting. He always has something interesting to tell.

The Buff and Blue contains a short spicy editorial which pictures very vividly that class of college students who can never lay claim to the title of scholar. We trust it may be widely read.

$100,000 are offered to the University of Chicago, by Mr. Martin A. Ryerson of that city, provided the additional sum of $400,000 is raised before July 1st, 1894. Mr. John D. Rockefeller agrees, if this $500,000 is secured, to add an equal sum, thus making available for the uses of the University the grand total of $1,000,000. This will make Mr. Rockefeller's gifts amount to $3,250,000.

In an able editorial in *The Carolinian* strong hits are made in reference to all colleges affording a regular gymnasium instructor not taken from the student bodd. We are glad to see the aggressive spirit manifested by our contemporary of the "sunny south." The ancient Grecian idea of education is being revived everywhere, and we predict a marvellous change in college education, which will place more stress on physical culture.

The Red and Blue in its last issue published a prize story, entitled "An Elevator Romance," which deserves credit of mention. Besides the excellent composition which characterizes it, the fine and dignified romantic spirit displayed by the characters of the story give it a mark of excellence. We believe that such productions as the "Elevator Romance" and "As We Walked by the Beach," which also appeared in the same issue, filled with touches of human nature, not ideal nature, serve very well as an attraction to college journals. Too much of the dry prosy style of composition is not the most inclined to invite readers to our columns.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., APRIL 10, 1894. No. 12.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

APRIL 10, 1894.

Editorial.

THE MOST beautiful season, the most welcome term of the whole school year has just dawned upon us. The time has come to slough off the collected mustiness, and emerge from our cells of hibernation; to enjoy fresh air, the cheerful sunshine, the twittering of the birds, the sweetness of the flowers; in a word, to drink in all the pleasure which a returning spring brings to us. We believe that our students will gladly avail themselves of the many out-door privileges which this term affords, not to study our text books less, but nature more.

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THE day of eloquence and oratory has not passed. The press, mighty and influential as it is, has not usurped the prerogatives of the living voice, but rather has paved the way for true recognition of real merit. Because of the general enlightenment coming to the masses from the diffusion of literature, important changes in the style of some speakers have been rendered necessary. No longer is the ranting spread-eagle oration, with its high inflections and cheap sophistry, able to influence men. People to-day listen intelligently to discussions and weigh arguments. And the most effective orator to-day is he who presents his arguments and thoughts in logical order, couched in simple, forceful words, and in a conversational manner.

Nor does this method of speech call for less voice training. On the contrary such training must be more thoro that inflections when necessary may be given intelligently and with force; that the voice may be well modulated and not monotonous; that it may be persuasive and capable of influencing; that it may have compass and power. On this account the voice should have cultivation and the best of it.

The student who neglects this part of his education loses a means of influence for after life. A man may excel in knowledge and have a variety of original thoughts, but lacking the power of expression is often forced to retire before a speaker less gifted in other respects. To gain this power, then, is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." We should not confine our efforts to either theories, studies of oratory, or mere practice, but combine all three to make the most of those powers bestowed by nature.

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THERE are few exercises in composition more beneficial than story writing. In the formation of a style at once unique and a true composite of all studied styles such work takes a very prominent part. In discursive writing, dependent as we are upon books for information, we are apt to imbibe not only the thoughts, but the very phraseology found there; to become servile imitators rather than independent writers. In story writing, however, one is thrown almost entirely upon his own resources. If there is any danger of imitation it will arise from a too exclusive study of one style. But in general the style will be a personal one. The formation of plots, the presentation of characters, are excellent drills for the mind, affording a wide scope for the imagination.

College papers publishing stories written by the students are much more readable than those printing essays. If a person wishes to read an article on the "Immutability of the Unchangeable," or the "Deathlessness of Immortality," he is hardly likely to look thro the *files* of a college journal, but will seek the sources of such discussions. And, as a rule, such articles in a college paper are little read. But the short story is always welcome. All that is required is that the plot be fairly developed and descriptive parts told with reasonable clearness. Naturalness and simplicity in construction is preferable to the ornate and florid style, and can be cultivated by any student. Many college magazines will admit very few essays, preferring to fill their literary columns with stories, many of them very meritorious. Students writing thus especially for their own paper would benefit themselves and greatly improve their journal.

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TRUE criticism, if given in a fair spirit and fairly interpreted, is nearly always beneficial. This is as true of college papers as of individuals. But when criticism descends to mere accusation and recrimination it is puerile and unworthy the efforts of the men delivering it. From a college journal we learn that its *esteemed* contemporary, the ——, is deserving of pity because in a whole column there are only three lines worthy of perusal. And the accused retorts that they are sorrier still for the —— which has not even one line worth reading. And this very fight has been kept up for some time with about as good sense manifested as is exhibited in this special instance. The editors indulging in this sort of editorial boxing bouts have surely missed the aim of college journalism. So far as relations with other college papers is concerned, if comment and criticism does not prepare the way for broadness of view and a liberal toleration of those ideas emanating from sources other than our own faultless minds, it is, to say the least, narrow and restricted. Further, if a journal is always to be in arms to resist every criticism considered unjust, or to get even for a supposed injury, better far to keep the sensitive weakling at home, surrounded by its deluded worshipers. Let us have honest criticism and less bickering.

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HAPPILY the small-pox scare is rapidly subsiding. The precautions taken by the borough authorities have rendered a general outbreak of the disease in the town very improbable. The sanitary condition of the college buildings are quite good. Many of the students are nursing sore arms as a result of vaccination, but otherwise no inconvenience is noticeable or anticipated.

Literary.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

History always cherishes the life of a great man. Historians as eagerly grasp the incident of a noble life as does the scientist a new ray of scientific truth as it flashes across his mental vision.

The nations of the earth through all the ages have vied with each other in shouting the names and exploits of their departed heroes. The hero worshipers of to-day, though less enthusiastic in their admiration for their country's chiefs than those of the heroic ages, are always ready to lend a voice in chanting the praises of their noble dead.

Every department of living action is represented in this universal uplifting of the voice of praise. The warrior, the statesman, the soldier, the explorer, philosopher and orator all receive a share of this human applause. Sometimes the nations join voices in their jubilant praises and make the welkin ring with their united commendation. Thus, not long since, the different peoples of the globe were lending their eulogistic comments to the memory of a man, who in the "Victorian Age" of literature has been elevated to the supreme rank of the "greatest poet of the age," and whose well known name is Alfred Tennyson.

The childhood days of every poet are always interesting, for they clothe his latter days with valuable suggestions and explanations. Tennyson strongly illustrates the truth that a poet is largely what his environments make him. Adventure and romance never entered into the life of this poet. With dreamland and fancy his boyhood days were filled. Being an intense lover of nature he delighted to revel in the realms of the ideal and Divine. The forest groves, the meadow land, the purling brook, the "brimming" river, and boisterous sea and all the avenues of divine province spoke volumes to his fanciful mind. As he passed away the fleeting hours in company with the muse of poetry, how many a majestic lay he pondered that ne'er was sung? These days of dreaming were destined to bloom into some of the finest expressions by poet penned.

He early began to manifest proofs that there were wrapt within his highly spiritual nature the powers of a true poet. This bent of character was strongly fostered by his persevering and determined disposition. Undaunted by his slashing and unmerciful reviewers, but impelled by an overmastering instinct, and the innate consciousness of his ability and power as a poet, he intrepidly but modestly ventures into the undeveloped regions of his divine art. His was a type of that energetic manhood which, though so reticent and modest, was full of confidence and lofty aspirations. No trace of vanity is found in his character, even not after all his crowned successes and brilliant achievements. His life has passed into history, free of that selfish spirit and desire for fame which so often obliterate the character of public men. The ultimate end of his ambition was to fill the office of a bard, unreservedly and true.

Tennyson, like most men, had a period of obscurity. Yet this period of silence in his life's history, is beyond doubt that season of private devotion to his life's mission which precedes the appearance of all men of letters on the public arena, that season of preparation and laying in store which marks the rise of a great man. Then he could be seen sitting in lonely silence many weary hours chiseling new forms of expression and embelishing the coarser products of his youthful attempts.

But soon he makes his appearance before the public with commanding presence. His productions find acceptance even at the hands of his sternest critics. He receives recognition by the Queen. His enemies begin to recognize in him an alarming competitor in the divine art. They begin to court his friendship. Pecuniary results encourage him to more strenuous efforts. His rank as a poet no longer is overshadowed with doubt. The civilized nations hear him; his works find a place in the libraries of the world, and his admirers give vent to their appreciations of his productions through the press, and to-day Tennyson is universally acknowledged the greatest of poets.

Tennyson hated publicity, seldom going into society. Although averse to the public gaze of the vulgar mass, and invariably found alone, yet he was not insensible to the public transactions. He closely watched the trend of the times and at the opportune hour he grandly rose to defend the right and to denounce with might the wrong. He was a recluse with his eyes open, ever ready to meet an emergency.

A poet's works are said to be a true index to his character. This maxim finds its strongest illustration in Tennyson. He has given us the essence of his life in a few of his productions. Although very imaginative, yet his works are full of the practical. The dominant theme of his works is the beautiful in nature. He constantly appeals to the highest virtues in his readers, love, sympathy, devotion. That he was capable of the highest love and affection to man is revealed in his most famous poem "In Memoriam," as a tribute to the dead Hallam. Arthur Hallam was his strongest earthly attachment. In 1830 the two friends together journeyed through France and spent a season of recreation among the Pyrenees. On revisiting these mountains long after, the Laureate, overcome by reminiscences of days gone by, gave expression to the affecting lines entitled "In the Valley of the Cauteretz:"

"All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
  Deepening the voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley where thy waters flow,
  I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
For all along the valley, while I walked to-day
  The two and thirty years were a mist that rolled away;
For all along the valley down thy rocky bed,
  Thy living voice to me was the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley by rock and cave and tree,
  The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

Tennyson was religiously inclined. He knew how to sympathize with the human family. His works prove that he possessed the "Summum bonum" which alone belongs to religious minds.

◆

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. PANZERA.

One of the interesting and suggestive mementoes which the writer has of the Second Student

Volunteer Convention, held recently at Detroit, is a card bearing this inscription :

P. K. PANZERA,
Mafeking,
British Bechuanaland,
South Africa.

Before the convention had formally opened, the room in the city Y. M. C. A. building, headquarters for delegates, was a busy, though quiet, scene of action. The tables were surrounded by letter-writers. A tall young man next to me addressed and sealed two or three envelopes, then turned to me and inquired about the place to obtain postage stamps. A long conversation followed, in which I played only the part of a questioner and intent listener.

Many interesting and instructive facts were brought forth that bear upon life and ways in the land known now mostly in connection with the names of Stanley and Livingstone. Mr. Panzera, in reply to a question concerning the ''fever belt,'' said that this is practically a strip of territory extending nearly all around the eastern and western coasts of the continent, some hundred miles or more inland, in width about two hundred miles. The poisonous mangrove tree, which crowds out all other growth, exhales the fever poison that brings certain death to the white person who attempts to spend many days under its influence. A naturalist has recently discovered an Australian plant which he has successfully planted in this poisonous district, and which has the power of counteracting the deadly nature of the original growth. Without doubt this new plant will eventually eradicate the deadly barrier to African colonization.

Mr. Panzera owns an ostrich farm on the Sahara, and in reaching it must cross the mangrove swamps. At some localities he might make use of one of the few railroads, but none is available in his neighborhood. He travels by ox-cart from the coast to the fever belt. when he mounts an ostrich and speeds away at 25 miles an hour. He declared that his seat is ''as easy as this chair which I am sitting on.'' The small head of the bird is fitted with a delicate bridle, and obeys the bit as well as any horse. The giraffe is also used somewhat as a beast of travel, but owing to the difficulty of fastening a saddle firmly on his sloping back, his highest speed cannot be utilized. A thong must be passed from the front of the saddle about the neck of the animal, and as he throws his long neck almost parallel with the ground when he runs, the thong binds his windpipe and hinders breathing. He is a very docile beast, and kind and gentle. When running at his highest rate, his neck reaches out horizontally, and both hind legs advance between the fore, making a sort of saw-buck combination. It is estimated from observation that the giraffe has attained a speed of 70 miles an hour. Large possibilities in the way of rapid transit, then, are open to the man who invents a saddle under which the animal can run freely.

Inside the fever belt, on the plateaus (which comprise nearly the whole of interior Africa) the climate is the best in the world, according to Mr. Panzera's opinion. When we consider the fact that all day for ten months in the year the mercury stands at 90°, we may give some considerable credence to his claim. The other two months are the rainy season, and then the heat is intense. Mr. Panzera's father is Governor General of Bechuanaland, and is placed over 12,000,000 people, with two missionaries, aside from the Church of England men who go there principally for the large pay and easy work in the British settlements. No one need to fear to preach the gospel in that climate, nor need anyone look down upon a people that despises the missionary who domineers, and orders his hut built, but will turn in and gladly help the one who sets about his carpentering himself. These people are not lazy, but having so little necessity to work for their vegetable food, and clothing being almost unnecessary, they are, of course, not progressive. They are a teachable people, and a broad and fertile field is presented for the industrial trainer.

The African method of despatching slave-dealers is not according to our legal methods, but is not many steps removed from our present lynch system, except in its torture. On the one hand, the white man shoots, without mercy, a slave dealer. On the other, the natives bind their unfeeling enemy to a hill inhabited by white ants, and leave him to the tender mercy of the little insects. Sometimes it takes them four days to reach the heart of the inhuman piece of humanity and relieve his agony. Yet he feels but a little portion of the pangs, physical and of the heart, that he has caused by his cruel lash, which tears off the flesh in strips from the unprotected backs of innocent men and women. The same lash is used for driving slaves as is employed in driving the 40-yoke teams of oxen in Africa, is fully one hundred feet long, and easily cuts the skin of an ox.

Mr. Panzera is not a missionary, but he says that the Christians are not dealing justly with Africa. There is need and abundant use for physicians, carpenters, shoemakers, and above all, plain men who can teach and live the sweet life of Christ. The climate need no longer be a hindrance. Even the dreaded fever belt will sink into the grave beside its unhappy victims of Africa's early history, and instead of a place of terror these swamps will be rich and productive homes.

The impression left upon me was that Mr. Panzera was well informed concerning the land of his father's adoption, and that his own sojourn in that land had been made with eyes wide and intelligently open. His simplicity of speech and manner showed plainly that he is one who can mingle with natives and get into their heart life, to sympathize with them, as a proud man cannot do. Africa looked more attractive, both from its needy side and from the fact that the interior highlands (more properly, plateaus) within the fever belt have throughout Africa, south of Sahara, that delightful constant temperature which was mentioned in connection with Bechuanaland. Africa has indeed a bright future before her, and from only a humanitarian or philanthropic point of view, now is the time for the missionary to do his work, and reap the same rich harvest which New Zealand is now producing. E. A.

THE PENMANSHIP OF COLLEGE STUDENTS.

DR. GEO. G. GROFF.

A person with the reputation of Horace Greely or of a Philadelphia lawyer, may write in a scrawling manner, but a college student should never do so. To learn to write a legible, good hand, does not require much time and is not a difficult undertaking. In a recent conversation with Professor Fassett, of Keystone Academy, teacher of Penmanship in that institution, he remarked, that in his experience, any one willing to try could learn to write well in a single short term of thirteen weeks. Professor Fassett has had much experience and knows that what he says is true. Now, the question is, will it pay a college student to take lessons in this subject that he may write a good hand? *Most surely it will.* To be able to write a good hand is a fortune in itself. To illustrate: a graduate of Bucknell, of not many years' standing, not long since went to a large western city to seek a location. The city was overcrowded with young men from the east, who could secure no employment at any wages. In less than three hours our Bucknell alumnus was in the employ of the largest law firm in the city, at a salary of $75.00 per month, which was rapidly increased, and all because of the manner in which he could handle a pen. Again, in the experience of the writer, a number of our students have applied for positions and scholarships. The good penman have succeeded where those who could not write have failed.

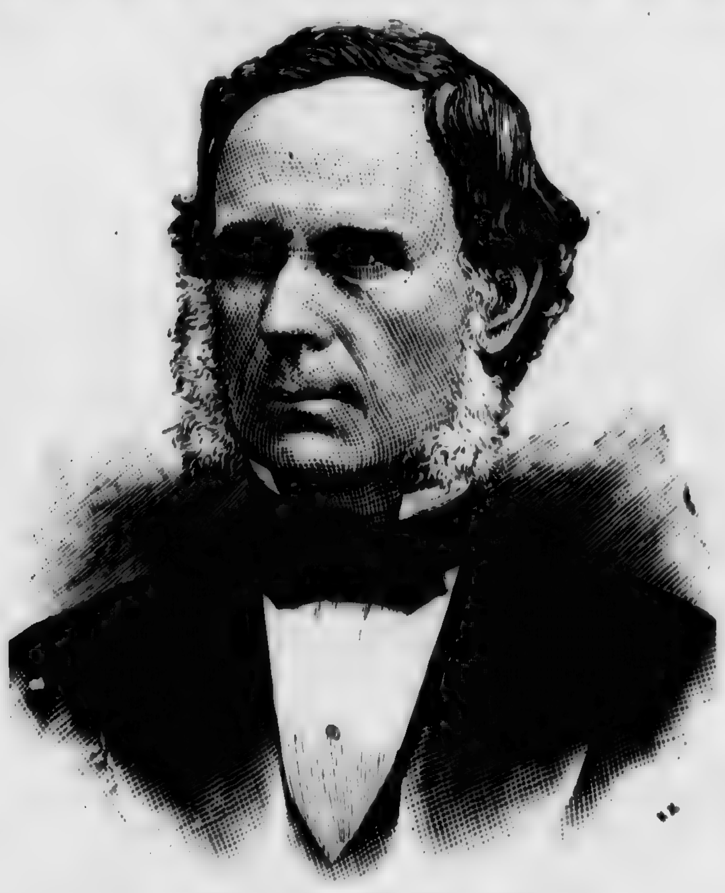
In our college, entirely too little attention has been paid to good penmanship. Many of the examination papers are so poorly written that no Professor would be willing for a stranger to see them. Indeed, sometimes a Professor is compelled to refuse to read the papers, the writing is so poor.

Every educated man or woman should expect to contribute at times to the press, but a beginner who writes a poor hand has little hope that his articles will ever be looked at. The writer has known of college professors and other people who had good ideas which they could never get into print because editors never could find these ideas hidden in their miserable penmanship.

Among young people making applications for positions to teach, poor penmanship stands as a bar to their desires. Several times the writer has been unable to heartily aid his young friends, because their own handwriting would belie his strongest statements that they were liberally educated. Not only is penmanship poor, but many students seem unable to write a good letter or to properly arrange an examination paper. The student who lacks in these respects is handicapped for his life's work. To repeat: good penmanship is of great value to the student; it is easily and quickly acquired; it should be acquired by every young person.

Lewisburg, Pa., March 17, 1894.

As we write the calendar, Rev. G. M. Spratt, D. D., has given forty-four years of active service to the educational interests of Pennsylvania. So thoroughly efficient, so wisely executive, so largely instrumental, so beautifully harmonious has been the record of these years, that to mention the name of the Pennsylvania Baptist Educational Society is to mention Dr. Spratt. Will you let me say it the other way? To say Dr. Spratt, would mean the educational interests of the Keystone State. Dr. Spratt has climbed the hill into the eighties, still strong and vigorous, still with his hand on the lever. He has felt impelled to ask a release from this over two-score years of service, that he may help give direction to another administration. For years the Educational Society of this state has been looked upon as a model for organization and conduct of similar societies in other states. Without exception, Dr. Spratt has found hearty welcome in the pulpit of the rural district, on the platform of power in the large city. Men of wisdom and property have given him an ear whenever he chose to speak. It would be an exceedingly interesting task to gather up the threads of these forty-four years, and weave the pattern of his influence in molding men, shaping destiny, building for God and eternity; the money gathered and let go for the education of young men, beginning with academy, following them through college and theological training, watching them take the shepherd's crook and go forth to their task. It would also be a beautiful endeavor to picture the pulpits in which Dr. Spratt virtually stands, after all these years. Beloved by all, honored by all, no man throughout the borders of the state can lay down his weapons of warfare with a greater sense of triumph and heart-fellowship than the secretary of our educational society.—*New York Examiner.*



REV. G. M. SPRATT, D. D.

Local.

The University Sermon was preached before the students in Bucknell Hall March 18, by Prof. Lincoln Hulley. His theme was "The Intensity of the Personality of Christ." This intensity, said Prof. Hulley, was shown in

1st. The private life of Christ. The temple scene, when he was twelve years of age, the struggle with evil on the Mount of Temptation, the struggle in Gethsemane, his frequent solitudes, are glimpses into the heart of Jesus, showing how intensely he lived.

2nd. The ethical teachings of Christ. These are the most vital and vigorous things in literature. His soul puts energy into his thought. His intense grasp makes his expression positive, clear and strong. He enforced the most strenuous rules of life. He never compromised or relaxed his moral standard. The absolute perfection of God was the ideal he set. Every offending hand or eye; every look of lust; every thought of hate was to be absolutely and radically destroyed. Such a strenuous ethics came from the depths of his own consciousness, his nature being intensely strung to make his standard so.

3rd. The public work of Christ. The church is putting special emphasis now on Christ as a worker. Yet the magnitude of his three years' work is not appreciated. The energy required to do it must have been tremendous. He walked hundreds of miles, preached unnumbered sermons, wrought countless cures, educated his desciples, and carried a burden of great weight. His zeal was so great that the disciples thought he was mad and his enemies said he had a devil.

Prof. Hulley's earnestness and force always command and hold attention. In his preaching he shows himself a devoted Bible student, a psychologist and a clear reasoner—one to whom the characters and the events of which he speaks are intensely real and vivid. On Sunday his manner of delivery was exactly in keeping with his theme, earnest, energetic, intense. Out of his own strenuous personality he spoke of that transcendently strenuous life which had laid such hold upon him.

The meetings of the Student Volunteer Band have been, and doubtless always will be, open to all the students. It may be of interest to some to know, also, that a sort of "Associate" membership may be entered into on the part of those who have not a definite intention of taking up foreign mission work. These students will pursue the courses of study with the Volunteers, take part in the work at the meetings, and be as much a part of the Band as anyone, differing only in not having signed the Volunteer declaration card. Several who are deeply interested in missionary enterprises will be joining the Band this spring term as such "Associates." All others who desire detailed knowledge about the more distant parts of the world-field, are cordially invited to be present at the first meeting. Watch the bulletin board. Some may not feel like becoming members of the Band; to them the Volunteers say: "Come anytime to the meetings; you will be welcome." Ware and Harvey are Leader and Secretary for the coming year.

Reno's ideal of Feminine Perfection: When recently interviewed by our special correspondent, who was desirous of discovering what his ideas of feminine loveliness were, Mr. Reno kindly gave him the following idea: Before I would marry a girl she must possess the following characteristics: She must be beautiful, intelligent, sympathetic, lovable and a brilliant conversationalist. She must be graceful, charming, refined, ladylike, queenly in mien and possessing the virtues of a Madonna united with the beauty of Venus, the grace of a Diana and the wisdom of a Minerva; also she must possess Chironic ability in nursing the measles, and by Jove, boys, I'd have her if it wasn't for Deacon Haddock.

The students who expect to attend Northfield this coming summer will be interested to know that Prof. S. S. Neff, President of the Neff School of Oratory in Philadelphia, will open a summer school of Oratory at Northfield, for six weeks, commencing June 20. Dr. Neff needs neither introduction nor recommendation from us. We feel sure that all who attend this session will find his instruction not only interesting but exceedingly profitable. Those desiring rates should address Miss S. Stapleton, East Northfield, Mass.

A Sophomore Shakespeare Club composed of S. R. Wood, Charles Firth, E. R. Powell, F. D. Finn, J. W. Davis and A. A. Cober was organized at the beginning of the fall term. Mr. S. R. Wood was chosen president. The club has held weekly meetings ever since its organization, which have been productive of much benefit to the members. The Merchant of Venice and Tempest have been very carefully studied in an earnest, critical spirit.

Recently a Freshman called on a Sem. girl, and through some slight jostling of his coat, some poker chips fell out on the floor. "Oh! You have been playing poker; I'm surprised," exclaimed the girl. The Freshman, though at first embarrassed, regained himself, and pretending to be much amused at her mistake, replied: "Why, Flora (?) dear, those are tiddle-wink chips." Flora—"O pardon me. I've wronged you."

The Freshman contest in declamation took place in Bucknell Hall, Saturday, March 17. Those who took part were: Misses Ruth H. Sprague, Rosa L. Hartley, Maud E. Hanna, A. Kate Goddard and Nellie E. Taylor, and Messrs. Vincent B. Fisk, J. Y. Sinton, T. H. Sprague and A. S. Barner. The program was interspersed with music by Misses Aikin, Morgan and Davis.

At the last meeting of the Chemical and Physical society, Mr. L. L. Riggin gave an interesting talk on the Smugglers and Customs' Guards of France. It was decided at the same meeting to have special exercises on the 18th of May, in honor of Lavoisier, the celebrated French chemist, who died just one hundred years before that date.

Quite a number of the students spent Easter at Bucknell. Simpson searched the fields for spring beauties, Macnab drove nails, Burge rested his vocal organs, Nelson Davis studied anatomy, Wood wrote poetry, Haddock visited friends in town, Schub read and reflected, Brown talked and Calvin studied "Elsie books."

Illustrations from Darwin: Survival of the Fittest, Colestock or Douglas? Natural Selection, Geary, not Brick ; Variation of the Species, Burger and Reno ; Arrested Development, Davidson and Pease ; Association of different Species, Suiter and Vastine ; Spiritual Agencies, Meeker and Kulp.

"Is that gay butterfly in uniform a messenger boy?" said one young lady to another. "Why no," replied the latter, "that is Mr. Fred Finn, arrayed in his World's Fair uniform and taking an evening ride out the pike on his new bicycle."

The residents of first hall, east wing, were awakened one morning by what appeared to be the roll and roar and rumble of thunder. Later investigation disclosed the fact that it was only the echo and re-echo of a morning lullaby by Guie.

College students wanting employment for the summer should address P. W. Ziegler & Co., Box 1801 Philadelphia, Pa., who offer great inducements for special work to which students are well fitted, and which pays $75 to $150 per month.

W. R. Harper and W. F. Eicholtz attended the recent district convention of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity at New York city, as representatives of the Bucknell chapter. Mr. W. C. Gretzinger also attended the same convention.

Mr. J——, a Sophomore, while in the editor's room the other day for the purpose of borrowing a match, saw some stalactites lying on the window sill, and asked very innocently where the bones were obtained.

The Baker benefit concert on Tuesday evening, March 20, was a delightful affair. All of his many friends in the University unite in hoping that he will secure a speedy removal of his sad affliction.

Whether by accident or by intention the selection of green and orange for the colors of the posters for '97's contest in declamation on St. Patrick's day, was very appropriate.

Judging from the disappearance of a number of water pitchers, there must be some members of the long-fingered gentry at work in the west wing. Douglass is their latest victim.

Mr. Powell's interest in the success of the Northumberland Baptist church choir, occasionally induces him to take a Wednesday evening stroll in the direction of that city.

Paullin said, "It is better to flunk in the house of Physics than to set up all night," "with a pretty woman in a white house," said Finn.

Mr. F. W. Dillon is deserving of high praise for the close attention he has given to the care of the gymnasium during the last term.

Mr. A. T. Williams is manager of the Bucknell Glee and Mandolin club. Mr. R. B. Davidson is leader of the same organization.

The mystery of Fassett's inspiration was solved when one of his friends caught him gazing intently at a photograph.

The question for the final Junior debate will be on the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

Prof. Bartol and W. C. Gretzinger have secured a patent for a school room settee arm for use in schools and colleges.

W. R. Harper led the arm and parallel bar exercises at Wilkes-Barre Y. M. C. A. exhibition on March 15.

After the Schuman concert, Mr. Kunkle spoke admiringly of those beautiful "*beatitudes*" of Miss Shoemaker.

Shorty Vastine, having done nothing worthy of notice for some time, we omit mention of him in this issue.

The builders of Prof. Owens' cottage have been making rapid progress during the last month.

Some of the Sophomores have already commenced to collect and arrange herbariums.

During the spring vacation Ralph R. Snow visited Professor Heim at Williamsport.

The Senior class will don the regulation cap and gown at commencement.

A certain Seminary girl's definition of a hydraulic-ram is a cider-press.

Lathrop preached at Milton, for Prof. Hulley, on the 17th of March.

Mr. Raymond J. Davis preached at Lansford on the 11th ult.

Guie, '97, is the latest addition to the Sigma Chi fraternity.

The Neyhart Club have moved their place of mastication.

Hanna recently preached in the Baptist church at Freeland.

The Sophomore list of electives is larger than ever before.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Very lavish were the praises in regard to the late gymnastic exhibition in Tustin gymnasium.

Miss Katherine Baker, '91, of Woman's College, Baltimore, spent her Easter vacation at her home in Lewisburg. Miss Baker was accompanied by a college friend from Mississippi.

The theme for the recent prize contest of the Senior class was "The Chaplain," from the "Sir Roger de Coverly Papers." The theme for the fourth year class was "Father Felician," from "Evangeline."

The concert in Music hall by the World's Fair Schumann Quartette was well attended and greatly enjoyed. The quartette was procured for the occasion by Mr. Gretzinger for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

Improvements are constantly being made in the Institute. New fire hose, also gas jets in the library are the latest innovations. The reception room has undergone a complete renovation; the walls are prettily papered, while a new rug and curtains add much to the attractiveness.

An entertainment will be given at the beginning of the term by the gymnastic and physical culture classes. The principal features of the entertainment will be wand, hoop and dumb-bell drills, statuary attitudes, and tableaux. The proceeds will be given the Y. W. C. A.

The program of the Lewisburg Alumnæ Club for March, read thus: Music—Instrumental, Miss Margaret Baker; Sketch—Constance Fenimore Woolson, Mrs. Nellie Hamblin; Review of Mrs. Woolson's Work, Mrs. W. G. Owens; Reading—A story of Mrs. Woolson's, Miss Hattie Walter; Vocal Solo, Miss Mary Morgan; Sketch of Miss Shafer, Mrs. Katherine B. Larison; Current Events—Political, Miss Katherman, Literary, Miss Annie Van Gundy, Social, Mrs. Gerhart.

Dr. Aviragnet inserts the following: "Does not the following extract from the *Lettres Persanes* of Montesquieu, who died in 1755, make us believe that the great French writer and philosopher of the 18th century had foreseen and predicted the anarchists of our days? The extract is from the letter of Rhedi to Usbeck: 'I tremble always that some secret may be discovered which would give an abridged way of making men perish, of destroying whole peoples and nations. It is not long since I am in Europe, but I have heard sensible people speak of the ravages of chemistry. It seems to me that it is a fourth plague which ruins men and destroys them one by one, but continually, while war, pestilence and famine destroy them in great numbers but by intervals.'"—*Translated from a French paper*.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

Gas is about to be introduced in Main Hall.

There is a time for all things; Tuesday eve for prayer meeting.

Mr. Warren expects to visit the "land of the green" next summer.

Mr. Wilkes spent part of his vacation with friends in Philadelphia.

The new gas fixtures in East Hall are quite an improvement over the old.

A number of the students of the Academy remained at school during Easter vacation.

Mr. Edwin Flint has had a severe attack of sickness. We are glad to see him rapidly improving.

Brown Martin and Ralph Koser can manipulate the mandolin in great style, sweetening the air with harmony.

Many eyes are turned upon the Academy ball players as they practice, and great things are expected of them this season. The Academy promises to put on the field a first-class team.

The gentlemen who thump the piano, while waiting for dinner, will please refrain from it. Pianos cost money; if you break it you will be the loser of cents, but the gainer of sense.

Mr. Edward Baker extends his most hearty thanks to those of the town and college who were purchasers of tickets for his benefit. He also extends his thanks to those who participated in the exercises of the eve.

Personal.

'69. Judge Martin Bell, of Blair county, recently handed down a decision to the Grand Jury that the cigar store slot machines were gambling devices, and, if information was made against any person operating them, they would be treated as such.

'73. J. W. Hague, the fish warden, recently had quite an experience with men who were seining in the Allegheny river at Pittsburg. He went to arrest them and was attacked by all three, but succeeded in capturing one of them after two deputies had come to his rescue. He also took the boat, seine and a boatload of fish.

'77. Rev. E. D. Shull, late pastor of the Lansdale Baptist church, has accepted a call to the Vincentown, N. J., Baptist church, and will remove to his new field at once.

'85. Prof. C. W. Hermann, of Middleburg, has received the nomination for the legislature in Snyder county. This is almost equivalent to an election.

'86. L. S. Walter, Esq., of Mt. Carmel, has announced his intention to be a candidate for District Attorney of Northumberland county next year.

'91. C. G. Langford was recently ordained pastor of a church at North Wales, a short distance from Philadelphia, Pa.

'92. Geo. W. Wagenseller has become editor of the Middleburg *Post.* His ability as a writer and manager will certainly insure success for the *Post.*

Ex. '—. Col. Samuel W. Wilson, of Williamsport, has been appointed one of the commission to assist in locating the troops at the battle of Antietam.

College News.

Prof. S.—"Mr. S—, translate 'Sie in die Suppe fallen.' " Mr. S—. ' They fell in the soup."—*Mascot.*

The man who dropped a lighted match into a benzine barrel hasn't benzine since, and the man who stepped on a banana peel, hasn't banana where since.—*Colby Echo.*

The last number of the Red and Blue was especially interesting. Two very interesting stories received, we dare say, no little attention by the readers of Red and Blue.

Even from the far off state that borders on the Pacific, comes one of our exchanges, *The Napa Classic*, California! How distant! And yet we can shake hands across the thousands of miles of intervening territory of mountains, rivers and rolling prairie. Greeting to our esteemed contemporary.

Prof. D.—"Mr. W—, translate the sentence, 'Instruxit tripilicem aciem.' " Mr. W—, (a poker adept.)—"He drew three aces."—*Mascot.*

In a college in Pennsylvania it is customary for the Junior class to furnish music for the Senior address. On a recent occasion, as the Seniors were marching to the platform, headed by the president of the institution, the Juniors began:

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on."

—*Colorado Collegian.*

"The Reign of Justice" is the title of a production which appears in the Earlhamite of the last issue. This masterly production declares much truth. Many forcible expressions are interspersed throughout. Another appearing with it bearing the title of "Evolution and the Human Conflict," is also worthy of recognition. In this the easy flowing expressions are noticeable. These two productions evidently portray the atmosphere of thought among the thinking class of *Earlham.*

A young lady attending a party should have a female chaperon until she is able to call some other chap-her-own.—*Ex.*

A Freshman sat in the chapel dim,
Stiff and erect and still,
And faithfully sang the opening hymn,
And read the Psalms with a will.

The Sophomore sat with a languid care
With his arm on the forward seat;
The latest French novel was on his knees
And a newspaper at his feet.

With back to the front the Junior sat;
His seat was the middle aisle,
And cautiously now he'd wave his hat
As he caught the maiden's smile.

Fervently then the preacher spoke,
With his eyes on the Senior's chair;
But in that aisle no disturbance broke
For there was no Senior there.

—*Rutger's Targum.*

Noah was the first pitcher. He pitched the ark within and without. The game was called on account of rain.—*Ex.*

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., APRIL 25, 1894. No. 13.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column. $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

APRIL 25, 1894.

Editorial.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made to put the various exchanges of the MIRROR on the library tables. The students will thus have an opportunity to become more fully acquainted with the events and journalism of other colleges.

◆

THE coming concert on May 3 is awaited with considerable interest. The artists are Albert S. Guille, who sang with Adelina Patti in the famous concerts of Damrosch and Seidl; Mrs. Anna Guille, the dramatic soprano of the French Grand Opera, and Cav. C. Gnarro, a celebrated pianist of the American Opera Company. These were secured by Dr. Aviragnet, who is ever anxious to give the members of the University and the people of Lewisburg the benefit of the best musical talent.

IT IS not a day too early to begin training for field day sports. Heretofore these contests have taken place with little or no preparation, and consequently very indifferent records have been made. This year provision for instruction in outdoor exercises has been made by the University, and it behooves all who intend to enter any of the events to put themselves under the director's charge. Some have already done this, but not as many as Mr. Smith would like to see. Far better success is anticipated for this year than we had last, but to make the day the best possible it is necessary for the contestants to practice early and late.

◆

A DELIGHTFUL bicycle tour of the British Isles for a party of twenty students is being planned by Mr. F. W. Pickard, Bowdoin, and Mr. A. R. McMaster, McGill University, Montreal. Mr. Pickard informs us that it will be a distinctively college affair, and that the party will be conducted by F. A. Elwell, of Portland, Me., who has considerable experience with bicycle tours. The places visited will be the most interesting in Ireland, Scotland and England, including the Giant's Causeway, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Kennilworth Castle, Oxford and London. The entire trip will take about seven weeks. Students who are contemplating an outing could hardly have a better time than companionship with such a party would attord.

◆

THE most diverse ideas exist among college editors in regard to the proper conduct of the exchange column. In a few journals this department seems to be a sort of sacred repository for worthless relics, to which each new ex-man takes special delight in calling the attention of his patient friends. In others the entire column is made a critique on the productions of contemporaries. This is much better than another method of merely clipping funny paragraphs and poetic squibs, and far superior to making the column an exchange of mutual admiration or spite.

To conduct such a column satisfactorily is not an easy task. The way out of the difficulty, however, is not to ignore it, as some have done, but to devise methods to make it readable and interesting. This, we think, is entirely possible and might be accomplished by uniting both elements of criticism and repetition. There are many articles in our college magazines worthy of review and many good things briefly said that are well worth repeating entire, besides numerous items of interest to the college world; so that if judgment is exercised the exchange department can be made one of the most interesting of the entire paper.

◆

That same day it snowed. By some fateful mischance the little effusion on spring, composed on a hot day last winter and appearing in the last issue, wandered forth from its receptacle just a trifle too early. And chilling was the reception it received from old Boreas. If it could have withdrawn from his icy blast it might have lived, but, forced to remain, it froze to death. We listened, but the birds failed to twitter; instead of cheerful sunshine we saw "the whited air;" while the little flower with all its sweetness peacefully slumbered beneath a snowy blanket.

With all nature thus topsy-turvy it could hardly be expected that a merely human instrument—our college periodical—would escape the general confusion. Nor did it escape. For in the same issue two verbs—editorial verbs, too—had actually changed places, and the local column appeared standing on its head. Perhaps microscopic analysis would reveal even other discrepancies. Truly, we must brace up! For at this rate it will not be long until the MIRROR, our student publication, attains to the high standard of literary excellence and accuracy exhibited in the late University catalogue, our official publication.

After all, such mistakes—lamentable as they are—sometimes serve a good purpose. The criticism they evoke brings the student to a realization that his work on the paper falls under scrutinizing eyes, and that at no time can he afford to execute such work with less than the utmost care. Again, as only error is commented on, he may interpret the intervening silence as a species of commendation. Such appreciation from those for whom he labors, while admittedly poor, is better than none. So he may regard with favor the lengthening intervals of critical silence between his literary lapses.

Literary.

VIOLA—THE TWELFTH NIGHT.

To judge correctly of a literary production, Pope says one must

> "Know *well* each ancient's proper character;
> His faith, subject, scope in every page;
> Religion, country, genius of his age;"

but I find it a difficult task to delineate characters in this way.

One can hardly refrain from comparing the characters of which he reads with persons in real life; this is done unconsciously, yet it may lead one to false impressions.

Viola, the true heroine of the play, is introduced to us in very adverse circumstances. She and her brother, twins of the most remarkable resemblance to one another, are shipwrecked in a storm; Viola is rescued by the captain and taken to the nearest shore, but her brother is supposed to have perished. She is very sad because of this, but is thankful for her own escape, and looks disaster full in the face and takes practical steps for her future life.

But what can a lady do? Alone and without protection in a strange country, she was at a loss to know how to dispose of herself, for she wished to remain in the country until she could gain some definite knowledge of her brother.

Viola remembers to have heard her father speak with praise and admiration of Orsino, the Duke of the country; but as he is not married, his court would not be a proper place for her. Something must be done to overcome this; so she disguises herself as a page, thinking this would be the best protection against uncivil comments.

The Duke was greatly pleased with the deportment and manners of this supposed young man, and the position of page is easily obtained. She fulfilled her duties and showed such a ready obedience to her lord that she soon became his most favored attendant.

That is a very touching scene, between Viola and the Duke, where the music makes her speak in so masterly a way of love. The reply to the Duke's fancied greatness of love, gives him such hints of her own far greater affection for him, that he could not have mistaken the meaning had he known her real sex.

Viola is the favorite of the enamored Duke. She becomes his messenger to Olivia, and the interpreter of his suffering to that inaccessible beauty. In her character of a page, she attracts the favor of Olivia and excites the jealousy of her lord. This places her in a very critical and delicate position. But how exquisitely is the character of Viola fitted for her part, carrying her through the trying circumstances with all the grace of modesty.

I think this scene brings out one of the noblest characteristics of this noble woman – moral integrity. Although she loves the Duke dearly, she is never once tempted to shun her duty, although it makes so much against herself.

Her deep, silent, patient love for the Duke is plainly shown when she says—the Duke having threatened her with death and ordered her to follow him—

> "After him I love
> More than I love these eyes, more than my life!"

What a fine distinction between Rosalind and Viola! The wild sweetness, so characteristic in Rosalind, would ill become Viola, whose playfulness is assumed as part of her disguise as a court page, and is guarded by strict delicacy. In her dialogues with the comic characters, one must surely notice a drawing back of feminine delicacy, causing *us* to feel most deeply what she is; but those around her little suspect the real cause of those expressions.

To us who know her real sex, the scene where she will not allow herself to affect courage becoming her disguise, is very amusing. Her horror at drawing a sword, is very natural and charms us because it places her in such a delicate position.

She is extricated from her trouble by the timely interference of a gentleman, unknown to her, who thinks he is assisting her brother. Some words are spoken by him which leads Viola to think that her brother was rescued, and her theory is soon proven to be correct.

The characteristic most strikingly brought out seems to be—*modesty*. Viola "lives" in love, and it is for her to teach Orsino and Olivia how to love; but her love has none of the "skittishness" or unrest which is so prevalent in the Duke's passion for Olivia; it is strong without being so passionate as to be obtrusive. It is as deep as life; pure and peaceful, and never mars the innate *modesty* of her character.

I do not know but that the great charm of her character is—*morality*. We never once find her shirking her trust. There is a clear, calm, composure of truth in all she does, so perfect and pure that one cannot but admire this noble character.

HOW DR. McWIGGIN FIXED THE CLOCK.

One day when Dr. McWiggin was waiting for somebody to get sick and send for him, and was reflecting rather sadly upon the remarkable and unreasonable healthfulness of his neighbors, the striking of the clock aroused him from his meditations. (Pulling out his watch) "Hello! Slow again, eh?" said he, and then he stood looking at the clock as it folded its thin hands together, and without the least suspicion of a blush on its pale face, told that lie about the time of day. "Now," thought the Doctor, "if that clock was only a sick man I could cure it right away—or, that is, in a reasonable length of time—not too soon, of course, not *too* soon." To be sure he could. If a man was suffering from "that tired feeling," as the clock seemed to be, the Doctor would give him aconite, or belladona, or calomel, or arsenic, or strychnine, or sulphuric acid, or some such gentle stimulant, and he would come around all right in a few days, or perish in the attempt. It was not strange, therefore, that, as he regarded the disordered timepiece, the thought occurred:—"Why not fix it myself? It needs only to be taken apart and given a good cleaning, and I might as well do it myself and save the two dollars that I would have to give to that wooden-headed clock-tinker down at Thompson's." Sure enough, why not? He understood all about the stomach, and spleen, and liver, and oesophagus, and diaphragm, and pancreas, and duodenum, and medulla oblongata, and the other Greek and Latin parts of man, and why should he not be able to comprehend the organism of an ordinary eight-day clock?

Thus he reasoned, and not being able to see why he should not undertake the job, he took the clock from its shelf, laid it on the table, on its back, and, with a screw-driver for a scalpel, began operations by dissecting off the hands and face. This operation exposed the digestive economy of the clock to the light of day and the bewildered gaze of J. Sylvester McWiggin, M. D. It did not look exactly as he had anticipated. It seemed to him that there were two or three times as many parts as were really needed, but the Doctor was not easily discouraged, so he proceeded with his dissection. While trying to get the works out of the case, he struck a nerve, or something, and away went the striking apparatus. "Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding——," as though it would go on forever, to the utter astonishment of the Doctor, who thought that twelve was the best that a clock could do. "Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding——," it went until he was almost frantic, and desperately jammed a tooth-pick among the wheels. Then he went to work again, but as he removed the bob from the pendulum and took off the escapement, away went the chronometer section of the clock on a wild race against time. "T-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r——" why! In five minutes that clock made up more time than any two clocks could lose in six weeks, and all the time the Doctor was trying to stop what seemed to him like a fatal case of palpitation of the heart. But at last it stopped itself from sheer exhaustion. Then he proceeded to take the works out of the case, and having accomplished this without having thrown them into any more convulsions, he was not a little elated, and set about discovering a way of getting the various parts from their several bearings. After some little study, he concluded that the only way was to take out all the screws and keys and pins that he could reach. This he did successfully, and was just removing the first wheel to lay it on a large white paper for future cleaning, when—"B-z-t-t—*Blim*!" The mainspring uncoiled with a vicious snap, and flirted the entire digestive economy of that clock to the four corners of the room. Doctor McWiggin stared about him for several minutes, and then got down on his hands and knees and went prowling around the room to gather up what he could find of wheels and things, and then he put them away on a platter in the closet. But every few days, for a week or so, he stepped on something that seemed to flatten out beneath his weight, only to discover that it was some wheel or pinion or wire concern that he had overlooked. And there in the closet, to the present day, those remains repose in dust and "innocuous desuetude;" for although the Doctor had snatched scores of men from the very jaws of death, and that, too, after they had been not a little masticated by those same jaws, and although he had patched up men after powder mill explosions and railroad wrecks, and football matches, and although he had even put the man together again who undertook to be the Santa Claus at the Christmas entertainment of the "Newsboy's Retreat," he was forced to admit that the case of the clock was beyond his diagnosis.

F. W. O.

◆

A FEW HINDRANCES TO MISSION WORK IN WASHINGTON.

The good people of the old states early saw the need of sending aid in religious work to the newer portions of the west. Sometimes this aid took the form of money sent to a struggling community; at other times, of preacher and money. As the settlement of the United States steadily continued westward, and as the newer portions of the country became populous, the people were able to support their own ministers. Hence the field for mission work during recent years has been confined largely to the states and territories in and west of the Rocky Mountains. So broad and so general has been this work that it would be impossible to refer but briefly to any particular phase of it. Let us then direct our attention to the hindrances to the mission work being done in western Washington.

The growth in population of this state during the last decade has been phenomenal. Settlers have been drawn thither from all other portions of the Union. Not only the intelligent, hard-working homeseeker has gone west, but the scapegoat, the thief, and the gambler have been attracted to this state by the hope of hiding their past crimes, or of finding new pastures. It is safe to say that none of these vicious classes are Christians except in name only. Infidelity appeals strongly to the unscrupulous, and, accordingly, we find infidelity more wide-spread on the Pacific coast than on the Atlantic. Even institutions of learning in the two sections show a marked difference in their number of Christians. Among the ten thousand academic and college students of Ohio only about one-fourth are non-Christians, while the colleges of the Pacific slope number four-sevenths of their students in the same category. Though every non-Christian is not an infidel, the fact remains that the number of the latter is more numerous in the west than in the east.

Imagine a new settlement in western Washington. Forests are to be levelled, homes to be erected, and the soil to be cultivated. Most of the settlers are poor; all their energy and means go toward the obtaining of a home. Hence such a community must be dependent upon outside aid in church work. On this account the mission boards of various denominations assist struggling churches in the support of their pastor. Now, when one of these churches has secured its minister, let us observe what will specially hinder him in his work.

First, the topography and climatic conditions of the country. A minister located in a small town cannot sit down, fold his hands and expect the people to come to him. He must go to them. There is where the trouble arises. There is a settler on nearly every one hundred and sixty acres of tillable land in Washington. The people are scattered, the roads are poor, in many places there are none, a trail doing service for a road, and the country rough and cut up by streams that must be forded. So much for topography. Western Washington has more rain than any other portion of the United States except Alaska and Florida. The greater portion of this rain falls during three months. During six months the roads are well nigh impassable, and neither preacher nor people can very easily get to each other.

Secondly, the people themselves tend to make the work of the minister difficult. It has been stated that infidels are numerous. They take advantage of every opportunity to belittle the Gospel work and also to interfere with it. During the winter of '90 and '91, a revivalist was brought to Chehalis, Washington. As soon as the infidels of the place heard of it they sent for a lecturer on infidelity. What was the result? The revivalist was forced to leave the place. There are many weak-kneed Christians. If such people reside in a live Christian community, they may be safe, but when they live in a section of country where they are hooted and jeered by scoffers, they quite frequently withdraw allegiance from the church. Again, it may be said, that some men do right as much from fear of incurring the displeasure of the community in which they live, as they do right for right's sake. When such people get beyond the restraining influences of home and neighbors, they very frequently lapse into infidelity. The weakness of one finds support and encouragement for weakness in the weakness of another. Many people who live thirty or forty miles from church or minister forget their Bible and God in their mad chase for money.

But worst of all, one preacher counteracts the influence of his brother across the way. It is a lamentable fact, yet nevertheless true, that many preachers have gone west to grow up with the country, who had wearied and worn to death their congregations in the east. What influence for good can a preacher have if his actions continually belie his words? Such men give infidels a splendid opportunity to attack the church and its work. What the west needs are young, enthusiastic, warm-hearted, earnest missionaries. Let the old fogies stay at home and the young men go west.

Some people imagine that the citizens of these new portions of the United States are fully able to take care of themselves. The attempt has been made to show a few of the difficulties of people and pastor. As long as these exist, so long will mission work be hindered. We are not expected to build roads for Washington, but we can help to furnish houses of worship and better preachers.

Athletic.

Bromley Smith, who carried away several prizes last year, has been appointed instructor of the field sports.

Prof. Bartol is playing a fine game, and will, undoubtedly, represent the alumni in the coming tournament with Prof. Hulley.

The manager has arranged dates for several games. The first game of the season will take place on the College campus with Milton.

One of the associations of the University is considering the advisability of offering a silver cup as a prize to the class which secures the most points on field day. This will doubtlessly increase the interest in field sports.

Great interest is taken in tennis. The courts are filled every day. Prof. Hulley and Harvey Smith are in better form than heretofore. Prof. Hulley came out second in a tournament at Philadelphia in which a great number of professionals took part.

The representative players of the Senior class are H. F. Smith, Wood and Bush; of the Junior class, Allen, Jackson and Kauffman; of the Sophomore class, Harris, Harper and A. T. Williams, and of the Freshman class, Kunkle, Rodgers and Moyer.

With respect to athletics in general, there is a grand field open. All the "sprinters," with one exception, who carried away the prizes on field day last year will not contest this year. There are no recorded champions left ; no one to claim the prize of the hundred yard dash, the throwing of the shot or hammer, or the mile run. Yet we believe there is the material here which, by thorough training, can break any record that has been made at Bucknell.

On account of the last fall of snow, which prevented all outdoor sports, baseball has suffered. Previous to this the outlook for a winning team was favorable. There is an abundance of material this year, two or three aspirants for each position on the team, which is very encouraging, but the spirit and enthusiasm which should characterize every player is greatly needed. Thus far, however, several of the boys have been playing good ball. Geary and Stanton, both new men, have displayed much proficiency and may yet be the battery for the season.

Local.

Keep your eye on Brown, the sporting editor.

Colestock preached at Winfield on Easter Sunday.

Prof. Phillips preached at Edwardsdale Baptist church on the 15th.

The new course in civil engineering is proving a very attractive one.

There's not an exam. at the end of a term given,
But brows have ached o'er it, and souls toiled and striven.

The Bucknell band recently had the courage to face the camera in Cornelius' studio.

"Jennie can have me," said B. Smith to some of his friends after the second Schumann concert.

Powell escorted a large party of Northumberland friends to the concert on Tuesday evening, April 10.

Rev. I. N. Hill, brother of President Hill, and formerly a teacher in the Academy, died recently in Danbury, Conn.

The Junior contestants are chosen for the oratorical exhibition on May 11. Warm weather is predicted for that evening.

'Twixt a Sophie and Freshie a strange contest arose,
A "pony" set them unhappily wrong,
The point in dispute was, as the whole college knows,
To which the said "pony" ought to belong.

Elkanah Hulley, '92, professor of Greek at the Keystone Academy, spent April 14th with his brother, Prof. Lincoln Hulley.

W L. Zeller is secretary of the South Jersey Association of Naturalists, with headquarters at Vineland and Wildwood, N. J.

Where, oh where is Charles B. Reno?
Where, oh where is Charles B. Reno?
Where, oh where is Charles B. Reno?
Ask at the Anderson Club.

The probabilities are that there will be established ere long an advanced chair in logic and ethics which Fisk will try to fill.

Mr. Miller, one of East Wing's promising bloods, desires the fact mentioned that he was a witness of the recent boxing contest in town.

Here's to the springtime, its sunshine and play !
Its baseball and tennis, its flowers in May !
The campus all covered with velvety green !
The river bright sparkling in its silvery sheen !

Rev. C. F. Hall, ex '95, on April 1st, had the honor of baptizing Sarah Ulrich Kelley, the so-called bard of Shanty Hill and poet-laureate of the nation.

Rev. C. E. Tilley, of Bridgeton, N. J., preached the sermon before the Y. M. C. and Y. W. C. Associations on Sunday, April 15. While in Lewisburg he was the guest of the South Jersey Institute Alumni club.

We sadly miss Reno, but we cannot say that we are sorry for the departure of that bass horn or that homesick fiddle. The recent change of headquarters would seem to indicate that Reno had found his "ideal of feminine perfection."

Mr. F. D. Finn, in order to maintain the character which his uniform would indicate, recently purchased a very valuable pop-gun. Accompanied by his chum, A. A. Cober and F. M. Simpson as instructors, he frequently sallies forth in quest of light game.

The election of this term's officers for Euepia Literary Society resulted in the following : President, Bromley Smith ; vice president, D. S.

Grim; critic, A. O. Miller; secretary, H. F. Harris; treasurer, F. W. Jackson. The retiring president, H. M. Pease, was in due form elected "librarian."

Prof. Ford's recital on the 9th was thoroughly appreciated by his select audience. We hope he will again visit the town. The famous selection from Mark Twain has since been paraphrased thus:

> Flunk, brothers, flunk, flunk with care,
> Flunk in the presence of the Pro-fes-sare.

The English Bible class has received several new members this term. Prof. Hulley's instruction is very critical and opens the way for useful discussions on the New Testament as literature. A careful study of the Book of Acts has been the feature of this month's work.

Friday evening, April 6, Theta Alpha Literary society elected the following officers for the spring term: President, A. Douglass; vice-president, Frank Hollinshead; secretary, J. Y. Sinton; critic, S. R. Wood; treasurer, Brown; censor, M. R. Collins; curator, F. W. Dillon.

The first sounds to greet students returning from their spring vacation came from Joseph's room. "O, wretched man that I am! Who hath warned the smallpox to flee from me? This is a time of tribulation and woe. O, generation of vipers give me liberty or give me death, etc."

Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of the College, Miss Wilson, Missionary to Japan, addressed a meeting in the Baptist church on the 12th, on the customs of the Japanese and women's missionary work in Japan. Miss Wilson was formerly a student at this University and was welcomed here by all.

On Sunday, April 8th, a pleasant missionary meet was held in Bucknell hall. The subject of India was discussed in two papers, one by Mr. Colestock on geography, and one by Miss Taylor on religions. Reports of the Detroit convention were heard. Miss Kunkle spoke on Miss Guinness, Mr. Ware on the "Educational Side of Missions," and Mr. Allen on "Missionary Personal Work in India. Excellent music was provided by Messrs. Fisk, Harper and Flint.

The Chemical and Physical Society held its first meeting for this term on Thursday, April 12. Prof. Owens gave a very interesting talk on points of interest in chemistry and physics in the Anthropological building at the World's Fair. The next meeting will occur on May 3, at which time will be carried out the following program of exercises in honor of Antoine Laurent Lavoisier: "State of the Science of Chemistry before Lavoisier," W. B. Sheddan; "Sketch of the Life of Lavosier," Miss Jessie J. Wheeler; "Work of Lavoisier in Chemistry," F. M. Simpson; "Subsequent Influence of Lavoisier's Work on the Science of Chemistry," Prof. W. G. Owens. A cordial invitation is extended to all the students to be present.

Mr. C—— has already drawn the ticket which destines his seat in the Botany class for the whole term. He hastens away to the biology rooms to learn his fortune, and finds that "Flora" has favored him with the best seat in her garden. Great is his joy and broad are his smiles until the other seats are one by one appropriated. One especially on the other side of the room had suddenly risen greatly above par, but Mr. C—— was too late to lay claim to it. His face grows pale, his heart is sad, until he is fortunate enough to exchange his seat with the envied occupant. Cupid is always more successful than Flora in such adjustments, and can greatly enhance the pleasure of the plant analysis although he knows so little about the beauties of nature.

Dr. Aviragnet has organized a male chorus to aid talented students in pursuing a musical education after leaving College. The organization is to be permanent, one student being selected each year from the graduating class as the object of the benefit. A novel treat is in store for Lewisburg on May 3. The leading tenor singer of the United States, M. Guille, is engaged and will sing the air "Aida" by Verdi. His wife, formerly first soprano in the Grand Opera in Paris, will sing the "Prophet" by Meyerbeer; and together they will represent the fourth act of "Hugenot." The union will render the grand male chorus in Rigoletto. A fuller program will be prepared later. The renowned accompanist, M. Guarro, is also engaged for the same program.

The following item in the catalogue is worthy the attention of students: "Advanced courses in Literature, Philosophy and Science have been established, leading respectively to the degrees of Master of Arts, Master of Philosophy and Master of Science. These courses are open to graduates of Bucknell University only.'' Any graduate who takes nine courses will receive the Master's Degree. Three courses must be taken in one department. The other six may be selected from any department. The studies may all be taken in non-residence. Honor studies which have not been substituted for studies in which the student has made less than *nine* are counted, each as half a course, toward the Master's Degree. Industrious students can, therefore, make up more than half of the required nine studies during their undergraduate course. A man who has taken the Master's Degree can get his Ph. D. at Chicago in two additional years, one of which must be in residence at Chicago.

The material for the opening chapters of a delightful little romance, in which several Bucknellites figure, lately came to light. It appears that one of Altoona's belles, in her anxiety to penetrate the veil of the future, consulted Dame Chance in the form of an old Gypsy fortune teller. She was informed that she would shortly make an unexpected visit and there, among a number of young men, meet her fate, that two of the gentlemen would be smitten, that she would like one better than the other, that none of the parties would be aware of the others' affection until sometime afterwards, and that the meeting would have results vital to the happiness of one of the young men. To make a long story short, the young lady made an unexpected visit to Lewisburg, and met the members of the A—— club. She was fascinated, enraptured, bewitched, nay intoxicated with enchantment by the gazelle eyes of one and the liquid voice of another. The gentlemen silently endured the pangs of a passion too deep to be fathomed, too subtile to be analyzed, too entrancing to be expressed. A glance from the one or a word from the other was ambrosia and nectar to the distracted girl. The predictions of the professor of the occult art were fulfilled to the letter. The young lady left Lewisburg without making her preference known, or either of the lovers giving utterance to his feelings. The denouement is awaited with interest.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Misses Ruth Tustin, '83, and Annie Evans, '86, have entered the Woman's Missionary Training school in Philadelphia.

Miss Nannie J. Wilson, '87, gave a talk in the Baptist church, April 12, entitled, ''My work in Japan.'' Miss Wilson will return to Japan in September.

Mrs. Truman J. Purdy, treasurer of the Young Woman's Loan Association, was present at the last annual meeting. The Association is reported in a prosperous condition.

During the recent vacation the annex halls were greatly improved by delicate tinting and stenciling. Several etchings and steel engravings have been added to the reception room.

The first contest for the Lippincott prize occurred on April 6. The theme assigned was, ''Give in your words at least four of the character portraits, in different eras of English literature.''

''Music hath charms'' to soothe the average Institute girl, as well as the proverbial ''savage breast,'' as was evinced by the very general attendance at the second appearance of the Schumann Lady Quartette. Every one present was delighted, and one young lady was heard to remark that Miss Shoemaker was the bella-donna of the company.

Through the thoughtful efforts of the registrar, forty-eight bound volumes of Littel's Living Age, have been obtained for the library, from the late Backus estate. Mrs. Dora W. Spratt, '78, has also presented her late book entitled, ''Married Life.'' It is a choice little volume, daintily bound and contains selections from the bible and other classics. In addition to this Mrs. Spratt has subscribed for several magazines for her Alma Mater.

The following program was presented at the Physical Culture exhibition: Grand March, Dumb-Bell Drill; Attitudes of Emotion, Clubs; The Message, Blumenthal, Miss Sarah Merriman; Vivant Tableau, *a*, Farewell to Home, *b*, In Sight of Home, *c*, A Charm from the Skies; Pizzacati Chorus; Tableau, Parting of Orpheus and Eurydice; Hoop Drill; Statuary, Night and the Fates. ''Vivant Tableau'' elicited much applause.

An interesting Alumnæ meeting was held on April 10. Music was rendered by Misses Morgan and Aikin. A paper, ''Current Events,'' was read by Miss VanGundy, and Literary Notes by Miss Ruth Sprague. At the close a puzzle contest was held. A box of delicious bon bons was awarded Mrs. Larison as first prize. The following puzzle attracted much attention:

"It was in the early dawning,
Just between (a book by Bulwer)
That along the highway fair
Rode the brave (a book by Black)
And as he rode, he sang this song,
(A book by Charles Reade ;)
Like a brilliant star on high
He saw (a book by Besant and Rice,)
And in the peaceful morning hush,
A lark sang in (a book by Miss Mulock.")

A noun there is of plural number,
A foe to peace and tranquil slumber ;
Now any other noun you take
By adding *s* you plural make ;
But if you add *s* to this,
Strange is the metamorphosis.
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. Cleeland, Correspondent.]

Perrine is quite an enthusiast at ticket selling.

A number of new students have been added to the Academy's list.

Quite a few of the boys have painful arms, resulting from vaccination.

Primus—"What's the racket up the hall?" Secundus—"K-g is declaming."

The Fourth Form's offices are President, Purdy; Vice President, Anderson ; Secretary, Martin ; Treasurer, Slifer.

Now-a-days when people meet they do not talk about the weather. The first question is, "Have you been vaccinated?"

It is strange that Giffin, being an Irishman, was not green enough to know the difference between Hibernians and Herbariums.

At a recent meeting of the Third Form, the following officers were elected : President, Cober ; Vice President, Bayard ; Secretary, Harvey ; Treasurer, Bell.

Prof.—"About ten years after you leave college you will begin to find out that you don't know as much as you thought you did." Student—"I find that out three times a day."

The Fourth Form challenged the Third Form to a game of baseball and a tennis tournament. The Third Formers, like heroes have accepted the challenge, and intend to make their upper classmen bite the dust.

Prof.—"Mr. P., if you saw a Greek noun, how would you determine the case?" Mr. P.—"By instinct, I suppose." Prof.—"Ah, yes, I have heard it stated that the lower animals do things by instinct."

The following are the officers of the Adelphia Society for this term: President, Lindemann; Vice President, Purdy ; Secretary, Meeker ; Chaplain, Wilkes ; Treasurer, Nesbit ; Sergeant-at-Arms, Lewis ; Censor, Bayard ; First Critic, Bell ; Second Critic, Anderson.

Personal.

Ex-'55.—Mr. Thomas Lowther is at present located at Altoona, Pa.

Ex '51.—Mr. DeWitt C. Taylor is residing at Tyrone, Pa.

'62.—Rev. Dr. A. J. Rowland, of Baltimore, is agitating the question of establishing a Baptist Academy in Maryland.

Ex-'72.—Rev. J. W. Putnam, formerly pastor of Temple Baptist church, Philadelphia, has accepted a call to Trinity Baptist church, New York, at a salary of $3,000.

'71.—Rev. W. S. Holt is not holding a pastorate at present, but is located at Milesburg, Pa.

'76.—Rev. L. H. Copeland has accepted a call to the Scarborough, Me., Baptist church.

'84.—Rev. Marshall G. Smith, of Towanda, Pa., has just finished a successful two years' pastorate. During the two years 108 have been added to the church.

'88.—Rev. D. M. Jones has retired from the ministry, and is reading law at Mahanoy City.

'88.—Rev. J. S. Braker has resigned at Temple Baptist church, Philadelphia, to accept a call from Plainfield, N. J.

'88.—During a successful revival continuing for the past two months, 76 have been added to the church at Bristol, Pa., of which Rev. W. H. Clipman is pastor.

Ex-'88.—Rev. E. T. Derr, formerly pastor at Reynoldsville, now holds a pastorate at Cleveland, O.

Ex-'88—John B. Rickard is a prosperous druggist at Plymouth, Pa.

'92.—Homer Dowlin is a law student at the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis.

Ex-'95.—On March 17th, 1894, Mr. David C. Davis joined hand and heart with Miss Emily Wertz at Shamokin, Pa.

College News.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

Our friend when a boy used to plough
And to swear had learned beautifully hough,
He hurled at the colonel
Some oaths so infolonel,
The guard house containeth him nough.
—*Hobart Herald.*

Richmond College awards a medal to the best literary article contributed to the college paper.

In New York city there are eight millionaire brewers whose wealth ranges from $2,500,000 to $15,000,000 each.

The Student court at Cornell recently convicted two men of cheating in examinations, and recommended their suspension. The faculty acted upon the suggestion and suspended the men until next January.—*Brown and White.*

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the *Messenger* of Richmond College as a new exchange. We trust it shall continue to be a regular visitor. In style of publication and character of its material, it ranks among the best of our exchanges.

"The Nobility of Labor" is a phrase which has been going the rounds of the rostrum these many years, but an article on this theme in the *Northwestern College Chronicle* has opened a new way of applying it. The writer has taken hold of a new handle, which the theme suggested, and treats it in a very unique and practical way. It shows the originality and independent thinking of the author.

We congratulate the author of the "College Kicker," which appeared in the last issue of the *College Student*, on his successful description of that most unpleasant species of the human race. No doubt the "College Kicker" referred to in the above mentioned article is none other than the "University Grumbler." It might be well to give the grumbler and kicker a corner in our college papers to give vent to their grievances. "Grumbler's Corner" might be an appropriate term.

THE RESURRECTION.

The hand of Rome had sealed the doom
And Jewish priests had wrought their will;
A guard was placed around the tomb,
The shaken hills at last were still.

And in the still and starlit night,
When all around in slumber lay,
The soldiers sat in armed might
To wait the slow approaching day.

Within the city dark and drear,
His chosen ones sad vigil kept
With hearts surcharged with grief and fear
That all the night has never slept.

They waited for the morn to break,
That they might bid their last farewell,
The last sad offerings to make
To Him they knew and loved so well.

But Hebrew law and Roman sword
And Pilate's seal cannot avail;
The sepulchre gives up its Lord,
And all the powers of Darkness fail.

The night is past, the day is come
That puts an end to doubts and fears,
The brightest day the earth has known,
Henceforth the Queen in all the years.

For Roman guards in awful fear
To wondering scribes have brought the word,
And sweetly sounds in Mary's ear
"All hail! Fear not, 'tis I, thy Lord!"
—*Edmund Burk, in Red and Blue.*

A COLLEGE IDYL.

Ram it in, cram it in,
Students' heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow--
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry—
Ram it in, cram it in,
Students' heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell to you,
How the teachers crammed it in,
Rammed it in, crammed it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.
—*The Free Lance.*

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MAY 10, 1894. **No. 14.**

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.--Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

MAY 10, 1894.

Editorial.

QUITE a number of larcenies have been committed about the buildings lately which should be inquired into and stopped. It is hardly possible that any students are engaged in this, but the offenders, whoever they are, should be brought to justice.

◆

AT PRESENT the tennis tournament seems pretty well assured. The committee has opened the entry books and posted the customary notices. Altho we may not have as many strong players as we had at the last tournament, we still have enough to make matters interesting. A few players are hesitating to enter because they are not experts. But that fact should not deter them. While it is true that not all will become champions, yet the practice and training which the preparation for such an event will give a player are invaluable.

◆

IT HAS long been thought that a running track is necessary for the success of outdoor athletic sports. And truly it would be a valuable addition to our campus. Furthermore, plans are nearing completion by which this necessity may be met. A nucleus of money, the proceeds from last Field Day, remains in the hands of Mr. Gretzinger, who expects to add to it private subscriptions until the amount necessary is raised. The track will probably be put in during the summer.

◆

THE bathing facilities afforded by the gymnasium forcibly remind one of the advantages of a backwoods boarding school. More than half the sprays are out of order, the heating apparatus has long since ceased to operate, and even when these were at their best, it was rather difficult to make the few gallons of hot water available suffice for the hundred or more applicants. The worst of it is that apparently no effort is made to remedy the defects, and students are compelled to bathe in cold water, which has sometimes resulted in illness. This matter ought to receive immediate attention.

◆

THE prize cup offered by THE MIRROR to the class scoring the greatest number of points on Field Day is creating a little enthusiasm in the preparation for the exercises of that occasion. Previous to this offer the interest was languishing considerably so that only a few were doing any training at all. Now, however, the condition of affairs has taken a rather favorable turn and members of the different classes have begun a vigorous training for the events. But these are not as many as are necessary for the full success of the day. The cup that is offered, aside from the intrinsic value, will be a trophy worth the utmost efforts of any class to win and to hold. Let the classes strive to make the spring sports interesting this year.

WE ARE indebted to *The Red and Blue*, of recent date, for information that ought to prove interesting to our literary societies. It is proposed that a committee of five, one each from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and Pennsylvania, choose once a month a question for common debate in all college literary societies of the country. To further this scheme such periodicals as *The Forum*, *Public Opinion* and *The Arena* have consented, because of the probable increased demand, to discuss fully these questions, so that there will be no lack of material. To quote from *The Red and Blue:* "We would have two great things gained. (1) All the colleges will be at one time discussing one subject, a fact which will add zest to every individual debate, and (2) there will be an abundant supply of material ready at hand, so that every man can have his debate well prepared with comparatively little trouble. Furthermore, there will be an indirect advantage in this arrangement in the fact that the outside public will of necessity become interested in college debating; and when we say the outside public, we include college professors and college faculties, who have proved themselves very plainly to be such, and from this oratory will be vastly encouraged." It is hoped that this will have a revivifying influence on literary societies, which in some colleges are in a state of "innocuous desuetude."

Apropos of the above it may be pertinent to inquire the cause of the decay of literary spirit in colleges. That something is radically wrong is obvious, else why these schemes to revive and maintain an interest? The inattention to literary work is prevalent, not merely at a few colleges, but at nearly all. Wherein lies the fault? This is a question that might well be propounded as the first of the proposed series. And in its discussion there should be no mincing matters, but the blame fastened where it belongs. Different charges are made. The increase of fraternities, which, it must be admitted, have often clashing interests, and which, it is charged, take time that might otherwise be given to literary work; then, there is the failure to obtain credit for such work, and even the non-attendance of the faculty upon literary meetings is held chargeable for their failure.

Now it is manifest that in a certain loose sense it is easy to shift responsibility, and to evade the real question by laying the blame where it does not belong. While these facts may have a deteriorating influence, they certainly are not the whole fault. Lack of interest or actual dislike for such work is inherent in the students themselves, and here is where the remedy must be applied. Baseball, football, tennis are participated in by all regardless of fraternities. Who ever heard of anyone's asking credit for work done on the diamond, the gridiron, or the court? or, when was an athletic game stopped because the faculty was not present to encourage the players? What we have an interest in, we find time for. And whatever be the real reason for the lack of interest, it must be evident that those commonly adduced are not wholly correct ones.

And we are rather doubtful as to the efficiency of the proposed plan beyond the colleges directly involved. For it has no sure foundation. A temporary interest may be started, but like all other plans that do not begin at the root of the matter, the present one will soon lose its potency. It is difficult to see how the matter can be remedied short of inculcating in the student a love for the work itself, and a desire to excel in it just as he desires to excel in athletic contests. If this could be accomplished, schemes such as proposed would greatly aid in maintaining the interest thus secured.

Literary.

THE STUDENT'S RETURN.

All hail to thee, sweet B!
'Tis glad I am, indeed, to hie me back,
Although vacation sadly short I see
For efforts large I meant to pack
Within its meagre, measly week or two,
Yet, somehow, coming back I cannot rue.

For smiles thy campus green
On thronging youths who but reflect its hue;
In this thy most resplendent term 'twould seem
That Nature did herself outdo
To robe each graceful shrub and stately tree
For glories that are presently to be.

How many these appear!
For Soiree's gorgeous pinions soon will flop,
And, following closely in her rear,
The buildings shake from floor to top
With roars of Demosthenian eloquence,
While "elocute" the girls with force intense.

No farther I proceed
With this my category grand,
For I recall that I will doubtless need
All words at my command
To write one thesis, and construct excuse
For several others which I should produce.

An if I now should try
On Baccalaureate glories to dilate,
How my vocabulary'd fly
And leave me when I next "orate."
And so, dear B, I plunge into thy din
With no more analytic musings thin.—O. M. W.

TOUCHSTONE.

In Shakespeare's "As You Like It," the characters of Rosalind and Orlando claim the largest percentage of attention and interest. Of the two, the interest in Rosalind doubtless surpasses that felt in Orlando. But there are characters who claim less attention from us, but without whom, however, we feel that the production would be in a measure incomplete.

Of this latter class is Touchstone, the fool. A name is far from being an index of the character, whether it be the name of the individual or his calling. We feel that this negation exists between the name and character of Touchstone. Often much is hidden under an outward semblance, not always of evil but of real worth. Touchstone reveals a depth of character suggestive of an inner self when he says, "The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly."

"Still waters run deep," is an old maxim, but its converse is not always true; namely, "Deep waters run still." Sometimes in these deeper currents some local disturbance may ruffle the surface until it is suggestive of the noisy rush of a shallow brook. We do not desire to assert nor attempt to establish that Touchstone's nature was of a great depth, but that it was deeper than many readers think. We doubt not that almost every reader would be sorry to dismiss this character of the fool from Shakespeare's comedy. His wit and good humor are like the occasional glints of sunshine on a cloudy day, or like those little rays, which, even in bright sunshiny days, find their way through crevices and give some brightness to what would otherwise be in complete shadow.

Again, Touchstone shows himself possessed of common sense when, from overhearing Silvius discourse to Corin of his love for Phebe, Rosalind is drifting into a somewhat sentimental mood. By a humorous reference to one of his own love affairs he hits with witty sarcasm the tendency of love "to run into strange capers."

At another time when he and Jaques are conversing we see two characters of directly opposite nature. His is a character completely the reverse of that of Jaques. Each has a wisdom of his own, and while Jaques is doubtless the better educated, yet we are more disposed to be pleased with Touchstone's apt statements than with those of Jaques, for there is about some of the sayings of Touchstone a brightness and vigor that is wanting in the moralizing of Jaques. They live in the same world, but, as it were, on different sides of a wall; Touchstone in the sunshine, seeing the bright side of everything, and Jaques on the shaded side beholding everything in shadow. Touchstone's very nature is optimistic, while Jaques views the world from the standpoint of a pessimist. There have been many men who have wished that they possessed in a greater degree this trait which was so happily blended in the character of Touchstone. After he has enumerated to Jaques the seven degrees of a lie, and presented "If" as "the only peace-maker," Jaques himself remarks, "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything and yet a fool."

Touchstone was not fitted to be a hero, but he belonged to a class which the world could ill afford to lose. No play is a true representation of life in which all are "leading" characters. We accord credit to this man who, while occupying a subordinate position, yet adds in the advancement and development of stronger men. Shall we not be equally just with those who learn the world's seriousness and give a golden tinge to the clouds? If so, we shall then ascribe to Touchstone some commendation, admitting that he was a good fool.

W.

MILTON'S CONCEPTION OF ADAM.

An author, in order to interest his readers, must have something in common with them; there must be some mutual bond of sympathy common to both In Epic poetry this law holds good the same as elsewhere. Homer and Virgil recognized this fact, and chose their subjects accordingly.

In the Paradise Lost, Milton tells us that his object is "to justify the ways of God to man."

This is of interest to us because we are all concerned in, and subject to the ''ways of God'' toward us. But when he conducts us away from the earth, where those ways are manifested, down into Hades, his imagination surpasses that of most mortals, and we follow his flight more out of curiosity than choice. It is only when he leaves the lower world, Satan, and the bad angels, and introduces us to Adam, that we realize he is coming to that which directly concerns us, and our interest revives.

Milton is not Adam's biographer, but is, rather, the historian of the period in which he lived. Hence his descriptions of Adam are not quite so full as might be, yet full enough to inform us of his conception of our ''First Father.'' It is with his idea of man in his sinless condition that we will deal mostly, since that is a question requiring greater imagination and poetic power.

A man's personal appearance is that which usually attracts us first, and so Milton places this at the very beginning of his description of Adam. His moral and mental qualities will come later, because they must be learned by closer acquaintance.

In stature, he was ''tall,'' ''erect'' in bearing, muscular and ''majestic.'' In countenance, his forehead was large, denoting intelligence and force of character, and his fine, brilliant eye proclaimed absolute authority. His hair, we presume, was dark, because Eve's was golden, and hung in locks ''round from his parted forelock,'' and shorter than that of the woman. And through these features ''shone the image of his glorious Maker.''

We may form an opinion of his general features, but this expression of countenance, we cannot imagine, for it was the image of a sinless soul, while we see only that image marred by vice and crime.

His moral condition, together with that of Eve, is described in two lines :—

> ''So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
> Of God or Angel, for they thougth no ill.''

The entire life and character of Adam is so closely joined to that of Eve that they can hardly be separated, therefore we will next examine his attitude toward, and relationship with her. Eve was added to creation at Adam's request ; he felt the need of a companion. ''But in these I found not what methought I wanted still.'' He pleads with God that each beast has its mate, but man was alone. The Creator hesitates, but Adam is firm in his wish. In this Milton goes a little beyond the Scriptural record, but it seems very natural that Adam should make this request.

We may easily conceive that man's social nature is not a part of his sinful nature. The fact that she was formed from his own flesh and blood would naturally make their relationship very close, but he realized, and she admitted that the man was the head.

> ''He for God only, she for God in Him.''

But this difference in position seems to have been a matter of little concern to them. No ''domestic jars'' are recorded while they were sinless. One explanation for this presents itself. Adam, though husband, was still lover. Eve, though wife, was still sweet-heart. With regard to Adam's expressions of regard, Addison says : ''The sentiments are chaste but not cold ; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of greatest purity.''

In Book VIII, while conversing with the Angel, and not in the presence of Eve, he pays her the highest tribute man can pay to woman.

> ''Neither her outside form so fair, nor aught
> In procreation common to all kinds
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> So much delights, as those graceful acts,
> Those thousand decencies that daily flow
> From all her words and actions, mixed with love
> And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
> Union of mind, or in us both one soul.''

Adam's superior intellect made him her adviser and teacher, as well as husband and lover. He instructed her regarding the one test of their obedience, and pointed out how just was this one prohibition, and how easy to abstain from it. And Eve herself confessed that Adam was a good teacher, for she withdrew from the Angel's discourse, for—

> * * ''Such pleasure she reserved,
> Adam relating, she sole auditress :
> Her husband and relater she preferred
> Before the angel, and of him to ask
> Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix
> Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
> With conjugal caresses, from his lip
> Not word alone pleased her.''

But, you say, it was easy to love in Paradise, while all went well. This is doubtless true, and so Adam shows the highest love after Eve has sinned. He realized her lost condition fully, and that he must either die with her or be separated eternally from her. He chose the former. In the Scriptures he excuses himself thus: "The woman, * * * she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Milton reasons for Adam as follows:

> "How can I live without thee, how forego
> Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
> To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
> Should God create another Eve, and I
> Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
> Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
> The link of Nature draw me; flesh of flesh,
> Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
> Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

When we think of the difference between yielding to a serpent's temptations, and to the pleadings of a gallant and loving heart, we see an advantage Adam has over Eve in the matter of the fall. But such were Milton's conceptions of domestic life in Paradise. Perfect concord, because the actors were perfect, and in this relationship we see some, yes many, of the noblest traits in Adam's character.

But we do not wish to make this entirely a love story, surely not to a greater extent than Milton does. Adam was a business man. He was created for a purpose, and his work was designated to him by his Creator.

> "To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers."

The poet confines himself strictly to the Scriptural facts in this connection, but makes them the foundation for many beautifully poetic thoughts.

Adam was not only a teacher, but also a learner. He had a great desire for knowledge. This caused him to ask many questions of the angel

> * * * * * * "and now
> Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
> What nearer might concern him, how this world
> Of heav'n and earth conspicious first began,
> When and wherefore created, for what cause."

It might seem at first thought that it ill behooves a being, placed in the midst of beauty and perfection, to be so inquisitive. But I think that this desire places Adam upon a higher plane than he could otherwise maintain. It is not a part of man's nature, brought out by the fall, that makes him want to *know*. To know more of God's creation is to know more of our Creator, and, to know more of Him is to worship Him more and better. Adam expresses this in his thanks to the angel.

> "What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
> Equal, have I to render thee, divine
> Historian? who thus largely hast allayed
> The thirst I had for knowledge, and vouchsafed
> This friendly condescension to relate
> Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
> With wonder, but delight, and, as is due
> With glory attributed to the high Creator."

But Adam did not wish this knowledge for his own gratification alone. He wished it to enable him to worship his Creator better, and this suggests what a reverent soul he had. At the close of the day's work, in the midst of all the beauty of Paradise, when about to retire to rest,

> * * * * * * "both stood,
> Both turned, and under open sky, adored
> The God that made both sky, air, earth and heaven,
> Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
> And starry pole."

Then in the morning, when about to begin the day's duties, they again worshipped their Creator. The poet attributes to them the thoughts of David, in Psalm CXLVIII, which thoughts are the most natural possible, as they look out upon the universe of God.

Such are some of the characteristics of Adam in his sinless state, as they have appeared to us in reading the poem. They are based upon the first chapter of Genesis, and as far as Scripture describes Adam, Milton has followed it closely. He has taken the bare skeleton of facts, and has clothed it, by means of his imagination, with flesh and blood, but in such an indefinite manner as yet to leave much to the reader's imagination. In this, the poet has proved himself to be a master.

We can find no fault with any of the mental or moral qualities of Adam's character—they are perfect. And yet, with all his perfection, there is something lacking to draw us toward him. Perhaps it is individuality, but he was not a copyist; perhaps it is because we, in our sins, have so little in common with the sinless condition, cannot imagine ourselves in perfect purity. One thing is certain, up to the time of the fall, no one would make Adam the hero of the poem. We would rather think of him as such after his perfection is gone; after he has disobeyed his Creator; after he has spoken harsh and cruel words to his companion; after he has seen the sorrow and suffering caused by his sin; after he has wept in compassion for his sinful progeny; after he has repented of his sins; after he has spurned the idea of self-destruction and childlessness; after he has heard, and, by faith, accepted the promise of a Messiah, with hope for the future; after he has met conflict, and although conquered, is still a conqueror, through grace; and when after having been driven from the garden of Paradise, hand in hand with Eve,—

> "Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon,
> The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

Athletics.

The principal thing in the sporting line at the Sem. is several bicycles, but none of them built for two.

The interest taken in preparation for Field Day is increasing daily. Miller, Snow and Koons are training for the 100-yard dash and mile run. In throwing the hammer and putting the shot, Lesher, Collins, Wilson and Kauffman are doing good work. Collins and Lesher have broken last year's record.

The schedule for the month of May in baseball is as follows: Dickinson, May 11, at Lewisburg; Bloomsburg, May 19, at Bloomsburg; Washington and Jefferson, May 24, at Lewisburg; Dickinson, May 26, at Dickinson; Bloomsburg, May 30, at Lewisburg. The games for the month of June have not been arranged.

The Neyhart club recently had the courage to issue a bold challenge to play baseball with any other club in the University. Their challenge was scarcely posted before the Anderson club took up the gauntlet and promised to meet them on the campus at 2 p. m. Saturday, Appil 28. The game was exciting from start to finish and was marked by much brilliant playing on both sides. The score was 6 to 4 in favor of the Anderson club. The Neyhart club attribute their defeat to their inexperienced captain, *Shorty*.

The first baseball game of the season was played Thursday, April 26, with Milton, on the University campus. Over a thousand persons witnessed the game, and it was interesting from beginning to end. The players on the "Varsity" team were as follows: Harris, c; Bourn, p; Cregar, 1b; Smith, 2b; Geary, 3b; Carey, ss; Parker, lf; Shorkley, cf; Scatcher, rf. The game resulted in favor of Bucknell by a score of 19 to 13. The chief features of the game were Harris' batting, catching and throwing to second base. All the players deserve congratulation and our hearty support.

Entries for Field Day and for the annual tennis tournament will be open until May 12. The class of '95 are entering a number of good athletes to contest for the class cup on field day; here will be an opportunity for the Freshmen to win trophies from their rivals, the Sophomores. Eleven events are scheduled, and it is quite probable that new records will be made for our College. Many have already entered for the tennis tournament. The Alumni and the Academy will each have a good team, while the Seniors and Sophomores seem to have the choice class teams of the College. At all events the class doubles will prove exciting contests. Mr. H. F. Smith will not play in the singles, but will play as champion—challenging the winner of the singles in order to retain the College championship.

Local.

DEDICATED TO RENO.

And am he gone
And has he went
And be we left without him?
He ain't never seen
He ain't hardly heard
We don't know noth'n' about him.

Talk about sportsmen! Watch Nelson Davis and that little rifle.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear, oh!" sighs Wilson.

The oddest-fellows in the parade on April 26, were Haddock and Douglass.

Reno quite seriously objects to either Suiter or Crawford acting as his proxy.

The photograph of Dr. Aviragnet's band has been taken recently and is a masterpiece of the art.

W. B. Lewis, of Shenandoah, a former member of '96, spent Odd Fellows Day with Bucknell friends.

Colestock is reported as being dissatisfied with the notoriety he achieved from a squib in the last MIRROR.

If all the members of the scrub baseball team practiced as diligently as Jackson, we would soon have a surplus of skillful players.

The mad chase for heart's-ease, spring beauties and forget-me-nots by the Botany class is interesting, even when viewed from a distance.

The Junior class is delighted with the work in Astronomy. Star-gazing and moonlight strolls have acquired a new fascination for some.

Fred Finn is contemplating a visit to his home and to Philadelphia for a few days. We hope it is nothing more serious than contemplation.

Prof. Lincoln Hulley has rented the property opposite the Institute, formerly occupied by Captain J. A. Owens, and set up housekeeping.

The playing of Dr. Aviragnet's band on the 26th ult., was remarkably fine. The Bucknell boys received high compliments from all sides.

Mr. Lathrop has been supplying the church at Lansford, Pa., for a few Sundays, and will, we hope, accept the invitation to take charge of this flourishing field.

J. D. Macnab, '96, spent Sunday, May 6, with W. W. Irvin, of Mifflinburg. While absent from Bucknell he despoiled the vicinity of Mifflinburg of a large variety of choice flowers.

Mr. T. S. Fretz proved himself the hero of the fire on Fifth street on April 27. Although there were no beautiful maidens to rescue from the flames, the occupants of the house owe their lives to his timely warning.

Haddock in the observatory was looking at Jupiter and her three visible moons. He insisted, however, that there were four moons visible, and explained that there was ''one great big one and three little bits of ones.''

The attempt by some *smart* Freshmen to mutilate a classmate's essay, in order to annoy him, simply indicates that the kindergarten spirit of destruction remains with some children long after leaving the primary school.

The caps and gowns of the Seniors were a decided novelty at the soiree on the 5th. We hope that the precedent will become an established custom, and that the other classes will be able thus to grace such occasions in the future.

Some well-minded student found recently a little brown whiskey bottle and exposed it in chapel to advertise its owner. A Prof. recognized the bottle, for he immediately removed it from the piano and secreted it behind his chair.

The Alumni of the University, in the western part of the State, are arranging to hold their annual banquet. It will be held at one of the leading hotels in Pittsburg, presumably the Duquesne, where the banquet took place last year.

Dr. Freeman Loomis, who spent several weeks at Atlantic City, on account of ill health, has resumed his duties in the class room. During his absence from Bucknell, Strayer had charge of the German class, and Davidson the French class.

We are surprised that our spring poets are so easily discouraged. The necessary refusal of a few verses, which were even worse than those accepted for the last issue, has had the unfortunate effect of quenching—perhaps forever—the sacred flame.

The recent brilliant conflagration in town was attended by a large and appreciative audience, composed mostly of college students in evening dress. The program was then varied and continued until well into the morning, by the celebrated *chanteurs de cantine* of the East Wing.

The ''sporting editor'' has laid aside his eyeglasses. We are glad to see him hopeful, and trying to look young again. But, however, he appears to be careful of his eyes, for on a recent botanical expedition he took with him a young lady, who possesses a fine pair of optics, (to examine the flowers for him?)

Mr. F. R. Strayer, '94, has been elected to and has accepted the position of Professor of Mathematics at John B. Stetson University, DeLand, Florida. This institution has an enrollment of about two hundred and fifty students, is heavily endowed and is presided oyer by Dr. John F. Forbes, a graduate of Rochester University.

The Lavoisier meeting of the Chemical and Physical society will take place on May 17, instead of May 3, as previously announced. The meeting on the latter date was devoted to a discussion of explosives. Papers were read on Gunpowder, by E. E. Hall ; Fulminates, by W. H. Carey ; Gun-Cotton, by L. L. Riggin ; Nitro-Glycerin, by B. K. Brick.

The cause of temperance is in need of workers. From our colleges shall come many of our future advocates of Prohibition. It needs the support of our college students. On May 17, at seven o'clock in Bucknell Hall, the Prohibition club of the University will hold a Demorest Silver Medal contest. The Prohibition Glee club, of Williamsport, will furnish music for the exercises. It is desired that the student body be present at the contest.

Returning from the Y. M. C. A. convention at State College, a number of the delegates stopped off to view Bucknell's grounds and buildings. Among those who tarried here for a short time were: Daniel Longsdorf, of Schuylkill Seminary; Horace Ritter, of the Keystone State Normal School; Mr. Kine, of Lehigh University; Mr. Harris, of Lafayette College; Mr. Conkle, of Ursinus College, and Mr. Fassett, of Keystone Academy.

Ezra Allen attended the conference of the Y. M. C. A. college presidents of Pennsylvania held at State College. Messrs. Mott, Hurlburt and Beaver were present as instructors and gave much valuable information in regard to the best methods of conducting schools in the Y. M. C. Associations. Allen reports that the entertainment provided for the delegates was all that could be desired, and everyone felt like congratulating P. S. C. on having so cordial and social a lot of fellows.

Those who attend a circus generally have considerable difficulty to watch the performers in two or three rings at the same time. But it appears that we have at Bucknell a set of men who can easily do two things at once, for they are able to play tennis and watch a game of baseball without the least difficulty. Whether these actions are the result of an economizing spirit in money or in time might be difficult to determine. Perhaps the object of the tennis players is merely to show their contempt for those who twirl the ball.

Various parties have made a request for a supplementary chapter to an article that appeard in the last issue of the MIRROR. It seems that twice in the choice of seats in the Botany room Cupid's arts were almost thwarted by chance. Two hearts that beat as one were located in different rooms. Great was the tribulation of the separated parties. Anxiety was depicted in every lineament of the countenance. Could not an exchange of seats be effected? Would fate be so cruel for an entire term? Such were the anxious questions asked by the unhappy pair. Finally, however, diplomacy on the part of Mr. S—— combined with compassion and magnanimity on the part of Mr. P——, secured a perfect adjustment of what threatened to be a very serious trouble.

During the winter term Theta Alpha Literary Society decided to render the trial scene in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." On Friday evening, May 4, the long looked for performance took place. Though the hall had been arranged for the occasion, there was an absence of some of the grand scenery which metropolitan theatres possess. The costumes of the actors, while elegant, might have been criticised by a less classical audience. However, what was lacking in tinsel and show was supplied by the enthusiasm of the audience. Douglass in the cast of Antonio, was superb. The disappointed and worried merchant never had a more faithful double than at this time. What a noble judge was Duke Hollinshead! The Roman toga well became his learning and patrician bearing. Then there were Collins, Dillon, Suiter and Ware, who acted the parts of Nerissa, the clerk, Salerio and the attendants, each an adept in his particular line. The learned Balthasar, or gentle Portio, exactly suited Allen. But what of noisy Gratiano? To say that Davis was inimitable would be telling only half the truth. Kauffman as Bassanio was a true lover and a faithful friend. Last and best of all was Shylock. It was not the first time Wood played this part, so that he had the air of a professional about him. His acting was realistic, partaking of the strong qualities of McCullough, Booth and Irving.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

The elocution contest will occur on Monday evening, May 12.

Miss Ella Reese spent several days at her home in Fairview Village.

The undergraduates now have the privilege of leaving the grounds, at stated times each week.

Six of the Institute girls enjoy the fascination of bicycle riding. Rosy cheeks and ravenous appetites are happy results.

Through the thoughtfulness of one of the fraternities the members of the Institute enjoyed the parade on Odd Fellows' Day.

Miss Alice Lyman, a graduate of the music school, was married to Dr. Milner on May 2, at

Austin, Pa. Washington, D. C., will be the home of Dr. and Mrs. Milner.

A unique program was arranged by the Fourth Year class for their annual soiree. Further details will be furnished in the next issue.

On Saturday morning, April 21, fortune smiled on the second arbutus party of the season. After a long and ineffectual struggle with the weather, the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity finally prevailed, and secured for their guests from the Institute, a charming day, which was spent among the hills at Turtle creek. The arbutus was never lovelier, and the fragrant masses of it which came back to the Institute bore eloquent testimony of a delightful day, well spent.

Miss Sara Johnson, '92, who is teaching in a private school at Lumberton, N. C., writes: "The climate is delightful here, with the exception of mid-summer. We have had a very mild winter, with one fall of snow about six inches deep, which did not last two days. Several weeks ago the roses and magnolias were ready to open, but the cold frosts came and killed them. Here there is no public school system, and if the father is not able to pay for it the child does not receive an education."

The girls, of '94, are delighted with Julian Hawthorne's text book on American Literature. The author has a special gift of presenting, in choicest prose, the salient characteristics of a writer. Few can equal him in vigorous metaphor and there is often a delicate trace of humor; as when he says, "For Daniel Webster to speak on an ordinary theme was like harnessing Niagara to run a saw mill." One would hardly expect one born in Boston of true Puritan stock to say that "Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner exhorted the north and antagonized the south, in season and out," or that Edward Everett, who achieved such high and varied public distinction, "was always in a state of admiring contemplation, pensive reminiscence or glowing premonition over something it mattered little what; and though but twenty-five years in the grave, he has faded out of men's memories." Such utterances show that Mr. Hawthorne is certainly not biased by the prevalent opinions of his native city.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEKLAND, Correspondent.]

A new mission has been started by a few Academy students near Fairfield.

Mr. Harvey when asked "How it was he did not declaim in the Third Form contest, said he "swore off."

Mr. Harvey has recovered from a very severe attack of throat trouble. We are glad to see him in class again.

Saturday morning, April 21, the Third and Fourth Forms played a game of baseball on the campus. The score was Third Form 9 runs, Fourth Form 19 runs.

Mr. Cober recently favored the Main Hall boys with a treat of maple sugar. Mr. Cober has a quantity of sugar for sale. Those desiring to purchase will please send their order at once.

Saturday evening, April 28, the Third Form held its declamation contest. Bucknell Hall was well filled by town and college folks. Between declamations and the soft strains of music, the evening was spent very enjoyably.

The Hermania Literary Society has elected the following officers for this term: President, J. B. Martin; vice president, F. G. Perrin; secretary, C. W. Harvey; treasurer, R. Koons; first critic, D. H. Elliott; second critic, H. W. Geary; censor, A. Hutchinson.

Through the efforts of Mr. Suiter and Mr. Sherman a cut of the Academy football team will appear in the next issue of the MIRROR. Much can be said of the good showing the team made last season, but modesty compels us to refrain. With a few exceptions the team will take its stand upon the field next fall, ready to make as good a record as last season's.

Personal.

'56. Rev. Geo. Freer has resigned his pastorate at Wilkes-Barre.

'57. Dr. Geo. A. Peltz has relinquished the editorial care of the *Temple* Magazine, on account of his being fully occupied with the work of the church and Sunday school of Mr. Conwell's church, Philadelphia.

'58. Col. Thos. C. Chamberlain will deliver the oration before A. G. Tucker Post, G. A. R., on Decoration Day, in Lewisburg.

'61. O. W. Spratt, L. L. B., visited England lately with a view of introducing into that country the publications of the American Baptist Publication Society.

'61. Col. W. H. Harrison, of Philadelphia, was in town recently on business connected with the Peter Beaver estate, of which he is one of the executors.

'76. Rev. Owen James is one of the chaplains of Hollidaysburg Female Seminary.

'81. Rev. F. W. Cramer, of Cleveland, Ohio, is Secretary of the Cleveland Baptist City Mission Society and superintendent of Foreign Missions in that city.

'85. Carl C. Law, better known in college as "Lex," is paying and receiving teller of the Freehold Bank, Fourth Avenue, Pittsburg. In addition to his manifold duties as a banker, Mr. Law is also treasurer of a steel company, which has a new process of tempering steel. This process, it is presumed, will revolutionize the entire mode of tempering steel.

'85. Rev. W. R. Granger has had an almost phenomenal ingathering at Oswego this winter. He has a large congregation and an enthusiastic people. Between three and four hundred have been baptised and have united with the Oswego church.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDaniel has been elected secretary and treasurer of the Philadelphia Baptist Ministers' Conference.

'88. Rev. A. W. H. Hodder has, for the fifth time, been chosen to drill the Lehigh University men on their commencement orations. His house is said to be the handsomest Baptist parsonage in New York City.

'89. F. B. Hargrave, Esq., has been elected solicitor of the Latrobe, Pa., borough, for the current year.

'92. A. R. E. Wyant was ordained to the ministry at Ocoya, Ill., on March 30, 1894.

Ex '94. Theodore Heysham was one of the victorious debaters in the contest held April 20, at Ithaca, N. Y., between University of Pennsylvania and Cornell. Mr. Heysham is also a member of the Red and Blue editorial staff.

Ex-'95. Paul E. Weithaas was recently ordained and is pastor of the Newport, N. J., Baptist church.

College News.

There are at present no literary societies at Buchtel College.

The edition of the *Wittenberger*, published April 17, was double its usual size.

Dickinson Liberal suspended publication for one issue during the Easter vacation.

The Bayard Taylor edition of the *Amulet* is one of the best put out for some time.

Boy to Waiter (at dinner)—"Ed, is this chicken or turkey? Ed.—"Gobbler."—*R. M. Mascoe.*

The *Villanova* monthly contains several columns devoted entirely to mathematics. Something new.

The Baseball Association, of Colgate, has secured a trainer to be on the diamond at all hours of practice.

The Civil Engineering corps of Lafayette recently made a tour among the mountains of Western Pennsylvania.

Westminster College conducted a course of lectures on the "Poets of the Revolution Age" by Dr. Clarke Robinson.

The Freshman class, of Lehigh, has arranged for a series of baseball games with Freshmen classes of other colleges.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: Antiochian, Central High School *Mirror*, Villanova, Mercersburg Monthly, Eatonian, and College Messenger.

The *College Student* in the April 10th edition contained a plan of the battle of Waterloo. A series of articles on that famous battle shall appear in the *College Student* from time to time, written by Brev. Maj. Gen. J. Watts DePeyster, Litt. D., LL. D., A. M., etc.

The April number of the *University Cynic* contains three cuts showing the stages of improvement of the University. There is quite a contrast between the first building erected and the present structure. The first, erected in 1824, according to the cut was a very unassuming structure. The second, erected in 1860, shows a marked advance, and the present building, reconstructed in 1882 and 1883, is a building of beautiful proportions.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MAY 25, 1894. No. 15.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

MAY 25, 1894.

Editorial.

ACTIVE preparations are still in progress for Field Day, and from present indications the events of that day will be quite interesting. The date at this writing has not been definitely fixed, but very likely will be June 2d.

◆

L'AGENDA for this year will be more attractive than ever. In it will be represented the peculiarities of college life set forth by words and pictures. Such publications are always welcome, and we predict for the coming issue a large circulation.

◆

THE tennis tournament holds the attention of quite a number of students who have entered as contestants. The courts are in active demand while the training is going on. The tournament will commence about May 19th, and the final sets played near commencement time.

◆

THE men on the baseball team are certainly faithful in practice, and as a result, marked improvement may be seen in their playing. Of course they are not professionals, nor do we expect that their work should equal that of those who make baseball a business. As it is, they do some excellent playing, and altogether present a fairly strong college team. As this team represents the University, it should receive the cordial support of the students and their friends.

◆

THE increase in the number of graduates sent out from Bucknell is a sign of the sure growth of our *Alma Mater*. In looking over the list of classes from '86 to '93 inclusive, it will be noticed that the average number of graduates is 14, with a minimum of 7 and a maximum of 20. This year, however, the number leaps to 30, and the remaining classes give promise of being nearly, if not quite, as large as the class about to graduate. But not only in numbers has the college advanced. The requirements are higher, new electives covering a much wider range of subjects are offered, and a new chair established. Surely there is much cause for congratulation on account of the many and growing opportunities here afforded for higher education, and the manifest and increasing desire on the part of so many young people to make the best of them.

◆

THE Y. M. C. Associations in college and academy, under their new officers, are still active and progressive. It is difficult to see how schools could do without such organizations. Not only do they keep up the spiritual tone and maintain a healthy religious atmosphere, but they also form a strong bond uniting the various colleges and schools of the country. Nowhere is this latter feature seen to greater advantage than at the state conventions where the college men, laying aside whatever rivalries they may have, heartily join in the work of extending the Kingdom of Christ. And not of the least importance is the relation of these associations to the annual Northfield meetings. Here many of the delegates have been led to devote their lives to the great missionary movement, and all of them have disseminated an influence as beneficent as it has been widespread. It is likely that the delegation from our Associations will be larger than usual this year.

◆

THE seniors have decided to celebrate class day. In doing so they revive a custom which has fallen somewhat into disuse lately at Bucknell. In many colleges the exercises of class day form the most enjoyable part of the commencement season. In the hall or on the campus large crowds of the graduates' friends gather to hear the histories and prophecies read, and see represented various phases of college life. Here the interest has languished among those on whom the work devolved, with only spasmodic attempts to revive it. It is a custom that deserves to be kept alive as long as commencement seasons exist, for it depicts a side of college life not often visible to the outside world. When the day has been kept here in the past, the exercises were always interesting, and the coming occasion we are assured will not be devoid of interest. While the present class are to be commended on their enterprise, it is also to be hoped that their successors will not allow this custom to fall into disuse.

◆

THE Chemical and Physical Society is an organization deserving the hearty support of all students interested in the sciences. As the name would seem to indicate its scope is broad, and the topics discussed in its meetings cover almost everything aside from literature and art. This affords plenty of room for the natural inclinations of the students in making original investigations and experiments. The society, ever ready to discuss the subject presented, furnishes an incentive to be well prepared. The benefits accruing from such an association are at least twofold: 1. It affords to the members a means of obtaining a vast amount of information on miscellaneous subjects in which they are more or less directly interested, besides the advantages of discussion; and, 2d, it forms habits of independent research which are simply invaluable in after life; it gives exercise in expressing, either in writing or orally, clearly and forcibly the results of such investigation. Furthermore, the society of Bucknell has not been merely selfish in its aims. Each year a reception is held at which the members give an exhibition of the laboratory appliances and perform some experiments. These have been interesting in the past, as the large audiences have signified; and it is to be hoped that in the future, as in the past, the Chemical and Physical Society may be a guide in the scientific thought of the University.

Literary.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE NORTHFIELD STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

"Northfield" is a well-known word among us. For several years, one or more of our number has enjoyed the pure Massachusetts air and invigorating influences of the Students' Conference in July.

The advantages that accrue from these gatherings are immeasurable. The past is bright with their influence, and its effulgent radiance reveals telling facts. Space gives chance for only an outline picture. These conferences have created a new bond of strong sympathy between the colleges; they have given a marked impetus to college Bible study; they have lifted thousands of students to a much higher plane of Christian life, the result of which has been a stronger spiritual life in the home Association; they have made possible the student uprising in the south, in the west, in Great Britian, in Germany, in Scandinavia, India and Japan, until the globe is encircled with Young Men's Christian Associations.

What the conference has done in the past, it is doing now. The student who goes there next July may expect to come in contact with representative men of this and other countries. A. T. Pierson, of fame in the United States and England as a powerful speaker, will charm by his Rhetoric, arouse to action by his eloquence and leave a marked impress upon character by his powerful personality. Bishop Thoburn, a man who has had large experience on the mission fields of India, will relate his experiences, and from a heart overflowing with love for all mankind will teach valuable lessons. And Mr. Moody! He will preside at all the platorm meetings. Every student of human nature ought to come in contact with the man who of all men in this generation has had the widest, and at the same time the closest, contact with men. The man who has shown to the world what a life wholly given up to God can accomplish. Other prominent men from college, professional and business life will be in attendance, who never fail to appeal favorably to the student.

Robert E. Speer is to conduct one branch of Bible study. Of Mr. Speer it is often said: "A marvelous combination of sturdiest manhood with kindest tenderness." Many a student speaks from experience thus: "Not to know him is not to know yourself." Besides conducting the Bible study, Mr. Speer will give addresses. Mr. James McCanaughy will have charge of another division of Bible study. For him no better recommendation can be offered, perhaps, than that he has for some years taught the Bible in Mr. Moody's school at Mount Hermon.

The opportunity this conference affords for personal acquaintance with college men must not be underestimated. Representatives from almost every state in the Union, as well as from Great Britain and "the far east," will clasp hands and find new ties of friendship. Contact with strong, earnest, active, chosen—yes *chosen*—men, such as these is a chance that does not come to every man more than once in a life time. The arrangement of the work gives abundant opportunity for little conferences, long walks and pleasant excursions. There is not a student who does not delight in having a broad acquaintance, especially among fellow students. Northfield gives time for more than mere acquaintance. One has well said: "The strong and helpful influence of a fellow student has been among the brightest memories of former conferences."

One cannot speak of Northfield without mentioning the delightful outing it affords. Just after the year's work a student needs fresh air and change of scene. Here he finds both. The afternoons are left free for this very purpose, and tennis tournaments, baseball and basketball games, athletic contests between the various colleges, long walks among the mountains, or a tramp over the line into Vermont, together with excellent bathing facilities, afford plenty of exercise and sport. All this, mingled with the advantages already named, makes a pleasant as well as profitable outing. The day begins with Missionary and Bible study meetings in various places, followed at 10 o'clock by the platform addresses. An afternoon spent in the open air gives hearty appetite for supper, and just as the sun is setting we join the processions which tend toward "Round Top." In the glow of such sunsets as only Northfield can prepare we listen to informal speeches on missions, and many a soul has there seen God's plans more clearly for itself, as tho revealed in letters of gold across the western sky. In the twilight we pass thoughtfully to hear the last addresses of the day.

The advantages to the Association are not slight if the Northfield delegates are made use of. They are men who possess methods tried and approved by the leaders of the Inter-collegiate work and by the students of various institutions. They come back to school with fresh purposes and new spiritual life. They are ready for service and have the *determination to do* something. The Association must give them important work. Too often this is not done, and the men, from modesty, do not assert themselves. The result is a latent force unused. The leaders of the Association (not the delegates) are thus unwittingly to blame for lack of large and important results from sending men to Northfield.

The man who attends will never forget the trip. The ride on Long Island Sound by moonlight from New York to New London will make an ineffaceable impression. Nor will the days at the conference be forgotten or regretted. The influences of these powerful speakers, the Bible study, the "Round Top" meetings, the new friendships, and the holy atmosphere of Northfield, will have painted many an indelible picture upon the walls of the many-chambered mind, which "fond recollection" will delight in uncovering and exposing to renewed, thankful contemplation.

VIEW FROM MY WINDOW IN MAY AND ITS SUGGESTIONS.

Faultless sky, flecked with fleecy clouds, and active with the flight of migratory birds. Rolling fields, that stretch away into more wooded and steeper hills, and, finally, become mountains, whose hazy blue blends with the sky itself; such in general is the view from my window this perfect May day.

After the eye has delighted itself by so general a prospect, it longs to rest, first here, then there, on some particular object that attracts by its beauteous harmony with the whole. There is the old road, lined with ancient trees, and reaching as far as the eye can see, and seeming to narrow itself to a point until it is lost in perspective. On this side of the road, and near at hand, are broad fields; this one, of oats, is of dark, rich green; and, as a gentle breeze passes over it, it runs in waves like a lake. Beyond are fields of wheat and corn and pasture land.

Across the way from these stands an old frame house, built rather for strength than beauty, and standing like a guardian over all the fields about. A glance at the well constructed buildings tells of the thrift of the sturdy occupants. Looking closer one may see, through the half-open door, the faithful wife kneading out the bread which her husband has provided, or preparing the plain, but wholesome and abundant repast.

As the dinner hour draws near, the farmer and his "help" start for the house, while the older son takes care to give the horses a generous allowance of oats. And now the men wash their faces and brawny arms and sit down to their noon-day meal with appetites made keen by the work of the morning. As they eat they exchange many a jocund story, and take their simple delight in life as they find it. One might easily look at these men and envy the toil that brings such contentment as theirs.

But the eye passes from this group and out into the meadow. Here are cows, some lazily cropping the grass, others standing indifferently beneath the shade of some large tree. In another part of the field are some old work horses huddled together, with necks overlapped, as if to caress and comfort each other. Two or three young horses, conscious of their strength and freedom, are galloping up and down the field in wild sport and hurling clods of earth high in the air at every leap. And the bits of woodland, although they have been invaded, during the winter, by the destructive axe, are trying to conceal their loss by a covering of floral and leafy beauty and thus give pleasure to those that look upon them. Even so the world would be brighter, if each man and woman would present to view only the brighter side of their lives.

On the top of one of the hills stands a little white church. There is no grove about it, for it is a church where the true God is worshipped. Its whiteness may symbolize the purity of the simple folk that worship there. And as it can be seen from all the country for miles around, it seems to invite the sons of toil to its shelter and rest when the week is over.

Thus one gazes on this expanse of country, variegated with light and darker fields, checked with patches of woods, dotted with farm houses, some on elevated spots of the upland, others sheltered in the valleys; but all sprinkled with a hazy light and canopied by the "hollow shield-shaped" sky.

One cannot look upon this beautiful picture of nature without perceiving much more than the physical eye can see. The walls of the farm house and the church are like glass and the pure simple lives of these people are laid bare for us to read.

The matchless coloring of grove and meadow leads us to consider the beauty of soul which is painted and perfected by the same Master-hand that painted these lovely fields.

IS FOOTBALL A DANGEROUS GAME?

(Dr. Geo. G. Groff.)

There has recently been published by Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, a comparative statement of the injuries from football, riding and in the gymnasium, as reported by Major P. F. Harvey, the post-surgeon at West Point. This is believed to be the first accurate comparative statement of injuries in the games above noted for the same class of persons, and for this reason it ought to appear in the college journals. Dr. Keen's statistics follow:

LIST OF CASUALTIES AMONG U. S. CADETS FROM SEPT. 1, 1893, TO NOV. 30, 1893, DUE TO FOOTBALL AND INSTRUCTION IN RIDING AND GYMNASTICS.

Football.				Riding.	Gymnasium.	
Sprains.		Contusions and lacerations.	Fracture both bones of leg.	Injuries of all kinds.	Injuries of all kinds.	Remarks.
Severe.	Slight.					
4	32	17	1	17	9	Injuries in riding and gymnasium usually very slight.

1. Number of Men.

No. of football players (approximate),	34
" under instruction in riding hall,	184
" " " gymnasium,	106

Bucknell Academy Football Team, 1893.

Meixell. Smith, B. Craig. Bayard.
Barclay. McQuistion. Purdy, (Mgr.) Cober. Perrine.
Smith, H. Elliott, (Capt.) Sherman. Koser.

2. Number of Accidents.

Football,	54
Riding,	17
Gymnasium,	9
Total,	80

Percentage : 54-34 =1.6 per man in football.
17-184=0.09 " riding.
9-106=0.08 " gymnasium.

3. Days Lost.

From football accidents,	277
" injuries in riding,	57*
" " gymnasium,	11

A. Percentage of days lost per man engaged in playing :
277-34 = 8.01 days in football,
571-84 = 0.31 " riding.
11-106 = 0.15 " gymnasium.

B. Percentage of men off duty per diem :
277 90 = 3.01 men in football.
57-90 = 0 63 " riding.
11-90 = 0.12 " gymnasium.

C. Percentage of days lost per accident :
277-54 = 5.01 days in football.
57-17 = 3.04 " riding.
11-9 = 1.02 " gymnasium.

1. *Percentage of accidents.* From the table the following deductions may be made: First, the *percentage of accidents per man* playing in the place, and for the season to which this table refers, was *twenty times as frequent in foot-ball* as in riding or in gymnastics (1.6 : : 0.09 : : 0.08, II.)

2. The *number of days lost from football accidents per man playing is twenty-six times as much in football* as compared with riding, and *over fifty times* as much as from gymnastics (8.01 : : 0.31 : : 0.15, III A.)

3. The *number of days lost per man injured* is 5.01, 3.04, and 1.02 (III C), showing that the football accidents in the table were nearly *twice* as serious as those from riding, and *five times* as serious as those from gymnastics.

4. *Number of men continuously off duty.* There were *five times* as many men off duty per diem from football accidents as from riding accidents, and *twenty five times* as many as from gymnastics (3.01 : : 5.63 : : 0.12, IIIB). It must be remembered, also, as Dr. Harvey says in his letter, that "in addition to the cases enumerated, there were, of course, others which were either very slight or temporary, or failed to come under observation on acount of pride," etc. This, however, is an observation which would probably apply equally well to any of the other accidents. It may be added also that the relative proportion between football and riding accidents is much more unfavorable to football, from the fact that twenty-seven days of the whole fifty-seven lost in riding were due to a single case, leaving therefore thirty days to be divided among the other sixteen accidents from riding. And when one considers the "dare-devil" character of the riding at West Point, it seems to me that the liability to accident would be perhaps greater there than among those who ride more quietly. On the other hand, however, we must remember that the West Point riders are among the best trained and most competent in the country, and hence accidents are comparatively few, perhaps less than among the general public.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF INJURIES TO CADETS FROM FOOTBALL, RIDING AND GYMNASTICS AT WEST POINT, N. Y., FOR A PERIOD OF THREE MONTHS IN 1892.

1. Injuries of All Kinds.

Football injuries, Sept. 1, 1892, to Nov. 30, 1892,	37
Injuries in riding hall, Oct. 15, '92, to Jan. 15, '93,	26
Injuries in gymnasium,	10

2. Number of Men.

Who played football,	27
Under instructions in Riding hall,	198
" " in gymnasium,	101

3. Days Lost.

From foot-ball accidents,	106
Riding injuries,	71
Accidents in gymnasium,	58

Per Cent. of Accidents per Man.

	1892.	*1893.*
In football,	1.05	1.6
Riding,	0.11	0.09
Gymnasium,	0.10	0.08
Days lost per man in playing football,	3.93	8.01
" " riding,	0.35	0.31
" " gymnasium,	0.57	0.15
Men off duty per diem in football,	1.18	3.01
" " " riding,	0.79	0.63
" " " gymnasium,	0.64	0.12
Days lost per accident in football,	2.98	5.01
" " " riding,	2.74	3.04
" " " gymnasium,	5.80	1.02

It will be observed that there is but little difference in the two series of injuries. The serious disproportion, therefore, against football, as compared with the two other forms of athletics, seems to be normal rather than accidental.

---

*27 days of this, in one case, due to kick of horse on shin, causing periostitis.

One other point to which Dr. Harvey calls attention, and of which I was not aware when I wrote the last letter, emphasizes very clearly the relative frequency of the accidents. Football games he states, are played only on Saturday afternoons. Instruction in the riding hall is given three times a week, and in the gymnasium six times a week. ''In other words,'' as Dr. Harvey says, ''if accidents always happened in the ratio here given, the number which *would* have occurred in football had it been played as many days as instruction in riding was given would have been *three times* the number stated, and *six times* the number if played as often as instruction in the gymnasium was given.''

Dr. Keen is so eminent a surgeon and educator that his words ought to carry great weight. He contends as follows : ''My own opinion, as a surgeon who has seen a large number of accidents, is that football, *as played at present*, is a needlessly dangerous sport. The price paid for the good it does is too high, both in life and limb. Strip it of its needless dangers, and no one would be a more hearty advocate of the game than I. This revision of the rules to eliminate its dangers must be made by football men themselves. If they do this the game will hold its present place in the esteem of all who value manly and invigorating sport. If they do not, then it should be prohibited, at least in our colleges where the faculties have the power to do so. Prohibit it there, and it will be doomed to an innocuous desuetude.''

With the above the writer heartily coincides.

Athletics.

The Sophomore-Freshman game resulted in Sophomore 18, Freshman 10.

A second baseball team has been organized for the purpose of giving the first team practice. Grim has been chosen captain of same.

The Angstadt club which refused to take a good lesson from the haughty Neyharts, and desirous to learn rather by experience, issued a challenge to play a game of baseball with each of the following clubs : Kauffman, Summers, Reitmeyer and Hall. The Kauffman club accepted the challenge, and on May 12 the game was played and resulted in the defeat of the Angstadts by a score of 19 to 4. Fretz played the game for the Angstadt club, and their defeat was probably due to the absence of Davis, one of their best players.

Probably the best baseball game ever played on Bucknell campus was played on Friday, May 11, between Dickinson and Bucknell. This year Dickinson has been spending her best energy in base ball and has won more than her share of the games played. Without a doubt she came here expecting to place a 0 for Bucknell's score. However, to her surprise our boys put up an excellent game, and the score resulted in Dickinson 12, Bucknell 8. The infield played with but one or two errors. The phenomenal triple play of Carey, assisted by Smith and Shorkley, was the exciting event of the game. For good playing, both on first and at the bat, Cregar played an excellent game. In fact, everyone of our boys played well and are worthy of congratulations. At one point in the game the score stood 5 to 3 in favor of Bucknell, and it looked as if Bucknell might win the game. But Dickinson's batting was so good that our defeat was inevitable. Our men were placed as follows : Harris, c ; Brown, p ; Cregar, 1b; Smith, 2b; Shorkley, 3b; Carey, ss ; Parker, lf ; Bayard, cf ; Scatchard, rf.

The entries for the annual tournament in athletics has been closed, and the contest will probably take place June 2. Many more than was at first expected have entered. This is probably due to the fact that each class is anxious to win the ''Cup.'' The entries for field day are as follows : 100 yard dash, Jackson, Carey, Bunnell and Summerbell ; 220 yards dash, Koons, Dillon, Carey, W. H. Bunnell and Miller ; 440 yards dash, Koons, Colestock, Firth, Dillon and Miller ; one mile run, Colestock, Firth, Jackson, Rodgers, Davis, J. W., Hanna and J. Carey ; putting the shot, Brick, Davis, N. F., Lesher and Collins ; running board jump, Jackson, Bunnell, Carey, W. H., and Williams, A. T.; throwing the hammer, Bunnell, Davis, N. F., Lesher and Collins ; pole vault, Miller, Kauffman, Jackson and Collins; running high jump, Carey, W. H., and Williams, A. T.; 120 yards hurdle pace, Kauffman, Carey, W. H., Bunnell and Williams, A. T.; tennis tournament singles, Kunkle, Ware, Kauffman, Hughes, Purdy, Allen, Bush, Anderson, Wood, Williams, A. T., Rodgers, Reynolds, Jackson and Phillips, D.; mixed doubles, Miss Bartol and H. F. Smith, Miss Wolfe and Barclay Reynolds.

Local.

A chaplain is wanted by the Neyhart Club.

Talk about swelled head ! Look at Reno's cap in the band picture.

Hall, in the German class, occasionally confuses Rheno and Reno.

Deppen, '94, announces that he is open to engagements for Memorial Day addresses.

W. S. Marts, '94, has been elected Professor of Greek at Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, Pa.

Miss Jessie J. Wheeler, '94, has been elected a teacher in Darlington Seminary, West Chester, Pa.

Mr. F. O. Schub has accepted a lucrative position as professor of modern languages at Hall Institute, Sharon, Pa.

Mr. A. O. Miller is expecting to teach school next year. We shall greatly miss him in the ring and on the ball field.

A number of the Phi Psi brethren, with their lady friends, enjoyed a pleasant outing at Shikellimy on Saturday, May 12th.

Dr. Perrine has been somewhat disabled by rheumatism, but he has fortunately been able to return to his duties on the hill.

Some of the enthusiastic botanists have discovered that hanging from a barbed wire fence spoils temper as well as clothes.

Mr. Frontz, of the graduating class at Missionary Institute, Selinsgrove, recently visited his cousin, Mr. Wagenseller, of this University.

The Senior reception at the residence of Dr. Harris took place on the evening of the 24th inst. Those who were present report a most delightful time.

Two more members of the Finny tribe will be announced in next year's catalogue. For particulars as to age and disposition inquire of Mr. Fred Finn, Ex-Columbian-Wheel-Chair-Superintendent.

The last Junior to shed his beard is W. Wilson, formerly "Zeus." Whether the comments or the weather were too warm for it, is a problem unsolved.

Courses in botany and boating naturally flourish in co-educational institutions, but in cross-country surveying we are frequently met by ***insurmountable*** obstacles.

The Juniors have postponed the oratorical contest from May 11, to May 18. Even this latter date is some weeks earlier than the contests of preceding years.

L. D. Wishard, Foreign Secretary of the International Y. M. C. A. Committee, spoke in Bucknell Hall Monday afternoon, May 7, on "Student Life in the East."

Sophomore, translating German, reads: "And after supper the housewife and her daughters took their distaffs and gathered about the pine tree which the boys had fed with ***reason***."

Mr. Raymond Davis has been requested to act as Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Madras, India. This may be a useful field of work but we shall certainly regret his leaving our State.

Prof. of German: "Mr. Wood, you may explain the form of adverbs." Mr. Wood: "Some German adverbs are so because they were made so; others are so because they were so originally."

Marsh Mission Sunday school dedicated its new meeting house on Sunday, May 13. Several college students participated in the programme, including musical assistance by the Freshmen ladies.

Dr. Loomis' class in French is reading Cherbuliez's "A Horse of Phidias." Such a selection secures the advantages of classic French and of much collateral information which is instructive and generally interesting.

The Freshman Prex. doubtless felt it his duty to witness the Freshman–Sophomore ball game (in agreeable companionship), but he mustn't stay so long that he's obliged to sing all around College Hall for some one to pony his Latin.

The Y. M. C. A. meetings are interesting and well attended. Mr. Allen reports that at State College a grand revival has followed the conference recently held there. Our Association is making preparations for earnest work at the beginning of next fall term.

The beautiful Susquehanna affords our college (including Ladies Institute) a rare opportunity for boating. At least two twilight parties have already been formed and pronounced successful. "Two in a boat" is not yet out-dated.

We are looking for a large volume when L'-Agenda comes out. The size and varied characteristics of the Senior class provide an abundance of amusing and perhaps instructing matter. The editors are earnest and diligent, and the business manager expects an immense sale.

He appeared to be foot-sore and weary. His clothes were seedy and his trousers baggy at the knees. Evidently he had seen better days. Across his back was slung a botany case. In one hand he carried a huge alpinstock. An ancient pair of eye-glasses rested upon a huge aquiline nose. Some people might have mistaken him for Father Time, but the farmer recognized him at once, and called out: "The easiest way to reach Coxey's army is by means of a Pennsylvania freight train."

The Lavoisier meeting of the Chemical and Physical Society was held on Thursday, May 17. "State of the Science of Chemistry Before Lavoisier" was the subject of the first paper by W. B. Sheddan. Miss J. J. Wheeler then read an interesting sketch of the life of Lavoisier, after which F. M. Simpson spoke more particularly on "Work of Lavoisier as a Chemist." A very instructive talk by Prof. Owens on "Subsequent Influence of Lavoisier's Work on the Science of Chemistry" closed the exercises of the day.

The Junior exhibition in oratory took place in Commencement Hall, Friday evening, May 18th. The literary part of the program was as follows:

The Indian in American Poetry,	Miss Minnie Cotton.
The Inquiry after Truth,	Mr. T. C. Hanna.
The Oratory of Lord Chatham,	Mr. W. A. Kauffman.
The Unhonored Hero,	Mr. E. G. Kendall.
The Eloquence of Louis Kossuth,	Mr. H. M. Pease.
The Patriotism of Milton,	Mr. David Phillips.
Poetry, the Predecessor of Prose,	Mr. G. C. L. Riemer.
Ante-Bellum Oratory,	Mr. Bromley Smith.
Importance of History in Education,	Mr. William Wilson.

Little Hudsonius Sciurus was dead. Tenderly had Sinton watched over Huddie as he hovered between life and death. Lovingly had he cared for him during a long illness. The choicest bits of food and the daintiest crumbs that fell from the table were carried to him. No labor that would add to the comfort of his darling was irksome to the devoted godfather. And now little Huddie was dead—dead—dead. Tears, great big scalding tears, coursed down the proud guardian's cheek as he gazed upon little Huddie. All the bright hopes he had cherished for him were blasted forever. Life without his pet, his joy, would be a dreary waste, a Sahara of despair. Meanwhile some kind friends consoled the living, while others prepared the dead for burial. Rev. H. T. Colestock was asked to preach the funeral sermon and gladly agreed to do so. Messrs. Powell, Hanna and Macnab furnished the music, Walkinshaw had charge of the funeral arrangements, and Davis, Firth, Wood, Dillon, Crawford and Rogers acted as mourners. After the body had been consigned to the grave, the friends gathered at No. 29, West Wing, where an eloquent discourse upon the life and virtue of the deceased, was delivered by Mr. Colestock.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

A number of the college girls gave a pleasant boating party the first week in May.

Miss Katherine Wittennyer, '91, was the guest of her sister, and attended the Guille concert.

A most delightful "At Home" was given by Mrs. John H. Harris, to the boys and girls of '94, on the evening of May 25.

The Alumnae Club spent a profitable evening at the May meeting on a review of the life and works of Marie Bashkirtseff. In June the programme will be devoted to James Whitcomb Riley.

On May fifth it was quite a privilege to be projected in the midst of a Historical Society, May fifth, *1994*, for that was what the fourth year girls did for us, at their annual exhibition. The members of this society were charming in their simple, tasteful Empire gowns. '96 must look out for their laurels. They will be obliged to get up early and sit up late, if they excel this unique entertainment.

Dialogue at the Institute. A.—Two gentlemen wish to see you in the reception room.

B.—Who are they ?

A.—I don't know.

B.—Have they been here before ?

A.—I think not. I've never seen them.

B.—Are they young or old ?

A.—They are ***middle-aged.***

B.—I suppose they are book agents. Exit A, while B goes with unwilling steps to the reception room, and finds Mr. X—— and Mr. Z——, of the College Senior class, waiting on important business.

The following letter, written to Mrs. Larison, was read to the Literature class, while studying Holmes. The class of '85 were especially interested in Dr. Holmes and the result was a letter written by the "Autocrat" himself:

216 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.,
June 1st., 1885.

My Dear Mrs. Larison:—I hope nothing that I have written shortened your letter very much, for it is a very pleasant and a very welcome one. I have been ill for the past few weeks and am just in the convalescent state when a cordial and a tonic are what is most needed, and I find both in your kind letter. We never get tired of hearing that we have made new friends among strangers, who have never looked upon our faces. We can never be told too often that our words have found receptive readers; that our thoughts and feelings have met with a response from other minds and hearts. I am much pleased to be told of the attention your scholars propose paying to my writings. I wish they were worthier of it, but what I am, they are, and they could not be more without a change of personality. I am not quite equal to writing long letters and I hope you will accept these few words as coming from one who is

Very truly and gratefully yours,
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Please give my kind regards and best wishes to the class which has paid me the compliment of taking my writings as the subject of one of their literary exercises. I enclose a copy of a poem I read at a dinner given in honor of Dr. B. A. Gould, of which I had a few copies "struck off" for my friends.

Certainly, on Saturday, May 12, fortune smiled propitiously on legendary Blue Hill, "which has for many ages frowned upon the less imposing hills around," and the Phi Kappa Psis and their friends smiled too. Everything combined to make the day a success, the bright, warm sunshine, the delightful drive along country roads, fragrant with spring blossoms, and a whole afternoon at that enchanted spot of storied lore, where the "winds brought joyous music from the pines, and sang a chorus 'twixt the measured lines." Even had it not been the home of Nenaoma, one does not wonder that "Shikellimy pleaded to remain." The happy day is destined to live long among joyous Bucknell memories, and goes far toward making "that shore of rock and shade' one of the "dearest spots that nature ever made." Here one hears low murmurs floating on the air:—

"'Loved Shikellimy:'—say the waves that rise,
'Fair Nenaoma,' back the wind replies;
And so forever and forever more,
Their names shall live on Susquehanna's shore."

A Guest.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. Clerkland, Correspondent.]

In Virgil class. Student—"*Eloquar, an sileam?*" Prof.—"You may go on."

At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A., Prof. Hulley gave a very interesting talk upon "The Bible as a book of life." The professor showed in many ways how the Bible deals with men. Those who heard the talk pronounced it grand, and wish they could have more of such talks. Prof. Hulley has consented to speak to the boys at some future date on "How to study the Bible."

The Main Hall boys were recently treated to a royal feast. When the bell had tolled the study hour into eternity they were called into Wilkes' and Sherman's room. There a pleasing sight met their gaze. The table groaned under the weight of good things. Cake, pineapples, lemonade and peanuts were a few of the delicacies. Mr. Wilkes was the generous donor. Wilkes, many thanks.

On Saturday, May 5, Messrs. Craig, Mitchell, Hobbins, Wilkes, Bowers, Davis, Koons, B. Bower, T. Bower, Gundy, Niles and Sherman, with Prof. Fisher as guide, set out to explore Dale's cave, situated about four miles from Bucknell. All were pleased with the visit, and found the cave more extensive than anticipated. Several large chambers were entered and inspected, which were reached by means of long ropes. Some fine specimens of stalactites were procured. The cave is characterized for its much mud, of which the boys brought a goodly share home on their clothing.

It was a beautiful day. The golden rays of the morning sun arrayed the campus and college hill in a scene of gorgeous splendor. It seemed as though nature was animated by a keen sense of expectancy.

Long before the sun reached the meridian of the heavens the two literary factions of the Academy stood upon the field of honor. The weapons used were not the glittering steel or thundering gun, but the mighty ball and bat. Soon the umpire gave the call to begin. The Herms. took the field with stately grace and measured tread. Each man was soon in his proper position, with set teeth and knit brows ready to grasp the flying sphere rebounding from the "oak."

It was a beautiful sight. The words of wisdom heard in chapel before the game were secreted in the bosom of each man. Victory was the inspiration that stirred every player to do his utmost; Honor set the faces aglow with enthusiasm; Good Will put speed into the feet, and Justice lent a double energy to the muscles.

The encouraging shouts and lusty cheers arising from the spectators were given in a good spirit. The game was characterized throughout with good nature, and if any antagonism was manifested it was done under an impulse of forgetfulness.

At the close of the game the victors gave long and joyful shouts, and after a general handshaking all around the boys dispersed, ready to do justice to a good dinner.

The game was the best seen on the campus this year. At different points in the game the score was tie.

Score was—Hermania 12; Adelphia 16.

Personal.

'63. Rev. David P. Leas, treasurer of the University, will leave for Europe after commencement.

Ex. '—. A bill has just been offered in Congress to give Gen. Lewis Merrill the title of Brevet Brigadier General for meritorious work in Indian wars. Gen. Merrill has already received a gold medal for "an act of conspicuous bravery" in these wars.

Ex. '77. O. B. Dickinson, of Chester, is being prominently mentioned as a candidate for Judge in the Delaware District. His chances are good on account of a tainted judiciary. If he is nominated, it is almost equivalent to an election.

'80. Rev. H. M. Wolfe, Jr., of Waterford, Conn., is rejoicing at present over the addition of fifty new members to his church.

'80. Rev. H. A. Griesemer recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of his pastorate at Haddonfield, N. J.

Ex. '87. Mr. E. M. Lake, of the University of Chicago, was a recent debator in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League. The winners were the representatives of the Universities of Wisconsin and Michigan.

'91. Mr. H. C. Donat, in addition to his manifold duties as assistant principal of the Spencerian Business College, Philadelphia, is reading law with a prominent young barrister of that city.

'91. On May 9, 1894, Rev. H. W. D. Kirkendall, of Pine Flats, Pa., was married to Miss Minnie L. Shammo, of Halifax, Pa.

'92. G. W. Wagenseller made a flying visit to his alma mater on the 14th

'93. President Edwin Maxey, of Palatinate College, was visited recently and was found to be presiding with great success over that itstitution.

Ex. '93. Dr. C. Arthur Emmons is at present located at 53rd street and Jefferson avenue, Chicago. He is doing a flourishing business, although he has been there but a short time.

Ex. '94. H. L. Hallowell is connected with the Thomson-Houston electric light company, of Philadelphia.

Ex. '95. Rev. R. D. Minch recently baptized 22 persons at Hawley, Pa. He was assisted by C. F. Hall, Ex. '95, of the Honesdale church.

Ex. '95. David A. Solly is attending Neff School of Oratory, Philadelphia.

Ex. '96. C. K. Robb is a clerk in the Centennial National Bank, Philadelphia.

College News.

The University of Pennsylvania won the dabate with Cornell.

Students are compelled to join literary societies at Wittenberg.

There is an instructor for every six students at Chicago University.

Football practice has been started at Franklin and Marshall for the coming season.

The *Philosophian Review* suspended publication for one issue owing to a lack of support.

The students of Dickinson College are seriously thinking of establishing self-government.

At a recent meeting of the faculty at Dartmouth it was decided to make the entire Senior course elective.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIII. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JUNE 10, 1894. No. 16.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

JUNE 10, 1894.

Editorial.

THE recent flood delayed the last issue of THE MIRROR considerably, as the presses and in fact most of the printing establishment were under water. We deem this explanation sufficient to account for the tardiness of the last number.

◆

THE first round of tennis singles has been played, and the interest quickens somewhat as we near the finals. The rain has interfered seriouely with the tournament, but by watching their chances between showers the players have accomplished something towards getting their sets played.

◆

COMMENCEMENT NEWS this year will be edited by Mr. A. C. Lathrop and an able corps of assistants. It will be issued in four numbers and contain the addresses of the various speakers, reports of exercises, and the news of each day during commencement week. We trust that as heretofore it will receive the cordial support of the students and our visitors.

◆

EXTENSIVE improvements in the bath-room of the gymnasium will be made during the summer. Overhead shower-baths will be put in; the present faulty heating apparatus replaced by an improved heater, and a 400 gallon water boiler added to the equipment. It is also in the plan to put in, at some future time, a lining of slate, which will greatly add to the appearance of the room, besides being more durable than the present lining.

◆

ANOTHER commencement season with all its pleasures is upon us. Soon our campus and halls will be filled with former students and their friends. Old acquaintance will be renewed and memories of olden times will be revived. Especially is this true of class reunions, which have always formed an interesting part of the commencement programme. It is expected that the attendance this year will fully equal that of former years. As there will doubtless be many strangers here, our student should hold themselves in readiness to direct them to such parts of the University as they may desire to visit.

◆

WE have tournaments, matches, or contests with almost every game played in college. Why not have a tournament in chess? At Lehigh there is a club of forty or fifty; Lafayette and State Colleges both have strong clubs, and other colleges right about us are forming them. A tourney could easily be arranged to take place near the latter part of the fall term, which would give all ample time for preparation. The annual contest played in New York between Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia is full of interest and attracts many favorable comments from the metropolitan press. A tourney between some of the colleges of our own state would not be without interest and profit. We would like to see early action taken towards such an end, that chess may be recognized as a game worthy of inter-collegiate contests.

◆

THE course of lectures provided by the University during the past year has been both interesting and instructive. We are glad to note that a large number of students attended the lectures regularly. For next year another interesting course has been planned, the particulars of which are given in another column. Each student should make these lectures a part of his regular work, and attend them as faithfully as he would recitations. In this way he will obtain the greatest good from them, and encourage the University authorities to increase the list of speakers.

◆

IT IS rumored that the prospects for a good football team for next season are quite fair. While it is not yet safe to calculate very closely on the incoming men, the next Freshman class will probably contain some who, with those remaining, should constitute a good team. We will lose some of the best men, however, and it will be well to keep this fact in mind in training for the work of next season. Those intending to play should return early in the fall term and get in condition to play as soon as possible. This calls to mind the necessity of electing a captain before the term closes. It is to be hoped that this will not be delayed, as failure to do it this term may result in a serious crippling of the team next season.

◆

WITH this issue the present Board rises from the editorial chair and resigns its pen to the new Board of next term. The work has not been without its pleasant features, and tho beyond doubt we have erred at times, our friends have been patient and lenient. From our contemporaries we have received the kindest treatment, and we can safely say that we have acted in the same honest spirit toward them.

A year's progress! What does it mean? For THE MIRROR it means a great advance. The change from monthly to semi-monthly issues was a rather hazardous experiment in this year of financial crises, and it was at first doubtful whether our journal would stand the strain. But the change proved eminently successful. To the readers the news has been fresher; and financially, under judicious management, the paper has held its own. We trust, too, that some advance has been made in the literary matter. But that is something of which our patrons can best judge, whom we desire to thank for their kind and hearty support.

Literary.

A RAINY DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

Some of the old-time almanacs picture Winter, jealous of the upstart Spring, laying an icy hand upon her lightly clad form, and whirling her hither and thither with blasts from the ever frozen seas. There are other pictures which represent him blowing from his lips blinding clouds of snow, while spring drenches him with rain.

Both pictures well describe the day of my mortifying experience. The night before a blizzard had struck the Metropolis. All night it snowed, a wild, fierce storm, and by morning the ground was covered with three feet of snow. Then came one of those sudden changes which make the seasons seem envious of one another. The snow changed to rain, accompanied by a hurricane of wind.

When I left home that morning, it was with no premonition of what the day had in store for me. Only the day before I had purchased a "perfect love" of a mid-season hat, delicately shaded and daintily trimmed with violets. I hesitated long about wearing it. The whole family advised against it, but at last, from some contrary impulse, I put it on, and bade defiance to the unpropitious elements.

The streets were almost as impassable as if the bay had inundated the island. At every corner boys and girls, even men and women, were doing a thriving business with temporary bridges of boards or stepping stones of boot-blacking kits. An old German and his wife had constructed one of these gutter bridges, and woe betide the unwary one who refused the toll they asked, for they pushed him with small ceremony knee deep into the water and slush below.

I had nearly reached the office, and was feeling comfortable and well satisfied with myself and my new hat, when, without warning, a vicious gust of wind lifted my umbrella like a feather, and carried it I knew not whither. I looked up and down the avenue, but it had disappeared as mysteriously as Aladdin's palace. It was a borrowed umbrella, too. The rain beat pitilessly on the new hat. Vanity of vanities! Why had my common sense forsaken me that morning? But it was not a time then to reflect and regret. The wind played hide-and-seek in my hair, and the rain drenched me from head to foot. People looked strangely at me, I thought, but I explained that by the singularity of being without an umbrella in such a storm.

An involuntary movement revealed to my horror that I was hatless. Can you imagine my chagrin, my despair, at the discovery? To go back home hatless, to face curious looks and amused smiles on the street and in the elevated — I could not. But I knew if I should go on, my shorn condition would excite the disrespectful allusions of the office boys for months to come.

In my distress I became conscious of a great commotion in the road. The "down stage" driver was cursing and shouting hoarsely for some one to "take that thing out of the road." The horses reared and plunged, and the one occupant of the stage, a lady, was mingling her cries with the curses of the driver and the shrieking of the wind. "That thing" was my umbrella. It stood upright in the snow, its cover torn to shreds, waving its skeleton arms like a demented thing. A small black boy darted after it, and brought it to me with a comical grin, and a "Say, Missus, does yer want it?" Just then a gentleman stepped up with the remains of my hat—a many sided figure drenched in mud. I wiped it off hastily as best I could and started for home. People looked at me; and well they might. My hat was dissolving. The mud, the purple from those violets which had been my pride, and the green leaves, all flowed harmoniously together, or raced each other in rivulets down my cheeks.

Shall I ever forget the ride home? The stations dragged by, 18th street, 23d, 33d,—each adding its quota of amused eyes—would they never, never pass! I tried to be unconscious of such remarks as—"Streaky weather, this!" "Wonder did she get that hat at Rothchild's?" "Plenty of color in her cheeks!" etc. Whether there was any one on that train who knew me, I do not know; neither do I know whether I met any one in my walk home. I looked neither to the right nor left until I reached the refuge of home. Never did I feel, if I did not sing it, "Home, Sweet Home," so deeply. My umbrella gone, my hat disgraced, drenched with the rain and buffeted with the wind—what did it all matter now that I was safe from the hundreds of eyes, laughing, mocking eyes!

Thus ended my "rainy day's experience."

◆

POPE AS A POET.

It is profitable to study the lives of great men. We can see wherein they have made their impress upon the world. We can determine the causes that operated upon them to mould their characters. All the good influences that were brought to bear upon the man whose life we are studying, can be sought by us, and the evil ones avoided.

There is something, of course, in influence, but every phase of it has been harped upon so much until it has become almost threadbare. But there is, in reality, a certain amount of good to be derived from the association of eminent men. While this is true, yet it is not our fortune, generally, to have the privilege of associating with the men to whom the world pays its homage.

Then, again, the world has not known many illustrious men. Every age does not produce them; hence it is impossible to meet them otherwise than upon the printed page.

Every man has some excellent things in his works and also some things that are depreciative of him. One of the defects of Pope's poetry is that it is unsympathetic, and devoid of pathos. Pope, himself, did not seem to have a magnanimous heart, and in truth, he could not sympathize with men. Poetry in its highest type must possess that characteristic which will touch men's hearts. The reader must feel the inspiration, to some extent, which the writer had, as a rule. We fail to get this from Pope's poetry.

Good poetry should also possess that element which appeals to the imagination. All the great poems of the world have this element, more or less. "Milton's Paradise Lost," "Virgil's Aeneid" and "Homer's Odyssey" have this in a high degree. But the poetry of Pope, for the most part, is composed of current ideas arranged attractively in verse. For instance, what do we find in his "Essay on Criticism" that is new? The essence of nearly every argument is what we have heard many a time put in an elegant poem.

Then, again, Pope's philosophy is not true. Some say that it is not his, but that it is simply borrowed or plagiarized. He has acknowledged it to be orthodoxical by the fact that he has used it as "law and gospel." The oft quoted verse,

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring."

is not true. There is, perhaps, some truth in the former verse, but the latter is not at all correct. If a man cannot "drink deep," cannot get a good education, cannot attend colleges, universities or higher institutions of learning, according to Pope's philosophy, he should not endeavor to get all the education he can, whether it be little or much.

Pope, again, says that the man who criticises literature should be the person who writes best. But the fact is, that very rarely do we find an excellent writer a good critic, or a renowned critic a fluent writer, consequently general observation and history seem to be against Pope in this direction.

Pope also thought that the ancient models were infallible in style and sentiment. He placed them too high and undervalued the writers of later times. Pope's works contain many such errors as these.

But Pope's works have some excellent qualities. In some respects he ranks high as an author. The first quality of his, revealed in his works, is the ability to use the English language. It seems to me that no writer has surpassed Pope in this respect. Give him the thought, and he could express it as well as any other writer.

Pope could express his thoughts in an impressive manner. How many current sayings of today do we get from Pope! While he was not a deep thinker, yet he could so handle the English language and mould it into such a form that he has left his influence upon the literary world.

Pope has the ability in a high degree to make his style conform to the thought that he was presenting. If he were writing upon some deep, laborious thought, his style would be heavy and slow. On the other hand, if his thoughts were light and trifling, his style would correspond. A good illustration may be found in the following four lines:—

> "When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
> The line too, labors and the words move slow;
> Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
> Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main."

The former two lines are very different in thought and style from the latter two. The former must be read slowly, while the latter flow along smoothly and can be pronounced quickly. Pope has the ability to make the sense and sound harmonize in a greater degree than any other author whose works I have read.

An author's writings are affected by his physical constitution, his time and his surroundings. These influences have had something to do with the character of Pope's works. He was an invalid. His life was a continual struggle from the beginning to the end. Pope also lived in a superficial age. The pendulum had swung from the restrictions of Puritanism to the revelry of socialism. It was an age of show and vanity. Again, Pope never seems to have had any real experience with men further than the fact that he came in contact with them in the drawing room and in society. This is evident from his writings. What a difference there is between him and the nature-loving and close observing Wordsworth! These influences, viz: his constitution, his age and surroundings have materially affected Pope's works.

Athletics.

The Athletic Association expects Jennings back next year to play center on the football team.

Iron bars instead of wire screening will be used in the baseball cage, now in course of construction in the gymnasium.

The Athletic Association, with the aid of the institution, has decided to construct a running track which will be completed before September 1.

Dr. Loomis has lately become the owner of a fine Columbia bicycle which he rides very gracefully. No one bears witness of his first lessons.

June 2, Bloomsburg Normal played a victorious game of baseball with our boys. Only six innings were played on account of the rain. Our defeat was due to lack of practice. Score—Bloomsburg 10, Bucknell 3.

Owing to an error on some one's part, the score of the Freshman–Sophomore game was given in last issue incorrectly. The right score was Sophomore 18, Freshman 19.

Formerly at Bucknell only one man trained faithfully for field day. We feel that there is a decided increase in the field sports when we say that twelve men have trained this year with no less faithfulness than the one of previous years. Davis and Brick have both broken the record in throwing the hammer, by more than ten feet.

The Bucknell Chess and Checker Club accepted a challenge some weeks ago to play a limited number of games with the club at Factoryville, Pa. Cregar and Waid represent the club in chess and have been playing two simultaneous correspondent games. They have just checkmated their opponents in game one, and still have hopes in the other. Brick represents the club in checkers. Two games have been played, one resulting in favor of Factoryville, the other being a draw.

Commencement.

The college Senior class will make things lively when it holds class day exercises.

Former students and alumni desiring Bucknell pins can get them of Mr. W. B. Sheddan.

L'Agenda this year will likely be a commencement feature, as its publication was delayed by the flood.

The Seniors on graduating day will wear the conventional silk cap and gown. They look real scholastic.

Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., '75, will deliver the oration before the Alumni Association next commencement.

Reitmyer orchestra will furnish music for the College Seniors, the University band and orchestra will play for the other events on the program.

Card orders giving special railroad rates to commencement, and information concerning boarding, trains and hotels can be had by addressing the Registrar of the University.

The chiefship of the *Commencement News* has fallen into the care of that efficient news hustler of the Senior class, Mr. A. C. Lathrop. Mr. J. B. Suiter will look after the finances and the publications.

The annual banquet of the Pittsburg Alumni Association was held on the evening of June 4, at the St. Charles Hotel, Pittsburg. A full report will appear in the first number of the *Commencement Daily News*.

Room No. 2, College building, will be used as a general waiting and reception room during commencement. A registration book, writing, mailing and messenger service will be among the features of this room.

The corporation dinner, as usual, will be served by the ladies of the First Baptist church, of Lewisburg. The menu will be a novelty this year, and will far excel the very excellent dinners served by the ladies in the past.

Cortland Meyer, the noted lecturer, will deliver the annual address before the Literary Societies. His subject will be a popular one, and his address will at the same time retain the great literary merit for which his public utterances are noted.

Every commencement visitor should buy the *Commencement News*, and subscribe for a year to the MIRROR, besides buying copies of *L'Agenda*, thereby making the hearts of the respective managers of these representative publications happy.

The College fraternities will hold their annual symposium at the customary time. Phi Kappa Psi will hold forth at the Baker House, Sigma Alpha Epsilon at the Cameron House, Sigma Chi in the Iron Front Block and Phi Gamma Delta at the Haag Hotel, Milton.

Of course the Spectator will visit Lewisburg again, and will have some interesting things for the readers of the *News*. The four issues will be mailed to any address for 15 cents. Single copies 5 cents each. All interested in the commencement at Bucknell should send in their subscriptions immediately to J. B. Suiter, Manager.

The eighth volume of the *Daily Commencement News* will be published during commencement week. It will be ably edited, and will contain all of interest that transpires during commencement. The class of '94 is the largest in the history of Old Bucknell. The commencement promises to be one of the largest and most interesting ever held here. There is no reason why the *Commencement News* this year should not be better than ever before. The *News* will contain stenographic reports of the "Baccalaureate Sermon," "Oration before the Literary Societies," "Oration before the College Alumni," and other leading discourses.

The following lecturers have been booked thus far for the Monday evening free lecture course next year, conducted by the University: George M. Phillips, Ph. D., principal of the West Chester State Normal School; W. W. Keen, M. D., LL. D., of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia; George N. McCain, of the Philadelphia *Press*; Hon. Rudolph Blankenburg, of Philadelphia; Prof. Sommerville, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Sommerville, of Philadelphia. The only lecturer in the pay course thus far engaged is Rev. Anna Shaw, M. D. There will be twelve lectures in the free course and three in the pay course, besides several concerts.

EXERCISES OF THE WEEK.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 15 AND 16.—EXAMINATIONS IN ALL THE DEPARTMENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 7.30 p. m.—Examination of the School of Music (Bucknell Hall,) under the direction of E. Aviragnet, Mus. Doc.

SATURDAY, 16, 2.00 p. m.—Commencement exercises of the School of Music, (Bucknell Hall.) 8.00 p. m.—Annual Debate, Junior Class, (Commencement Hall.)

SUNDAY, 17, 10.30 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon, (Baptist Church,) by President Harris. 8.00 p. m.—Annual Sermon before the Pennsylvania Baptist Education Society, (Baptist Church,) by Rev. W. A. Stanton, D. D., Pittsburg, or Rev. E. A. Woods, D. D., Williamsport.

MONDAY, 18.—Art Exhibition begins and continues three days, (Studio, Institute.) 8.00 a. m.—Examination for admission to College. 2.00 p. m.—Business meeting, Institute Alumnæ, (Institute Parlors.) 3.00 p. m.—Public Meeting, Institue Alumnæ, (Bucknell Hall.) 8.00 p. m.—Anniversary of the Literary Societies. Orator, Rev. Cortland Meyers, Brooklyn, N. Y. 9.30 p. m.—President's Reception, (President's House.)

TUESDAY, 19, 8.30 a. m.—Business Meeting, College Alumni, (Bucknell Hall.) 8.30 a. m—Annual Meeting, Board of Trustees, (College Library.) 9.00 a. m.—Class day exercises, class of '94. 11.00 a. m.—Exhibition, Fourth Form, Academy, (Commencement Hall.) 2.30 p. m.—Commencement Bucknell Institute, (Commencement Hall.) 4.00–5.30 p. m.—Reception by Physical and Chemical Society, (Laboratory.) 8.00 p. m.—Anniversary of the College Alumni, (Commencement Hall.) Orator, Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., '75, of Petersburg, Va. Poet, D. M. Jones, Esq., '69, Wilkes-Barre. Orator, Class of '84, Rev. F. M. Goodchild, Philadelphia. Decennial Re-Unions by Classes of '54, '64, '74 and '84. Twenty-fifth re-union, Class of '69.

WEDNESDAY, 20, 8.00 a. m.—Announcement of Promotions, (Bucknell Hall.) 9.00 a. m.—Commencement of the College. Orations by the Class. Address to the Class. 12.00 m.—Corporation Dinner, (Bucknell Hall.)

Local.

Mr. Gretzinger made a memorial day address at Mifflinburg, Pa.

Mr. H. L. Fassett, '94, expects to take a post-graduate course at Cornell.

Mr. J. Brown Martin was initiated into Sigma Alpha Epsilon on May 29th.

Messrs. Harvey, Ware and Fisk spoke at the Christian Endeavor meeting at Hartleton, May 19.

Col. Thos. Chamberlain, a former graduate of Bucknell, spoke in the opera house in town on May 30.

Force of habit illustrated—Nelson watching for chickens on the big barn yard that drifted down in the flood.

Allen, '95, served as court reporter during the forced absence of the regular reporter on account of the flood.

Mr. F. O. Schub, '94, will teach Greek and German at the Sharon summer school. He will begin work on June 17.

Lewis was shrewd enough to exchange pulpits with Barner on Sunday, May 29. Barner was detained several days by the flood.

The Bucknell Prohibition club was represented by E. C. Kunkle in the State Inter-collegiate contest at Williamsport opera house June 5.

A little red squirrel has been made appropriately the namesake of W. H. Parker. A lady friend in town calls them both "Willie."

The *Commencement News* will contain the only complete and authentic report of all the proceedings, meetings and events of commencement week.

P. B. Cregar, '95, has issued a challenge to play a series of five games of chess with any man in the State. N. F. Davis and B. K. Brick are his backers.

Prof. of German—"Mr. J——, you may read the next two sentences." Mr. J. reads, "Have you any tobacco? Yes, I bought some this morning."

The excellence of the music rendered at the Junior exhibition in oratory was largely due to the skill and experience of the leader, Mr. F. I. Sigmund.

The gravity of the faculty during prayers has been severely strained on several occasions by so insignificant an animal as a curtailed dog.

Graduation is too much for Deppen. Lewisburg cannot contain him and we fear for Herndon. All that psychology and theism will certainly appall the natives.

The annual Band and Orchestra picnic was held at the "Marsh," May 10. Despite several immersions and sprinklings it was pronounced a delightful affair by all.

Reno mourns the loss of at least two tender epistles supposed to be in the mail that was lost in the flood. Unfortunately the postal department can make no amends in such cases.

Vastine recently undertook to walk to Sunbury—three ties at a stride, but grew weary after a mile or two, and paced back along the railroad reflecting on the trials of life.

The missionaries to Chillisquaque were not deterred by the removal of the bridge, but crossed the flood, on the 27th, in a row boat. Stephens and Meeker are a good pair at the oars.

Lesher acted as host at his home near Northumberland for a party of sight-seers from the College and Academy. They all pronounce John a man of large heart and full cellar.

We dislike to encroach upon the athletic department of our paper, but when it is a matter of practicing the shot-put in our halls during study hours we must in this way acknowledge our gratitude for the entertainment.

A combat of very doubtful issue, between Marts and Vastine, was happily averted by other Seniors more prudent, who wished the class to graduate entire. "Let not your angry passions rise."

The Class Poem and Prophecy of the Class of '94, the Poem before the Alumni, and Oration at Reunion of the Class of '84, will furnish part of the valuable reading in the *Commencement News*.

Phi Kappa Psi gave a reception on the evening of Decoration Day to their Alumni, in Chapter Hall. In spite of the inclemency of the weather the evening was in every way a success.

Sunbury was the scene of much eating and drinking after the flood. Cold water was abundant, and Bucknell sent a great delegation who enjoyed it immensely, but classes were thinner the next day.

Mr. A. T. Williams recently visited Huntingdon to pitch in a game of baseball against the Altoona cricket club. His success was very creditable as his pitching was batted only three times, and only one run was made against him.

For sometime after the "flood" the library was not open during the evening. But why a person could study in his room without a lamp until nearly eight o'olock, and not be able to read in the library without gas light at 6:30 is inexplicable.

We are told that Guie's musical talent will no more entertain the peaceful sleepers of East Wing. A change of occupation will prevent his attendance here next year. Brown must practice his throat more faithfully if he wishes to fill the place of the departing Freshman.

The meeting of the Chemical and Physical Society for June 7, was devoted to the subject of Aerial Navigation. Short talks were given by H. S. Schuyler and Prof W. G. Owens. Arrangements were made at this meeting for the annual reception during commencement week.

On June 4 General Lewis Merrill, of Philadelphia, delivered an address in Bucknell Hall, on Indian fighting in the far west. General Merrill is well known in Lewisburg as a former student at the University. He has been awarded a gold medal for acts of conspicuous bravery on the frontier, and a bill was recently introduced in Congress to give him the title of Brevet Brigadier for meritorious service in the late Indian war.

Bofore this MIRROR greets its readers, '93's *L'Agenda*, with its elephantine humor, will have pleased some and wearied others. The business management has been under the very efficient charge of Messrs. Jackson and Simpson, who will be pleased to furnish copies of *L'Agenda* at 75 cents apiece.

It is an old saying that a tree is known by its fruit. As soon as the exercises of the Junior oratorical contest were over, yell after yell rang through the Hall. Even if the room had been dark it would have been an easy matter to locate the source of the sounds. Freshmen *must* make themselves heard.

Evidently they were members of the class in oratory. They were discussing the subject of degrees of gratitude. Said Crawford, "Supose one man gave you five cents and another man gave you five hundred dollars, wouldn't you feel more grateful to the latter than to the former?" "No," replied Phillips, "I wouldn't feel more grateful, perhaps *less?*"

On Thursday evening, May 17, an interesting Demorest prize contest in declamation, under the auspices of the College Prohibition Club was held in Bucknell Hall. The prize, a beautiful silver medal, was awarded Mr. S. J. Cleeland. Those who took part were: Misses Alice Hartley, Emily Williams and Mary Williamson, and Messrs. H. E. Dutton, S. J. Cleeland, E. C. Kunkle and S. R. Wood.

The flood gave some of our sailors a chance to take a row. Anything that would float was pressed into service. No serious casualties are reported on account of this suddenly awakened enthusiasm for the sea. However, Messrs. E. A. Bush and A. T. Williams were so unfortunate as to upset in about five feet of water. As both of them are more than five feet tall a rescuing party was not needed.

The Senior banquet was held on May 29 at the Baker House. After an elaborate menu, the program provided for the following toasts: "History of '94," by R. J. Davis; "Girls of '94," by W. S. Marts; "Alma Mater," by J. R. Wood; "The Faculty," by A. F. Anderson; "Future of '94," by Miss Guthrie. Mr. H. F. Smith was toastmaster, and carried out the program successfully. Three songs were rendered by the class.

She was a Seminary girl; he was a Sophomore. Like the wise men in Mother Goose they put to sea. Instead of a tub they used a boardwalk. Lightly over the silvery waves sped their frail craft. "O, how happy I am," she said, again and again. "My heart is all a flutter," he answered just as often. But, alas! their joy was suddenly brought to an end, and Walkinshaw had the rare privilege of rescuing a maiden from the cruel waves.

It all happened in the laboratory. Just why they quarreled is a riddle hard to guess. He said it was her fault. She declared that he was to blame. For a few minutes things were lively in their quarter. At one time it looked as if they might come to blows. The other chemists thought it immensely interesting. She was undoubtedly ahead as far as talking went. Finally, acting upon the advice of his friends, Brown held out the olive branch of peace, which she reluctantly accepted. At present everything is profoundly tranquil in their corner of the room.

SEMINARY ITEMS.

The number of bicycle riders has been increased to seven.

Miss Mary Wilson was "at home" to the Faculty and Senior class on Saturday June 3.

The engagement of Miss Carrie Lovell '89, to Mr. Charles Campbell, of Topeka, Kansas, has been announced.

The April number of the *Wellesly Magazine* contains a story—"Gregorio"—written by Miss Maude R. Kellar, who prepared at Bucknell.

Of all ideal places for a day's outing Shikellimy with its rugged beauty and poetic association, is the most charming. The Phi Gamma Deltas recognized this fact, and with a number of their friends spent a most delightful day there, on Saturday, May 26. At first Dame Nature seemed not to favor the expedition, but ere the day was over she smiled kindly on her happy children.

With the exception of the removal of boardwalks, but little damage was occasioned at the Institute by the recent flood. The lower end of the campus was transformed into a veritable lake, or "Gitchee Gumee, Big Sea-water," as named by the girls. Canoes and picturesque rafts were manœuvred around the oak trees as if the swift waters of "Squaw" creek had become their native element.

When upon pleasure bent, the trifling matter of rain in nowise intimidates the doughty maids of Bucknell. Therefore they appeared in full force at Dr. Aviragnet's annual picnic, given at the Marsh Chapel, two days before the flood of '94. You see the girls know when the generous doctor invites his friends, the word "entertainment" is no misnomer; it *means* entertainment in the fullest sense of the word; so they determined not to miss an opportunity for having a "good time" on account of unpropitious weather. First in the festivities was the walk to the "bridge," THEN intact, but NOW *may-hap* the center spans are drifting on the broad Atlantic; but why wander to the distant sea when we are on our way to a picnic? After the walk came the jolly straw-ride, then *dinner*. Well, we will say, in the words of the genial Rambler, (who, alas! rambles no more in the *National Baptist*) "that WAS a dinner!" No discounting that chicken and etceteras. Then came the boat race on the "raging canawl;" under the friendly shelter of umbrellas we watched the brawny muscles of Bucknell's best men row along the given goal, a clumsy boat laden with graceful freight. Do you want to know who won and who lost? ALL the contestants won, for best endeavors, the prize of a satisfied conscience. The happy ringing voices of young men and maidens joining in glad chorus, the delicious supper, the home coming in the misty deepening twilight,—all have their place in the precious memories of school life at Bucknell.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[S. J. CLEELAND, Correspondent.]

The Fourth Formers are getting ready for commencement.

Prof—"Will you tell me what tense that verb is in, please?"

Student—"Oh, the what you may callum tense."

The Academy Y. M. C. A. is making preparations for aggressive work at the opening of the fall term. A committee on fall campaign has been appointed, and plans are being formulated to make the Association felt in the life of the school.

In the last issue of the MIRROR the picture of the football team appeared. As has been herebefore mentioned, the team has done some fine work and, with a few changes, will take the field next season ready to hold up the Cad in this line of athletics.

The Academy B. B. team, altho not having any games with teams outside of school, nevertheless shows good signs of capability, and will supply the 'Varsity team with good men in time to come. The manager expects to play several games before the season closes. At present the aid of all is needed in a pecuniary manner.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting of Tuesday evening, May 29, was one of special interest. The meeting was conducted by Edward Flint in a very interesting manner. Several instructive papers were read by Kulp, Cleeland, Giffen and Meeker on various phases of missionary life. All those present received a new inspiration for the advancement of the missionary cause and the spreading of the Gospel in general. Services of this kind are very useful in keeping the boys posted as to what our missionaries are doing in the "dark lands."

Personal.

'66. E. H. Painter is a successful lawyer at Chehalis, Washington, and Alonzo Hull, '67, is in the real estate business at Seattle.

'67. Chaplain J. J. Kane, of the U. S. navy, who graduated from the Theological department of the University in 1867, is the author of a very fascinating story, entitled "Miriam vs. Milton, or the Mystery of Everdale Lake."

Ex. '—. Nelson A. Mowton is editor of the *Daily News* of Brockton, Mass.

'77. Rev. Calvin A. Hare, of McKeesport, Pa., has just finished a three years' pastorate at that place. Besides the withdrawal of over 100 members, for the purpose of forming a new church, there is still room for rejoicing on his part.

'88. Prof. H. M. Kelly, of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., has accepted a professorship in Cornell College, Iowa.

'89. W. C. Gretzinger, our hustling Registrar, delivered a glowing address before Foster

Post, G. A. R,, of Mifflinburg, on the evening of Memorial Day.

Ex. '92. Rev. G. Fred Love, of Rochester, N. Y., is creating quite a stir by advocating individual chalices in communion service. This has become quite a popular service of late.

Ex. '93. H. W. Sneck, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y., has recently taken a stand on a point of law in regard to Building and Loan Associations. By his interpretation the individual shareholders are benefitted.

'93. Rev. E. C. Pauling sailed on June 4 for Corea, where he will take up missionary work.

Ex. '95.—E. M. Greene is a member of the tanning firm of Leas, McVitty & Co.

College News.

The present Freshman class of Dickinson College numbers 64.

The members of Greek Letter fraternities in colleges number 77,000.

The University of Chicago has twenty-one John Hopkins' men on its faculty.

A school of Electrical Engineering is about to be established in the University of West Virginia.

The baseball team of Hamilton College made a successful eastern trip, winning four games out of seven.

The baseball team of Lafayette, on its southern tour, played five games with southern universities, and won two out of five.

In the tennis tournament between Miami and Wittenberg colleges, Miami won the doubles while the singles were captured by Wittenberg.

Prof. E. H. Cook, the first Principal of West Chester State Normal, has retired from teaching and is now engaged in the insurance business.

The "mortar board" and gown, like the "star of empire," have taken their westward way as far as Ann Arbor, the Senior class of Michigan University having decided to adopt them.

The Inter-state Oratorical contest was held in Indianapolis on May 10. The first prize was awarded to C. F. Wishart, of Monmouth College, Illinois. The title of his oration was the Policy of Richelieu.

Princeton awards a scholarship of $1,500 for excellence in Latin and Greek. This is the largest scholarship given by any American college.

The registration this year at Cornell University shows an even 1,800 students, the eighteen hundredth student having entered about six weeks ago. Somewhat over two hundred of the number are women.

The high schools of Denver, Col., are reported to have a larger enrollment for the size of the city than any similar schools in the country. The proportion of young men and women in the schools is as four to five.

The Senior class at Brown has petitioned the faculty to excuse its members from examinations in studies in which they have reached a standing of eighty-five per cent. during the term. The request is likely to be granted.

A collection of seventeen *fac similes* of Greek statuettes in terra cotta, the originals of which are in the Hermitage, St. Petersberg, and other leading collections of Europe, have been presented to the archæological department of Cornell by Mrs. Andrew D. White.

At the Rutgers College Preparatory School the headmaster, Dr. E. R. Payson, is delivering a course of lectures to the Senior class on pedagogy, and requires the pupils to inspect the public schools of New Brunswick and report in writing on the methods of teaching pursued and the system of ventilation and light.

BOOK REVIEW.

Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story, Discovered and Deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M. D., is published by the Howard Publishing Co., of Chicago. Two volumes are at press in print. The first contains 200 pp, paper bound. Price, 50 cents. It is divided into three parts: Sir Francis Bacon's Letter to the Decipherer; The Epistle Dedicatory, and the Description of the Queen, General Curse, and Sir Francis Bacon's Life.

The aim of the Cipher Story is to prove Sir Francis Bacon the real author of the socalled Shakespearian works. If Bacon did not write the Cipher Story, Owen did, and he should have the credit. The Cipher is at all events a very ingenious story, a marvel in its literary merits. Four great keywords are disclosed in the Cipher to guide the decipherer, Fortune, Nature, Honor and Reputation. Whether or not the Cipher is an ingenious contrivance of its author as some claim, remains to be seen.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., OCTOBER 10, 1894. No. 1.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

OCTOBER 10, 1894.

Editorial.

THE CUSTOMARY greetings and stereotyped expressions of self-esteem and ambition will be looked for from our Board as from those of the previous thirteen years. However, we make but one boast and express but one of our many hopes. Our boast is that we, as a Board, have a determination to make this volume of THE MIRROR, the best that the college has ever seen. Our hope is in Bucknell's recent increment of cash and intelligence through the class of '98. Our one boast will hardly be rebuked, our one hope will hardly be disappointed. Both may be justified by prompt contributions from pen and purse.

◆

THOSE WHO attended the vocal recital on September 25, are all congratulatory on its success. The capacity of the department for vocal instruction is unquestioned; and the acquirement of such exceptional vocal talent has increased the interest in musical affairs. A great many friends from town were present at the recital and have promised a continuing interest in the musical proceedings connected with the University. It is certain that many will avail themselves of the opportunities now offered and that the number of students will be even greater next year. An added feature, in this connection, is Prof. Aviragnet's singing class, recently organized and open to all. The department of Instrumental Music is in the same excellent condition as last year.

◆

IN THE athletic standing of the school there is much room for improvement. The results on Field Day were not disappointing, under the conditions that existed. But until we have a good running track we can never hope to reach the high rank which might be ours. In the ball games we have no such convenient excuse; and the fact that we did not last year meet with reasonable success shows a want of interest, a weakness of spirit that is quite in contrast with the tone of the college life in general, and which is destructive of all hope for athletic honors. We begin this year under favorable conditions—plenty of good football material—plenty of good advice from those who cannot play, and, fortunately, a wholesome disgust at some of the results on the other field last spring. The sympathy shown by many members of the faculty should be an additional encouragement to the work this season.

◆

STILL MORE congratulations! Congratulations are always readable. The condition of the college Y. M. C. A. is especially gratifying and promises good results for the coming winter. The Bible study—so often attempted before—is now under perfect organization, and the classes are in a flourishing condition. The different leaders spent a part of the summer at Northfield and have come back with a full preparation for the work. The plan is to offer a progressive course covering the four college years and arranged under the four heads: the Life of Christ; the Parables and Miracles; Studies in Acts; McConaughy's "Christ Among Men." At present the last study is offered as an alternate for members of any class. An intense and widespread interest in Bible study has been remarked among the students in other colleges and we are glad to see such an interest awakened in Bucknell. The studies will increase the efficiency of the Association workers, and cannot fail to be of intellectual benefit to all who pursue them.

◆

NOW IS THE time to apply the many suggestions for the improvement of our literary column. The use of short stories written by the students has often been advised and would no doubt be of great value. The *Student* must, of course, be represented; and this may be done by occasional well-selected essays. But the exclusive use of such productions fails to represent completely the abilities of the contributors, and most certainly fails to make a readable journal. Simply to reproduce essays that have been required by the curriculum argues a lazy spirit in the college at large. The editors are giving their labor gratuitously and without any credit on their studies for the time devoted. It seems as if others also should occasionally devote extra time—which is by no means wasted—to the improvement of their paper. If such effort were general, it is sure that a great change would be seen in the regular literary work of the college. How often our essays are criticized as either heavy or stilted. These faults would be largely corrected by practicing story writing. A smooth, readable style is acceptable in either an essay or oration.

◆

AN ITEM in the Philadelphia *Times* last week illustrates one of the most contemptible uses to which journalism can be put. One of Bucknell's students was mentioned as having "mysteriously disappeared Sunday night." It is true that the student named left town at that time, without finding it necessary to publish his proposed destination. Such an event is of frequent occurrence among our students and seems hardly a worthy subject for the literary efforts of the Philadelphia *Times*. But, further than this, there were insinuations of crime or violence, and direct falsehoods as to searching parties from the college. This certainly exceeds the bounds of legitimate fun. Our students, with some exceptions, understood the whole thing to be an attempt at a joke; but not so could readers at large. We may picture the anxiety and distress when such an item should be seen at the home or by the friends of the one in question. If the notice was written or suggested by anyone in college, it shows a spirit which deserves and has received almost universal condemnation among the students. The daily papers might help to secure their questionable reputations by refusing to publish news except as received from authoritative sources.

Literary.

LIFE'S MUTATIONS.

A boy on his vacation went
  To regions cool and shady;
By woodland stream he pitched his tent,
  Great show of fishing made he.

A girl her summer outing took
  Down by the dashing ocean,
In certain quiet little nook
  Just suited to her notion.

Yet, strange to say, that girl and boy,
  In their month apiece's vacation
Took very, very little joy,—
  Got small exhilaration.

The boy among the pines repined,
  The girl sighed by the seaside.
"O, were *she* only here!" he whined,
  While "All is lonely!" she cried.

When reunited were the pair
  Who'd suffered separation,
They vowed henceforth through life to share
  Both work and recreation.
(But changed their minds, most likely, ere
  Came 'round their next vacation).

O. W.

THE CHARACTER OF ORLANDO IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

The usual conception of the character of Orlando, in "As You Like It," is that he is lacking in energy, uninteresting and without personality. In "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin makes this comment: "Orlando no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved by Rosalind." Andrew Lang says, in *Harper's Magazine*: "We find it difficult to see Orlando with the eyes of Rosalind. He comes, he looks, he conquers, as in Cæsar's 'thrasonical brag,' 'more than his enemies,' and we acquiesce rather than sympathize. Like Scott's young heroes, as described by Thackeray, Orlando is decidedly "not too clever."

It is the purpose of this essay to show that this opinion is unjust, and to determine to what extent circumstance and environment may be held accountable for these seeming deficiencies in Orlando's character.

The play itself is not characterized by bold action, daring attempts or deep plots. It is not intended to represent the "hurly-burly" of life, and it is more or less idyllic and pastoral. The main part of the play is laid in the forest of Arden, where they fleet the time carelessly as was done in the golden world. Here no important action takes place. Orlando, to be sure, kills a lion, but that deed is subordinated to the meeting and reconciliation of the two brothers. In fact, throughout the entire scene in the forest, action is secondary, while conversation is primary. Character, in this rural spot, is indicated by speech, not by deed. The men we find here are Duke Senior, Jacques, Touchstone—men who had seen the world and acquired experience before coming to this place where they felt not "the penalty of Adam."

In these circumstances Orlando is placed early in the play; amid such conditions he is to display his character. If he, then, contrasts unfavorably with these retired men of the world, should we judge him harshly? Clearly it is necessary to consider the tendencies of his character before he encountered this hindrance to his development in the play. We must judge him by his conduct in action, and to do this we must return to the opening, introductory scenes.

Supported by his older brother under Adam's care, Orlando grew up, a tall manly youth. Uncontaminated by court life, as his brother had been, he developed, early, those primary virtues which, later, compelled Oliver to say to himself: "Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the hearts of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised."

On coming to manhood, Orlando's pride is aroused by hearing Adam recount his father's deeds, and perhaps the fact that he resembled his father physically spurred him on to be like him in other respects. When the play opens, we are immediately acquainted with the relations between Orlando, Adam and Oliver. "As I remember," says Orlando, "it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This it is, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it." Orlando understood his neglected condition; he was aware that his education was not in accordance with his nobility.

Whether "wise" or not, a remedy soon presented itself. The duke's wrestler had challenged all-comers to a wrestling match, and Orlando, confident in his strength, hoped by winning the contest to gain friends at court by whose aid he might shake off this servitude and make an opening for further progress.

In this scene we find Orlando asserting his rights and not, as usual, quailing before his brother. Oliver was surprised and angered by Orlando's boldness and says to himself: "Begin you to grow upon me? I'll physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither." So he urges the duke's wrestler not to fail to end Orlando's career when the wrestling match occurs. His instructions to Charles gives us a glimpse of Orlando as the people saw him, although it is colored by Oliver's jealousy: "I tell thee Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow in France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother." This speech does not argue lack of energy on Orlando's part. He must have had an aggressive personality to arouse such a fear in his brother.

In the wrestling scene, Orlando reminds us strongly of Sir Walter Raleigh. Both were gentle, greatly beloved, never schooled, yet learned, modest, gracious and winning in manner. After his gallant fight in Ireland on the queen's behalf, Raleigh went to Greenwich at her embarkation. His speech to the queen at that time is not unlike that of Orlando to Rosalind. Raleigh received as a token from the queen, a chessman to wear at his collar. Orlando's queen, who was out of suits with fortune, took from her throat a golden chain for him to wear.

The duke himself was displeased only with Orlando's parentage. He tells Orlando at parting: "Thou are a gallant youth; I would thou had'st told me of another father." Le Beau, too, leaves him saying: "Sir, fare you well; hereafter in a better world than this I shall desire more love and knowledge of you." In ordinary circumstances, Orlando would have succeeded in his effort to win favor at court; but he happened upon an unfavorable time. As Le Beau said, "Such is now the duke's condition, that he misconstrues all that you have done."

What, then, is the character of Orlando as we find it up to the time of his banishment to the forests of Arden? He is young, ill-treated, but not insensible to his neglected condition; energetic and ambitious, as his brother admits, ready to improve the slightest opportunity for bettering his position; winning, gallant and subtle, as his conversation with Celia and Rosalind proves; proud, for he would rather be the youngest son of Sir Rowland than the adopted heir to Frederick; meditative, as when he attempts to analyze his feeling toward Rosalind—truly not an uninteresting character, although young.

Orlando, on his return, is greeted by these words of Adam:

"O, my sweet master!
O, you memory of old Sir Rowland! why, what
make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you."

Orlando's popularity has stirred up envy, and he must leave. Adam insists on accompanying him, and together they go to the forest of Arden. Orlando's tender care of his aged servant on the journey, is often commented upon; it seems unnecessary to emphasize that point, for it was but the exponent of his kind, gentlemanly nature.

In this forest, luxurious in its primeval grandeur, this lotus land where no ambition dwells, the remainder of the play is enacted. Here Orlando is placed in contrast with "Good Monsieur Melancholly," Jacques, whose chief occupation is to "rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery." The contrast is rather unfavorable to Orlando, from the fact that Jacques is a more mature and experienced character. Yet Jacques says of Orlando's repartee: "You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels." Orlando's modesty is shown, when, in reply to Jacques, he says: "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults." Jacques assures him that the worst fault he has is to be in love. But, notwithstanding, Orlando, in the forest, is, as Mr. Lang says, chiefly a foil for Jacques.

There is no opportunity for the development of the heroic element which certainly existed in Orlando's character. He killed the lion and saved his sleeping brother, but that incident shows principally the attitude which Oliver supposed a man of Orlando's spirit would have toward the one who had so wronged him. When Oliver describes the scene to Rosalind, he says:

"Twice did he turn his back
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him."

That hesitation is entirely out of harmony with Orlando's character. He would not deliberate an instant as to whether or not he should rescue his brother, and in the next line Oliver adds,

"In which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd."

So Oliver was asleep during the encounter, and in relating it, he tells it as a man of his own revengeful nature would naturally have interpreted it.

The chief feature in the scenes in the forest, that concerns Orlando, is his love affair with Rosalind. In this, again, his youth and inexperience are evident. Rosalind is plainly his superior in acquaintance with life and love affairs. Orlando's wooing is crude and boyish. Yet the fact that he won the love of a woman like Rosalind shows that he must have had a manly, interesting character.

In view of these facts, we may say that Orlando had already laid the foundation of a strong, well-rounded character, devoid of the weaknesses and one-sided development of his associates in the play. He had potential ability which, in time, would have been called into action by his ambition. Orlando inspires confidence in us, as he did in his friends, so that we cannot imagine him, in after life, filling any but the highest place. All concede that Orlando is a young man of great physical vigor, faultless morality, winning demeanor, possessing a proper pride and ambition, and wholly fit to be the lover of Rosalind; it is only because of his youthfulness that he fails to find his way into the hearts of the maturer readers of Shakespeare.

O.

Athletics.

After a lapse of nine months the football season has again arrived, bringing with it many fond hopes. Never have the prospects of Bucknell for a winning football team been brighter.

For the first time in our football history has the team had a trainer from the very beginning of the season.

Never before was so keen an interest taken in football by the student body as is manifested this season. The thirty applicants who daily show themselves on the campus, are doing excellent work.

The class of '98 has brought with it some excellent football material.

At a recent meeting of last year's football players Mr. Kauffman, '95, was elected Captain of the team for the coming season.

Manager Cregar deserves great credit for his able management thus far, and for the new men he has succeeded in bringing to Bucknell. He wishes to thank all who have supported him by liberal contributions so early in the season.

We feel confident that under the able coaching of Mr. Young our team will make a better record for itself than it did during previous years.

It is believed that the tendency of the new football rules will be toward a more open game, and one more interesting to the spectators.

Schedule of Games:

Oct. 6—Wyoming Seminary at Lewisburg.

Oct. 13—Wilkes-Barre Y. M. C. A. at Wilkes-Barre.

Oct. 20—Franklin and Marshall at Lewisburg.

Oct. 29—Open.

Nov. 3—Gettysburg at Gettysburg.

Nov. 7—Lafayette at Easton.

Nov. 17—Swarthmore at Swarthmore.

Nov. 29—Dickinson at Harrisburg.

The first game of the season was played with Milton, September 29, at Lewisburg. Bucknell put up an excellent game, characterized by hard, steady playing. The score was: Bucknell 54, Milton 0.

Local.

"Don't be an oyster."

Kunkle preached at Milton during the summer.

Colestock has taken charge of the Winfield church.

Can anyone tell what takes J. W. Davis down town so often?

Parker is just recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

We hope to see the proposed cinder track laid before next spring.

David Phillips has been appointed organist for the Anderson Club.

A box has been placed in Main Hall for the reception of MIRROR locals.

Do you notice the broad smile on Joseph's face since his old chum has returned?

We regret the absence of Baldwin, who has been kept at home on account of sickness.

Mr. Bunnell and Mr. Harper will take charge of the gymnasium instruction this year.

We are very highly pleased to see the interest taken in the Y. M. C. A. work this term.

THE MIRROR'S energetic business manager, J. B. Suiter, spent his vacation on his father's farm.

Sheddan has resigned his charge of the library to take the position of instructor in the Seminary.

Collins has been raising a fine crop of hair during the summer, and is now in prime condition to play football.

We are pleased to welcome W. T. Harris back to Bucknell. He has resumed his former work in the ranks of '95.

The latest discovery in Natural Science has recently been made by Berger. He calls it the "circular force."

S. R. Wood has been confined to his room for a few days owing to sickness. We are glad to see him around again.

Did you see Macnab's exhibit of snakes at the fair? 'Mac,' is considered the chief authority of the University on reptiles.

Professor Lincoln Hulley preached to the congregation at the Erie Avenue Baptist church, Williamsport, September 23.

The many friends of B. K. Brick, '95, sympathize with him in the painful affliction which prevents his return to college.

Mr. Brown has been appointed to assist Professor Owens in the laboratory, and Mr. Stephens to take charge of the building in general.

Some time in November, Rev. F. S. Dobbins will deliver, in Bucknell Hall, an illustrated lecture on Japan. The lecture will be free.

Professor (in Constitutional History Class)—"The truth is, there are many criminals who come from Europe to America." Douglass—"Yes, I know it."

Dr. Perrine was in attendance at the Northumberland Baptist Association, which was held at Bloomsburg, and read before that body the Circular Letter.

Dr. Harris delivered a very thoughtful and inspiring lecture to the students of the University on the first Monday of the term. His theme was: "Morality is energy of the will in righteousness.

At the meeting of the Chemical and Physical society Thursday, October 4, A. W. Stephens read an interesting paper on the harvesting of india-rubber, and Prof. Owens explained the recently promulgated theory on the relation of dust to life.

The Prohibition club met in the Y. M. C. A. rooms Thursday, October 4, and organized for active work during the year. The election of officers resulted in the choice of Suiter, president; Crawford, vice-president; J. W. Davis, treasurer, and Schuyler, secretary.

The following are the officers of the Chemical and Physical Society: President, Professor W. G. Owens; Vice-President, W. B. Sheddan; Treasurer, H. S. Schuyler; Secretary, J. C. Carey. Prof. G. E. Fisher and Mr. Simpson compose the executive committee.

Rev. Cortland Meyers, who preaches to the largest Baptist congregation in Brooklyn, will, on November 12, in the opera house, deliver a lecture on "A Black Slave on a Throne." Mr. Meyers, as many will recall, was present with us last June at commencement. He needs no further introduction.

Freshman to Junior (who is showing the newcomer around the campus)—"Who is that clerical looking gentleman coming up the hill?" Junior—"Why, that is the Rev. Dr. Theophilus Harris, late of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been secured by the faculty, at great cost, to teach the Seniors Ethics."

We take pleasure in announcing the formation of a Natural History Society. The following officers have been elected: President, J. D. Macnab; Vice-President, D. S. Grim; Secretary, Nelson Davis; Treasurer, Professor Fisher. The first meeting was held on September 27. Dr. Groff gave a very interesting lecture on "2,000 Mistakes Taught in Our Public Schools."

Prof. W. E. Martin, who has been appointed Librarian, has been busy all the summer in rearranging the books in the library. He expects to have them catalogued in a short time. The appearance of the library shows marked improvements. The students fully appreciate the courtesy of Professor Martin, and desire to acknowledge the same through the columns of THE MIRROR.

It is gratifying to make mention of the many signs of progress going on in and about the University buildings. During the summer the dining room of the Seminary was thoroughly renovated and greatly improved. Other improvements of minor importance were also made. In the Academy, besides being completely renovated within and without, a public study room has been fitted out, and is under the supervision of Fred B. Hunt, who is a teacher of some years' experience.

The first regular business meeting of the Mirror Association for this year was held in Theta Alpha

Hall, September 22. The election of editors resulted as follows: Senior Editors, F. W. Jackson and F. M. Simpson; Junior Editors, Alex. Douglass and J. W. Davis; Sophomore Editor, D. S. Grim; Freshman Editor, H. L. Purdy. At the organization of the board of editors, H. S. Schuyler was elected Editor-in-Chief; T. C. Hanna, Associate Editor in-Chief; F. W. Jackson and F. M. Simpson, Literary Editors; D. S. Grim, Sporting Editor; E. C. Kunkle and Alex. Douglass, Local Editors; F. W. Brown and H. L. Purdy, Personal Editors, and J. W. Davis, Exchange Editor.

The following are the officers of the various societies and classes of the University: Euepia Literary Society: President, Jackson; Vice-President, A. O. Miller; Secretary, Bower; Treasurer, Burge; Critic, Sheddan; Librarian, Bromly Smith.

Theta Alpha: President, Schuyler; Vice-President, Phillips; Secretary, Bunnell; Critic, Suiter; Censor, Hollinshead.

Band: President, W. C. Gretzinger; Vice-President, Jackson; Sergeant, Simpson; Business Manager, A. T. Williams; Assistant Business Manager, Macnab; Secretary, J. C. Carey.

Class Officers: Freshman Class: President, J. T. Anderson; Vice President, Miss Anna Rogers; Secretary, Miss Stifler; Treasurer, Mr. Roth; Historian, Mr. Flint; Poet, Linderman.

Sophomore Class: President, Bunnell; Vice-President, Kunkle; Secretary, Grim; Treasurer, Miller; Historian, Miss Hanna; Poet, Miss Taylor.

Junior Class: President, Wood; Vice-President, Davis; Secretary, Cober; Treasurer, Fisher; Historian, Miss Wolfe; Poet, Powell.

Senior Class: President, Sheddan; Vice-President, Schuyler; Secretary, Miss Cotton; Treasurer, Simpson; Historian, Jackson; Poet, Allen.

Sinton has been elected the Beau Brummel of the Sommers' Club.

Among the factors which aid in opening school pleasantly, and in making new men feel at home, none surpass the Young Men's Christian Association. One of the principles of this organization is the "brotherhood of man," with Jesus Christ as an "Elder Brother." The natural outgrowth of this principle is mutual helpfulness, prompted by unselfish motives. Through the efforts of the President, Vice President and Reception Committee this work was very successfully conducted at the opening of the term.

As the trains came into Lewisburg, bringing new students, they were met by members of the Association, who made themselves known to the new men, welcomed them, and conducted them to the "hill." In Main Hall was located a "bureau of information." Here the new student's name and Christian standing were obtained, and any needed information with regard to rooms, books, board, etc., was given. Thus the strangers immediately began to feel at home.

The annual Y. M. C. A. reception was held on Saturday evening in the gymnasium. Nearly one hundred students, old and new, gathered for mutual acquaintance and sociability. After introductions, hand-shakes and kind words, refreshments of the season were served by the committee. The literary part of the program was arranged in the form of toasts, with President Allen as toastmaster. The various departments of college life, as athletics, literary societies, the press, etc., were explained and emphasized by leaders in the respective departments. The toasts were interspersed with University and class yells, ending with the Y. M. C. A. yell. Space forbids giving the entire program.

The first Sunday at College is sometimes quite a long and lonesome day, but not this year, for it was a Y. M. C. A. Sunday. Mr. L. D. Wishard, who has recently returned from a four years' trip in Asia and Europe, made for investigating the advisability of introducing Y. M. C. A. work in foreign fields, spoke in the morning. His address was both scholarly and stirring. At 3 p. m. the classes gathered in separate rooms for class prayer meetings, and then marched in a body to Bucknell Hall. The meeting there was addressed by R. J. Davis, '94, who sails for Madras in October, to become General Secretary of the Association there. His theme was drawn from Dan. 1, 8, "The Duty of Making an Early, Firm and Persistent Stand for Jesus Christ." At its close many new men declared it their intention to make this stand. A farewell meeting was held for Mr. Davis at the Baptist church in the evening.

At the first Tuesday evening prayer meeting, the subject of Bible study was presented, and the organization of classes begun. A progressive system of Bible study has been arranged as follows: Freshmen, "Life of Christ;" Sophomores, "Parables and Miracles;" Juniors and Seniors, "Studies in Acts;" Alternate for all, "Christ Among Men." Good sized classes have been organized in each department. Their success depends upon honest, faithful work by leaders and members.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Nanna J. Wilson, a member of the class of '87, expects to sail from San Francisco, October 16, en route to her former field of mission work in Japan.

The Y. W. C. A. promises to be very helpful under the wise leadership of Miss Cora R. Perry, who, during the summer, spent some time at Northfield.

The department of music is especially to be congratulated on the acquisition of Miss Minnie Gould, who has already charmed us with her sweet voice.

The places in our ranks made vacant by the girls of '94, have been quickly filled. Texas, Colorado, Maryland, New Jersey and New York have all sent us students of whom Bucknell Institute may well be proud.

The library is not yet "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," still we find here interesting and instructive literature, the standard works of fiction, the best scientific writings and the latest periodicals. Yet we often exclaim, Oh! that we had comfortable, easy chairs, and a light that would not flicker, then would the library be as it should, a pleasant place in which to read and study.

One of the most helpful features of our religious life is the Sunday evening Chapel, held in the Institute parlors. Mrs. Larison takes charge of the service and makes the hour one of real pleasure and profit. This term we are studying the writings of St. Paul. A theme is previously announced and each student in turn gives some verse with comments pertaining to the subject.

On coming in sight of the Institute and grounds after the summer's absence, we all felt, I am sure, a thrill of pleasure, as on meeting an old friend. Naturally enough, too, we were on the alert to discover something new in the old place, just as we look for changes in a friend from whom we have been separated for a season. First, we find the office looking fresh and inviting with its delicately tinted walls hung with attractive pictures. The reception room, too, with a firmer "understanding" and brighter "outlook" is striving its utmost to fulfill its mission. And now for supper! But what is this? Something is changed! Ah yes! We see, now; the walls have grown fairer, they have taken on the prevailing "tan" which everyone covets at the close of the long vacation. Out in the grove, also, we notice a change—a gravel path sweeps, with a wide curve, close to the enclosure, allowing the fair bicyclists an opportunity to exercise on the grounds. These are all signs of advancement, and as such, are sure to interest all who are loyal to Bucknell.

On the first Saturday evening after our return a reception was held by the Association for the purpose of making our new friends more at home in their unaccustomed surroundings. Upon entering the Institute parlors each person received a card on which was a list of numbers. Upon the tables were some curious groups of objects, also numbered. We were told that each group represented the title of a book that we were to find out and write upon our card. We all set to work, intent upon securing the prize for discovering the greatest number of titles. Some bits of bright green moss on a piece of gray sandstone were readily interpreted as "Mosses from an old Manse," but it was not so easy to decipher the meaning of a piece of pie, placed on two ears of green corn, until one good at punning wrote down "Pioneers." The committee found upon examining the cards that Miss Mary Barthol was the successful competitor. We were delighted with a choice solo sung by Miss Gould. A mimic well of lemonade embowered in ferns proved quite an attraction. The President set forth the object of the Y. W. C. A. at Bucknell, and urged the new students to join. All present agreed that the Association knew how to give its prospective members a pleasant greeting.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

[G. LIVINGSTON BAVARD, Correspondent.]

Tom Cooper plays the cornet, guitar, mandolin, violin and flute.

Cooper and Wittenmyer are new additions to the bicycle contingent.

We are glad to welcome Pierce back to school and hope that he will now be able to complete his studies.

The extensive improvements in both Main and East Halls call forth the commendations of the students.

The Academy team, in charge of Captain Perrin, played with Sunbury, September 29. Sunbury 12, Academy 6.

The new rules do not agree with the environments of some of the students who are accustomed to turning in early in the morning.

Manager Koser has arranged for the following games: Oct. 6, Bloomsburg at Bloomsburg; Oct. 13, Selinsgrove at Selinsgrove.

The officers of the Academy Athletic Association are: Bayard, President; Hutchinson, Secretary; Anstock, Treasurer; Koser, Manager, and Perrin, Captain.

The prospects for a successful football season are promising. There are several new men who should make first class players, if size has anything to do with success in the game.

The Academy begins the new school year with very bright prospects. Professor Edwards has already gained the affections and admiration of every student by his pleasant and hospitable manner. To him and Mrs. Edwards we extend our compliments and best wishes for a happy, pleasant and successful life at the head of our institution.

The Adelphian Literary society organized for the term by choosing the following officers: E. W. Cober, president; A. J. Hanna, vice-president; G. L. Bayard, first critic; E. Nesbit, second critic; H. B. Levis, secretary; J. W. Miles, chaplain; L. C. Crismyer, treasurer; J. T. Snyder, censor; C. P. Meeker, curator, and H. Craig, sergeant-at-arms.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Academy gave a reception to new students Saturday evening, September 15. During the course of the evening, Mrs. Edwards rendered several charming selections on the piano. At 9:20 refreshments were served in the dining hall, after which speeches were in order. President Harvey introduced Professor Edwards whose speech called forth hearty applause from the students. Rev. J. T. Judd then entertained the students with a short address. Bayard, Meeker and Cleeland followed with brief talks on special topics. Thus ended the most pleasant social affair ever given by the Academy Y. M. C A.

Personals.

'52. Rev. D. F. Carnahan died recently at his home at Champaign, Illinois.

'67. Thomas J. Phillips has been nominated for the State Legislature by the Republicans of Chester County. The nomination is equivalent to an election.

'88. Rev. W. H. Clipman has resigned at Bristol and becomes pastor at Dubois, Clearfield County, Pa.

'88. Prof. H. M. Kelly is a member of the Faculty of Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

—. George H. Irwin, of Middletown, Pa., died August 4.

'88. Rev. Geo. W. Hatch has resigned his pastorate at Eaton, Wyoming County, Pa., and will enter Crozer Theological Seminary.

Ex '91. Rev. Chas. DeWoody has removed from Mansfield, Pa., to Waverly, New York.

'93. Prof. Ephraim Heim holds the Charles Miller fellowship at Chicago University.

Ex-'93. P. J. Dickerson recently spent several days with Bucknell friends.

'94. G. W. Deppen is studying law at Sunbury.

'94. Rev. A. C. Lathrop is pastor of the Baptist church at Everett, Pennsylvania.

'94. Harvey F. Smith spent several days with friends in college and city at the opening of the term.

Ex-'94. Gilbert Kendall is pursuing a medical course at Yale.

'94. Levi L. Riggin is Professor of Natural Sciences at South Jersey Institute, Bridgeton, New Jersey.

'94. J. M. Kendall is working for the Ph. D. degree at Yale.

'94. H. L. Fassett is teaching at Peddie Institute, Hightstown, New Jersey.

'94 J. R. Hughes has been elected Principal of a ward school in Scranton.

Ex-'95. E. G. Kendall has taken the examinations for entrance to Yale's senior class.

HENRY WARD BEECHER TO HIS SON.

The following letter from Henry Ward Beecher to his son is authentic and should be carefully pondered by every young man :

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1878.

MY DEAR HERBERT : You are now for the first time really launched into life for yourself. You go from your father's house, and from all family connections, to make your own way in the world. It is a good time to make a new start, to cast out faults of whose evil you have had an experience, and to take on habits the want of which you have found to be so damaging.

1. You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule : No debt—cash or nothing.

2. Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

3. Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness ; no guess-work; either nothing or accurate truth.

4. When working for others sink yourself out of sight ; seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

5. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Be a hard master to yourself ; be lenient to everybody else.

6. Concentrate your force on your proper business ; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

7. The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing. In this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste ; be patient.

8. Do not speculate or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strives to make money suddenly, largely, and without working for it. They blow soap-bubbles. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year.

9. In regard to Mr. B——, he is a Southern gentleman ; he is receiving you as a favor to me ; do not let him regret it.

10. I beseech you to correct one fault—severe speech of others ; never speak evil of any man, no matter what the facts may be. Hasty faultfinding and severe speech of absent people is not honorable, is apt to be unjust and cruel, makes enemies to yourself, and is wicked.

11. You must remember that you go to Mr. B—— not to learn to manage a farm like his. One or two hundred acres, not forty thousand, is to be your future homestead ; but you can learn the care of cattle, sheep, the culture of wheat, climate, country, manners and customs, and a hundred things that will be needful.

12. If by integrity, industry and well-earned success you deserve well of your fellow citizens, they may, in years to come, ask you to accept honors. Do not seek them, do not receive them while you are young—wait ; but when you are established you may make your father's name known with honor in halls of legislation.

Lastly, do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Because you will be largely deprived of church privileges, you need all the nerve to keep your heart before God. But do not despise small churches and humble preachers. "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."

Read often the Proverbs, the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament. May your father's God go with you and protect you.—*Selected.*

Exchange.

I want to be an angel
Sang the Freshman in his pride ;
He fell from a cross-bar,
And his wish was gratified.—*Ex.*

Caps and gowns were worn by the graduating classes of nine New England colleges last year.—*Ex*

When I see Wealth and Cupid
Run a bitter race,
I bet on Cupid ten to one—
For second place.—*Ex.*

There is a decrease in the attendance at Princeton, probably due to the hard times and her reputation for hazing.—*Ex.*

Half a million dollars worth of buildings are to be erected at Leland, Stanford University.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., OCTOBER 25, 1894. No. 2.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column $3.00 per inch.

In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Printers, Williamsport, Pa.

OCTOBER 25, 1894.

Editorial.

THE Literary Department acknowledges the interest—though small—that has been aroused in its work. Some productions, in the way of original fiction, have been offered and others are expected. This column of our journal promises to be especially attractive in future issues.

◆

WE recommend to our readers the columns devoted to the interests of the Academy and of the Institute. Both columns are under capable management and present much readable information. These departments of the University are important factors in the school life here; and it is our desire to represent them as fully as possible and to receive in turn their liberal patronage.

◆

'96 MAINTAINS its claims to be an unusually progressive class and continues the work of improvement that is so generally manifest in our College. L'Agenda for next summer promises to be a remarkable volume. The board is actively engaged to make the work successful; more than two hundred subscriptions have already been secured, and at least twenty-five pages will be added to the usual number.

◆

THE Natural History Society, recently organized, deserves notice by students of all courses. Its object is to arouse an interest in nature studies, especially to aid original investigation. The open meetings are held on alternate Thursdays at 4 p. m. in the Laboratory building. Three of our professors have engaged their interest in the society and all the members are enthusiastic and active. Many thanks are due Prof. Aviragnet for his contributions to the Society's program.

◆

THE Prohibition Club has made special arrangement for its annual competition. The students chosen as their orators expect to make a short tour through this part of the state during the Christmas holidays, attended by our Prohibition Octette. After the return the competition will be held and the successful speaker will represent Bucknell in the intercollegiate contest. By this plan the value of the final meeting will be much increased, and meanwhile the cause of temperance will be advocated in a novel way in our neighboring towns.

◆

SOME of our readers will be startled to hear that there is here in College—even in the Freshman class—a man who does not know the name of Pennsylvania's Governor; but such is the case. One of the brightest students in our promising new class, confessed that he could not name the executive of our state; and again, he wondered what in the world was this General Hastings doing around here. We learn that Judge Metzger, of Lycoming county, recently refused naturalization papers to a man because he could not name our Governor. Now, it is well enough to talk of application to study, of devotion to the inside college life; but it is embarrassing, at least for our part, to acknowledge that we have in our midst students who are unfitted through ignorance to become citizens of the United States.

◆

ANOTHER unfortunate idea of the student life was expressed in a meeting of one of our Literary Societies. In a debate on the value of athletic sports in college, it was stated that our sole purpose here is to cultivate the mind. A man with this view seems almost as greatly mistaken as the man who comes to college to play football. To the latter we gladly recommend the American Association of Professional Football Teams. To the former we say that he is born a century too late and that he must get out on the track and run a long while until he can come up with the men who are leading the world in every department of life. The man who cares only for the body is little better than a brute; the man who does nothing but acquire knowledge is little better than a book; and the man who develops mind and body to the neglect of the soul is "worse than an infidel." Surely we do not come to college for any one-sided growth, but for education in its true sense—the development of body, mind and soul.

◆

SEVERAL considerations forbid the free expression of our opinion on the football game at Wilkes-barre. In the first place, we see the matter from only one point of view, and should be moderate, whatever and however reliable may be the facts at hand. Further we can hardly expect that an imperfect organization playing under an unmerited title deserves any serious consideration on our part This is true although our team has engaged with that organization as a fair rival. This engagement, we insist, was a pitiable mistake by the management and should not compromise our College or its team. The general sentiment is interpreted as in protest against engagements with any teams outside of schools and colleges. Our football history will justify this feeling. Football, more perhaps than any other game, is dependent upon the honor and honesty of the individual player. What can we expect—what have we always received from a team composed of two or three past college players, who still enter the game because they have nothing else to do; two or three town boys who enter for the sport; two or three professional pugilists who enter for practice, and, if there is yet any room on the team, perhaps two or three Christian men?

Literary.

ANTONIO.

The day of days was drawing to its close,
A time of joy to all the day had been.
All morn the people loitered round St. Mark's,
Or wandered in their black gondolas
Through the ancient city of the Latins.
But, when the noon heat too intense became,
Returned the people to their homes and slept.
A stillness o'er the city hung prolonged;
And hushed was everything—as when they stand
Around the bier of her beloved by all.
Alone the water lapped against the steps,
The marbie steps, along the water's edge.
The sun far past the meridian was,
It gently touched the gilded domes, the still
Lagunes, the lofty spires.
Long shadows o'er the Adriatic sea
It cast. They lengthened to the coming dusk.
A trembling haze ascended to the clouds,
The fleecy clouds, that hovered o'er the sea,
As on a frosty morn the heron lights
And pauses, ere it plunges in the stream;
So, the great, crimson ball of fire paused,
And then crept slowly o'er the horizon,
And disappeared at last, but o'er the land
Hung its refulgency a moment more,
Then passed away, and day gave place to night,
And gentle Adriatic breezes swept
Across the town. Dark clouds crept o'er the sky
And hid the queen of night and all her train
Of constellations. Here and there a light,
A tiny light, sprang up and battled with
The gloom. A small gondola glided down
Throughout the night. A young Venetian stood
Erect and stately at the end, the craft
Propelling slowly with his long, straight bar.
The splashing ceased. The small boat silent sped
Along the wave, and came to rest beside
A flight of broad stone steps, of marble steps.
The young Venetian raised his head and sang
A serenade, a short sweet canzonet.
Then sat and gazed into the bottom of
The boat. Perhaps his thoughts were all of her.
He did not see the form that noiseless moved
Unto the edge, the water's edge, but long
He waited, idly rocking to and fro,
Creating tiny waves that tumbled up
The marble steps and kissed the snowy feet
Of her that stood, and started as she spoke.
"How very cold you are," he then returned,
"You've changed since last we met." "No, no, my lord
Antonio. If change there be, my heart
Grows warmer when I think of thee." And then
The rifted clouds displayed the silver moon,
And he adored her as he never had
Before—so beautiful she was, as all

Alone upon the steps, the broad stone steps,
She stood. "Then fairest come with me, and we
Will glide together through the water in
This small gondola." "No," she answered. "No,
Antonio, to-night I cannot go.
Some other night may do as well. To-night
He'd miss me." Not a word he spoke, but with
A shove he left the steps, the marble steps.
He paddled onward through the night, and left
Her all alone, upon the broad stone steps
Alone. But once he turned and saw the form
Of his beloved motionless. She sighed,
And said, "He will return, will soon return."
Meanwhile the black gondola disappeared
Into the blacker night. The count then turned,
And started back, and as he passed the steps
She cried, "Antonio, Antonio,
Monsignor Count. Good night, Antonio."
But there was no response, no sound, except
The labored breathing of the boatman.
And she was in the darkness left alone.

"Bucknell," Oct. 1894.] —ROBIN BYRD.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

Recent valuable contributions of books and pamphlets have been received from the following friends: The American Baptist Publication Society, Mr. I. Baker Greene, Registrar Wm. C. Gretzinger, Prof. G. G. Groff, Pres. J. H. Harris, Pres. D. J. Hill, Rev. J. T. Judd, Capt. J. A. Owens, Prof. E. Perrine, William Jewell College, the family of the late Hon. Charles S. Wolfe, and various departments at Washington, D. C. Registrar Gretzinger and Prof. T. F. Hamblin have also loaned valuable works to the library for present use.

Lists of books needed in various departments, and of back numbers of Magazines and Reviews wanted to complete our library files, have been prepared and will be sent to friends on application to Librarian.

What in your garret is rubbish, on our shelves may prove treasure.

ADVANCED COURSES OF STUDY.

Thirty five courses of study leading to the Master's degree have been established in Bucknell, open to graduates of Bucknell only. This restriction is necessary, because of the large number of candidates for the first degree now in attendance upon the college. The courses may be taken in residence or non residence. The completion of nine of these courses is required for the degree. Three of the courses must be taken in some one department. The passing grade is nine. Honor courses taken by a student while studying for the first degree count as half courses for the second degree, provided the student has not fallen below ex. in any study. In that case one honor study is deducted for each such deficiency. President Harris offers courses in Psychology, in Ethics, in the History of Philosophy, in the History of Education and in the Philosophy of Religion. Professor Loomis offers courses in Goethe, in Lessing and Schiller, and in Racine and Moliere, each with collateral reading. Professor Groff offers courses in Vegetable Physiology, on Ferns and their allies, on "World Life," in Chemical Geology and in Physiology. Professor Barthol offers courses in Determinants, method of Least Squares, in Analytics and in Quaternions. Professor Rockwood offers courses in Early Latin, in Roman History and in Roman Antiquities, using Latin texts with collateral reading. Professor Owens offers courses in the Modern Theories of Chemistry, in Inorganic Chemistry and Organic Chemistry. Professor Perrine offers courses in Chaucer and his contemporaries, in the Development of the English Drama, in the Romantic Movement in English Literature and in "Pope versus Wordsworth." Professor Perrine also offers a course in Economics. Professor Hamblin offers courses in the Phaedrus of Plato, in the Medea of Euripides and in Grecian History and Antiquities. Professor Hulley offers courses in Hebrew Syntax, or in Cognate languages and in Bible study; also courses in Epochs of German History and in Epochs of English History. Professor Martin offers an advanced course in Logic. Electives in the Junior and Senior years may be taken by graduates.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

People everywhere have puzzled and vague minds about the Bible. Most people are densely and darkly ignorant of it, they seldom read or study it, and may not care anything for it. Others want to know the Bible and have long studied it, but they have done so only spasmodically, thoughtlessly and unsystematically. The trouble with most people who want to study the Bible is, they don't know where to begin, how to study, how much time it will take, or whose guidance to seek.

Long experience has proved that loose, vague, scrappy reading will not enable one to master the Bible in a lifetime. It never pays to do superficial work, for it must be done over and over again, and it never goes to the bottom of things. Nor can the Bible be mastered without effort. To learn it well takes years of study—some men and women give it their whole lifetime—but it takes far less time to master it, if one works with system and by a right method. The Bible is often obscure, but it is knowable and clear if studied. And it is surprising what a hold any person can get of the Bible in a few years' time by giving fifteen minutes every day to it. Everything depends on a right start, a definite plan, a good method, and wise guidance. For lack of a definite plan a great many people are floundering around in unrest, and getting no more out of the Bible than children just learning their letters. For lack of a good method and wise guidance, many are now doing double work for the same results that a proper course would bring. A willing worker under favorable conditions can cover the whole Bible as he would a school text book in four years, doing about two hours work every week. Most people do not know this, but many who are asking how to begin, inquire—Is there any good course of study, any good way to learn the Bible better? It is to help such as raise that question that I write this article. That question was asked me a score of times at the Lakeside Bible Work this summer. There is such a course or plan of study. It is now being offered by the American Institute of Sacred Literature of Chicago. To meet this very need with its own students it has prepared two four-year courses:

1. A Bible Reading Course.
2. A Bible Study Course.

These courses run four years and take a student or reader over the entire Bible. They require little time, little money and the minimum amount of labor. They aim to do everything that a right start, a definite plan, a good method and wise guidance can do for those who want to know the Bible. To those, therefore, who have asked me about the Bible Study, I may say these are the best methods and courses I know for Bible clubs, classes, schools or individuals. A letter to the Principal, W. R. Harper, Chicago, will, I am sure, bring an explanation of the course.

LINCOLN HULLEY.

AN AMATEUR CANOE RACE.

The day for the race dawned bright and clear. A good, steady breeze from the southwest tossed the waves in a saucy manner. Soon after breakfast the little clippers were launched and their bright sails hoisted. It was apparent to all that the "Sprite" had the greater spread of canvas and many looked upon her as the winner; but we, the champions of the "Nanon," trusting in the admirable "pointing" ability of our boat, looked forward to a close race.

While the "skippers" were trying their boats to see if everything was in working order, and the buoys, to mark the course, were being placed, the two camps were scenes of excitement, and all were hurrying to advantageous places from which to view the race.

The course was to be triangular, with the starting line between a float and a row boat just opposite our camp. From the starting point the boats were to run to the west, a reach of one-fourth of a mile; turning the buoy here the course was southwest, a beat to windward for three-fourths of a mile, to the buoy off the boat house; when around this it is a race nearly before the wind to the starting point. Twice around is nearly six miles, and gave the boats a chance to show their powers.

It was a pretty sight, just before the start, to see the "skippers" maneuvering for position. Here the Sprite showed a decided advantage over our boat in being quicker in "stays," and her followers were jubilant when, as the shot for the start echoed over the water, and both boats came about on the starboard tack for the reach to the first mark, it was seen that the Sprite had secured the weather position.

Although the maneuvering for the start had been exciting, it could not be compared with the "luffing" match which now took place. Soon after the start, the Nanon made an attempt to pass the Sprite to windward, but the latter seriously objected and luffed up into the wind, thus compelling Nanon to fall to leeward again. These tactics were repeated several times, but the Sprite was too quick in getting under way and so maintained her lead which she gained at the start.

"What an excellent turn the Sprite made," cried a friend of that boat as she glided around the first mark; but it had scarcely passed her lips when the Nanon, without a foot to spare, swung around the mark, and without slacking speed, came over on the port tack. The Sprite continued on the starboard.

“‘Now we will see which is more advantageous, ability to ‘point’ or ‘turn’ ”; said one of our party, as the friends of the two boats congregated on a rocky promontory with enough soil to support a few trees which afforded ample shade for the group. “Let me see; this leg to windward is three-fourths of a mile; if the Nanon turns the upper mark one minute ahead of the Sprite, and I am confident she will, the race will be hers; for the Sprite cannot pass her on the run home, and leading at the starting point means a stern chase for the Sprite to the first buoy, and therefore, barring accidents, the loss of the race.”

“Very good reasoning,” says one, “but the boats have tacked, and I think the Sprite will cross the bows of the Nanon.”

All is guess work now for we cannot see which is pointing higher. But the excitement is soon over; the Nanon's sails flutter and she is behind; but not much, for they are on the line between the first and second marks and so near that the Sprite's sails have blanketed the Nanon.

“Do you realize that the Nanon has gained nearly ten seconds on this one tack? At this rate H——'s figures may not be far out of the way.”

“Another tack will enable us to be more accurate,” is the rejoinder from the other side.

But meanwhile both boats have turned. How aggravatingly slow the Nanon is in turning! The Sprite has swung around and is well under way before her rival's sails have filled on the other tack; but is the Nanon pointing higher? We were not long in suspense, although it seemed hours.

The two boats are going toward each other at a rapid rate and the spray is flying from their bows, wetting the sails half way to the peak. H——, who has retired to a place where he has the two buoys in line, cries excitedly, “the Nanon crosses the line!” and five seconds later, “she passes the Sprite to windward! I knew she would do it.”

“Look! the Nanon is going to turn!” “We will see which is going the faster now.”

But the Sprite, after a few minutes sailing, turns also, but passes astern of her rival.

The Nanon turns again. It is a pretty piece of calculation to know just how far to go on one tack to make the buoy and not over-reach. But the Nanon made no mistake.

“H——, catch the time of rounding as I call; get ready with your watch.”

“Nanon!” “Now look sharp! Ha! Sprite missed the mark and must make another tack.”

“There she goes! What did you make it?”

“Just one minute and four seconds. Nanon will win.”

It was a beautiful sight, those two boats almost flying before the wind; and how exciting! It was conceded by all that Sprite would be defeated unless she could pass Nanon on this run. To overcome a lead of more than a minute in going to the home buoy was more than could be hoped for.

About two-thirds of the leg had been traversed when the cry arose that something was the trouble with the Nanon. Glasses were turned upon her, and it was seen that the jaw of her boom was out of place, and that S—— was forward repairing it.

“He returns to his seat,” “She is under headway again,” are heard in rapid succession. And none too soon, for Sprite is upon her. Any slip on the part of either means defeat now. Nanon is in the lead but Sprite ever on the alert to gain a point or catch the leader in error.

On they came with no apparent change in position. The Nanon swung gracefully around the home buoy and sped away for the second mark just four seconds in advance of her antagonist.

At the first buoy the struggle was exciting and the Sprite rounded first. But on the first tack Nanon regained her position in the lead.

As they neared the second buoy the wind swung a little to the westward and freshened. The lee decks of the boats were well under water and they were tearing along very rapidly. Nanon rounded the windward buoy and filled away for home, the last leg having devolved into a reach. One minute and six seconds later the Sprite rounded the mark and sped away after her fleet rival.

It was a close race home, but the Sprite, with her greater sail-area, could not overcome the lead which the Nanon gained in the windward work, and the latter crossed the line a winner by twenty seconds. “NANON.”

Pease (to group of students)—“Why is a geyser like Bucknell ministerials? As no one could guess the conundrum he gave the answer: “Because the frequency of spouting decreases with age.”

Athletics.

We are glad to see Megargee out practicing.

The faithful practice of the first team is highly commended.

Among the new men who have made favorable impressions on the football field are Thomas, Davis, Downing and Taggart.

We are glad to note that so many tennis enthusiasts are daily found on the courts practicing, with the view of making next year's tournament the most successful in the history of the University.

The first team's playing against the scrub team (often composed of fifteen men) is hard and snappy with enough vim and dash to interest the crowd of spectators that daily assemble to watch the practice.

We heartily endorse Trainer Young's methods of strengthening the College team. If a player on the second team has repeatedly proved himself better than his opponent on the regular team, it is no more than just that he be transferred. Let us all unite to have the strongest possible team represent Bucknell this year.

On the pleasant afternoon of October 6 all who strolled to the hill saw a pretty exhibition of football between the "pets" and the Wyoming Seminary team. The game was exciting from beginning to end, although the score might indicate otherwise. The Wyoming boys never came near making a touch-down. In the first half (25 minutes) three touch-downs were made. In the second half (15 minutes) three more touch-downs were scored, the second being made in three rushes, and the last in four. Thomas made four touch-downs and Bunnell two. Score 34–0, in favor of Bucknell. Umpire, Thorpe; referee, Young; lineman, Hulley.

BUCKNELL.		WYOMING SEM.
Wolfe	left end	Rockwell.
Kauffman	tackle	Best.
Hollinshead	guard	Ames.
Wilson	centre	Lake.
Cober	right guard	Beatty.
Collins	right tackle	Brymer.
Elliott	right end	Loveland, Reynolds.
Firth	quarter back	Gendall, Watkins.
Bunnell	right half	Fenstermacher, Colley.
Thomas	left half	Rymer.
Jennings	full back	Leacock, Loveland.

On October 13 the College team played the Y. M. C. A. team of Wilkesbarre at that place. The score was reported 4–0, in favor of Wilkesbarre; but thereby hangs a tale. Our team was confident of victory. That they didn't win was not due to inferior playing on their part. It was due mostly, however, to the lack of sand and judgment on the part of the umpire and referee, one of whom, we are sorry to say, represented Bucknell. The "Y. M. C. A." players made repeated foul plays, and not once were they punished. However the climax was reached in the first half when, on an unsuccessfully attempted goal kick from the field by the Y. M. C. A.'s full back, a touch-down was allowed, whereas the ball ought to have been brought back to the ten-yard line. Two twenty-minute halves were to have been played, but only twenty-five minutes were spent in actual play. Once, when Bucknell had the ball within a few yards of Y. M. C. A.'s goal, time was actually called two minutes before the half was played. Bucknell can always stand an honorable defeat, but when the score ought to be 0–0, and it is called 4–0, she kicks. Umpires, Smith and Woodruff; referees, Woodruff and Smith; lineman, Long:

Y. M. C. A.		BUCKNELL.
Robinson	left end	Wolfe.
Stark	left tackle	Kauffman.
Mercur	left guard	Hollinshead.
Stearns	centre	Wilson.
Keating	right guard	Cober.
Allen, Butler	right tackle	Collins.
Lazarus	right end	Firth.
Miller	quarter back	Rohland.
Leacock	left half	Bunnell.
Dunn	right half	Thomas, Elliott.
Loveland	full back	Jennings.

Local.

SINTON'S ODE TO HIS NEW CANE.

Ah! pretty cane, how dear to me!
Thy lovely form, how fair to see!
Thy silver head, so shining bright!
Thy arching neck exquisite quite!

Truth for authority, not authority for truth.—*Dr. Groff.*

J. T. Anderson, '98, has accepted the call to Montgomery.

Parker, '97, is again in classes. We are glad to see him back.

The Prohibition Club has made arrangements to hold an Oratorical contest some time during the term.

Fisk made a splendid ringmaster at the Seminary Bicycle Meet.

The students of Professor Phillips' Sunday school class regret that he has resigned.

We must get a Y. M. C. A. building. Our cramped quarters are getting too small.

Barner is not preaching at Northumberland just now, but he usually spends Sunday there.

The Anderson Club has elected Jackson captain and Suiter manager of its football team.

The Sophs' hearts were gladdened on the 6th inst., the occasion being the arrival of their class canes.

One of the Seniors wears a suspicious looking ring with '93 engraved on it. The owner is unknown.

The Sommers Club has organized a football team with Firth as captain, Powell manager and Sinton as coach.

The Y. M. C. A. state convention was held in Johnstown on the 18-22d. Several of the students attended it.

Many of the University students assisted in the drama, ''Luther at Worms,'' in the opera house October 15 and 16.

Mr. A. F. Anderson, of the class of '94, led Y. M. C. A. on the 4th, previous to his final departure for Washington.

The Freshmen's canes are not quite so classic nor artistic as the Sophomores', but they seem to be a little more persuasive.

Who can tell? Does the Freshmen class intend to witness all the football games of the season in a body without paying admission fee?

W. T. Harris in History—''O, I don't doubt for a moment that the author is right, but *my* private opinion is, that he is wrong.''

Professor Edwards has taken charge of Professor Phillips' class in Sunday school. The boys are well pleased with their new teacher.

Mr. J. H. Wood, the accomplished and genial editor in-chief of the Wyoming Seminary *Journal*, was a visitor at Bucknell on the 6th inst.

On Saturday evening, October 6, Sheddan gave an interesting talk in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. His subject was, ''The Wonderful Country and the Wonderful Man.''

Mr. Gilbert A. Beaver, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., gave a very interesting and practical address to the Bible classes on the 8th inst.

Dr. Loomis met with a severe accident while riding his bicycle a few days ago. But it did not prevent the plucky Doctor from holding his classes.

At a meeting of the Natural History Society on Thursday, October 11, Professor Aviragnet gave a very interesting lecture on ''Life in Mauritius.''

The University Mandolin Club has organized and is diligently preparing for the winter season. Moyer, Martin, Walkinshaw, T. Cooper and Pierce make up the club.

A dancing class has been formed for the benefit of the students of the University. For further information apply to L. C. Walkinshaw, tanzkaiser, or R. B. McCay, tanzbodenkonig.

J. B. Suiter attended the C. E. convention held at York, Pa., October 17-19. He reports a good convention, pleasant time and a strong desire to push forward the work here in our own county.

The College and Academy boys who had the pleasure of witnessing the Seminary bicycle race were delighted with it. They were especially pleased to see plucky Miss Wells come out ahead.

''Two make a company and three make a crowd,'' said Mr. Powell to himself when he met an old Northumberland acquaintance the day of the Wyoming Seminary and Bucknell football game.

The Phi Kappa Psi fraternity has initiated the following members: Cutler, '97; Mulkie, '98; Clement, '98. Camp, '97, and Freas, '98, have joined Sigma Chi, and Collins, '97, was recently taken into Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Miss Anna Lillian Dunkle, a graduate of the National School of Oratory and the Boston College of Oratory, will give an exhibition in Elocution, Posture and Delsarte in Bucknell Hall, October 25. Proceeds for the cinder track and the Y. M. C. A.

Kauffman, Elliott, Collins and Fetzer went along with Company A, Twelfth Regiment, on Wednesday, October 10, to pay the last tribute of respect to our old War Governor Curtin, who was buried at Bellefonte. The boys report a very pleasant trip.

L'Agenda Board: Editor-in-chief, H. T. Colestock; Associate Editors, L. C. Wilkinshaw, H. Harris, A. T. Williams, B. Reynolds, D. E. Lewis, S. R. Wood, Miss Mary Wolfe; Business Manager, B. B. Ware; Assistant Business Manager, A. W. Stevens.

The members of the Junior class who will take part in the annual Junior debate are: H. T. Colestock, A. A. Cober, J. W. Davis, Alex. Douglass, W. E. Hall, D. E. Lewis, R. B. McCay, E. R. Powell, Barclay Reynolds, A. C. Rohland, B. B. Ware and S. R. Wood.

On the gentle northern slope of a certain college hill, under a shady oak, stands a plain but historical memorial slab. An ancient tradition comes down to us concerning this memorial slab, which has withstood the winds and stormy blasts of many winters. Although weatherbeaten and somewhat worn, yet its inscription can easily be read. The tradition runs as follows: There once attended the college, on the slope of whose hill the memorial is erected, a student commonly known among the other college students as "Jimmy," the Adventurer. Jimmy was a very modest and unassuming fellow. He was quite industrious, scarcely ever being idle. He was also an excellent student, doing more work than most of his classmates. Natural history was his most enjoyable branch, and it is said that he was much given to the study of all living things, whether ***humani generis***, or four-footed beasts or things that crawl – especially the latter. There is a fabulous story to the effect that by his diligent study of reptiles he had made himself known to every reptile in the community. Besides being an ardent student of natural history, Jimmy was very skillful in the art of mechanics. His services were frequently employed by the college boys in making various useful articles for their rooms. He also was employed by the Registrar of the college to do work in and about the college buildings. Jimmy had been attending college for several years and had become quite well known to everybody. He seldom was absent from school; but one autumn day he suddenly disappeared. His absence was soon observed by all. Many of his associates thought that he had only gone in search of plants or new specimens of reptiles of which he had quite a collection. This explanation satisfied the minds of the students for a while; but as he failed to appear after a full week had elapsed, they all concluded that something serious must have happened to him. His sudden and strange disappearance became known far and wide. Even the leading papers of the country caught up the mystery and published it throughout the land. Tradition has it that it was believed by some that he had accidently fallen into the river and drowned, and that dredging parties were sent out to dredge the river; and that even the professors of the college became anxious for a time concerning the mysterious disappearance of Jimmy. But the report that he had been drowned proved to be untrue; for later on it was learned that he had been seen in a distant locality of New Jersey. Many conjectures were made to account for his presence there. Some strongly asserted that he had gone there to enrich his collections of reptiles. Others more strongly held that he had gone there to rescue from a great chief a lovely maiden who was very dear to his heart. This conjecture seemed the most probable and was most generally credited, for it had been well known among his associates that his affections were bound to a young princess who lived in some distant region. Time rolled on and no trace of Jimmy appeared around the college. The students concluded that in his adventure with the prince who had captured the object of his affections, he had no doubt been defeated and, in his endeavor to escape, had hid in the bogs and morasses of New Jersey, where he finally perished from hunger and cold. But the memory of Jimmy was dear to the hearts of the students, and so, to preserve it for future students of the college, they, one dark night, by dim lantern-light, erected the monument which stands (?) on the northern slope of the college hill.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Esther Green was made happy by the unexpected arrival of her mother on Friday afternoon, who will spend a few days at the Institute.

Mrs. G. R. Bliss and her youngest daughter are staying with us at the Institute while they renew associations with old friends at Lewisburg. Mrs. Bliss shows her interest in our work by meeting with the girls in classic reading. Her rendering of Queen Katherine's appeal to the King in the trial scene, in the play of Henry VIII, will not soon be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to hear her.

On Saturday, Oct. 13, at 4.30 p. m., a bicycle race was witnessed by a number of the students. The contestants were all members of the Institute: Miss Esther Green, Miss Bessie Brubaker, Miss Laura Fague, Miss Mabel Wells, Miss Kate Goddard. Prof. Aviragnet offered three prizes for the swiftest cyclers. At his request Mr. Vincent B. Fisk took charge of the contest. Miss Mabel Wells took the first prize, going three times around the circuit in two minutes and forty-two seconds.

The Alumnae club of Lewisburg, held their first meeting of the term on the evening of October 9. A full attendance of members and many visitors attested the interest taken in this organization. A choice part of the program was the beautiful solo sung by Miss Gould. After listening to a digest of the current literary and political events by Mrs. Loomis and Miss Annie MacDonald, the following board of officers for the year were elected: President, Miss Annie VanGundy; vice-president, Mrs. T. F. Hamblin; secretary, Miss Annie Evans; treasurer, Miss VanDyke; correspondent for the Philadelphia Alumnae club, Miss Mary Bartol. The interest the recent graduates show in the club work is gratifying and promises well for the future.

The Tuesday afternoon prayer meetings, under the direction of the Y. W. C. A., are attended with steadily increasing interest as the term advances. Their power for good, the chastening and ennobling influence they exert in our lives, cannot be estimated. The meeting of this week was of special interest, since it brought before us the work of the Association in its various phases. Several papers were read and reports given, bearing upon the duties of the different committees in the state and international work. We were made happier by the words of Mrs. Geo. R. Bliss, who emphasized the thought that we should not despair of results, although we cannot see immediate fruits of our efforts. Thursday evening there was a special meeting held for prayer for the growth of our Association.

In order to introduce Miss Minnie Gould, the new vocal teacher, to the people of Lewisburg, Prof. Aviragnet asked her to give a recital in Bucknell Hall. Invitations printed on postal cards were sent to all the families of the town. A collection taken between the first and the second part of the recital produced for the students' loan fund a sum of $12.10. Two dollars were sent the day after by Mr. Eschenbach with a letter in which he said how much he regretted that he had not been able to come. The recital of Miss Gould was a great success. She sang six pieces of different kinds and all of the highest grade, and gave to each of them a special and appropriate rendering. Applause and encore followed each song. Miss Aikin played as usual with great *maestria*, and the Misses Louise and Josephine Lawshe, as well as Mr. Brown Martin and Mr. Moyer, gave great credit to the school of music. The program was as follows:

1 Air from Les Huguenots Nobil Signor-Salute, *Meyerbeer*
MISS MINNIE GOULD.
2 Alla Polacca Fantaisie Pour-Violin et Piano, *Carl Bohm*
MISSES L. AND J. LAWSHE.
3 Der Waldteufel . . . . *Bohm*
MISS MINNIE GOULD.
4 Caprice . . . . *Wollenhaupt*
MISS JULIET AIKIN.
5 Holy City . . . . *Adams*
MISS MINNIE GOULD.
6 Cavanita, (From Il Trovatore,) . . . . *Verdi*
MISS MINNIE GOULD.
7 Duet for Mandolin and Guitar . . . .
MESSRS. MOYER AND B. MARTIN.
8 Sing, Smile, Slumber . . . . *Gounod*
MISS MINNIE GOULD.
9 Sonata in G . . . . *Dussek*
MISS JULIET AIKIN.
10 Air des Noces de Figaro—"I Am Lost," . . . *Mozart*
MISS MINNIE GOULD.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

The study room is always well occupied during the day.

Craig and Hutchinson are suffering from sprained ankles.

Deibler returned home on October 6 to attend the funeral of his uncle.

Sam Wittenmyer is an excellent violinist, and also plays the guitar and mandolin.

Tom Cooper had a rib badly cracked in the Bloomsburg game, but is convalescent.

Professor and Mrs. Hamblin were guests of Professor and Mrs. Stewart at supper recently.

Cober is crowning himself with honor on the College team. The Academy is proud of him.

Professor in Greek, late for class—"Mr. H—, what do you understand by an attributive participle?" Mr. H——: "I don't understand anything."

The first case of “campusing” for years occurred the first week in October, but the fellow managed to see his sweetheart just the same. “Love will find the way.”

The students who went to Bloomsburg are glad they are students at Bucknell Academy, and appreciate more than ever before the luxuries and privileges which they enjoy in Lewisburg.

Paul N. Reish, who attended the Academy last year, and is now at Bloomsburg State Normal School, is longing to return to Bucknell. He came over to see some of the boys on October 12.

Elmer E. Conrath, one of the brightest students that ever entered Bucknell Academy, is editor of a Johnstown paper and Recording Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of that place. Mr. Conrath will entertain two of our delegates at the Johnstown convention, October 18-21.

It was with deep regret that we bade Hobbins farewell on October 11. He is suffering from nervous prostration, caused by overwork, and is compelled to return home to recuperate the remainder of the term. We trust January will bring him back to us well, strong and happy.

The Academy team went to Bloomsburg to play the State Normal School on October 6, expecting to win, though deprived of the services of three of her best men on account of the other game at home, but, sad to relate, they were defeated to the tune of forty to nothing, and Bloomsburg had revenge for the overwhelming defeat of last year. The game was free from slugging and the boys were treated very cordially by Bloomsburg. Professor Edwards accompanied the boys and Professor Phillips stopped off to see the game on his way to Scranton.

Jordan, a new Academic student, is a fine baseball player. The Pittsburg *Ledger* says of him, “He has won himself great laurels in the eyes of the baseball cranks of Erie.” The Erie *Daily Herald* in an article on a game in which Jordan played says, “Jordan, who has been twirling the ball like an old leaguer, stepped to the plate and drove the ball over the fence for a home run which tied the score and eventually won the game. Jordan's work in the field was of a gilt edge order and if he is not found in fast company some day it will be because he does not care to follow the business.” We hope Joe will distinguish himself on the Bucknell team.

Personals.

'69. Prof. F. Curtis, son of the late Prof. Curtis, is now associate principal of the famous Chauncey Hall school in Boston.

Ex-'82. Mary McCay Wenck, M. D., of Sunbury, Pa., was called to Lewisburg on the 9th of October on professional business.

'82. Rev. R. M. Hunsicker, of Brookville, Pa., recently visited friends in town. Rev. Hunsicker has resigned his charge at that place.

'88. Dr. Paul J. Pontius has changed his address from Chicago to 162 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

'91. Rev. A. Lincoln Moore is meeting with good success as pastor of the Allegheny avenue Baptist church, Philadelphia.

'92. Charles Koons has opened a law office in Youngstown, Ohio.

'92. Charles G. Schaeffer is the aggressive principal of the Pleasant Hill, La., Academy. This preparatory school is connected with Masonic College at Fort Jessup, La.

'93. —— E. C. Pauling is in Topeka, Japan, studying the Corean language.

'94. Robert Bailey Davidson is now pursuing a Ph. D. course at Chicago University.

'94. Warren S. Marts is professor of Greek and Natural Science at Perkiomen Seminary.

'94. Ralph R. Snow is attending school at Chicago University.

'94. J. R. Wood spent several days with friends in the college during the first part of the month.

'94. Raymond Davis sailed for Madras on October 10.

'94. Thomas Fretz was married on the 18th of September to Miss Emma V. Starick.

'94. Grace Guthrie is taking a post graduate course at Cornell.

'94. Mary B. Harris is professor of Latin and Literature at Bethel College, Hopkinsville, Ky.

'94. P. S. Calvin is studying theology at the Rochester, N. Y., Theological Seminary.

'94. G. H. Waid, A. E. Finn, J. R. Wood, A. H. Wynkoop, C. W. Williams and C. F. McMann are studying theology at Crozer.

BUCKNELL MIRROR

SUPPLEMENT.

A THANKSGIVING HINT.

Where will a little kindness go so far as in a gift to the Library of Alma Mater? A little gift of a volume or a set, fresh from the press or stained by time, seems so slight a return to the old College that nurtured us! Yes, but multiply it by the years since you got your sheepskin, then multiply yourself by the other good men and true who have similar cause for gratitude, and the aggregate annual growth would make Alma Mater's eyes water.

See the generations of students gaze upon your name on the fly leaf! Hear their resolve to imitate your example! What an intimate and delightful fellowship might be maintained between yourself and the institution by such annual gifts. We need the good cheer of class and society comradship; the stirring enthusiasm over athletic victories. But we also need the close touch with faculties and students which your library benefactions would so easily maintain. Try it this year. The experience will prove so delightful that your wealthy friends will catch your enthusiasm and share in your subsequent pilgrimages to Mecca.

The interest in public libraries now so general throughout our country can have no more important result than the equipment of College libraries, Here books are genuine tools to fashion the fashioners of men. Never before did the schools make such good use of the tools. While the college library today supplements all lines of instruction, it is in itself a field of research in original sources of knowledge. History, Politics and Literature used to be read about; today they are studied at first hand in the college library.

This little homily is to prepare you for the invitation to participate in the Thanksgiving Book Contribution of 1894, when an opportunity will be afforded you to deposit your gift upon the library shelves, and to enjoy the gifts the other fellows bring. Please do not excuse yourself from attending, at least in spirit, for we need not only yours but you. Better bring your bundle under your arm, but if impossible to attend, the expressman may be trusted to help.

If timid about the selection of the gift, or fearful of duplicating some work already in hand, a postal query will bring facts and suggestions of help. Or if not in easy reach of metropolitan book-store, a check or money order will enable us to make selection for you, of which due acknowledgement will be made.

If Alma Mater is not thankful the morning after Thanksgiving, whose fault will it be? Gentle reader let us hope the truthful answer may rise to your lips, "Not mine." Your prompt action may warrant the truthful answer, "Not yours"!

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 10, 1894. No. 3.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

Editorial.

THE success that has attended the BUCKNELL MIRROR is due in no small degree to the very excellent manner in which our publishers have done their work. In our opinion no college journal in the country is superior to the MIRROR in its mechanical make-up and general appearance. The Fred. R. Miller Blank Book Co. of Williamsport has done its work in every way satisfactorily to us, and in changing printers we do not hope to improve the character of the work.

By publication in town, the local editors are able to enter news several days later than was otherwise possible, and the whole journal is more directly under the control of the management and of the editorial board. We thank the Fred. R. Miller Co. for the many courtesies shown us during the past few years.

WE regret the protracted illness of Mr. G. L. Bayard our associate editor in the Academy. He seems now in a fair way to recovery. Meanwhile Mr. Perrin is doing excellent work as Academy correspondent.

We wish to encourage the mention in that column of the athletic interests of the Academy.

BUCKNELL has had good reason to boast of her foot-ball team thus far. We believe that a creditable record is before us. The scores of all games played by the first team up to this time amount to 142–12 in favor of Bucknell. This score represents the results of five games: Milton, Wyoming Seminary, Wilkesbarre Y. M. C. A., Franklin and Marshall College, and Colgate University.

WE know times have been hard and money is scarce; but, nevertheless, the MIRROR cannot prosper and meet its obligations without money. As our subscription list is large you can readily see that it occasions a waste of much time and energy for our Business Manager to collect from delinquent subscribers. If every one would pay promptly much needless trouble would be saved. If your subscription is not yet paid settle at once and do not wait to receive another bill.

WE are well proud of our personal editors but we cannot claim for them omniscience. Before the Alumni complain that they are not fully represented, they should inquire what is being done by their own societies to aid the editors of the personal column. Unless the different Alumni secretaries will enter into communication with us, our information will be scant and often unreliable. BUCKNELL MIRROR is improving as rapidly as Bucknell University and it should be a matter of pride to each Alumnus to advance our interests and to maintain a close relationship with Bucknell in its onward course.

EUEPIA Literary Society, through its energetic committee, has introduced into its programs the mock legislature which has proved so entertaining and instructive in other societies. The co-operation of all the members is desired so that the undertaking may be completely successful. The ordinary programs of debates, orations, and essays are varied occasionally by parliamentary drills, and dialectic exercises. All the Literary Societies are in a flourishing condition and have received many new literary lights and enthusiastic orators. The meetings already show an improvement over those of last year. The student who neglects these meetings is neglecting the most important side, it seems, of his intellectual training.

One of our contemporaries in the Eastern part of the State writes of "limits to underclass mischief" and declares that certain actions of the freshman class "will not be tolerated." This vague threat of course aims at terrifying the guilty freshmen, but it probably has no such effect. We have seen the deeds repeated every year and the threats just as often reiterated by some important upper-class man. The offense charged in this case was that of painting the gate to the athletic field. We can do little to prevent such nonsense; certainly weak threats will have no effect. As often as there is a new freshman class, so often will there be childish tricks by a few of its members, and we have but to wait a little while until this few shall learn to respect the sentiment of the class and the principles of common sense. Some of our freshmen recently spent several valuable morning hours in painting the class trade mark every where through the town. But we feel convinced that our freshman class is not responsible for this action nor in sympathy with it.

It seems a pity to spoil a long clean record; but when we do the spoiling, it is all right. The Colgate foot-ball team, so long unconquered, met more than a match when Bucknell went to Scranton to enlighten the natives. The Colgate team was there in full force and expecting an easy victory. Our game was won by fair hard playing, and in spite of the fact that we lost Bunnell and Capt. Kauffman early in the game. These two injuries are indeed great misfortunes and may serve to open our own eyes a little. Last year when popular indignation rose in protest against the "barbarities of foot ball" it was found necessary to amend the rules of the game and to quiet the public with promises of a better game in future. The rules were greatly improved and yet, so far as our knowledge extends, the list of injured is now nearly as great as it was last season at this time; and poor Bucknell has received more than its share so early in the year. The reason? The referee neglects or refuses to enforce the rules. In almost every case of injury this year, the trouble has resulted from the massing of the players after the ball is down. And yet there is a distinct provision in the new rules guarding against this, and a penalty of fifteen yards for every violation of the rule. It is time now to enforce these rules which all players approve but which are practically void. We hardly desire to repeat last year's experiences, nor to swell this year's "roll of honor." Foot ball is doomed unless our teams will play under the rules made for the protection of the players themselves.

Literary.

TO THE IDOL OF SUMMER.

These autumn days when you and I are parted,
  When the mysterious veil of duty is drawn between
Our fateful lives—will you, still loving-hearted,
  Think tenderly of moments that have been?

Not in your busy hours; life is too real
  Always to wear the mien of fond regret,
And we must work:—so in your heart will steal,
  Some mements when you may forget.

But in the golden twilight of the day that's dying
  When from the western hills the advancing shadows
You, with never a dreamy thought of sighing, [creep;
  Watch the stars as they awake from sleep;

When in the eventide—so free from duty,
  The thickening shadows hide the view from sight,
When Nature—still resplendent in her beauty,
  Lies tremulously in the arms of night;

Ah! will you then look back with tender yearning,
  And dream of one whose life is all for you;
One whose work will be forever learning
  The hopeless tasks that Fate commands to do?

Or is our love, as with so many, only
  A passion; O! so fond yet fleet?
No, dear; I trust your heart—still true, tho' lonely
  Will keep remembrance of a past so sweet.

ODE TO CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN.

The dauntless "Madman of the North"
With Sweden's army marches forth,
And undismayed by triple foes
To Copenhagen onward goes.
With trivial troop and petty fleet
He brings proud Denmark to his feet.
Advancing next to Narva's aid,
Away besieging Russians fade.
Invading Poland with his band,
Augustus stoops to kiss his hand.
Great honor to the potent king;
Let long and loud his praises ring.

ROBIN BYRD.

THE REV. ARTHUR DIMMESDALE'S PHYSICIAN.

In Hawthorn's "Scarlet Letter," the characters of the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, the young minister, and of Roger Chillingworth, the old physician, reveal some of the deepest traits of human character. Hawthorne has given the key to their characters in his introduction of them to the reader. In the case of the minister, however, the reader does not realize that the key has been given until, by rather extended reading, he finds himself face to face with the real man, when he sees it in the second sentence of Mr. Dimmesdale's exhortation to Hester: "If thou feelest it to be for thy soul's peace, and that thy earthly punishment will thereby be made more effectual to salvation, I charge thee to speak out the name of thy fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer." This sentence might well have been repeated at the end of the book as a summary of the minister's character. The word "if," suggestive of indecision and with its plea to her affection for him, is the final notch in the key which fits it to open wide the minister's heart.

The actions of the physician when he recognizes Hester, as she stands on the scaffold, give, at once, a deep insight into the strong will which was such a predominant feature of his character. Nor was his determination less strong. As he sat with Hester in the prison, and sought to learn from her the name of the father of her child, he revealed this tenacity of purpose when he said to her: "Believe me, Hester, there are few things,—whether in the outward world, or to a certain depth, in the invisible sphere of thought,—few things hidden from the man who devotes himself earnestly and unreservedly to the solution of a mystery." And he expressed the purpose which became the controlling passion of his life, when he said: "I shall seek this man, as I have sought truth in books; as I have sought gold in alchemy. There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him. I shall see him tremble. I shall feel myself shudder, suddenly and unawares. Sooner or later, he must needs be mine."

Roger Chillingworth is but an example of many another man who has been triumphed over by that which he sought to control. In a man of a strong positive nature every great purpose needs to be kept constantly under control, or else it will finally assert itself a tyrannical master. The old physician started upon his quest with a comparatively honest purpose. He meant to discover, if possible, him whom Hester refused to reveal. Hester's firmness in keeping her secret served only to make him more resolute. He apparently, at first, had no intention other than to simply discover the partner in her sin, but when he gave his whole energy to this object, he early found himself impelled by some spirit of evil.

A strong purpose, such as that which impelled Roger Chillingworth, must necessarily influence largely a man's development. It becomes a part of himself, because it exercises all those characteristics which make up his character. The same purpose may oftentimes either elevate or debase, as it is either his servant or his master, as it is controlled, or as it sways and controls him by its intensity. However honest may have been at first the physician's intentions, as he gave himself up wholly to their influence, they began to weave about him a web whose meshes finally held him beyond escape. And not only was his character dwarfed and debased by the imperious rule of this purpose, it even manifested itself in his face, changing its expression, until at times it was even repulsive. It embittered his whole nature, stealing away what good traits did exist and making his great intelligence subservient to his one overmastering purpose.

As the "little things" of life enter so largely into our characters, we should early learn to be undisputed masters of the seemingly unimportant purposes of every-day life. Only so can strength be accumulated for handling successfully the deeper and farther-reaching impulses of maturer age.

A SUNSET AT SEA.

We had often heard of the wonders of a sunset at sea. Its praises were sounded so enthusiastically that we were impatient to enter upon investigations of our own to see if they were not, in some degree at least, overdrawn. So we seized an early opportunity, while crossing the Pacific, to put to the test the veracity of our friends.

At the close of a day, in which the sun had shone in all his glory, a party of five of us gathered on deck at the stern of the vessel to witness his departure for the night.

Almost sceptical of the superior beauty of a sunset at sea to one on land, we stood and watched the sky flushing deeper and deeper as the sun sank slowly toward the horizon. The rosy hue sqread far and wide till it tinted even the East.

As the colors began to pale, pictures, recognized by the most unimaginative, took shape in the sky and in easy succession, passed away, leaving others as real in their places. First appeared a lake as if bathed in a sunset glow of its own, reflecting to perfection the brushwood growing along its shores. The sun of the picture was the bona fide orb which was even then just sinking out of sight in a bank of clouds. By degrees, islands appeared in the lake, and, at one end, a hill, shutting it in with its dark bulk, which contrasted well with the bright sparkling surface of the water.

As this picture faded, another took its place after the manner of dissolving views. The hill at the side turned to a rocky promontory rising abruptly from the sea, while the lake changed to a golden color flecked with patches of red, and the islands in it, diminished in size but increased greatly in number. All was indistinct during the interval of transition, when there came out, clear and bright, a strip of beach by the sea, evidently the scene of some recent battle. The bodies of the dead and wounded lay around, just as they would as they fell when shot, some still grasping their muskets, even in death. The marks of red on the sand, were blood stains from the conflict, making the picture too vivid to look upon without a shudder.

Gradually this paled into a quiet, rural scene. A far reaching marsh now stretched before us. Pools of limpid water showed in clear relief against the dark landscape, and in the midst of the picture was another large sheet of water. Small islands dotted the calm surface of the lake, on which we could distinguish, growing in profusion, great clusters of cat-tails with every stalk distinct. This was indeed a sight to gladden the eyes of the travellers who for days had seen nothing but the broad expanse of water about them.

But the ruddy glow could not long remain. The exquisite landscape changed almost imperceptibly in shape and color, growing more soft and soothing, as it faded from the brillant red, to a color more subdued, then on to a golden light and finally turned to the gray of early twilight.

A quiet restful peace seemed to settle upon us all as we gazed upon this beauty, in strong contrast with the tumult of pity and dread aroused by the lonely battle field. We stood silent for a while, after the sky had wrapped itself in evening shades, gazing longingly still at the place where the glorious panorama had so recently passed before us. Its early grandeur and later calm had left in our hearts a feeling of awe and of blessed peace, the influence of which has never left us nor the remembrance grown dim.

A. K. G.

Athletics.

We miss Kauffman and Bunnell on the Campus during the foot-ball practice. Both are doing well at this writing. We hope and wish for them a speedy and permanent recovery.

Prof. Hulley's umpiring in the Scranton game was perfectly fair. It gave satisfaction to both teams.

Probably fifteen hundred foot-ball admirers occupied favorable seats on the natural grand stand on Saturday afternoon, October 20, and saw one of the most interesting games that has been played on the campus for a long time.

The outcome of the game for Bucknell appeared doubtful before time for play was called, as Franklin and Marshall, the opposing team, had been doing good work during the season. Her supporters were so confident of victory that they even offered odds on the result.

Their team was heavier than ours, but what Bucknell lacked in weight she more than balanced by pluck and training.

Bucknell led off with a kick amid wild encouraging yells; but when,after two minutes of actual play, she scored a touchdown, pandemonium reigned. Bunnell kicked the goal in fine style.

After this, touch-downs and goals seemed to be the order of the day, 30 points being scored by Bucknell before the first half of thirty-five minutes was over.

In the second half our boys scored 12 more points in fifteen minutes. Total score, 42–0 in favor of Bucknell.

The features of the game were the steady team work of Bucknell, which was very noticeable and highly commended, reflecting great credit on the trainer; the defensive playing of the home team, when on two occasions Franklin and Marshall had the ball almost on Bucknell's goal line and yet was prevented from scoring by losing the ball. In the evening, Judge McClure gave a supper to the players in honor of their victory. A parade in the evening celebrating the victory, was followed by a bonfire on the campus. Umpire, Young; referee, Apple; lineman, Prof. Hulley.

BUCKNELL.		FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL.
Kauffman	right end	Stroup.
Collins	right tackle . . .	Hower.
Cober	right guard . . .	Stover.
Wilson	centre	Girder.
Hollinshead . . .	left guard . . .	Keefer.
Lesher	left tackle . . .	Hartman.
Wolfe	left end	Bachman.
Firth	quarter back . .	Cramer.
Bunnell	left half	Bertolette.
Elliott	right half . . .	Long.
Megargee, Jennings .	full back	Baker.

On Saturday evening, October 27, the heart of every body was gladdened when it was reported that Bucknell had been victorious in the Bucknell–Colgate game by the score of 12–8.

The joy of the unexpected news was not unmixed with sadness, however, when it was learned that Captain Kauffman had sustained a compound fracture of the left lower leg during the early part of the game and that Mr. Bunnell, who has been playing a brilliant game at half so far, had his left knee badly sprained while tackling one of Colgate's heavy men. Both were compelled to retire from the game. Mr. Kauffman was taken to the Lackawana hospital where the fracture was attended to.

It was Bucknell's ball when the game started. Colgate was slowly advancing the ball when, after three or four minutes of play, Bunnell was injured and Thomas took his place. Before ten minutes were spent in play, Kauffman was compelled to retire from the game on account of the above mentioned accident. Soon after resuming play, Bucknell made her first touch-down and kicked the goal. Before the half was over, Colgate had scored a touch-down and Bucknell had scored her second and last touch-down together with a goal. In the second half, Colgate succeeded in scoring another touch-down and, for the second time, failed to kick the goal. Score, 12–8 in favor of Bucknell.

The game was replete with brilliant plays many of which were made by the defenders of the orange and blue.

The star play was made by Wolfe in the first half. He took the ball, broke through the heavy centre of Colgate, dodged two men, and after a run of 65 yards scored a touch-down. Considering the odds our men faced, we cannot commend their good work too highly. Colgate was much heavier, and not having been defeated once during the last four years felt the defeat sorely.

Nearly one hundred friends of the players met them at Montandon and escorted them home. Speeches were made by Dr. Harris, Prof. Bartol and Judge McClure congratulating the team on its good work. Umpire, Prof. Hulley; referee, Prof. Harman; lineman, Jackson.

Attendance 500; time sixty minutes.

COLGATE.		BUCKNELL.
Hodge	right end . .	Kauffman, Elliott.
Runyon . . .	right tackle . . .	Collins.
W. S. Ford . .	right guard . . .	Cober.
Briggs	centre	Wilson.
S. J. Ford . . .	left guard . . .	Hollinshead.
Mack	left tackle . . .	Lesher.
Prickett	left end	Wolfe.
Rathbone . . .	quarter back . . .	Firth.
Lears, Colewell .	right half .	Bunnell, Megargee.
Coleman . . .	left half . .	Elliott, Thomas.
Tomblinson . .	full back . .	Megargee, Jennings.

Manager Cregar announces a game with the Indian school at Carlisle to be played on Bucknell's campus Saturday, Nov. 10. This is the last game that will be played at Lewisburg this season.

Local.

Lewis, '96, makes a flying trip to Proctor every three weeks.

Prof. Phillips preached at Northumberland, November 4.

The Week of Prayer for Colleges lasts from November 11–17.

Fisk threatens to bring a law suit against some of the Freshmen.

Sprague, '97, preached at the Marsh Mission, Sunday evening, October 21.

R. V. Rex, '98, has been initiated into the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

Dillon, Harris, Jennings and Bunnell rendered good service at the gymnasium fire.

President Harris preached in the Baptist Church at Cumberland on the 21st of October.

Baldwin, '96, has returned to resume his school duties. We welcome him back.

Bunnel, '97, made a visit to his home from October 13 to the 18th of the same month.

Palmer, '97, attended the Christian Endeavor Convention that was recently held at York.

Some of the ladies of the College have expressed a desire to take part in the Literary Societies.

The elocutionary entertainment given by Miss Anna Dunkle, October 25, was well patronized.

Barclay, our half-back of last year, now playing at Laffayette, was on the campus a few nights ago.

The Manager of '96's L'Agenda reports that he has already received more than three hundred subscriptions.

October 21, Professor Perrine preached to the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church of Williamsport.

Mr. Fred. D. Finn, the hustling assistant business manager of the Mirror, was in Williamsport on Saturday, October 27.

Parker, '97, has been compelled to abandon his studies owing to the effects of his recent illness. He has gone home, but will doubtless return again at the opening of the winter term.

I thought I was a fighter,
And a slugger, but, oh my!
The other fellow hit me
And blackened up my eye.

Professor. "Mr. M—, we will now listen to the explanation of your problem." Mr. M—. "I had it, but I didn't get it."

It is rumored that Mr. E. R. Powell has been seen on the streets of Northumberland under the escort of five young ladies.

Mr. W. C. Gretzinger, accompanied by his wife and little daughter Margaret, made a week's visit to Philadelphia, October 16.

Professor. "Mr. S— may state the first theory of retention of images." Mr. S—. "Images are stored away in the pockets of the soul."

The Freshmen won the hearty applause of the University on the 20th ult., by their brilliant display of flying banners and gay colors.

Mr. Gretzinger is having his office moved from the East to the West wing, opposite the President's office, where it will be more convenient.

Professor Stewart is a faithful Sunday School worker, and renders good service for the Master as Superintent of the Baptist Sunday School.

Rev. Dr. Stifller of Crozer Seminary, preached the first monthly University sermon on the 28th of October, in Bucknell hall, before a large audience.

S. R. Wood was recently the recipient of a box of good things from home. At his invitation, a few of his friends assisted him in disposing of them.

All the rooms in College are occupied this year. If the continued increase of students keeps on, we will have to make enlargements next year, for new students.

Mr. F—, in history class: "Professor, wasn't Alexander Hamilton in favor of the war of 1812?" Mr. W— answered, "No; he was in favor of peace. He was dead!"

Professor Hully delighted his Constitutional History class two weeks ago, by reading the early history of Lewisburg. The history was made all the more interesting from the fact that several members of the class are lineal descendants of the first settlers of our University town.

Professor Owens, J. B. Suiter and T. L. Josephs attended the Sunday School Convention held at Hartleton two weeks ago. Each of them addressed the Convention.

L. T. Fetzer and Donald Baker accompanied the 12th regiment to Philadelphia on the 24th of October and took part in the unveiling of the McClellan statue.

Judge McClure is an ardent admirer of our foot-ball team. After the splendid victory of the 20th of October, he gave the team a fine supper at the Baker House.

Every body enjoyed the student parade on the 20th of October; and our team was greatly encouraged by the lively interest taken by the students in the game.

Josephs was made happy two weeks ago by the arrival of his sister from England. Every day now, you can hear his melodious voice ringing through the halls.

The new type-writer at 12 East wing is kept busy by neighboring friends who are anxious to become proficient in the work. It seems to be able to stand even sledge-hammer blows.

We cannot speak too highly of our trainer, Mr. Young. It was largely through his excellent coaching that our team rolled up that magnificent score against Franklin and Marshall on the 20th of October.

Mr. C—, in mechanics. "Professor, you will have to use your imagination while I am demonstrating this problem." Professor. "Proceed; under the pressing necessity of the occasion we shall endeavor to supply it."

Mr. W. R. Woodington of Philadelphia was the guest of Mr. J. C. Stock for several days. Mr. Woodington came up from the city to witness the game of foot-ball between Franklin and Marshall and Bucknell.

Mr. J. T. Watkins of Scranton was an enthusiastic witness of the Bucknell–Colgate foot ball game. After the victory was won, he testified his appreciation of the work done by Bucknell in ways very pleasant to the members of the team. Mr. Watkins is a brother of Rev. W. G. Watkins and is a hearty supporter of Bucknell.

The Chemical and Physical society held its last meeting on the 18th of October. Mr. F. Simpson discussed the Photography of Colors, and Mr. Sheddan discussed Photography of Projectiles by Means of Electric Spark.

Dr. E. Perrine delivered a very masterly address before the Lewisburg Sunday School Convention, held in the Presbyterian church on the 21st of October. His subject was: The Relation of the Secular to the Sunday School.

Pastor Judd delivered a very thoughtful sermon on the 21st of October on the subject: "Buy the truth and Sell it not." The subject appealed directly to the students, and they gave the pastor their closest attention during the entire discourse.

If the Franklin and Marshall boys failed at foot-ball while they were here, they did not fail to admire the good and the beautiful. They were heard to express great admiration for the ladies who were seated on the hill witnessing the game.

October 28 was the day of prayer for the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, on which day seven members of the Student Volunteer Band of the University addressed the seven young people's societies of the town, on the subject of Missions.

The delegates from Bucknell to the Y. M. C. A. convention held at Johnstown had to stop off at Bellefonte on their way back and spend the night there. They improved the time, however, by holding an open air meeting near the courthouse which attracted a large audience.

It is very gratifying to note the great interest that is being taken in the Literary Societies this year. In former years it was difficult to find students enough to take part in the debate; now the Presidents are compelled to stop the debate nearly every meeting for lack of time, so many being anxious to take part.

The Natural History Society meets every alternate Thursday at 4 o'clock p. m. On October 25, several interesting talks were given before the society. Professor Fisher discussed Iron Mining of Snyder County, and Mr. Grim talked on the subject of Pearls. The society affords excellent opportunities for all to become well-informed on natural history subjects.

Mr. Homer Castle, Prohibition candidate for Lieutenant Governor, gave a short address to the students, in Theta Alpha hall, on Tuesday afternoon, October 16. In his address, Mr. Castle said that a great responsibility rested upon College-men for the success and welfare of the country, through the final overthrow of the liquor traffic.

Mr. T. L. Josephs, at the request of Rev. S. E. Whitmer of Mfllinburg, delivered his lecture on "The Sunday School in its Relation to the Church to secure a better Observance of the Sabbath," at Laurelton and at Mifflinburg, Sunday, November 4. Mr. Josephs is to be congratulated upon the success with which he has met in the delivery of his lecture.

On November 12, in the opera house, a lecture entitled "A Black Slave Upon a Throne" will be delivered by Rev. Cortland Myers of Brooklyn. All who heard Mr. Myers last Commencement, will be glad to hear him again. It is urged upon the entire student body to help swell the attendance at this lecture. Reserved seat tickets, 35 cents; gallery, 25 cents. The proceeds will be devoted to the track fund.

Coming! The Ariel Ladies' Quartet of Boston, assisted by Mr. McCormick of Chicago, the celebrated Whistler and Bird Warbler. The College Y. M. C. A. has secured this noted company for Wednesday evening, November 21 and feel safe in recommending it as first class in every particular. Three ladies of the Quartet are elegant soloists, while the other is an accomplished violinist. They have sung together for several seasons, and bring testimonials from all parts of the country. Mr. McCormick has entertained many audiences in Chicago alone, by means of his wonderful power as a whistler. He imitates all kinds of sounds, from the canary to the locomotive. Popular prices will prevail. Further announcements will be made later.

During the week preceding the foot-ball game with Colgate, at Scranton, our foot-ball Manager, Mr. Cregar, and Mr. Stock were engaged for several days in advertising the game in Scranton and surrounding towns. As they passed along the streets of Scranton dressed in their garnet turtle-necked sweaters and blue caps and coats, they became conscious of the fact that many of the citizens seemed to gaze at them with unusual interest. They could not understand why they should be observed so closely. The cause of attraction, however, was finally explained when a garrulous citizen stepped up and addressed one of them as follows: "Do you belong to the Salvation Army?" The answer came back emphatically— "No!!" A sigh of relief and,—well you can infer the rest.

Students of Peirce School, 917 Chestnut St., Phila., are given, without extra charge, a series of valuable lectures. Daily "quizzes" in Commercial Law and business forms are held by John R. Cassel, Esq., of the bar, who is a Princeton graduate, and also of the law school of the University of Pennsylvania. The weekly lectures on Economics will be continued during the fall to the advanced classes by Vice President Solly, to be followed in the winter by weekly lectures on Finance by the Principal, Doctor Peirce, The monthly lectures by the Dean, Rev. John Thompson, on Business Ethics, have been re-written and are largely new. The September lecture on "How to Build a Character" was very interesting. There is introduced this year, as last, a University Extention course on Civics or some cognate subject. Max O'Rell will address the graduating class in December.

The Students of the University were startled by the sudden alarm of fire, about one o'clock on the 24th of October. When it became known that the Gymnasium was on fire a rush was made for the fire department. Soon the fire engine was flying through the muddy streets, drawn by the firemen and students. On arrival at the Gymnasium, smoke was seen issuing from every window and door in the building. After some difficulty in getting the hose in working order a stream of water was soon playing on the fire, which was still confined to the inside basement. Willing hands, both of town people and students, rendered valuable aid to the firemen, and in about thirty minutes from the time of alarm the fire was completely extinguished. Both Students and town people heaved a sigh of relief when they knew the building was safe, for the Gymnasium is the handsomest and prettiest building on the campus. Much damage, however, was done inside by the water and fire, which is covered by insurance. The fire was caused by the overheating of a new hot-water stove,

Exchange.

Maine seems to have a co-educational boom.

The Yale glee club gives a part of its proceeds to poor students.

The students at Wesleyan now have a voice in the government of the institution.

For 50 years no smoker has graduated with honors from Harvard. A word to the wise is sufficient.

There is a decrease in the Freshman class this year at Cornell, while there is an increase of 112 at Harvard.

The October issue of "The Cadet" contains an excellent production on the "Progress Among the American Indians."

Dartmouth College has graduated 40 College Presidents, 200 Professors, 60 members of Congress and 24 Governors.

An annual prize of $60.00 is to be given to that member of Dortmouth Athletic Association, who stands highest in his classes.

The University of Chicago has discarded the name of Professor. Hereafter members of the faculty are to be addressed as "Mr."

The University of Michigan graduated 730 students last year, which is the largest number ever graduated from any American College during one year.

A correct and well-written account of the Wyoming–Bucknell foot-ball game appeared in the last issue of the Seminary Opinator. The Wyoming boys play a gentlemanly, but rugged game, and we are always pleased to meet them.

The faculty of Boston University has decided to allow work done on the College paper to count for English in the regular course. This seems to be a very good idea. The College paper is perhape better than it otherwise would be, and it is no more than just to the students.

Hon. Peter S. Grosscup, judge in the U. S. courts at Chicago, has been engaged to address the Senior class of Wittenburg College next commencement. Quite a number of Colleges are adopting the plan of having a class orator. Mr. Grosscup's ancestors came from Germany to Pennsylvania during the last century.

THE MIRROR is on file at the editorial rooms of the *University Review*, 236 Fifth Avenue, New York, where all college men are given a hearty welcome

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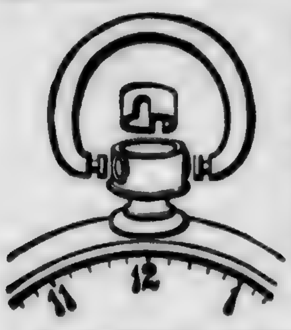

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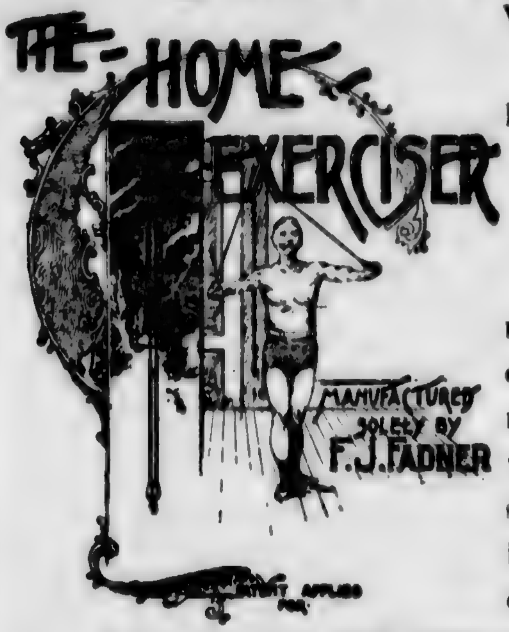

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 25, 1894. **No. 4.**

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

NOVEMBER 25, 1894.

Editorial.

THIS is our last issue before Thanksgiving Day —a good opportunity to remind our readers of the coming Book Contribution to the University Library. Many more books are needed to meet the requirements of the College work. We will undertake to acknowledge in the columns of this journal the gifts made at the Thanksgiving season, this year.

THE Indians now deny our score of 10–0 claiming that the stipulated time had expired while the score was 6–0. Let them remember that the referee was their own man and that he knew his business and was honest enough to perform it. Let them consider also that the latter half was much shortened and Bucknell was thus unable to disgrace the visitors by a larger score.

THE students who attended the meetings of the week of prayer for Colleges are deeply grateful to Prof. Hulley for his direction and assistance. The members of the Association experienced a revival of interest and activity such as for a long time the College has not seen. On those before uninterested, the full effects of the meetings cannot be known, but the leaders of the work have reason to be encouraged with the results already seen. Mr. Allen, the Y. M. C. A. president, hopes to arrange for special meetings of interest during the winter term.

THE College Girls have surely made a success of the square caps and tassels. To quote the characteristic expressions of the ladies and of the College fellows, the caps are "just too cute" and "out of sight." To be sure they have casued much fun and have been imitated in joke by inartistic milliners among the boys, but that only argues their worth. Dr. Perrine recently told us in a lecture that to parody an author's works was to offer a tribute to their excellence. The same principle may apply in this case. "Imitation is the sincerest flattery."

SOME of the students who expect to stay in town during the Thanksgiving holidays are talking of a hare-and-hound race for Thursday. There are plenty of runners in College and Academy, and excellent opportunities for cross-country running. Then let those who are interested arrange for a day's sport and recreation. This exercise is growing popular in many Colleges and is coming to be recognized as of benefit. It is entirely in the open air and yet is without the dangers that attend many out-door sports. Lindemann, '98, is the fast man who has suggested the idea, and others desiring to engage in the game will do well to talk it over with him.

THE members of the Institute may be assured that our readers are wonderfully interested in the

"Sems" and that our Institute column is one of the most important in the journal. We ask that every one may join in the contribution of news to that column through the hands of the Institute Editor, so that the Department may be thoroughly represented. We express the universal appreciation of the excellent work of the Institute Editor and desire that the column may be still further improved by the co-operation of others in securing items of news. The literary editors also desire to enlist the talent of the Institute in their department. Our literary column in nearly every issue shows the influence of the co-educational element in our College. There are surely the same possibilities in the Institute.

◆

SWARTHMORE was frightened evidently, but that did not justify their cancelling the game with our team. Such unheard-of demands and conditions as were made by them were ridiculous and showed that the management was vainly seeking an excuse for its action. It was rightly a question, with the manager of our team, whether to give the matter a moment's consideration. There are such things as reasonable terms and there is such a thing as over-weening presumption. "All *gall* is divided into three parts." Wilkesbarre Y. M. C. A. team possesses one and Swarthmore surely the other two. If they wished to weaken our team by excluding players on terms not suggested to us at any previous game this season—that was a matter between the two teams. If they wished to select the three officials themselves when playing on their own grounds—that was a matter which concerned their own reputation as rational creatures among all foot ball men. But when they insisted that our Alumni and other friends should not attend the game—that was a question of personal liberty and the rights of the public. A pity to let cowardice run away with reason. Yet Swarthmore was prudent to cancel the game.

◆

WE were eager to arrange a foot ball game with State College, not because our repeated victories had led us to over-estimate the strength of our team, not because we were confident of victory in such a contest, but because some wild enthusiasts at State College suggested that they ought to be considered the champions of the State. They based their claims to superiority over University of Pennsylvania on comparative scores. If there is any value in deductions of this kind we would call to mind two or three pertinent facts. State College was clearly out-played by Annapolis even if we judge from State's own account of the disputed scores and plays. And yet Annapolis defeated the Indians of Carlisle by a score of 10–8 while Bucknell defeated the same team 10–0. Are these scores worthless? Are the inferences unwarranted? Then do not claim a championship unearned by solid victories. Our game on Saturday would have been satisfactory but for State College's umpire. In the first half there was no scoring as our honest umpire prevented State running five men with the ball and starting them before the ball was in play. In the latter half when State had the umpire those plays were made in direct violation to the rules. But even then, Bucknell resisted so sturdily that the umpire found it necessary to give State a further advantage of twenty-five yards. And thus they won 12–6.

Literary.

OUR SOCIETY.

Read at the meeting of Theta Alpha Literary Society, October 12, 1894.

Never yet did any gathering of the world's distinguished men,
Who have made their names immortal by the sword or with the pen,
Meet with purpose that was higher than which brings us here to-night,
For we've met to use our talents and to train them for the right.

Noble men have here before us, laid the stones which since have grown
Into firm and strong foundations, which the years that since have flown
Have supplied with superstructure, winning praise and highest fame
For the men who then were loyal to our Theta Alpha's name.

They have builded. Shall we falter; shall we not with purpose strong
Imitate their high example; fit ourselves to fight the wrong;
Bidding welcome every duty that presents itself to us,
That by this we may gain power, pow'r to do our very best?

Welcome then oration, essay, declamation and debate,
Since they serve to make us stronger to o'ercome what men call fate.
In this hall we'll argue questions, deep, profound, of grave import;
Here the eloquence of masters will secure a wide report.

As the world has heard our brothers, those who've gone out from these halls,
It shall likewise hear from others, who are now within these walls.
Men shall ask in great amazement, "Whence are these who speak so well?"
And the answer shall be given, "Don't you know? The're from Bucknell."

Let the Theta stand for *tharsos*, meaning courage, fear abhorred.
Let the Alpha mean *anasso* being master of, or lord.
Let "still onward" be our motto, and success be still our aim,
And the world shall own our power, and all men ascribe us fame.

B. B. W.

THE HUMAN FACE.

The panorama of a man's life is his face, whether it be white, black, red or yellow. God, when he created man, put the features of the face so under the control of the spirit, that it may also be called the mirror of the soul.

If one should stand for an hour or two at one of the crowded street corners of some large city, as New York or Philadelphia, and carefully watch the faces of the bustling crowd, he would have more pictures, in his mind, of love, hatred, wealth and poverty, than the reading of a dozen of the best novels could possibly give him.

Here struts the pompous statesman almost running over a poor blind woman. There hurries the busy merchant, neither looking to the right nor to the left, his mind intent on the puzzling problem of how to get rid of last year's goods or of getting some new materials without paying the duty on them. Across the street comes the overworked attorney-at-law closely followed by his client and two garrulous stock brokers. Around the corner comes the doctor's gig bearing its tired and hungry occupant to the bedside of some unfortunate being. There walks the Quaker in his modest gray and close at his side the scented dude with powdered hair, tight fitting clothes, cane and eyeglass, languidly watching with one eye that lady, with her arms full of bundles and two or three children clinging to her skirts, trying to elude the wagons at the crossing. Every face bears a different expression, from that of the pious clergy to that of the dirty street urchin; each presents an almost perfect picture of what is going on within. Here also we see the faces of the tried and loving mother, the ever patient dyspeptic, and the reeling drunkard whose ever wet palate is constantly dry. And no matter how long we stand we find a new picture in every new face.

In some faces truth and honesty seem so clear that one can almost imagine all that takes place within the owner's mind, while some are so clouded with sin that to pierce their knotty surfaces seems utterly impossible.

In general, the face of a child shows every internal emotion and as it gradually approaches middle age the face seems, like the heart, to become less malleable and those thoughts which prevail become stamped on the face with everlasting and vivid form. Is not the whole life of yon sad and sunken eyed woman written on her face? Can we not see unmistakable marks of hunger, poverty and suffering in that face? Contrast it with the face of that silk dressed individual who is passing her. In the one we read the story of long and patient toiling while in the other is plainly written the history of an easy and indolent life.

The Christian can be detected by his face and so can the murderer, no matter how intricate his schemes or stealthy his tread.

The face of an Englishman differs from that of a Frenchman nearly as much as a Chinaman's differs from the Negro's. The faces of people of different nationalities not only bear different expressions but every individual in every land.

Though many have similar prominent features, a close observer can detect many changes due only to the individual himself.

The face might be likened to a piece of canvas on which nature must paint the story of a life. But hard it is to believe, when gazing through the window at the passing throngs, that all those expressive faces were once blanks on which the painter, Nature, has only done his duty in recording the details of life.

It seems strange that man does not bridle his actions more when he knows, only too well, that all will be shown through the medium of his face and, stranger still does it seem, that he does not strive to keep that which was once made in the image of the Almighty as nearly as possible in its original and unblemished condition.

THE QUEEN CITY OF THE DOMINION.

On the northern shore of Lake Ontario lies fair Toronto, one of the most attractive cities to be found either in the United States or in Canada.

In the early days of its settlement it was known by the old English name, York, but some years ago its British title gave place to the more pleasing word Toronto, of Indian derivation.

The situation of the city is in every respect most desirable.

Before it the wide expanse of Lake Ontario extends beyond the distant horizon, while the bay formed by an island and peninsula lying opposite, affords a fine harbor for the numerous vessels constantly bringing their cargoes to this port.

Receding from the water, the city extends for some miles inland, occupying a broad level space, which rises very gently until it reaches abrupt hills crowned with villas and extensive estates. The streets are conveniently laid out at right angles, and very clean owing to their pavement of asphalt and cedar, while many are lined with shade-trees.

The business portion of Toronto is all life and stir, for its position upon the great water-way between the Dominion and the States renders it a commercial centre of much importance.

Then, too, numerous manufactories dot its entire water-front, giving employment to a large industrious population.

A well appointed electric street railway makes travel from one part of the city to another exceedingly delightful, and as the system of transfers is largely used, a long ride may be had for but a small sum of money.

The Queen City of the Dominion is preëminently a place of homes. The greater proportion of the houses are built in rows called "terraces," and by their cosy appearance indicate extreme comfort. The number of beautiful establishments is also very noticeable, many of them most ornate creations of rich-toned brick and cut brown stone, about which in pleasing contrast lie velvet lawns and carefully tended beds of gay flowers.

The English love for horticulture forms one of the most charming features of the city, for everywhere the pretty blossoms may be seen in great profusion, brightening alike the palatial home of the statesman, and the humble cottage of the laborer.

In addition to this home-like aspect, so manifest on every hand, Toronto abounds in numerous evidences of refinement and higher education in its manifold departments. Universities and colleges, both denominational and under goverment supervision, afford the youth of Canada the greatest facilities for advancement.

Foremost among these institutions of learning may be mentioned Upper Canada College, one of the oldest schools of the Dominion, where many of its most noted men have received their early scholastic training; also McMaster University, the pride of Canadian Baptists, founded and endowed by the late Hon. William McMaster. Trinity College and Victoria University, the latter under Methodist control, are likewise important educational factors.

The city also furnishes numerous "finishing" schools for young women, while Moulton College, for girls, holds a prominent position in Ontario. This, like McMaster, is chiefly under Baptist direction, and a portion of its buildings consists of the town home of Senator McMaster, presented by his wife for this purpose.

These and many other like institutions of equal importance are, however, but as satellites revolving about their more brilliant centre, the Provincial University, commonly called the University of Toronto. This seat of knowledge, which may easily take its place with the leading universities of our country, is situated in Queen's Park, one of the prettiest sections of the city. The architectural portion, of light gray stone, is decidedly Norman in style, while a campus of beautiful green turf extends on every side bordered by shrubbery and trees.

Not only is great care given by the citizens of Toronto to intellectual developement, but the spiritual in man receives the greatest attention. Throughout the entire city almost countless spires point heaven-ward, thus indicating the presence of God's temples.

Such is a brief survey of the charms and attractions of the Queen City of the Dominion, now buzzing with the hum of life, where but a few years ago the wandering Indian pitched his tent. But Toronto, a snow seen, is a true evidence of the character and enterprise of its citizens; many of whom, even if they claim Canada as the land of their birth, boast a strong tincture of English. Scottish or Protestant Irish blood. In every respect they may be termed a body of energetic. upright, warm-hearted people.

Distinctions of nationality may nominally exist between our sister-country and ourselves, but, in reality, the Queen City of the Dominion is very attractive to every American visiting Canadian shores.

M. E. H.

Athletics.

Have you seen the Scrubs score?

We expect a large crowd of Bucknellites at Harrisburg on Thanksgiving day.

Why did Lafayette refuse to arrange a date with our foot ball team? Was it because we are so near to State College?

On Saturday, November 10, Captain Kauffman returned from the Lackawanna Hospital, where he had been confined on account of a fractured leg, to his old quarters on the hill. We are glad to welcome him back.

We cannot account for the fact that Gettysburg cancelled its date with our foot ball team. Last spring when it was an utter impossibility for our base ball team to meet Gettysburg on the appointed date, they were kind enough to lay at our feet the charge of cowardice. They evidently know little of the Bucknell spirit. However, we will not retaliate with a similar charge.

The most exciting and closely contested battle that has been fought for many a year on Bucknell's gridiron was witnessed on Saturday, November 10, by about one thousand people, between Bucknell and the Indians of Carlisle. To the delight of everybody, Bucknell maintained its victorious career by defeating the Indians by the score of 10–0. The game was a pretty exhibition of foot ball aside from the curiosity which the Indians excited. We must admit that our team was outplayed on the score of tackling. The Indians gave the finest exhibition of tackling ever seen on our campus. But in blocking and bucking the line, they were easily distanced by our players. Notwithstanding the fact that our team was outweighed by the Indians, it scored two touch-downs in the first half of thirty minutes, from which Elliott succeeded in kicking one goal. In the second half neither side scored. We must congratulate the Indians upon the clean, gentlemanly game which they put up, and trust that we may meet them more frequently in athletic contests hereafter. The teams lined up as follows:

BUCKNELL.		INDIANS.
Collins	right end	Am. Horse.
Davis	right tackle	Irwin.
Cober	right guard	Pierce.
Wilson	centre	Lone Wolfe.
Hollinshead	left guard	Wheelock.
Lesher	left tackle	Scannadore.
Wolfe	left end	Austin (Capt.)
Firth	quarter back	Donnell.
Megargee, Carey	right half	Houk.
Elliott	left half	McFarlan.
Jennings	full back	Metoxen.

Umpire, Young; referee, Morrow, Dickinson; Linesman, Prof. Hulley. Touch-downs, Cober, one; Megargee, one. Goal, Elliott. Time, 30 and 20 minute halves.

Our annual foot ball contest, with State College was played November 17, on the beautiful grounds of the Athletic Park of Williamsport.

To the fifteen hundred spectators, the game was intensely interesting from beginning to end. Betting favored State; many bets being made that Bucknell would not score. True college spirit was displayed before, throughout and after the game by the sympathizers of the two teams.

State won the toss and took the ball, Bucknell defending the western goal. It became evident at once that the two teams were very evenly matched. The playing was quick and sharp, both sides being determined to win. During the first half neither side was able to score. The intermission of ten minutes was taken up by yelling and demonstrations. The second half opened with the ball in Bucknell's possession. Wilson made a beautiful kick-off. Play was confined to State's territory until umpire Wolfe gave State twenty-five yards for a *pretended* foul tackle, never seeing or pretending not to see the foul which one of State's men made. This seemed to dampen the ardor of the Bucknell players, and soon after, Sutter scored a touch-down for State from which Atherton kicked the goal.

On the kick-off, Wilson kicked the pig-skin back of State's goal. The ball was quickly regained by Bucknell, after which Bucknell scored a touch-down. Elliott kicked the goal.

State having once more kicked the ball into Bucknell's territory, they scored another touchdown. Atherton kicked the goal.

The features of the game were Sutter's running and dodging, Wilson's kicking, Wolfe's running and line bucking, and the team work of Bucknell. Following is the line up and summary:

BUCKNELL.		STATE COLLEGE.
Wolfe	left end	Harris.
Lesher	left tackle	J. C. Dunsmore.
Hollinshead	left guard	Fisher.
Wilson	centre	Hoskins.
Cober	right guard	Dickson.
Davis	right tackle	J. A. Dunsmore.
Collins	right end	McGibbin, Curtin.
Megargee	right half	Robinson.
Elliott	left half	Sutter.
Firth	quarter back	McCaskey.
Jennings	full back	Atherton.

Touch-downs, Sutter, Megargee, Robinson; goals, Atherton 2, Elliott 1. Referee, Young; umpire, Wolfe; Linesmen, Haley and Prof. Hulley. Time of halves, 35 minutes.

The statement of the reasons for the cancelling of the Bucknell–Swarthmore game, which appeared in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of November 17, is too outrageously unfair to pass unnoticed. Bucknell looked forward with great pleasure to the game with Swarthmore. We expected to beat, and Swarthmore, aware of our strength, was only too anxious to crawl into the first hole she saw. And to make a hole, she asked for *everything.* The attempt to excuse her actions is laid bare in a communication from one who has inside sources of information. We quote from his letter:

"The whole matter resolves itself into this: Swarthmore was scared. She used those exacting tactics simply as an avenue to cancel the game or put Bucknell in a weakened position in case the game was played. This was given 'straight' to myself and a friend by Swarthmore students who were disgusted with such dishonorable tactics. As to last year's game with Swarthmore, Dr. Schell was continually on the field directing and coaching the Swarthmore team. Every time a goal was to be kicked Schell and Brooke (U. P.) were right on the field directing the younger Brooke how to do it. The referee was absolutely powerless and unable to keep them back."

As a purist in foot ball, Dr. Schell is of such recent evolution that no difficulty will be had in securing a newspaper account of a game in which *he* played.

Local.

Remember the Library on Thanksgiving.

Crawford preached at Milton on the 28th of October.

Fred. Finn preached at Centralia on the 4th of November.

Bunnell, '97, our brilliant full back, is able to attend classes again.

Saul and Ware are running opposition to each other in the printing business.

Some of the students seem to forget when Sunday comes around by the noise they make on that day.

President Harris lectured before the students of the West Chester and Lock Haven Normal Schools three weeks ago.

Carey, J. C. (at table). Why is this piece of meat like Napoleon? (No answer). Carey. Because it is the bony part.

President Harris attended the ordination of Rev. A. F. Anderson of the class of '94 in Washington, D. C., Monday, November 5.

Anderson, '98, spent the 3d, 4th and 5th inst. in Washington, D. C. He went to Washington to witness the ordination of his brother on the 5th inst.

The Indian foot ball team was quite a source of attraction to both citizens of Lewisburg and the students. All were pleased with the gentlemanly spirit of the Indians.

The Natural History Society held its last meeting on the 7th inst. Dr. Groff gave an excellent talk on the subject, Some observations on the Life of the Honey Bee.

The University Sermon for November was preached in Bucknell Hall, November 18, by Rev. Dr. Reese of Philadelphia.

Dr. Aviragnet, with his accustomed generosity, gave the members of the band and some lady friends, a splendid supper at Huth's Café, Thursday evening, November 9.

It is probable that George Dana Boardman, D. D., LL. D., of Philadelphia, will deliver lectures during the coming term on Higher Ethics. Dr. Boardman's presence before the University would be hailed with delight by all the students.

Rev. Leroy Stephens, D.D., father of A. W. Stephens, '96, has been appointed to take the position of Dr. Spratt, as financial Secretary of the Baptist Board of Education.

Many of the students are anxiousiy looking forward to the game of foot ball with Dickinson on Thanksgiving, at Harrisburg. It is likely that a large delegation will accompany the team.

By dividing up some large rooms and changing the Registrar's office, a few additional rooms were made for the accommodation of new students. Three new rooms are already engaged for next term.

The second lecture in the University free course will be given by the honorable Rudolph Blankenburg, in Bucknell Hall, on the evening of December 7. His subject is: Fez., Chopsticks and Mummies.

H. L. Wayland, D. D., of Philadelphia, has been secured by the University to deliver a lecture and conduct a course in Sociology. The lecture will be delivered before the whole University. The course will be open as honor work to College students only.

Through the progressive spirit of Mr. W. C. Gretzinger the water service of the College has been considerably improved. The hydrants have been removed to the ends of each wing and the old sinks replaced by new ones. The change is a great convenience to the students, and is highly appreciated by them.

Arrangements are being made among the Bucknell Alumni to establish clubs in the following centres: Lewisburg, Scranton, Williamsport, Harrisburg, Altoona, Erie, New England, Washington, D. C., Denver, Cincinnati, San Francisco. Clubs have been in existance for some time in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the University of Chicago.

Is thirteen an unlucky number? Without a doubt. Here is proof positive. The Anderson club started out this fall with thirteen members. What happened? Before two months had passed one of its members met with a severe accident. Is this not conclusive evidence in support of the unlucky number theory? Now let all other clubs take warning and profit by the Anderson Club's experience.

Owing to certain changes which will be made in the Tustin Gymnasium, it is now hardly expected that the building will be open for use before the second term. The bath-room will be made more convenient and other changes will be made that will add much to the comfort and welfare of the students. The work of cleaning up, after the fire, was pushed vigorously, and now the merry ring of the carpenter's saw and hammer can be heard daily.

The first in the course of Free Lectures in Bucknell Hall was given by Rev. F. S. Dobbins of Philadelphia, November 8, subject. "China, Japan and Corea." He gave many facts in the history of these countries; spoke of their manners and customs, of the recent political troubles and especially of the influence of christianity among them. A large audience was present and all seemed to have been highly entertained.

The lecture delivered by Rev. Cortland Meyers, in the opera house, on the 12th inst., was most heartily received. For two hours and a quarter the speaker held the close attention of his audience. The attendance was not what the lecture merited. The small attendance, however, was not the fault of the students, who turned out almost *en masse*, but was due to the lack of patronage on the part of the town people. We venture to say that every student who heard Mr. Meyers would be glad to have him back at some future time.

Many of the students of our College will deeply regret to hear that the Rev. Dr. Spratt has resigned his position of Financial Secretary of the Baptist Board of Education. The Doctor has faithfully and efficiently filled this important office for many years, and has done much to advance the work of education in Bucknell. For several years his strength has been failing and it is on this account that he has seen fit to resign his position.

To know the Doctor was to love and admire him. His kindly smile and encouraging words have cheered many a drooping spirit. He was always ready to assist the students with his pocketbook as well as with his sage counsel. We shall miss him; but we feel that he has earned a well merited rest from his arduous labors, and trust that he may be spared for many years to enjoy it.

LINES TO A COLLEGE GIRL.

I knew a pretty girl,
And she had a little curl,
And it hung down on her forehead.
And she had a little cap
With a brilliant little flap
Hanging by her cheek from o'erhead.

LINES TO A COLLEGE BOY.

There was a college boy,
Who his time did employ,
Writing sonnets to a cap with a "floppy,"
And from his little brain
There surely came a train
Which a Bryant or a Tennyson mignt copy.

Dr. B— was a distinguished scientist whose nights were given to original research and his days to experiments. The transmutation of the baser metals into gold and silver, the patenting of vermicides and insecticides, and investigations into the source and nature of the glow-worm's light scarcely indicate the scope of his genius. One day as he was busy in his laboratory pondering over some new scheme for the extermination of *Vermes* the thought flashed through his brain that fruit saturated with a solution of copper aceto-arsenite would serve admirably for that purpose. "Well, well," chuckled the genial Doctor to himself, "it is just the thing. I will try it on these *Hermaphrodites*. Here are some pears suitable for my purpose." And so to work the good Doctor went. The pears were soon "fixed up" and set aside for use.

Now in the same laboratory there was another famous man, a *savant* called Professor D—. His time was devoted largely to the discovery of new methods for the conversion of tooth picks and inorganic matter into food. Shortly after Doctor B— left the room in which he had been working, Professor D— had occasion to pass through it. Ever on the alert for something edible his eyes caught sight of the pears. "These are splendid," said the Doctor to himself, as one after another they rapidly disappeared. He had scarcely finished the last one when Doctor B— returned. As the latter noticed the empty shelf, surprise, rage and alarm possessed him in turn. "O Professor, what have you done? Those pears contained paris green." Then it was the Professor's turn to change color. Fear magnified the danger. The actions of a life-time passed with lightning rapidity before his imagination. He was helpless in the hour of peril. The timely application, however, of drastic measures saved him to the cause of science. He still has a fondness for fruit, but not for that belonging to Doctor B—.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Remember the Book contribution on November 29.

Our numbers are still increasing. Two new students from Maryland entered the Institute on Saturday, November 10.

The week of prayer for Christian Associations was observed. Prayer meetings were held in the parlor at nine o'clock in the evening.

At the State Convention of the Y. W. C. A. held at Scranton, November 9–11, Miss Maud Hanna and Miss Bertha Watkins represented our association. Their reports, given at our weekly meetings, contained valuable suggestions for work.

Over thirty members were present at the November Alumnæ Club meeting. Mrs. Matlack reported upon the plan of uniting with the State Confederation of Clubs. Great interest is taken by the resident Alumnæ in these monthly meetings. The program was as follows:

Music,
MISS MERRIMAN.

Sketch of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's life.
MISS MABEL THOMAS.

Criticism of Marcella,
MRS. LARISON.

Social Events,
MRS WM. WALLS AND MISS HATTIE WALTER.

Literary Events,
MISS MARY BARTOL.

Hallowe'en, that festival of nuts and apples so dear to the heart of youth, was most fittingly observed this year at the Institute by a peanut party. The shells of the nuts, tied with narrow red ribbon, furnished unique envelopes for the invitations, which were placed at each plate in the dining hall. The Gymnasium, quite transformed by artistic touches, afforded a place well adapted to the gayeties of the occasion.

Here and there were warm rugs with inviting chairs and pillows, while in every nook and corner, lamps of various colors shed their soft light.

When our guests appeared, promptly at the appointed hour, they began an active search for the hidden treasures, each eager to secure the greatest number.

The distinction of having won the prize was awarded to Miss Gould.

Apple "bobbing" also formed a pleasing amusement, and the fruit gained at the expense of moistened faces and gowns was doubly precious.

Presently, confections were daintily served, followed by other good things so palatable to the appreciative school girl. Gladness truly reigned "Queen of the hour," and as the merry-makers tripped away, no better expression of their happiness could have been given, than the beaming faces with which they bid one another "Good-night."

ACADEMIC NEWS.

Think of the Library's needs on Thanksgiving.

Anstock is developing into a poet.

Hutchinson is able to attend classes again.

The Academy boys enjoyed the lecture on the 12th.

The Y. M. C. A. is not so well attended as it might be.

McNitt has been confined to his room on account of sickness.

Trainer Young says that Bell makes a promising half back.

Bayard left for home, November 3, and will not return until next term.

The Academy was forced to cancel the game with Bloomsburg on account of the Indians playing here.

Some of the boys are already talking about base ball prospects for next spring.

Why does Koser come from chapel every morning by the way of the laboratory?

It is hoped that the usual game of foot ball with the Freshmen will be played this year at the close of the regular season.

"Fanny" Reish, who is now attending Bloomsburg Normal, came over to Bucknell, November 10, to see the foot ball game.

The officers of the third form are as follows: President, Sherman; Vice President, Cottrell; Secretary, Kulp; Treasurer, Evans.

Barclay, formerly a student at the Academy, but at present a '98 Lafayette man, is said to be one of the best line bucking half backs in the country.

There seems to be a mania among the Captains of the Academy team for resigning, one of the first team and three of the second team having left office in that way.

The Academy foot ball team played Selinsgrove, at Selinsgrove, November 3. The game was characterized by hard playing and considerable kicking over decisions. It is claimed that both of Selinsgrove's touch-downs were made after time should have been called. Score, Selinsgrove 10, Academy 6.

Personals.

Ex-'62. Hon. W. S. Shallenberger of Rochester, Pa., has been elected President of the Pennsylvania Baptist State Mission Society.

Ex-'63. Rev. David Spencer, D.D., late of Racine, Wis., is slowly recovering from his severe illness, at Dover, N. J.

'68. Leroy Stephens, D.D., the efficient principal of Mt. Pleasant Institute, has been elected general agent of the Pennsylvania Baptist Education Society. If he accepts, he will resign next June at Mt. Pleasant and move his family to Lewisburg.

'74. A. C. Knowlton is living at Roxborough, Phila.

'77. C. J. Wolfe, aside from his manifold business cares in Lewisburg, finds time to wander

'74. A. C. Knowlton is living at Roxborough, Phila.

'77. C. J. Wolfe, aside from his manifold business cares in Lewisburg, finds time to wander in the fields of poetry. His latest effusions, "When Baby Sings," "To-day" and "Baby Learning to Walk," appeared in recent numbers of the Philadelphia *Press*.

'84. Rev. F. M. Goodchild has been re-elected President of the Baptist Young People's Union of Philadelphia.

Ex-'85. Rev. T. E. Shoemaker is pastor of the Wylie Ave. Baptist Mission, Pittsburg.

'85. Rev. S. Z. Batten, of New York City, was one of the speakers at the recent sessions of the Baptist Congress held at Detroit, Mich. He read a special paper on "What is the Kingdom of God."

'87. D. W. Shipman is a promising lawyer of Shamokin.

'88. O. K. Pellman is the leading dentist of Mifflinburg.

Ex-'88. John S. Rickard is a successful druggist at Plymouth.

'89. Thomas C. Quintin has an extensive law practice at Olyphant, Penn.

'89. Born, at Bellwood, Pa., Nov. 8, 1894, to Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Walker, a daughter.

'89. W. E. Zeller, Esq., has been admitted to the bar with the privilege of practicing before the several courts of New Jersey.

'91. John T. Hyatt, vice consul at Santiago, Cuba, is home on a visit.

'91. George Shorkley recently returned home from an engineering expedition.

'92. John U. Wagner holds the responsible position of Advertising Solicitor and Secretary of the Scranton School of Mines.

'92. Homer Dowlin is reading law with Hon. Geo. P. Wilson, in Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Wilson received his College training here and has advanced to a high place in his profession. At one time he was attorney general of Minnesota.

'94. H. F. Smith is playing full back on the Haddonfield foot ball team.

Ex-'94. A. M. Wyant is teaching at Mt. Pleasant Institute.

Ex-'94. B. A. Baldwin was recently ordained to the ministry at New Haven, Conn.

Ex-'94. James C. MacInnes is teaching Rhetoric and Literature at John B. Stetson University, DeLand, Florida.

Ex-'95. M. F. Mount is employed in the State Bank of Eau Gallie, Florida.

Ex-'95. William Wilson was married to Miss Wells of Burlington, New Jersey, November 1.

Ex-'95. Rev. Charles F. Hall renewed his acquaintance with Bucknell friends on the 14th and 15th inst.

—. J. H. Blackwood is at present traveling in Europe.

—. A. B. Fitch, M.D., of Factoryville, took in the Bucknell–Colgate game at Scranton.

Exchange.

Term examinations have been abolished at Harvard.

Seventeen new members have been added to the faculty of Brown University.

Money donated to Chicago University by John D. Rockefeller amounts to $3,209,000.

Honors at Harvard's Commencement were taken by eleven of her prominent athletes.

Yale has 195 instructors, Harvard 322, Cornell 152, University of Chicago 154, Princeton 77.

Yale has offered two prizes of $100 and $50 for the encouragement of extemporaneous speaking.

The *Phœnix* of Swarthmore is one of the most attractive College journals with which we exchange.

It cost Yale $45,208.84 last year for athletics of which $16,652.43 was expended for the foot ball association.

Chicago University is the only large educational institution in the United States that has no college colors.

The Indian *Helper* of the Carlisle Indian School has been added to our list of exchanges. It is a neat paper and reflects much credit upon the Indians.

No teacher but a coward will use sarcasm toward a scholar, for thus he deals a blow to one who cannot strike back.—Ex.

London is to have a university that hopes to rival Oxford and Cambridge. All the preliminary details for its establishment have been arranged.

Colorado College faculty will hereafter give credit for work on college papers. Such credit will depend on the quality of work done. This is a step forward.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in a recent address advised students to thus apportion their day: Study ten hours, sleep eight hours, exercise two hours, social duties one hour, and meals three hours.—Ex.

One of the classical Seniors is translating Engligh ballads into Latin. This is a sample of his work:

> "Amo videre parum dog,
> Et pat eum on his caput;
> Sic prettily he wags his finem
> Usquiam he is fed."

College papers are scarce in England. This is another illustration of the superior energy of America, where about two hundred colleges publish periodic journals.

DON'T.

Don't read this.
Don't use slang.
Don't laugh during roll call.
Don't neglect the new-comer.
Don't speak ungrammatically.
Don't study during chapel services.
Don't shift your chairs or feet about.
Don't miss the lectures and concerts.
Don't miss your college opportunities.
Don't use tobacco or anything stronger.
Don't say mister to a college professor.

HARE-AND-HOUNDS.

For the past several years no interest, whatever, has been taken by the students in hare-and-hounds. It is to be regretted. This is an excellent sport and greatly benefits those who take part. At least one run every two weeks would be of great advantage to the foot ball players. It would materially increase their power of endurance and improve their wind.

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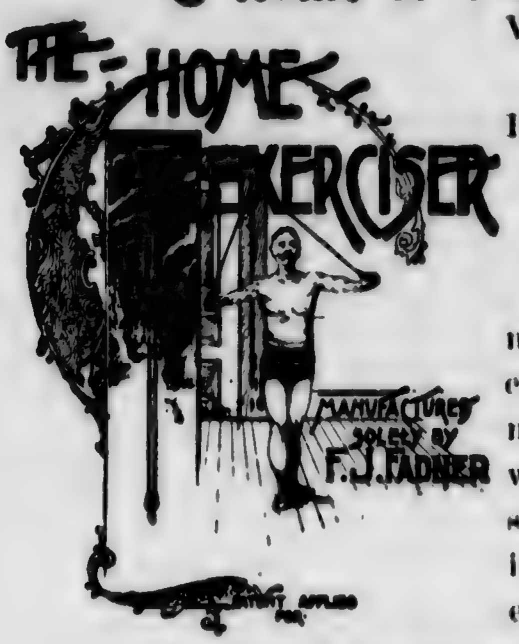

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., DECEMBER 10, 1894. No. 5.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

DECEMBER 10, 1894.

Editorial.

AN apology is due our readers for the appearance of this issue of the MIRROR several days after the regular date. The gentleman who usually supplies these columns with scintillating wit and weighty reflections succumbed to the oppression of Thanksgiving turkey and baked beans. The delay occasioned by his burial accounts for our seeming tardiness.

THE value of a good coach to a foot-ball team has been proved to the satisfaction of all by our success on the gridiron this season. Out of only ordinary material, Mr. Young developed and trained a team second to none in the history of athletics at Bucknell. Every member of the team is unstinted in his praise of our coach and the wish is universal among players and students that his services may be obtained for next fall.

THE interest manifested in the literary societies during the term now closing, although greater than is usually the case, ought to have been still greater. While most of the new students have enrolled themselves as active members, there are others who have failed to attend a single meeting of either society. It is generally the case, also, that those most in need of the discipline and training which the societies afford, care least to embrace their opportunities. To be an unqualified success the societies need the earnest support of every member.

IT is certainly a fact that our Athletic Teams are rather remiss in following out the instructions as laid down in the Constitution of the Athletic Association. It is provided by this constitution that each team shall, at the close of its season, elect a captain for the ensuing year. That this arrangement is a good one is seen at a glance, since it both prevents delays at a critical time and allows the captain-elect due time to consider his duties and make all necessary arrangements. That there is carelessness in regard to this matter is seen in the case of the base-ball team. The time for training is near at hand and no captain elected as yet. But four or five members of last year's team are here this year which fact will necessitate the electing of a captain by the Athletic Association.

IT scarcely can be counted out of place or untimely to frequently harp on a thing needful and yet lacking. True college spirit is not selfish in its motives, as we seem to think from the way in which we deal with the subject. It is the individual selfishness that produces such bad effects and is the great enemy of true college spirit. We look to Yale as our great American model college and admire the oneness that is everywhere cropping out among students and alumni; everything for "Old Yale." And yet we fail to see, or, seeing, fail to remedy the defects that exist in our own ranks. It is a fact that, of late, a greater degree of unity and harmony has made its appearance among us, but we are still far from the true college spirit which will make every one work for the common good, regardless of individuality, and hold up Alma Mater as a type and defend her against all-comers. If this is selfishness, it is nothing more than the people look for and admire in a college, and it will be a good thing when this kind of selfishness is aroused in us four-fold.

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IT is fresh in the mind of everyone that our team was defeated at Easton on Thanksgiving. It is equally well known that Bucknell was represented by an excellent team this season and many may think that such a defeat was unwarranted; but a glance will show that we could not hope for victory.

In the first place, the team did not practice after the State game, thinking that the game on Thanksgiving would be easy, as we were scheduled to play Dickinson. The game with Lafayette was scheduled against the wishes of all the students including the players themselves. Without practicing and without inclination to play, no team could hope for victory.

But there were other reasons for defeat. Several of the players admit that they were sick when they went on the field, and those who witnessed the game say the boys played as though they were physically incapacitated to play marbles. At least five of them should have been in a hospital instead of on a foot-ball team. It is to be hoped that this experience will teach them to keep at work until the season closes.

◆

A few evenings ago the ladies of the Senior class at the Seminary took it upon themselves to entertain their gentleman friends. To gratify the vanity of the guests, the ladies placed, in the room for the reception of overcoats, hats and the like, a mirror, comb and brush, so that the gentlemen might rearrange their toilets, if need be, before entering the parlors. The majority of the gentlemen, it is our privilege to say, made a proper use of the articles; but some seemed to think that they were placed there for them to carry off.

The matter is about as unpleasant a one as can well come up in college affairs. This stealing of property is the sort of thing which neither authorities nor students are inclined to treat with melancholy resignation. The affair is too serious; serious because of the degrading influence; because many may be deprived of a pleasant evening since a few are dishonest; and finally, narrow-minded and conventional though it be, most of us prefer not to be so intimately associated with thieves as the recent disclosures seem to suggest we are. One cannot but think that the conscience of a man who steals such things from such a place is sufficiently elastic to admit of his taking possession of anything else that happens to please his eclectic fancy. It is, indeed, a sorry state of affairs if one must be constantly on his guard for pick-pockets at a social gathering of students.

Literary.

SCHILLER'S "HOFFNUNG."

Full many a time men talk and dream
Of happier future days.
Some joyous golden goal they seem
To think beyond their gaze.
The world may older, younger grow,
Still man hopes brighter days to know.

Hope early in our lives appears,
Nor leaves with parting breath.
Her magic light the youth allures,
Nor buried is in death,
For though the weary course be through
Yet on the grave Hope springs anew.

No idle, flattering dream is this
By foolish brain conceived,
For speaks the heart of future bliss
In tones to be believed;
And when we hear that inner voice
Shall we not in its cheer rejoice?
(Translation.) O. W.

◆

THE ORANGE AND THE BLUE.

Now raise aloft our colors, boys,
The orange and the blue.
And lift your voices in a shout,
For Bucknell, brave and true.
Let every one join in our song,
And sing it with a zeal.
And let them know we'll have fair play
Or they will hear us squeal.

CHORUS.—Hurrah, hurrah, for Bucknell's team,
They're ready for the fray—
With muscles strong and active brain
They'll bring their foe to bay.

We want no umpire who's unfair
To give the game away,
But honest play and honest men
We hope to meet to-day.
Then raise your voices in a shout
And let our colors fly
Until they flutter all above
And fill the earth and sky.

Bucknell has played the game before
And made a record too,
And honored are her colors bright—
The orange and the blue.
Now let us cheer our loyal boys,
For they deserve it well;
Each one's a man of whom we're proud—
Our boys from old Bucknell.

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LITTLE SNOWBIRD.

A Legend of the Chillisquaque Valley.

Near the middle of the last century one of the most important Indian villages in Central Pennsylvania was at Sunbury. The Delaware Indians, who originally occupied the surrounding country, had been conquered by their neighbors on the North, the Huron–Iroquois. To keep them in subjection, it was necessary to have a representative of the Six Nations among them. For the place was chosen Shikellamy, who established his headquarters at Sunbury in 1728. The great warpath of the Iroquois led down the West Branch from Williamsport to Sunbury. The latter place and Muncy marked the junction of many paths to the main trail. As many parties, both for war and hunting, passed through the place, it is not strange that a town grew up below the forks of the Susquehanna. The reputation of the settlement was not very high, judging from the report of Rev. David Brainerd, who visited Shikellamy in 1745. He says that there were about fifty houses with three hundred people, and that these Delawares "were accounted the most drunken, mischievous and ruffian-like fellows of any in theseparts, and Satan seemed to have his seat in this town in an eminent degree."

One November evening, in the year of which I write, a tall, dark Indian might have been seen leaving the settlement at Sunbury. He carried a blanket and a rifle whose finish spoke of its French manufacture. Gliding quickly to the shore of the North Branch, he drew forth a canoe, sprang in and paddled down to where the waters of the North and West Branches mingle. Turning to the right and keeping well in shore, the canoe skimmed up the West Branch. Who is this who rows so hard and keeps so close to the shore that the branches of the overhanging trees brush his face? Listen. It is White Moccasin, one of Shikellamy's subordinates, reputed to be fearless, but treacherous and cruel. Just above the forest-covered Montour Ridge, the Chillisquaque, "the resort of the snow birds," discharges into the West Branch. For a little way the creek flows at the base of the mountain, fretting among the rocks or lying dark and still in shady nooks which the sunlight never penetrates. Soon it leaves the mountain's shadow and flows between meadows, now covered with corn and wheat or waving with golden rod, then untrodden forest, save where the squaw tilled her patch of corn or the hunter pursued his game. Again we find the hills closing down upon the stream and a ridge of limestone appears to the northwest. Just below where the creek comes close to the foot of the ridge is now a village, made up, principally, of farm houses, and called Mexico. Upon the November night when White Moccasin put off from Sunbury, it was the camp of a small band of Delawares, who lived upon the stream during the summer, their winter quarters being where Danville now is. Among those in the summer camp was Little Snowbird, the niece of the old chief. Once he had been powerful, but the snows of many winters had chilled his blood and the great Six Nations had weakened his band, so that he had been forced to submit nominally to their rule.

But the heart of the old man was young and holpeful yet. He believed that the day would come when the Delawares would be restored to their rights, and the Huron–Iroquois forever driven from the shores of the Chillisquaque, where the old chief was born. He had no son to whom he could entrust his hopes and whom he could fill with his own burning hatred of the Six Nations. But when Bounding Deer came to pay court to Little Snowbird, this young, brave fellow, who listened so well to the chief, became as a son to him. "Ah," said the old man, "the hickory must soon go down, but from its root shall come a sapling which shall tower above the Iroquois like the hickory above the moles of the forest."

One day there came to the camp White Moccasin with a message from Shikellamy. He saw Little Snowbird in her uncle's wigwam. After this it seemed necessary for White Moccasin to visit the camp at the mouth of the Mahoning very often. He soon found that not only was the old chief a covert enemy of his tribe, but that Bounding Deer was an apt pupil of the old man and a dangerous rival in the affections of the niece. Presently word came to the camp that a great council was to be held by the Six Nations and men must go from every tribe to learn what would be done. The old Delaware looked about him. He, alas, was too old to make the journey. White Moccasin was at his side. "Send Bounding Deer," said he. Still the old warrior hesitated. The Great Spirit would soon summon him to the Great Council and Bounding Deer must be by him then. Little Snowbird heard all and said nothing. In a few days White Moccasin came to say that Shikellamy especially desired Bounding Deer to go to the Council. That night the old chief told the young brave of the request of the Huron–Iroquois chief. The young man was eager to go. He could even leave Little Snowbird. "Go, my son," said the chief. "Remember, you are a wolf among dogs. Listen well, and bear back the words they utter. When you return Little Snowbird will go to the lodge of Bounding Deer, for before the snow birds twitter again upon the banks of the Chillisquaque I shall be in the Happy Hunting Grounds."

When Bounding Deer was gone White Moccasin came still more frequently to the summer camp upon the Chillisquaque. Little Snowbird feared to complain to her uncle lest she call down the vengeance of the Iroquois upon her uncle as well as her lover. One day when White Moccasin came to the lodge, he found a folded bit of birch bark upon the ground. When he left the camp he opened it and saw some rude pictures, which to white men would mean nothing. Upon the upper left hand corner was a pile of ears of Indian corn. To the right were two crescent-shaped figures, followed by two circles, the first, open; the second, half-blackened. Next were two drawings of the half-blackened circle appearing above a mountain. Below was the drawing of a stream, with an arrow marking the direction of the flow. Up the stream was a number of lodges. Near the center a trail crossed the stream, and to the left was a tree with several maple leaves about it. Toward this a squaw, from the camp up the creek, was coming while a brave was coming from an encampment upon the trail. On the lower right hand corner was the figure of a deer. To White Moccasin it meant that when the second new moon after Indian corn harvest had waned one-half and risen twice, Bounding Deer, at moonrise, would meet Little Snowbird at the maple where the trail from the Mahoning village crossed the Chillisquaque. To-night is the appointed time and that is why the Iroquois rows so silently up the West Branch and turns into the Chillisquaque. Up the stream he paddles until he is within a quarter of a mile of the trysting spot. Here a smaller stream joins the creek. Up this he pushes until he can conceal his canoe in the bushes. He creeps up the creek until the maple is in sight. It is a clear November night. Little disturbs the silence but the ripple of the water. As White Moccasin watches, he sees a faint glow in the east. The stars grow pale. A gleam of silver shows along the mountain top. A shaking of the branches and Bounding Deer descends from the maple. The light in the east grows stronger. Pushing through the bushes, Bounding Deer goes to the water's edge. A canoe grates upon the pebbles. The moon is just above the top of the mountain. The bushes part again. Bounding Deer and Little Snowbird seat themselves by the maple. White Moccasin moves. He is close to a forked sycamore now. He slowly rises. A dry twig snaps under him. Bounding Deer springs to his feet. He cautiously moves into the moonlight and peers about him. A sharp crack rings out. A little wreath of smoke curls up from the forked sycamore. Bounding Deer staggers forward and falls.

When the old chief wakes the next morning he sees Little Snowbird sitting in her canoe, holding the head of her dead lover upon her knee. He hastens to her and when she tells how Bounding Deer was killed, the old chief buries his face in his hands and the old worrior and the young brave journey to the spirit land together. But Bounding Deer was avenged, for before the snow birds left their winter homes upon the Chillisquaque, his younger brother had a new scalp drying in his wigwam and Shikellamy wondered why White Moccasin lingered so long upon the trail of the beaver. It is said that Little Snowbird was adopted by the famous Madame Montour, who gave the name Montour to the mountain and county, and that the Indian girl even intended to marry a son of the "White squaw." But during an epidemic of small pox she sickened, and soon her spirit joined that of Bounding Deer in the Red Man's Paradise. To-day the simple country folk will tell you that when there is a new moon immediately after the Indian corn is cut, then two days after the last quarter of the second new moon following, the canoe of Little Snowbird will be seen gliding up the creek just after moonrise, bearing the Indian maiden and her dying lover. Whether this be true or not, the reader can decide for himself on the night in question. The spot where Bounding Deer was murdered is marked by the maple and sycamore. which still stand below the bridge which crosses the Chillisquaque just east of Pottsgrove.

W. B. S

◆

THE CHARACTER OF EDMUND.

In speaking of the tragedy of King Lear, Hazlitt has said: "Shakespeare's mastery over his subject, if it was not art, was owing to a knowledge of the connecting links of the passions, and their effect upon the mind, still more wonderful than any systematic adherence to rules; and that anticipated and outdid all the efforts of the most refined art not inspired and rendered instinctive by genius." How delicately does he treat this enormous tragedy, carrying along as he does a tragedy within a tragedy, namely, that of Lear and his daughters; and that of Gloster and his son!

What are our feelings when the character of Edmund is first presented to us? Do we pick him out at once as a villain? I believe I can safely say, no.

It seems that from the very first he is somewhat of an enigma. He stands before us in the united strength and beauty of earliest manhood. Our eyes have been questioning him. Gifted as he is with high advantages of person, and endowed by nature with a powerful intellect and strong, energetic will, we instinctively feel that pride will necessarily be the sin that will most easily beset him. But we must remember that Edmund is the known and acknowledged son of the princely Gloster, and therefore would naturally have the pride of the family. And I think it is no more than fair to say, that if circumstances had not developed as they did, he would have remained throughout his life as a personage having nothing more than the not unusual pride of person, talent, and birth, akin to many virtues, and perhaps akin to many honorable impulses. But how easy it is to change the course of a life! How easy it was in this case. In his own presence, his father censures himself because he ever acknowledged that Edmund was his son; he has "blushed so often to acknowledge him that he is now brazed to it." This oft repeated declaration, and the conscious notoriety of it, with pangs of shame personally undeserved and therefore felt as wrongs, could not do otherwise than change any man's life. Whatever may have been Edmund's pretentions to his father's wealth and position before, we now feel that they could not help being aroused and urged forward. It seems to be the only means for him to gain his aim, power and distinction. He could not go to other lands. His shame would still follow and haunt him, and, as has been ably said, "these (the shame and dishonor) would be the ever trickling flow of wormwood and gall into the wound of pride." Quickly we see that Edmund is not slow to take action. It did not take long to mold the flexible passions into those of consummate evil. He was soon possessed of a hard, sceptical intellect, and being uninspired and unfed by any instincts of the heart, he soon reasoned away the consciousness of the most sacred obligations. What obligations should a child feel to the man who had degraded and stained his entire life? That the enormity of Gloster's sin cropped out in his after life. in his sufferings, is fully apparent, when Gloster says: "The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us."

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BUCKNELL ALUMNI CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

The large banquet hall of the Colonnade Hotel, 15th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, was a scene of festive enjoyment on Monday evening, Dec. 3, at the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Club of Bucknell's loving sons. The tables were beautifully decorated with flowers and lights and the colors of the University.

J. K. Weaver, M. D., of Norristown, President of the club, occupied the chair. Seated at his right were Rev. J. H. Harris, D. D., President of Bucknell University; Judge Hanna, Rev. G. M. Spratt, D. D., and Rev. George A. Peltz, D. D., Assistant Pastor of the Grace Baptist Temple. On Dr. Weaver's left were H. S. Hopper. President of the Board of Trustees of Bucknell University; Rev. Harold Kennedy, of Narberth; General Lewis Merrill and Ernest L. Tustin.

After the cloth had been removed the business meeting was called to order by Dr. Weaver, and the Secretary, Rev. R. B. McDanel, read the list of those proposed for membership, all of whom were unanimously elected.

They were Hon. Wm. B. Hanna, D.C.L., Rev. Geo. M. Spratt, D.D., Rev. Harold Kennedy, Rev. J. W. Weddell, Prof. H. L. Atkinson, A M., Class of '59; P. M. Wilson, Class of '73; Arthur Malcom, Class of '62; W. E. Phillips, Class of '77; Geo. R. Callaghan, Class of '66 and W. Kay Lord, Class of '78. Letters of regret were read from J. H. Grater, '72; Prof. G. M. Phillips, '71; Hon. W. S. Shallenberger, '62; and Auditor General D. M. Gregg, '54. All the officers of the Club were re-elected as follows: *President*, J. K. Weaver, M.D., '61; *Vice President*, T. A. Gill, D.D., '65; *Secretary*, Rev. R. B. McDanel, A.M., '88; *Treasurer*, C. B. Lowe, M.D., '65; *Chairman Ex. Com.*, Rev. B. MacMackin, A.M., '74.

Dr. Weaver said the members of the club and the friends of Bucknell University were gathered together under very favorable circumstances. He was glad, he said, to see so many present, and to give them a hearty welcome to the club. They had reason to congratulate themselves upon the renewed interest awakened in the University. He referred to the formation of similar clubs, composed of the alumni of Bucknell, in Pittsburg, New York and Chicago, and to the efforts being made to organize them in Harrisburg, Williamsport and other places in this State. It was a matter of congratulation, too, he said, that such good news came from the University regarding the augmented number of students. President Harris, Dr. Weaver declared, was to be congratulated upon the success of the University under his administration.

President Harris, upon rising to speak, was greeted with great applause, and made some humorous references to the foot-ball season just closed. He referred to the steady growth of the University and its now almost exhausted accommodations for students. He made especial reference to the courses in history now offered at Bucknell, and paid high compliments to Prin. Edwards of the Academy, and extolled the valuable services of Prof. Martin in the Library. He referred also to the courses of lectures to be given before the University by Drs. H. L. Wayland and Geo. Dana Boardman.

Judge Hanna spoke earnestly in behalf of higher education, and declared his great interest in Bucknell.

The venerable Secretary of the Education Society, Dr. G. M. Spratt, was greeted with applause and responded briefly.

Prof. Robert Townsend, '64, of Reading, made a vigorous and eloquent speech full of loyalty to Alma Mater.

Hon. Ward R. Bliss, '74, urged the importance of College athletics.

Rev. S. B. Meeser, '83, spoke of the personal contact of teacher and student in the smaller Colleges.

Rev. M. G. Evans, D.D., expressed his gratification at the recent advances made in historical studies.

Rev. J. W. Weddell, Denison, '76, made the closing speech and concluded with the singing of an old college song.

This very successful and enthusiastic meeting of the Club was concluded by all present joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne," with the college yell as a finale.

Those present were Rev. G. A. Peltz, D.D., '57; Prof. H. L. Atkinson, '59; Gen. Lewis Merrill, '53; Rev. W. H. Conard, '62; Rev. H. B. Garner, '65; Prof. Robt. Townsend, '64; Rev. T. A. Lloyd, '75; Pres. J. H. Harris, '69; Rev. T. A. Gill, D.D., '65;

Sam'l Bolton, M.D., '85; J. K. Weaver, M.D., '61; Rev. John Brooks, '76; Rev. W. J. Coulston, '83; Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., '62; Rev. R. B. McDanel, '88; Rev. B. MacMackin, '74; C. B. Lowe, M. D., '65; E. L. Tustin, '84; P. J. Pontius, M. D., '88; Rev. H. B. Rankin, '89; A. E. Finn, '94; G. H. Waid, '94; Rev. S. S. Merriman, '86; W. Kay Lord, '78; B. K. Brick, '95; Rev. S. B. Meeser, '83; P. N. K. Schwenk, '76; Rev. W. H. Humphries, '78; S. L. Ziegler, M. D., '80; O. W. Spratt, '61; Rev. C. A. Soars, '88; W. N. Morris, '91; W. E. Phillips, '77; Rev. M. G. Evans, D. D., '82; Hon. W. R. Bliss, '74; Arthur Malcom, '60; J. N. Shanafelt, '76; Geo. R. Callaghan, '66; P. M. Wilson, '73; Rev. Harold Kennedy, Mr. H. S. Hopper, Hon. Wm. B. Hanna, Rev. J. W. Weddell, John Baumgardner. Rev. Lemuel Moss, D.D., Rev. J. W. Willmarth, D.D., Rev. G. M. Spratt, D.D., Rev. E. B. Palmer, D.D., Rev. J. W. Sullivan, Rev. A. J. Hughes, Rev. F. S. Dobbins, Rev. Jos. S. Evans.

Athletics.

The game with Lafayette winds up foot-ball for this season, and what a wind up! Surely Lafayette ought to appreciate the Thanksgiving present.

If, after summing up the record, we ask ourselves whether our expectations were realized, we must answer "yes."

For the first time in our history we have had a coacher, and to Mr. Young's coaching we attribute the splendid team work which has characterized Bucknell's playing. He has been steadfastly persevering in his efforts to develop a winning foot-ball team and not only has he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose, but he has made it possible for Bucknell to put a team upon the field next year that ought to win from every team in the state, the University alone excepted. There certainly is not a man in the institution who does not gratefully appreciate his good work, and we trust that we shall have the benefit of his coaching next year.

We have been unfortunate in losing by accident Kauffman and Bunnell; but Bunnell will in all probability be able to play next year, while Kauffman will graduate in June.

Individually the men have played very well and, in justice to such, we feel it right to mention the playing of Firth at quarter, Collins and Wolfe at end, Cober and Hollinshead at guard, Davis at tackle, Wilson at centre and Megargee, Elliott and Bunnell at half. Jennings at full did not do the work he could have done at centre, where he is second to none at Bucknell. The team on the whole was very faithful in practice.

The student body desires to thank Professors Hulley and Rockwood for the satisfactory and efficient services rendered in the capacity of officials in games played.

On November 24, the Scrub team defeated the Bloomsburg Normal team in a very exciting game of foot-ball by the score of 10–6. The game was intensely interesting to the spectators. The Bloomsburg boys always play clean, gentlemanly games. They have some promising men on their team. The Bucknell boys were delighted with the entertainment they received and hope to meet them more frequently.

The first game of the season was played on our campus, September 29, when Bucknell defeated Milton by the score of 54–0. As shown by the score the game was too one-sided to be interesting.

On October 6, Wyoming Seminary was defeated on the home grounds by Bucknell in a prettily played contest. Score, 34–0.

The game with the Wilkesbarre Y. M. C. A. at Wilkesbarre, October 13, was a poor exhibition of commendable foot-ball. Through the indefensible action of one of the officials, Y. M. C. A. won by the close score, 4–0.

The Franklin and Marshall eleven lost to our team on October 20 in a very exciting game. Bucknell's team work was the feature of the game. Score, 42–0.

The following Saturday found Bucknell on neutral ground at Scranton. The strong Colgate eleven were their opponents. Bucknell was victorious, but she had to pay dearly for it, Bunnell and Kauffman being both disabled for the rest of the season. Score, 12–8.

The finest game of the season was played with the Indians of Carlisle, November 10. Both teams played good ball. The defensive work of the Indians was the feature of the game. Score, 10–0.

The annual contest between Bucknell and State College was played at Williamsport, on neutral grounds, November 17. In the judgment of unbiassed spectators the score at the end of the game ought to have been 6–6, a tie. Score, 12–6.

It is not advisable for a team to play another strong team after it has once disbanded for the season. Yet that is what Bucknell did. And the result? A defeat. And what a defeat! If Bucknell's team had not proved itself far superior to Lafayette during the season, we might account for the snowing under of Bucknell, as it is, it is a disgrace. We are told that some of our players really made clear openings for the Lafayette backs as though they were out in full dress, ready for an evening party at the Seminary. It is poor consolation to think that after a season's brilliant work we should wind up with such a defeat. The line-up was as follows:—

LAFAYETTE.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Reeder	left end	Wolfe.
Boericke	left tackle	Lesher.
Rowland	left guard	Hollinshead.
Jordan	centre	Wilson.
Reinhart	right guard	Cober.
Lee, Gardner	right tackle	Davis, Perrin.
Jones	right end	Collins.
Walbridge	right half-pack	Elliott
Barclay	left half-back	Megargee.
Vincent	quarter back	Firth.
Sigman	full back	Jennings.

Umpire, Bernheiser of Cornell; referee, Dumont of Lafayette; linesmen, Chalfant of Lafayette and Professor Rockwood of Bucknell. Score, Lafayette 44, Bucknell 0.

Out of eight games played, Bucknell won five and lost three. She scored 158 points against 68; made 27 touch-downs against 13, and kicked 25 goals against 10.

Local.

Saul, '98, preached at Centralia, December 2.

Pease preached at Pittston two Sundays last month.

Douglass spent Thanksgiving with friends in Shamokin.

Hollinshead journeyed to Union Corner after the Lafayette game.

Wilson Geary spent Thanksgiving with his parents at Carbondale, Pa.

A batting machine and a punching bag will be put in the Gymnasium.

Mr. Charles Firth took a flying trip to Chester after the Lafayette game.

Several of the College girls attended the football game at Williamsport.

Professor Hamblin and his wife were visiting friends in Philadelphia lately.

Professor Hulley preached in the Presbyterian Church at Milton on the 25th of November.

H. C. Downing has been compelled to quit school for the present on account of sickness.

W. T. Paullin worked all day, Thursday, November 29. We anxiously look for a reformation.

Quite a few of the students received Thanksgiving boxes filled with delicious eatables and Thanksgiving greetings from parents and friends.

J. C. Stock, P. B. Cregar and J. M. Wilson took in the Yale-Princeton game at New York, December 1.

The boys who attended the reception given by the Senior Class of the Institute reported a very enjoyable evening.

Professor Hulley gave a very instructive address on Bible Study before the Christian Endeavor Convention held in town two weeks ago.

The base-ball cage, damaged by fire, will soon be ready for use. It is expected that about twenty candidates will try for places on the team.

As others see us: "The College girls wear a sort of 'mortar board' cap and tassel that makes them look real sweet and scholastic like."—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

Smith, '95, will soon be a professional nurse. He spent about two weeks with Kauffman in the Lackawanna Hospital and on the 28th ult. took Downing home.

Colestock, '96, made a visit home on Thanksgiving, stopping on his way at Newberry and Cedar Run. At the latter place he delivered a Thanksgiving sermon.

Man moves in a peculiar way
His duties to perform;
He hurries where the battles rage
And flees before the storm.

The Bucknell University Club of Philadelphia held its annual banquet and reunion at the Colonnade Hotel, Monday evening, December 3.

President Harris attended the annual meeting of the College Association, held at John Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, two weeks ago.

The preliminary contest in declamation of the Sophomore class occurred in Bucknell Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 27, under the direction of Professor Phillips.

Harlan, being somewhat jealous of the College girls carrying off all the praise and glory with their new mortar caps and tassels, went and bought himself a brand new one.

Powell's ability as a poet is unquestionable. If you doubt it, just consult his latest production. The Battle Song of Bucknell, and remember that he was given only two hours in which to write it.

Miss Rosa L. Hartley is a very clever and accurate reporter. Her graphic account of the C. E. Convention, prepared for the *Lewisburg Chronicle*, is highly commendable.

Extensive preparations were made by the class in Practical Astronomy to take observations of the transit of Mercury. Owing to the cloudy weather they were unable to get any results.

The interesting account of the Philadelphia Bucknell Alumni Club Banquet, which appears in another column of the MIRROR, was written by Rev. R. B. McDanel, the Secretary of the Club.

We are glad to note the good feeling that exists between the town people and the students. We believe that the citizens of Lewisburg are taking more interest in the University now than ever before.

Agricultural Fertilizers was the subject for discussion at the meeting of the Chemical and Physical Society, November 15. Four papers on various phases of the question were presented. Artificial Fertilizers was treated by H. S. Schuyler; J. C. Carey spoke on Guano; W. E. Hall reported on Bone Meal, and Prof. Fisher explained the Geology and Chemistry of Phosphate Rock.

The "Evangel Trio," composed of Messrs. Fisk, Harper and Flint, spent the Thanksgiving vacation in Philadelphia. They conducted meetings at a mission connected with the 50th Baptist Church.

Stephens, '96, lately received a new supply of first class writing paper which he is distributing among the boys at very reasonable rates. All who wish good paper at low rates should give Mr. Stephens a call.

Some of the boys complain because they were not allowed to take the Seminary girls to the Ariel Concert. Perhaps this is the reason why so few attended the concert, and why the Y. M. C. A. failed to clear expenses.

Professor Rockwood acted as linesman in the Lafayette–Bucknell game on Thanksgiving. The Professor is a great admirer of College Athletics, especially foot-ball, and has done much to keep up the honor of Bucknell on the gridiron field.

The Natural History Society held its regular bi-weekly meeting on Thursday, November 22, in the Chemical Lecture Room of the Laboratory. Prof. C. F. Conser, late of the University of Leipsie, addressed the society on, "Winter Rambles of a Naturalist."

Professor Martin, Librarian of the University, is making strenuous efforts to increase the efficiency of his department. At present he is looking up old libraries and is engaged in raising five thousand dollars among alumni and friends of the University to be used in the purchase of new books.

Theta Alpha and Euepia held a joint meeting, Friday evening, November 23. The feature of the evening was a debate on the question, Should the individual accumulation of property be limited by law? The chief disputants were Messrs. Nelson and Diggs. Both gentlemen acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner.

The College Alumni are on the third ballot for the election of an Alumnus on the board of trustees of the University, by direct representation. The choice is now confined to George Morris Phillips, Ph.D., Principal of the West Chester Normal School and Hon. H. M. McClure, President judge of the Union–Snyder–Mifflin judicial district.

Macnab read a very interesting and instructive paper before the Natural History Society on Thursday, December 6.

The Bucknell University Club of Pittsburg is arranging to hold a banquet in that city, during the holiday recess. For the first time the members' wives and lady friends will be invited. Undergraduates residing in the western part of the state will also be invited.

A few days ago a number of Freshmen were seen flying across fields, leaping over fences, jumping ditches and acting as if some one was chasing them. When questioned about their strange actions, they said that they were following out Dr. Groff"s hygienic laws.

The Bucknell song, which appears on another page of the MIRROR, was written for the State College game by a well known business man of Lewisburg. Several poems by the same gentleman, lately published in the Philadelphia *Press*, have attracted considerable attention.

The entertainment given in Bucknell Hall by the Ariel Quartette,assisted by Mr. McCormick,the "Riverside Whistler," was one of the best entertainments of the season. The singing was excellent and Mr. McCormick's imitations were a very acceptable addition to the singing, never failing to call forth merited praise.

Hon. Rudolph Blankenburg, who lectured before the students on Russia, so entertainingly, last year, will lecture in Bucknell Hall, Thursday evening, December 13. Every student should attend since these lectures are arranged for their special benefit. Their instructive character should appeal to every true student.

Professor. "Mr. Junior, what's the difference between a *Watt* and horse-power?"
Mr. Junior. "Between *what* and horse-power?"
Professor. "Between a *Watt* and horse-power."
Mr. Junior. "I don't know *what* you mean."
Professor. "*What's* a *Watt?*"
Mr. Junior. "A *what?*"
Professor. "A *Watt*. A *W-a-t-t, Watt.*"
Mr. Junior. "*What* is a *W-a-t-t, Watt?*"
Professor. "That is *what I* want to know."
Mr. Junior. "I don't know *what* it is."
Professor. "Mr. Junior evidently does not know what's what."

In keeping with the spirit of the age, the various boarding clubs of the college usually have something extra on Thanksgiving day; but never has a boarding club celebrated the occasion in grander style than did the Anderson Club in their Thanksgiving Banquet, this year. Through the kindness of their host we have secured a copy of their menu and toasts, which we are privileged to present to our readers:

MENU.

Chillisquaque Oysters. Mush.

RELISHES.

Garlic. Na Cl Squashes. Pepper.
Dried Knot-holes.

ENTREES.

Herring Fried on Both Sides. Hump-backed Suckers.
Pigs Feet.

ROASTS.

Fillet of Rats. Dish Gravy.
Stuffed Crow. Catnip Sauce.

VEGETABLES.

Cabbage.
Murphies With Their Jackets On.
More Cabbage.

SALAD.

Cabbage Red. Sour Krout. Leeks.

DESSERT.

Fighting Pudding. Cider Sauce. Buckwheat Cakes.
Hash. Noodles. Pretzels. Hard-tack
Cabbage Again.

FRUITS.

Persimmons. Choke Cherries. Peanuts.
Limberger Cheese. Hard Cider.

TOASTS.

TOAST MASTER,	STONEWALL JACKSON.
The Day We Celebrate,	Davy, the Welshman.
H 2 O,	Bill Nye.
Witch Craft,	Joe, Bill's Brother.
My Ain Countree,	Douglass, the Deserter.
Battle of Scranton,	General Kauffman.
Down Trodden Labor,	Crawford, the Poorman's Friend.
Pigtails vs. Japs,	Kunkle, the Crafty.
Hazing,	Hazen.
Jersey Potatoes,	Faraway Moses.
Home Missions,	Moyer, the Faithful.
The Sem,	Deacon Haddock.
Prohibition,	Sulter Jonny.

SONG.

Tune, Andersonian.

(By Permission.)

Here's to the health of the Anderson Club!
So jolly good fellows are we!
We'll have a big dinner on Thanksgiving Day,
If we starve for the rest of the year.

The Junior Debate occurred on Friday evening, December 7, in Theta Alpha Hall. The question was, "Should the rail-roads be owned and managed by the United States Government?" The following have been chosen to speak in the next debate: Wood, Cober, McCay, Rohland, Powell Douglass, Lewis and Colestock.

S. R. Wood preached at Northumberland on the 6th inst.

W. M. Bunnel, '97, has been elected Captain of the foot-ball team for the next year.

The following strain addressed to a fair Institute young lady was found on the campus. It would make an excellent article for '96's L'Agenda:

O darling one! I cannot speak
One half my heart's strong feeling,—
The ecstasy of love, too deep,
Too precious for revealing!

And still, methinks, though words are faint,
I must needs use them, dearest,
Since they in feeble colors paint
What in my heart shines clearest.

O darling one! thine eyes, soft brown,
I seem to see when waking.
In sweetest radiance shine they down,
This earth a heaven making.

O darling one! thy perfect cheek
With flush of early morning,
No sight to me is half so sweet
In all the earth's adorning.

O darling one! O treasure rare!
O flower of flowers! but love me
As thou *art* loved, then all were fair
Around, within, above me.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

'94. Miss Lizzie Vastine was among the recent guests at the Institute.

'91. Miss Pellman spent a few days in Lewisburg during the C. E. Convention.

On the evening of December 11, the Class of '95 are invited to meet the Alumnae in the Institute parlors.

A number of books have just been added to our library. We are indebted to the present Senior class for this increased aid in our intellectual labors.

'94. Misses Nora and Ida Greene will, after the holidays, enter upon post-graduate courses in Philadelphia; the first in literature and the other in art. Their friends at the Institute wish them the greatest possible success in their work.

The desire among the students to secure "souvenirs" after a reception is becoming a serious matter. There is a limit to all things. It will be necessary to hold such gatherings in comparatively unfurnished rooms if the craze continues.

Dr. G. G. Groff recently gave the Institute students a most interesting account of a pedestrian trip to the White Mountains and Canada, taken some years ago by himself and a number of Bucknell students and Lewisburg friends. We listened with enjoyment to the funny experiences and the droll mishaps incident to camping out, as well as to the historical and scientific descriptions. We always derive pleasure and profit from Dr. Groff's lectures.

November 23, the Senior class of the Institute gave their annual reception in the Institute parlors. The entertainment of the evening was novel and pleasing. Each member of the class impersonated a book, whose title the guests were to discover. One of the best presentations was that of Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills." One of the young ladies, with chestnuts hung around her waist, represented "Twice Told Tales." "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was also ingeniously represented.

The Phantom Party given in the Institute parlors on Friday evening, November 30, was a unique and pleasant variation from the formal reception. The first appearance of the phantoms, as they marched in single file around the parlor, was indeed impressive; but after they began to move about more freely among the guests, the ghostliness gradually gave way to sociability. Many of the gentlemen consulted the oracles as to their future, which was revealed to them in the dim and mysterious light of the gypsies' cave. Refreshments were served in the school-room, which was appropriately decorated with brooms and cedar twigs, while the glowing berries of the bitter-sweet made the parlor brilliant.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

The Y. M. C. A. enjoyed the talk given by Prof. Fisher.

Cottrell has been confined to his room on account of sickness.

A number of the Academy boys attend mission Sunday Schools.

Oliver J. Decker spent Thanksgiving with his parents at Duboistown, Pa.

A. Judson Hanna visited his parents at Pottsville, Pa., during the Thanksgiving holidays.

It is gratifying to note the interest which is taken in the literary societies of the Academy.

Several of the boys accompanied the second team to Bloomsburg to witness the game of November 24.

It is a matter of common regret among the "Cads" that the early snow prevented the usual game of foot-ball with the Freshies.

We learn with regret that Hobbins will not be with us again next term. He will enter Hall Institute, however, if his health permits.

The Academy team had a game scheduled with Williamsport High School for Thanksgiving. It was cancelled by Williamsport on the ground that they could not give our team their expenses.

With the advent of winter and work in the Gymnasium no pains should be spared by Academy students to show the College students that they are their equals at in-door as well as field athletics. An effort should also be made to secure a change in the conditions of competition for the prize cup, so that we may be able to compete on the same basis as College classes.

Personals.

'64. Robert Townsend, whose speech. at the annual banquet of the Bucknell Alumni Club of Philadelphia, delighted all who heard it, is Vice Principal of the High School at Reading, Pa.

'69. Albert Schooley, formerly a citizen of Union County, is in business at Chehalis, Washington.

Ex-'71. Rev. C. H. Thomas has been elected President of the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers.

'76. Rev. L. C. Davis is pastor of the Eagles Mere Baptist Church.

80. Rev. F. H. Cooper, pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church, Binghampton, N. Y., is very successful in his present field.

'84. Rev. F. W. Overhiser, of Cold Spring, N. Y., is meeting with the most gratifying success in the delivery of his humurous lecture on "Glasses and Goggles."

'86. W. A. Lewis was in town recently. At present he is located at 1725 Vine Street, Philadelphia.

'87. Rev. Miles O. Noll. of Bellefonte, has received a call to the Carlisle Reformed Church.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel has been re-elected Secretary of the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers.

Ex-'91. A. S. Hersbey, who left Bucknell at the end of his Freshman year to enter Harvard University, is studying Diplomacy in Europe.

'92. C. E. Follmer, of Shenandoah, ex-foot-ball manager, visited friends in town during the latter part of November.

'93. Charles A. Gundy is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

'93. W. C. Weber has been compelled, for the present, to drop his studies at the University of Pennsylvania on account of ill health. He is now recuperating at his home in Sunbury.

'94. W. M. Vastine, of Danville, spent November 28 with Bucknell friends.

Ex-'94. Rev. Theodore Heysham, of Norristown, who had been quite seriously sick, is convalescent.

'94. On Wednesday, November 28, Rev. A. F. Anderson was married to Miss Blanche C. Koons, of Washington, D. C.

Ex-'95. Robert Simpson is a member of the class of '96 at Cornell.

Ex-'95. E. M. Greene recently visited his sister, Miss Esther Greene, of the class of '96, Institute.

—. Dr. F. S. Derr, of Watsontown, enjoys a large practice at that place.

—. Hon. W. H. Hyde, of Ridgeway, who has just been elected to the State Senate, received his education at this institution.

—. Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach, a former student at Bucknell and now pastor of the Frst Reformed Church of Sunbury, and F. K. Hill, editor of the Sunbury *Item*, are the joint editors of a song service for Christmas.

Exchange.

There are 119 elective courses open to the seniors and juniors of Yale.

The University of Pennsylvania will hereafter give degrees to women.—*Ex.*

The University of Michigan is the first to enroll Chinese women among her students.—*Ex.*

The Harvard Athletic Association will commence a series of hare and hound races in about two weeks.

Governor Flower, of New York, has signed a bill making hazing a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment.—*Ex.*

In Latin. Prof.—"Mr. C., that is a free translation."

Mr. C. (excitedly).—"No, Professor; I paid a dollar and a half for it."

Professor (explaining)—"From *gamos*, we have bi-gamist, having two wives and polygamist, having many wives." Mr. C. (interrupting)—"Professor, how many wives does a phigamist have?

Resolved, That tennis is a more brutal game than dominos. It always brings the players into court on account of rackets. There is necessity for a *law in* it, and consequently their players all serve their time.—*Owl.*

By a recent vote of the trustees of Brown University, young women who satisfactorily complete the required work are granted the same degrees as are given to men. At the last commencement, for the first time in the history of the college, five young women were thus honored.

The Wittenberger in an editorial gives the following "four factors that advertise a college: Victorious athletic teams; winning orators; fine glee clubs; and progressive journals." While there may be other good factors, certainly no one can doubt the power of these four.

It's easy to kick. A mule can kick, but it takes a *man* to lay hold of things and carry them to a successful issue. Great men are not great kickers, simply because they are great enough to comprehend the magnitude of the efforts of those about them and wise enough to be helpful.—*Ex.*

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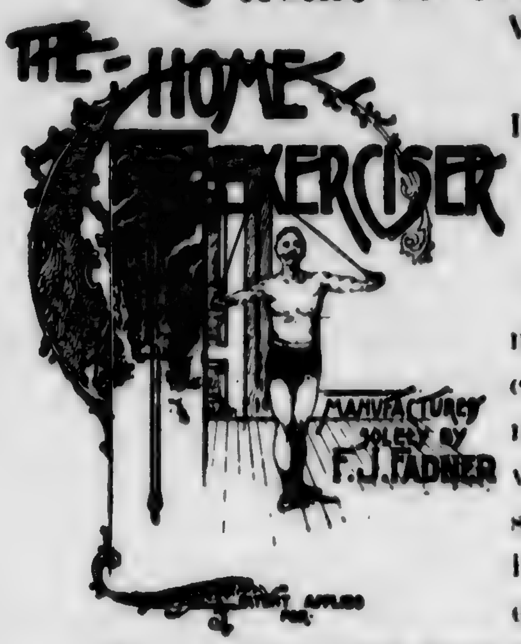

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY 10, 1895. No. 6.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

JANUARY 10, 1895.

Editorial.

A cut of last season's foot-ball team will appear in the MIRROR of January 25.

THE holiday season has come and gone. Its good cheer is only a memory. The MIRROR hopes that all have enjoyed their vacation and extends best wishes for a pleasant and profitable term.

THE lectures during this term by Dr. H. L. Wayland, on Sociology, and by Dr. George Dana Boardman, on Ethics of the Body, promise to be exceedingly interesting and valuable. They will be open to all students of the University. The rare treat which is in store for us ought to be highly appreciated by every student. It is not often that the smaller colleges can obtain lecturers with the scholarship and reputation which these gentlemen possess.

THE attention of our readers is called to the interesting sketch, which appears on another page, of the late Honorable Alfred Taylor of New York. The story of his life will afford a profitable study to the ambitious student. Although naturally well endowed, mentally and physically, for his chosen work, he early recognized the fact that the capacity for hard work was the greatest genius a man could possess. As a student, he was eager, faithful and painstaking; as an alumnus, his time and money were ever at the command of his *alma mater*, and to the MIRROR, he was unswerving in his support. In the practice of his profession, fidelity was his watchword; however simple the task, it was done with scrupulous faithfulness; however small the trust, there was no default. We mourn his loss and to the bereaved family extend our sincere sympathy.

BEFORE this MIRROR reaches its readers, a captain will undoubtedly have been chosen by the base-ball team. Our record at base-ball for several years has been such an inglorious one, that the less said about it the better. It has sometimes happened that, with the material at hand out of which to make a good team, party spirit has prevented placing upon the diamond a representative team. It is to be hoped that the lessons of the past will be a sufficient warning for future captains. We ought to have the best team during the coming season that Bucknell has ever seen. We have an extra amount of splendid material this year, but it will require good judgment and regular practice to obtain a team that will play as a unit. There should be no figureheads on the team. Each man should hold his position by merit. It is argued that there is little interest in base-ball compared with foot-ball. Let us have a first-class team and interest and enthusiasm will not be lacking.

IT is a parody upon *fin de siecle* culture and civilization that class fights and hazing are tolerated by college authorities. Institutions of learning which should be in the very forefront of movements for the amelioration of mankind wink at mediaeval lawlessness and outrages in their midst. In a republic, where every man's house is his castle, thirty or forty students break into a fellow-student's room, subject him to untold insults and permanent physical injuries, and then defy him to seek redress from faculty or civil authority. Class-fights are no less barbarous than hazing. The moral support which the lower classes receive from the higher in these savage encounters indicates a diseased condition of mind. It is high time that there was a change. If one class desires to have a banquet, another class has neither a moral nor a legal right to interfere. If a student does happen to be a little "fresh" the *wider experience* and *broader culture* of his fellow-students should make them charitable toward his faults.

◆

THERE is one part of the University, the library, that many students either fail to use intelligently or neglect entirely. To the former class, it need scarcely be said that a library is no place for gossiping about lessons, beaux or fashions. It is also scarcely possible that it was intended as a place for giggling or, for hee-heeing over Life, Puck and Judge. The other class looks upon time spent in the library as so many moments wasted. They appear to think that the primary aim of a college course is to develop parrot reciters of the text-book. Such work may be all right in its place, but there is a wider acquaintance with men and things than text-books afford, which can be most easily obtained in a library. Thackeray somewhere makes the remark that there is nothing more wholesome and more profitable for a person than to acknowledge and to associate with his superiors. Where can this be done better than in a good working library and the reading room associated with it? There the learning of the past, poetry, philosophy, science and history—the master works of the master minds of all ages—is ranged on shelves for our delectation and for our instruction. Combined with all this, the metropolitan magazines furnish the best thought of the present. Too close application to text-books makes a man narrow, bigoted and selfish; the culture of the library tends to make him cosmopolitan in his tastes, charitable in his likes and dislikes, and catholic in his views.

◆

IT is said that a certain English critic, after making a tour of the United States, remarked to a friend, "It is singular that the Americans who consider it almost a disgrace to be ignorant of Shakespeare and Milton or Wordsworth and Tennyson cannot talk intelligently for five minutes about Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson or Lowell." While doubting the entire truth of the statement we believe there is more truth than poetry in it. As a nation we seem inclined to worship what comes from abroad. We ape English snobbishness; we obtain our fashions from London and Paris, and we get our policemen and politicians from Germany and Ireland. In matters of art and industry there is a very large class among us who prefer that which is strictly European. "This is English cloth," says the tailor; "These are French patterns," says the merchant; "This is German cutlery," says the hardware-man; "Here are some English and French novels," says the bookseller, and we buy, because "the article is English, or French, or German, you know." If the question were asked us, Do American institutions of learning cultivate this foreign sentiment, especially in literature? we would have to reply in the affirmative. Not only do they devote two or three years to the study of English literature, but in many cases, a single term suffices for American literature. Is there not something radically wrong so long as this is the case? Should there be this disproportion in the time given to the two literatures? After making ample allowance for the greater importance of English literature due to quantity, quality and age, is not the conclusion fair that our own authors do not receive the recognition they deserve?

Literary.

THE SWEET VIOLET.

Modest violet, thy beauty
  Ever appeals to me;
Fondling thy delicate petals,
  Most perfect thou seemest to be.

Lovely violet, thy fragrance
  Lavishingly thou dost give,

Teaching the one that beholds thee,
How unselfishly he should live.

Pure sweet violet, thy fashion
By God's own hand was wrought,
To praise the one whom thou servest,
And show to us His thought.

V. F., '97.

◆

OUR LITTLE MAN.

There is a lively little man who lives at our house.
He's dressed in knickerbockers and a cunning little blouse.
And from the early morning till it's time to go to bed,
There's nothing in the mischief line that escapes his little head.
He's scarcely five years old as yet, and doesn't go to school,
But he has heaps of knowledge of a kind not taught by rule.
He knows that over all the house he has despotic sway,
And when he wants a thing or two there's none dare say him nay.

He knows just where the pantry is, and where the cakes are hid.
And has been known to taste the tarts and lift the jelly's lid.
He's very fond of picture books, the Brownies and all that,
But best of all he loves to scan, when quiet as a rat,
Papa's big dictionary and his ma's new magazine,
And then he's never satisfied till every page he's seen.
And if by chance he tears a leaf he calls it naughty book,
But goes right on indifferent and innocent of look.

He likes to write a letter, too, with "really, righty ink;"
A drop of ink in hands like his will make somebody t-h-i-n-k.
The pen, too, is a weapon which is mighty as a sword,
The way he cuts and tears with it would mutilate a board.
He is a clever fellow, too, with chairs, pillows and hats,
With these he'll make a railroad train and cushion it with mats.
And then he'll ring his engine bell and toot his whistling horn—
Although your head spins like a top this rumpus must be born.

He likes to play a soldier man, and carries a big gun
With such a martial air I'm sure the enemy would run.
He has a trumpet and a drum, and he can make more noise
Than a big regiment of men or half a hundred boys.
He's very busy all day long, and never seems to tire—
His muscles are elastic, and are strung on springs of wire.
But when at last the night comes on, you hug him to your breast,
Mamma's own darling, sweetest boy, in all the world the best.

C. J. WOLFE, '77, in the *Phila. Press.*

◆

ADDITIONS TO THE CURRICULUM.

There will be several important additions to the curriculum in 1895–96. The course in English Oratory will be open as an elective to the Sophomores of all courses. Instead of the lectures on English Prose, lectures will be given to the Seniors in the fall term, first half, in American Literature, second half, in Biblical Literature. The lectures on English Versification will be given to the Sophomores, third term, and those on Greek Literature to the Seniors, third term. Lectures on Sanitary Science will be given to the Sophomores, second term, and on Dynamical Geology to the Juniors, third term. Geology, Senior, first term, will be elective. Lectures on Social Ethics will be delivered before all the schools by Dr. Boardman, and on Sociology by Dr. Wayland.

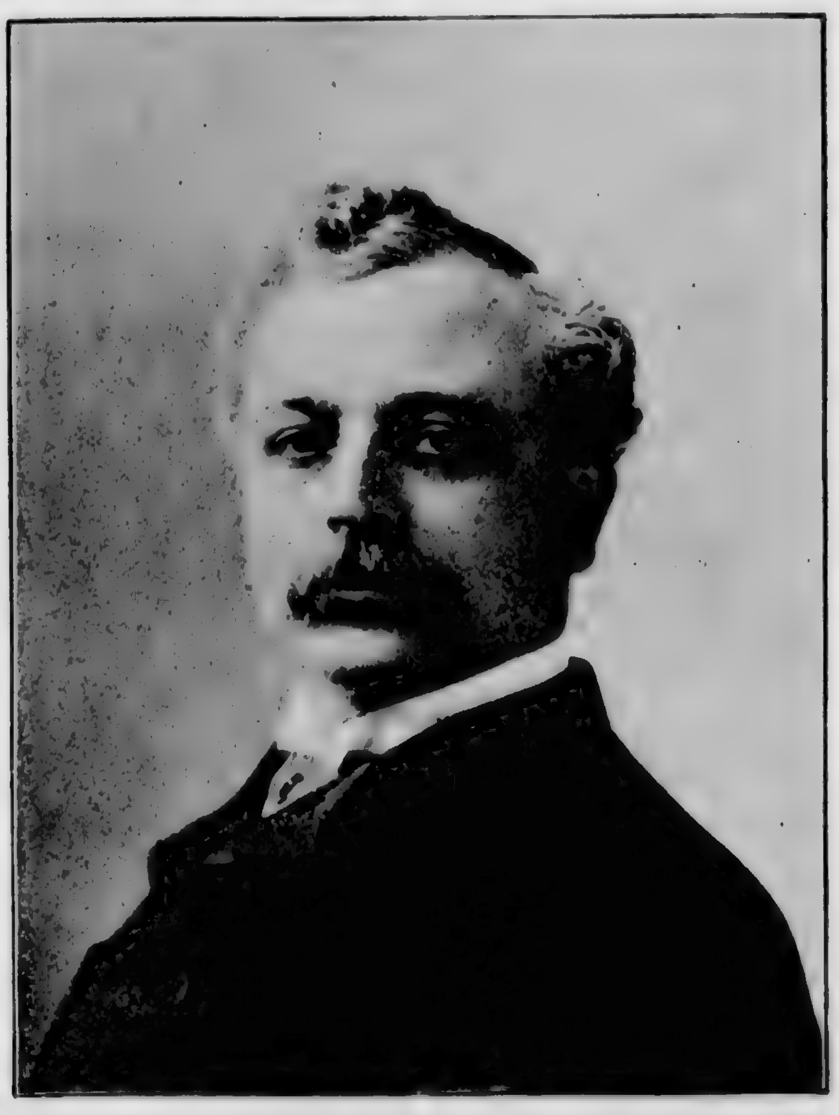
Prof. Hulley will offer a course, open to the Seniors and Juniors, in Parliamentary Law and Extemporaneous Speaking. The aim of this course will be to familiarize the class with parliamentary usage, to develop ability in Extemporaneous Speaking, and to pursue a definite course of Historical Study as a basis for the work. A course in Colonial History will also be given, alternating annually with the course in American Constitutional History; and a course in the History of England since George II.

Additional honor courses will be offered. Dr. Wayland offers an honor course, viz: Sociology. This will consist (1) in a report of the lectures of Dr. Wayland; (2) in reading some work on Sociology with a synopsis of its contents; (3) in a thesis of not less than one thousand words based upon field-work by the student. This field-work may consist, for example, in a visit and study of the county jail; or the county poor house; or a penitentiary, or reformatory; or in the study of some mining town, &c. This honor will be open to all students in the College, upon the usual condition for "vacation honors."

The President will offer an honor to the Seniors in the second term in Physiological Psychology; and Prof. Martin will offer honors in Logic and in Anthropology.

ALFRED TAYLOR.

Bucknell University mourns the loss of one of its most distinguished alumni in the recent death of Alfred Taylor, LL. B., of New York City. Mr. Taylor, since his graduation, has been a close adherent to the interests of his *alma mater* and to the cause of education in general. As a member of the Board of Trustees, he ever displayed judgment and foresight, qualities which, in combination with a high moral character, have made him a lawyer of note and a man of marked power in securing and retaining friends. To the student body for many successive years, probably no alumnus has been better known than Alfred Taylor. To as many as have had the honor of making his acquaintance, he showed himself a man, in the broad sense of the term, and one in sympathy with the college man and with the organizations beneficial to the college man. While to those who knew him by his actions alone, he none the less showed himself as one who, during his college course, was observant of the difficulties that beset the student, and who, in after life remembering these difficulties, did his share and more than his share toward removing them. And every student who is in position to know will say that, in every undertaking of interest to students and University, the difficulties naturally attending such have been greatly diminished by the hearty coöperation of Mr. Taylor.



ALFRED TAYLOR.

His biography, no doubt, is known to a majority of our readers. But the fact that he, a man in the prime of life, has reached eminence as a forensic orator and distinction as an alumnus of Bucknell University makes his life one of interest for study and his example one worthy of imitation.

Alfred Taylor was born in Marlton, New Jersey, September 11, 1848. His parents, Samuel and Anna S. Taylor, were well known to the early residents of New Jersey, his father having been a distinguished citizen and a member of the State Legislature for three terms. At an early age, after careful training in private schools, he entered Bucknell University and was graduated in 1866 at the age of eighteen. His first step in active life was made at his home where, as principal of the public schools, he gave entire satisfaction and promise of reaching distinction as a pedagogue. But, bent on the study of law, he resigned this position and entered the Law School of Columbia College, New York, completing his course with honor in 1871 and with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Immediately after his graduation, he began the practice of his profession in New York, in which city he continued to make his office and home to the time of his death. His rise in the profession was rapid as shown by his appointment, in 1878, as counsel to the State Bank Examiner, and by the fact that in 1883 he was admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. And the law firm, of which he was the senior member, numbered among its clients many banks, corporations and noted private individuals.

In 1880, Mr. Taylor was married to Josephine Abraham, daughter of Benjamine E. and Jane E. Abraham, of Merion, Pennsylvania. Their mar-

1895

BUCKNELL MIRROR
SUPPLEMENT.
January 10, 1895.

SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY,
and especially
KAPPA CHAPTER,

Has suffered a heavy dispensation of Providence in the death of that eminent and devoted promoter and lover of the order, Brother Alfred Taylor, Esq., of the Class of 1866.

He was a most lovable man; to enumerate his friends was to call the roll of the University. He had high mental capacity and was a zealous student. Such work as he did in his University course could not fail to open wide the door to success in his profession, so that his triumph in the calling he chose was anticipated in the judgment of all who knew him.

His demise is a positive, indeed an irreparable loss to his Chapter and Fraternity. Those who heard his kindly voice in the annual festal hall will never cease to feel the inspiration he gave to the assembled brotherhood. He was dear to every man. Words can never tell the loss we feel. Sorrow pervades our ranks and gloom will ever cast its shadow over us by reason of his absence.

We owe him much and we shall ever feel that in him we were highly blest.

J. T. BAKER, '68.
F. W. WAGNER.
A. C. ROHLAND.

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ried life was a happy one, but prematurely brought to an end by the death of his wife in company with her only child in 1886. This was a severe blow to him, a man of great pride in his home life, and was sufficient to have broken many a one; but he, unwilling to succumb under the weight of misfortune, after spending a few months abroad, again returned to his profession, determined to drown his grief in work. In 1891 he was again married. Mrs. Taylor is a daughter of Daniel D. and Deborah L. Mangam, of Sing Sing, New York. She is a graduate of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, and brings to her home culture and refinement. He leaves two children, a girl and a boy, Alfred Taylor, Jr.

Alfred Taylor was a member of Rev. Dr. MacArthur's church of New York, and one of the General Committee of the Baptist Congress. He was also a member of the Union League Club, the Lotus Club and of the Sigma Chi Fraternity. Fond of travel, he has been in nearly every State of the Union and has sojourned in Europe, British America and Alaska.

As a lawyer, Mr. Taylor ranked high in the profession. His record of cases before the jury has been one of remarkable success. In argument he was logical and acute, and a careful analyzer and quick at repartee. In the court room, he was a formidable adversary, combining a courteous and persuasive manner with a graceful and forcible delivery.

As a man, he was esteemed by all who knew him, and was loved and trusted by his many friends. Affable and courteous, his disposition was true to what he seemed to be. Having chosen law as his profession, he continued to make it his profession and did not wander into the mazes of politics, which fact may partly account for his continued success. In his business relations, he was never rude nor ungentlemanly, but always remembered that while he was a man, he was but one among many, and that the duty and pride of manhood was to be upright and humane in action. His connections with the University have been very close and his concern in its welfare manifested by his presence, his rejoicings at its successes and his constant efforts to advance its interests. During his college career he was active in literary work and, it is said, attributed his success as a forensic debater largely to the training received in the Literary Society. The traits of character which made him, during his active life, many friends and a successful business man, were developed during his college days and won for him then the esteem of his fellow-students and the honors which were in their power to give.

His death, which occurred December 9, 1894, was unexpected and the news which reached the students on the morning of December 10, filled them with a sense of the loss they sustained in the death of Alfred Taylor. In the remarks which President Harris, his old and trusted friend, made to the students at the announcement of his death, it was plainly to be seen that their friendship, begun in early years, had grown stronger with age, a eulogy in itself, and this thought, in particular, was brought out, that he was a man true to his friends and to his convictions. The Faculty of the University, appreciating his services during life and mourning the loss in his death drew up and had read the following resolutions:

The faculty of Bucknell University having heard with deep sorrow of the death of ALFRED TAYLOR, LL. B., an Alumnus and a Trustee of the Institution, place upon record their gratitude for the helpfulness to the University involved in his life, and their sense of the loss it sustains in his death.

Several of his teachers in the University, though no longer active in its instruction, survive their pupil to witness to the rare promise of his youth,—the early development of the persuasive eloquence that marked him as an advocate; the high sense of honor and the gentlemanly deportment, pledges of his wide social influence, and his large place in the confidence of his fellows.

To one of our number, his classmate, the loss is especially severe, in that Death sunders an intimate friendship, begun in school-days and maintained in increasing depth through the passing years.

Mr. Taylor gave a life-long devotion to the institution that nourished his youth. Always in touch with its history and rejoicing in its progress, he contributed liberally to its needs, his time, his means, his influence. As a Trustee he was conspicuous by his sympathy with the aims and aspirations of the faculty for the growth of the work entrusted to their hands.

The University has lost a son of whose achievements she was justly proud, of whose yet greater promise she was constantly expectant; an officer who cherished high estimates of the value of education to the national and social welfare, and who illustrated in his character and career the ripened fruits of collegiate culture.

REVEREND GEORGE FREAR, D.D.

The Reverend George Frear, D.D., ceased from his earthly labors on Thursday, December 27, having nearly completed his sixty-fourth year. He was born in Wyoming County, Pennsylvania, in 1831, a son of Rev. William Frear, pastor for fifty years of the Eaton Baptist church. Entering the Freshman Class at Lewisburg in 1852, he was graduated in 1856, classmate of such men as Prof. F. W. Tustin, Ph.D., Rev. Miller Jones, Hon. F. W. Jacobs, Senator of Massachussetts, and Hon. John A. Gundy of Lewisburg. Graduating in Theology in 1858, he became that year pastor of the First church, Reading, where he remained for thirteen years. After a short pastorate at Norristown, during which the fine edifice of that church was erected, he became pastor of the Lewisburg church, in 1875. In 1879 he became pastor of the church in Wilkes-Barre. Doctor Frear leaves a widow, neè Malvina Rowland, Institute class of 1856; a son, Prof. William Frear, Ph.D., class of 1881; and two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, respectively of the classes of 1880 and 1881, Bucknell Institute.

Dr. Frear was marked by breadth of mind and wide sympathy. At his funeral, Protestant and Catholic, and Hebrew were present. At the same time he was firm in his convictions. He was no reed shaken by the winds. He was conciliatory in his manner and while frank was tactful in dealing with men. His mental grasp was strong, his perceptions clear, his expression perspicuous and concise. As Doctor Hodge said at the funeral, whenever he spoke we listened, because we knew that whatever he said was the result of careful and conscientious thought, and that his conclusions would be wise. Doctor Frear had great social power. His presence was everywhere felt to be a benediction. While sympathetic and gentle, he was tenacious in his purpose and persistent in his work. What he undertook, he accomplished; every stone he laid, was laid to stay. More than anything else he was a Christian, a Christ man. He was a believer in Christ, a follower of Christ, and Christ was in him as much as in any man, manifested to the world.

At the funeral services on Monday the thirty-first of December, the University was represented by President Harris and Professor Phillips; the Lewisburg Baptist church by Pastor Judd and Professor Martin. Rev. B. F. McGee spoke in behalf of the Wilkes-Barre church; Rev. Miller Jones in behalf of the Alumni of Bucknell; Rev. F. B. Hodge, D.D., of the Memorial Presbyterian church, in behalf of the clergy of Wilkes-Barre; Rev. J. H. Britain in behalf of the Wyoming Association.

Local.

Santa Claus presented a fair co-ed. with a sugar pony.

A. T. Williams spent his vacation with friends in Philadelphia.

Berger claims that cows in Philadelphia shed their horns annually.

The number of Junior and Senior electives has been largely increased.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gretzinger visited Philadelphia during the holidays.

Dutton and Anderson held revival meetings in Montandon during the holidays.

Kunkle held revival services during the vacation in the Lycoming Baptist church.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held Monday, January 10, at Philadelphia.

Professor Owens made a very unique Santa Claus at the Xmas exercises in the Baptist church.

Professor Hulley was present at the Lycoming County Teachers' Institute, held at Williamsport two weeks ago, and delivered a lecture on Constitutional History.

Crawford preached at Milton, in the Baptist church, on the 23rd and 30th of December.

The Registrar's new office has been completed and presents a very bright and cheery appearance.

Macnab was busy during the holidays fitting up the Registrar's office. Mac is hard to beat in his line.

The University catalogue for 1895 has gone to press and it is expected will be ready for distribution after February 1.

Mr. C. W. Spettigue, of Wilcox, Elk County, has presented a handsome specimen of wildcat to the natural history department.

Arrangements are being made by the Alumni of Central Pennsylvania for the organization of a Bucknell University Club in Altoona.

Many of the students attended court during its last session in Lewisburg. Some of the cases that were tried created quite a sensation among the boys.

The annual banquet of the Bucknell Club of Pittsburg has been postponed to Monday evening, February 11, and will take place at some leading Pittsburg hotel.

Professor Martin has been busy during the vacation making extensive alterations. He made good use of some of the students in helping him remove numerous books which are no longer in demand.

Last term's Constitutional History Class set a good example for the rest of the college, in equipping our library. It contributed enough money to buy the eleven copies of the Political Science Quarterly, which were needed to complete the set.

Mr. H. T. Colestock was presented with a handsome lily, while visiting his parishioners in Winfield during the Christmas holidays. He hopes to see it bloom at Easter, and will then invite all his friends to call at his room to see how beautiful it is.

Mr. Walter Liddell Hill, son of President David J. Hill of the University of Rochester, entered the Freshman Class at beginning of this term. The *alma mater* of the father bids a cordial welcome to the son. Mr. Hill was prepared for college at Lawrenceville, N. J., and completed the first term of the Freshman year at Rochester.

The Sophomore Contest in Declamation was held in Bucknell Hall, on the evening of December 15. A very pleasing feature of the contest was the excellent music. The contestants were Miss Goddard, Miss Rosa Hartley, Miss Sprague, Miss Taylor, E. C. Kunkle, F. F. Nelson, R. Rivenburgh, H. T. Sprague and S. G. Palmer.

The annual election of the Athletic Association was held in Theta Alpha's hall, December 15, 1894. It resulted as follows: *President*, J. W. Davis; *Vice President*, L. C. Walkinshaw; *Secretary*, A. O. Miller; *Treasurer*, E. C. Kunkle; *Member of advisory board*, J. W. Davis; *Manager of foot-ball team*, Charles Firth; *Manager of base-ball team*, M. R. Collins; *Committee on general athletics*, H. S. Schuyler, J. B. Suiter and John Cutler.

The last meeting of the Physical and Chemical Society was held in the Laboratory, on December 13. Professor Fisher discussed Plaster of Paris Mouldings. Professor Owens gave an interesting talk on the "Huntington Mastodon." His graphic account of his interview with the farmer, on whose property the monster was found, kept the students in a continual fit of laughter. From the Professor's remarks, it is not at all likely that our Museum will be honored by the remains of the mastodon.

Quite a number of the students spent the Christmas vacation in Lewisburg. Thinking it might interest the rest of the students to know how they passed the time, we, as briefly as possible furnish the information: Macnab, joking; Josephs, smoking. Jennings, sporting; Grim, courting. Fisk, scribbling; Hazen, nibbling. Elliott, dreaming; Nelson, scheming. Diggs, laughing; Sinton, chaffing; Harlan, talking; Purdy, walking. Sinnette, sparking; Rodgers, larking. Davis, hypnotizing; Crawford, memorizing. Laudenslager, sleeping; Dillon, sweeping. Douglas, sermonizing; Lindemann, moralizing.

Professor Martin and his wife gave a very warm reception to the students who remained here during the vaction, on the evening of December 28. The Professor appeared in his best and happiest form. All day long he had been selecting, with judicious care, an intellectual menu that was designed to please the most fastidious taste. Beginning with some light, humorous selections from Whitcomb Riley, he gradually drew the boys on until he had them lost and entangled in the labyrinths of Browning. While the Professor was thus delighting his audience with a rich, intellectual feast, Mrs. Martin was catering to the physical appetite with those dainties and delicacies that delight the youth and please old age. It was a most enjoyable evening, and not until the hands of the clock pointed towards eleven did the boys take their departure, after having extended a hearty vote of thanks to Professor Martin and his wife for their kind entertainment and good cheer.

F. W. Dillon was made happy during vacation by the receipt of a large box of good things from home. Wishing to make his less favored companions happy also, he prepared a banquet for them on Wednesday evening, December 26. A very happy and enjoyable evening was spent by all. The speeches were good, the toasts sparkled with wit and humor, the songs were excellent, and drove away dull care and longing thoughts of home. The program was as follows:

Nine o'clock, - - - - Fun commenced,
on signal by the clock.
Address of Welcome, - - - Mine Host Dillon,
Response, - - - - J. Y. Sinton.

BANQUET.
MENU ENTREE.
Cocoanut Cake, Chocolate Cake,
Cold Turkey.
Oranges, Pears,
Candies.
Side Dish,
Peanuts.
Song, - - - Found a Peanut.

TOASTS.
TOAST MASTER - - - MINE HOST DILLON.
How we live during vacation, - - A. Douglas,
How we spent Christmas night, - C. A. Lindemann,
Something funny, - - - - Mr. Cottrell,
An English Christmas, - - - T. L. Josephs,
Lewisburg Christmas festivities, - - H. Hazen,
Our future graduates, - - - J. W. Davis,
Sounds from beneath us, - - F. F. Nelson,
A two year's cruise, - - - Q. Harlan,
Our alma mater, - - - J. R. L. Diggs,
The Ladies, - - - - L. B. Sinnette,
Songs, - Games, - Music,
Declamation, - - - - V. B. Fisk,
Flute Solo, - - - - W. C. Purdy,
German Declamation, - - - J. Y. Sinton,
Dutch Dialogues, - - - Mr. Laudenslager,
Song, - Good Night, - By all.

Pierce School, 917 Chestnut St., Phila., has, with its great success, won an eminent position, to hold which no effort is spared. The principal's unstinted endeavors to advance the best interests of the students are met by the large faculty in the same spirit of devotion and enterprise. The deepest needs of the young are here supplied. The annual graduation exercises which took place in the Academy of Music, December 21, thoroughly demonstrated the high character of the School. No less a distinguished person than ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed delivered the annual oration; the famous Max O'Rell addressed the graduates, and Hon. Charles Emory Smith, ex-Minister to Russia, presided.

The Tustin Gymnasum, which was damaged to the extent of over seven hundred dollars by last term's fire, has been opened for use. After the careful repairing and remodelling which it received, it presents a very neat appearance and does credit to Mr. Gretzinger who had charge of the work.

The fire was confined to the rear part of the building, damaging about one forth of the main floor, the bath room, the base-ball cage and the lockers.

The bath room has been entirely remodelled. Its walls and partitions are constructed of faced brick, lined with cement; the ceiling is of metal which makes the bath room strictly fire proof. The room is much better illuminated than previously. Besides the addition of folding doors, there is a door leading from the bath room into another apartment with all modern conveniences.

The heater will be one of an increased capacity though of the same pattern as the one used before. The apartment containing the boiler and heater is also fire proof.

The base-ball cage has been refitted and painted with a view to illuminating the room. The janitor's room has been remodelled and is much more comfortable than it was heretofore.

The heaters, flues and registers have all been covered and surrounded with asbestos. The registers are without regulators so as to avoid the collection of overheated air.

The entire basement has been painted and oiled.

All the plumbing is exposed and the heaviest hardware has been employed in repairing. Besides a freshly oiled floor and a painted border, the main room presents its former appearance.

The expense of repairing and remodelling slightly exceeded the insurance, but the finance committee generously appropriated the difference.

As it now stands, the Tustin Gymnasium is a model of its kind and an incentive to healthy exercise.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Hon. Rudolph Blankenburg and wife were guests at the Institute in December.

The harshly clanging instrument which formerly served as a door-bell at the Institute has been replaced by an electric bell, which answers the purpose much better and with less noise.

A large number of Institute students enjoyed the Chalk Talk given by Prof. Little. Those who had heard his talk before the Sunday School anticipated something entertaining and they were by no means disappointed.

The officers of the Fourth Year Class are as follows: Miss Bessie Noyes, President; Miss Gertrude Case, Secretary; Miss Emma Kunkle, Treasurer. Class of '96, we shall expect great things of you, after the present Seniors have passed on up.

The Y. W. C. A. held its regular public meeting December 9. The interesting program was as follows:

Hymn - - - - - - No. 150.
Scripture.
Prayer.
Solo.
Miss Jennie Davis.

Talk on "Christmas,"
Miss Anna Rodgers.

Selection, "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem,"
Miss Mabel Batten.

Duet,
Misses Sarah Merriman and Jennie Davis.

Selection, Scene of the Shepherds, - - *Ben Hur*,
Miss Elizabeth Brubaker.

Selection, A Feel in the Air, - - *J. W. Riley*,
Miss Mabel Wells.

Solo,
Miss Esther Green.

Selection, The Three Kings, - - - *Longfellow*,
Miss Kate Goddard.

Seletion, The Bethlehemites waiting for the consolation of Israel, - - - *Trans. from German.*
Miss Laura Fague.

Hymn - - - - - - - No. 144.

The Lewisburg Alumnae Club held an "Open Meeting" on December 11. The Senior Class of the Institute were among the invited guests. We were all pleasantly entertained and instructed by the delightful papers which were read. The music, too, afforded no little share of the evening's pleasure. The program was as follows:

Music, - - - - Mandolin and Guitar,
Messrs. Martin and Moyer.

Current Events,
Political, Mrs. Vanvalzah,
Literary, Miss E. Lawshe.

Music, - - - - - Piano Duet,
Miss Visick and Miss Smith.

Holmes as a Novelist and Essayist,
Miss Annie Evans.

Holmes as a Poet,
Mrs. Wm. Martin.

Holmes as a Physician,
Mrs. Weber Gerhart.

Holmes as a Humorist,
Mrs. Wm. Owens.

Holmes' place in American Literature,
Mrs. Larison.

Selection from Holmes,
Miss Armitage.

Music, - - - - Mandolin and Guitar,
Messrs. Martin and Moyer.

At the close of the program, dainty refreshments were served in the school-room, atter which was a season of social conversation and music. A delightful evening was enjoyed both by the members of the Club and the guests.

The Senior Class look forward with more pleasure then ever to the time when they will be Alumnae. It is their present intention to identify themselves with some one of the various Alumnae Clubs now formed in the State.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

The Academy foot-ball team has had its picture taken.

Miles, Cottrell and Hazen remained at school during vacation.

The preliminary contest in Declamation of the Third Form will be held February 23.

We are glad to welcome back Mr. Bayard who was compelled to leave school last term on account of sickness.

The new students enrolled this term are Raymond G. Pierson, Henry Darre, Arthur DeVore, Slifer Walls and Mr. Wager.

Last term the Fourth Form read Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Elocution Class. It is not yet decided what they will read this term.

Mr. A. J. Hanna contemplates making a trip south and hence will not be back this term. He expects to return for the spring term, however.

The following officers of the Adelphia Literary Society have been elected for this term: President, Hall; Vice President, Nesbit; First Critic, Hazen; Second Critic, Cober; Secretary Earle; Treasurer, Shuhart; Chaplain, Rowe; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miles.

The following officers of the Hermenia Literary Society have been elected for this term: President, Hutchinson; Vice President, Decker; Secretary, Kulp; First Critic, Anstock; Second Critic, Harvey; Treasurer, Davis; Librarian, Butler: Censor, Perrin; Sergeant-at-Arms, Sherman.

Student (in Greek class). "Professor, were the Greeks compelled to retain the entire Iliad in memory until it was committed to writing? Professor. Yes; but you must bear in mind that the Greeks had better memories than we, since the art of writing not yet having been introduced, they were compelled to memorize everything and thus their memories became stronger. For example, if a man should lose his sight, he would hear better; should he lose his hearing, he would see better; and should he lose both his sight and his hearing, he would feel better.

Personals.

'55. C. H. Malcolm, D. D., is at the Church Mission House, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York.

'64. Rev. T. A. K. Gessler, D. D., is located at 719 St. Nicholas Street, New York.

'74. President David J. Hill, of Rochester University, has revised his Elements of Rhetoric and it comes from the press greatly improved.

'77. T. P. Morgan is located at Whitneys Point, New Jersey.

'79. D. W. Griffith is a citizen of Towanda, Iowa.

'82. Rev. R. M. Hunsicker has removed from Brookville, Pa. to Chestnut Hill, Phila.

'82. Milton G. Evans, D. D., in connection with his regular chair is supplying temporarily the professorship of Church History in Crozer Theological Seminary.

'85. Charles W. Herman has been elected member of the State Assembly from Snyder County.

'88. Prof. Harry M. Kelly, of Cornell College, Iowa, and Miss Caroline May Vanderslice of Phoenixville, Pa., were married at the latter place on December 27.

'88. Rev. W. H. Clipman, a recent visitor to friends in town and college, was publicly installed as pastor of the First Baptist church of Dubois, Tuesday evening, December 11.

Ex-'91. W. Norman Morris, attorney-at-law, is located at 435 Chestnut Street Philadelphia.

Ex-'92. Prof. W. C. Noll is Principal of the High School at Naples, New York.

'92. Prof. Elkanah Hulley of Keystone Academy, Factoryville, Pa., visited his brother, Prof. Lincoln Hulley, during the first part of this month.

'94. Wilson M. Vastine is now studying law in Danville.

'94. Mr. P. S. Calvin, at present a student at Rochester Theological Seminary, spent his Christmas vacation with friends in town.

Exchange.

Wyckoff, '96, has been elected captain of the Cornell foot-ball team for the next year.

S. B. Thorne, '96, was unanimously elected captain of the Yale University foot-ball eleven for next year.

"The Messenger" of Richmond College is one of the best literary journals that decorate our sanctum.

The Western University Courant of Penna. contains an excellent picture of the University Glee Club.

Yale has graduated 15,346 students since its foundation in 1701, of which number 7,720 are now living.

Captain Knipe, of the University of Pennsylvania, will play with the Crescent A. C., of Brooklyn, next season, and he has been suggested for captain.

The December number of the *Reveille* contains an article on "Boys in Rome" which is worthy of attention.

The *Indian Helper*, a very attractive little paper, will be sent to any one a year for ten cents. The paper is neatly arranged and contains many items of Indian wit.

The Christmas number of the *Carolinian* is very attractive. The article on "Comparative College Statistics" is well written and contains many important facts concerning colleges.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY 25, 1895. No. 7.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

JANUARY 25, 1895.

Editorial.

THE regular MIRROR election will be held on February ninth, when many of us will be released from the necessity of filling these columns. Instead of grinding out such words as these, at the sacrifice of our lessons and the reader's patience, we will be free to write for MIRROR "as the spirit moves" and as studies permit. Others must sit in the sanctum to fill out the pages and silence the hungry compositor. To say that we wish success to the coming editorial board, is only to suggest our fond hopes. We expect the new editors to take up and improve upon the work we have attempted to do, and if they wish our mantle to fall upon them, we are glad to let them have it, although it never was of much service to us either as an ornament or as a protection against the assaults of criticism.

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ONE of the editorials in the last issue touching upon class fights has caused much comment. It is true we view such affairs differently at the beginning and at the end of our college course. After we have passed as classmen through the belligerent stage of educational evolution, after we have broken a few worthless heads in a rival class, after we have stained a spotless flag and a beautiful campus and everything else, except perhaps the reputation of our class, then we look back and say "what fools these mortals be" and what a pity to see tired men working so hard to no good purpose. At the same time, we are compelled to acknowledge a lack of proper class spirit among our upper class men. Some there are who care no more to what class they belong than they care for what else is of no hard, practical value in their self-contained existence.

◆

IT is high time for our base-ball players to get down to more earnest work. It was this tardiness to begin training and practice that brought us on the field last year without a pitcher. We have this year several men who might make good pitchers after long hard training, but not one who can by careless practice expect to represent fairly Bucknell's base-ball nine. Every one knows the importance of the pitcher's position, an importance that has been increasing every year; and until we practically realize this in our own nine our attempts at base-ball will be laughable. Now that we have a cage in the gymnasium, there is no reason why the remainder of the winter should not be spent in faithful practice by all the players, but especially by the would-be pitchers. Bucknell will yet be proud of her base-ball nine and may even excel the wonderful nines here in college days of old.

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THE gymnasium is now in excellent condition for the term's work. The damage by fire has been covered, to say the least, and we have lost nothing by the accident except through the temporary incapacity of the building. Thorough repairs have been made and the diligent work and personal supervision of Mr. Gretzinger have assured the best results. The physical exercise is under the direction of Mr. Harper and Mr. Bunnell, and, as formerly, the students are required to attend the classes during the winter term. The hours on Monday, Wednesday and Friday are devoted to the regular class drills, including the free movements and the use of the apparatus. Saturday forenoon is given to special instruction in wrestling, boxing and fencing. This department of the work deserves special comment. The instruction is competent and the work is practical. The exercises are taken moderately and beginners are carefully warned against injudicious methods. Practice has started late, but an effort will be made to push on the work so that our exhibition at the end of the term may be even better than usual.

THE question of term examinations has been under discussion in one of our literary societies. It appears that among the larger Colleges in this country and to some extent in our preparatory schools, the tendency is to abolish examinations and to judge the ability of the pupil by his daily work. If, in a large class, the daily recitation is a sufficient test, it is surely so in a class in which each student daily undergoes that test. If, as is frequently the case, the examination differs from a daily recitation only in length and scope, not in method, it is of no use whatever except as a memory test, the very last use to which any examination should be put. If it is intended to supplement imperfect work during the term, it is of value, but in that case should certainly be applied individually. But when the examination covers the term's work in a very general way, requiring what we call original work by the student, and testing his real grasp of the subject, then it serves a purpose beyond that of the daily recitation. It fills a place that nothing else can fill. To abolish such an examination is to encourage mechanical text-book work. What most of our Colleges need is better, not fewer examinations. A mere review or repetition is a burden to any one, but especially to the conscientious student who depends for his examination upon his own work during the term. An examination requiring simply a good general understanding of the subject, is a pleasure to one who has done his work with reasonable care, and will surely expose deficient term work.

Literary.

FISHERBOY'S SONG.

(From Wilhelm Tell.)

The smooth, smiling sea the bather allures—
A child lieth slumbering on the green shores;
He hears faint vibrations
Of melody sweet
Like voices of angels
Which echoes repeat.
And when in glad yearning he wakens at last
Above him the waters are rippling fast,
While a voice from the depths
Calleth, "Dear boy, be mine!
I charm thee, I draw thee
Into the brine."

O. M. W.

POPE AS A WRITER.

In attempting to write upon the characteristics of an author, or in passing an opinion as well, it is necessary to bear in mind certain facts. There is a tendency at all times to jump at conclusions, which fact may do good but is more likely to do harm. And while no sphere, perhaps, is entirely free from its effects, certainly if any one sphere is affected more than another it is that of Literature. People of to-day, in reading the productions of authors of almost any other age than the present, will find peculiar forms of expressions, and words used that have lost their original meaning. With their attention fixed on these peculiarities, they may fail to catch the spirit of the author and thus find it an easy matter to criticise and censure. Now, however,

> "A perfect judge will read each work of wit
> With the same spirit that its author writ."

A perfect judge will, moreover, take into consideration the age in which the author lived, his personal environments. Furthermore, men do not, or, at least, should not judge productions from separate parts any more than buildings from their several materials, which, though in themselves they have no form of beauty, yet when combined, make a structure beautiful and symmetrical. For truly—

> " 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
> But the joint force and full result of all."

Now Pope lived in an age of criticism; an age of precision and exactness rather than one of poetic sentiment and imagination. He was himself city-bred; knew nothing of the beauties of country life; was of low stature and a life-long cripple. In short, Pope was a helpless baby in body, but a mighty giant in mind. Taking these facts into consideration, we may venture to pass an opinion; but to omit these and then judge, is to do injustice to the man and to make ourselves, in the eyes of Pope, at least, characters fit only for his Dunciad.

Looking first at his rhythm and diction, we are led to exclaim—what perfection! If rank, as a poet, depends on form, we must place Pope, whose aim was mechanical perfection and who scarcely fell short of his aim,at the head of the list. But there is more in poetry than meter, more in music than time. True poetry is not written for meter alone, but for a higher and nobler end, that of arousing the soul to a sense of the beauty in nature and art.

We find in Pope's writings many figures that strike us as peculiar. At first they seem very forcible; and yet, after closer examination, they are found to express no new thought or even add much to the old. What, then, is there use? They seem to call more particular attention to the passages with which they are used, and, from the fact they seem at first sight forcible, impress the thought more firmly on one's mind. We may say that they are peculiar, witty and cute, but in so doing we have said about all. To class them as highly poetic is to class them out of place.

But what is true of his figures is far from being true of his mode of expression. We find that his thoughts are expressed in very few words, and in such a way that every word has an important part to play. We find, too, that his thoughts stand out and are made prominent and clear, a fact that is somewhat wonderful, since the briefest way of expression is not always the clearest. Further than this, his writings are so exact, in fact, that they become mechanical. They are also critical, running almost or entirely into sarcasm. Yet, but little, if any blame can be attached to him for this, after considering the age in which he lived and his own disposition.

Is his mode of expression poetic? is the question that then suggests itself. And in view of the statements above we can not say that it is, as a general truth; for these are characteristics of prose rather than of poetry. And yet there are passages that are truly poetic, passages where he leaves his mechanism and allows his imagination to soar, and we wonder why this is or rather why not all like this. In reply, it may be said that it was partly due to the age in which he lived, which did not demand or appreciate that style, and partly to Pope himself who, while plainly possessing this power, did not use it often because it failed to serve his purpose. It must be borne in mind that this was the age of criticism, that Pope was the prince of critics and that this style, terse, open, concise, best served the purpose of criticism.

Wherein, therefore, does Pope's great power and great reputation lie? It is not in the meter, for meter does not make poetry; not in the figures, for figures are but addenda; not in the expression, for his expression is prosaic rather than poetic. Where then? In the thoughts. They have been expressed so to the point that long ago many of them became proverbial. They are the hidden ideas of men's minds expressed plainly, briefly and forcibly. And while his writings are not those of a poet inspired by the muses, and while they do not appeal to the imagination so much as to the intellect, nor play upon the feelings as they do upon the ear, yet they live and are destined to live; for they contain—

> "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
> Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
> That gives us back the image of our mind."

His works are not to be read but studied. And when this has been done we can not help but say as the world has had but one Shakespear, one Milton, one Wordsworth, so, also, the world has had but one Pope.

LIBRARY NOTES.

With the completion of the walnut shelving in the main room, the library will be arranged according to the Dewey Decimal Classification. All reviews, magazines and periodical literature will be alphabetically arranged upon the new shelving, adjacent to the Poole Indexes. The ten remaining alcoves will then be devoted to the ten Dewey divisions as follows: 000 General works, Cyclopedias, Dictionaries and reference works, 100 Philosophy, 200 Religion, 300 Sociology, 400 Philology, 500 Science, 600 Useful Arts, 700 Fine Arts, 800 Literature, 900 History. By the removal of the Cresswell collection to the new room, and the erection of the new shelving in the main room, shelf room for 3000 additional volumes is provided.

The work of completing files goes slowly forword, almost without money and without price. Our kind friends are contributing their attic treasures, our students are giving their mites, our duplicates are being exchanged for needed back-numbers. The example of the class of 1896 is sure to commend itself to other classes. The completed "Political Science Quarterly" will be a lasting reminder of how we can help ourselves by helping others. The completed Andover, Edinburgh, Educational, Forum, Popular Science Monthly, with the rapidly growing Atlantic, Century, Harpers, Philology, Princeton, Science, Scribner suggest the early possibility of complete sets of many other valuable journals greatly needed by both student and teacher. Friends can learn of our wants by a postal inquiry.

The first 100 volumes of Quarterlies sent to the bindery are expeced to return soon, clad in substantial half leather covers. The next 100 ought to be sent at once, and will be shipped immediately upon the order of some generous Alumnus or friend who knows a good investment when he sees it.

The journals upon the Library tables for 1895 are: Agricultural Science, Amercan Anthropologist, American Journal of Philology, American Journal of Psychology, American Naturalist, Annals of Hygiene, Arena, Astronomy and Astro-Physics, Atlanta Weekly Constitution, Atlantic Monthly, Baptist Expositor, Baptist Inquirer, Baptist Teacher, Baptist Union, Biblical World, Bibliotheca Sacra, Boston Weekly Traveler, Century, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean, Classical Review, Contemporary, Cosmopolitan, Critic, Dial, Edinburgh, Educational, Examiner, Fortnightly, Forum, Francaise, Germania, Harpers' Monthly, Harpers' Weekly, Independent, International Journal of Ethics, Journal of Geology, Knights of Labor, Lewisburg Chronicle, Lewisburg Journal, Living Age, Library Journal, London Weekly Times, Louisville Weekly Courier-Journal, Mind, Missionary Review of the World, Modern LanguageNotes, Nation, Nature, New World, New York Daily Tribune, New York Weekly Sun, Nineteenth Century, North American Review, Outing, Outlook, Pennsylvania School Journal, Philadelphia Daily Press, Philadelphia Weekly Ledger, Philosophical Review, Pittsburg Weekly Commercial-Gazette, Poet-Lore, Political Science Quarterly, Popular Science Monthly, Public Opinion, Review of Reviews, San Francisco Weekly Call, School Journal, School Review, Science, Scientific American, Scribner's, Standard, S. S. Times, Temple Magazine, University Magazine, Westminister Review, Williamsport Daily Times, Yale Review, and Youths' Companion.

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ANIMUS SUM.

I stand alone. The moon sheds her still rays about me and reflects them into my soul from the glistening snow. Through the bare trees, boldly outlined and brought nearer by their deep shadows, I see the river at the foot of the hill. Above and below there is one band across its bosom, the waters are dark, and bear me no message save of stillness and of solitude; and of eternity, for the onward, unceasing flow is there though unseen. The one bright band which the light falls on is a long and broad kaleidoscope, ever changing,—"The long light (that) shakes across the lake." It is a pathway for the hosts of thoughts that come from its myriad of gleams to pass over dry shod, and they change almost as often as the wavelets give new surface for the moonbeams.

To analyze them is not possible. Such thoughts as them are awakened at these times seem born of the *soul* and not of the mind. The impression can be only dimly likened to physical feelings. The rainbowed wavelets are felt as when on an idle August day one sits by a brook and lets the cool water bubble and gurgle over bare feet, so soothing is their contemplation. But the feelings induced are less tangible. Not the same full, satisfied pleasure comes with the flow of these brilliant, reflecting water-lights over the soul. A nameless longing to express, to describe the influences which scarcely approach suggestions, comes over me: the longing is ever unsatisfied.

So as a child I stood in a forest. Just freed from the blackberry briars growing at the edge of the hemlocks, how cool and attractive the mossy carpet seemed to my weary body! The great trees towered high before branching, and then spread a canopy of thick boughs which would admit but scanty light. The perfect stillness, the mighty order contrasted with the tangle of the berry bushes, the complete restfulness of all brought peace and a nameless sense of delightful awe. I loved the spot without knowing why. But soon fear crept in and I returned to the blackberries. Oftentimes since, the same indescribable effect has been produced in the woods, but the fear has all fled; a thought of sadness now comes instead—or, perhaps it is the old awe lacking the fear. It is not a gloomy sadness, as to make me melancholy; it is a sadness which lifts me out of myself into my self.

A sunset is an ever new delight; yet why, I cannot say. The flowers of the wood charm with more than pleasure because of their perfection and beauty of coloring, or delicacy of tint or mould. Some have peculiar associations; yet a something besides tells me that

> "The meanest flower that grows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

or for expression of other sort. The moonlight scenes, too, are full of a strange power that I can never analyze. All Nature in her silent scenes brings me into

> "That sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
> Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

From boyhood this has been my experience. Not that I can say with this same poet,

> "For Nature then
> To me was all in all;"

but I can say with him:

> "I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colors and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite—a feeling and a love."

And still they are, but the soft glamour has somewhat worn off. The *lessons* that they teach I am learning now, and

> "Therefore am I still
> A lover of the woods, the meadows and the mountains,"

because they reveal to me the open secrets of our God.

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MINUTE ON DEATH OF ALFRED TAYLOR, ESQ., ADOPTED BY BOARD OF TRUSTEES, JANUARY 10, 1895.

It having pleased Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, to remove from earth, since the last meeting of this Board, one of our number, Alfred Taylor, Esq., of N. Y., we hereby record our sorrow in thus having been called to part with him, and our sincere sympathy with his stricken family. By his active and successful life Mr. Taylor reflected honor upon our University of which he was an Alumnus. As a member of this Board he was faithful to his trust and always ready to promote its interests. We will greatly miss his cheerful presence and gratefully cherish his memory.

Local.

Professor Hamblin has moved to Third Street.

S. W. Gilpin has been elected President of the Freshman class.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. Carl Summerbell to a place on the "Hill."

Jackson to young lady: "You are Pharisee and that makes me Sadducee."

Mr. H. L. Guss of the Academy class of '93 has entered the Sophmore class.

Jennings has been confined to his room for sometime on account of sickness.

P. B. Cregar, '95, will captain Bucknell's baseball team during the coming season.

J. E. Saul was called home on the ninth inst. on account of the serious illness of his father.

J. T. Anderson, who had gone to Washington to assist his brother in his pastoral work, has returned home.

A new chapter of the Pi Beta Phi is the latest addition to the College societies of Bucknell. Its charter members are Misses Mary Bartol, Mary Wolfe, Kate McLaughlin, Cora Perry, Ruth Sprague, and Mary Eddelman.

The College Glee Club has been organized with Mr. Bunnell as leader, and Mr. Harper as business manager.

By the time this issue comes before its readers the new college and athletic caps will have been donned by the boys.

The Phi Kappa Psi boys entertained their lady friends of the Seminary by a sleighing party to Mifflinburg on the 12th inst.

The banquet of the Bucknell Alumni of Pittsburg will be held at the Hotel Duquesne, of Pittsburg, February 11, 1895.

S. R. Wood and Charles Firth were among the victims of the recent robbery of the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Lewisburg.

Some of the practical demonstrations by various members of the class in Physics are highly appreciated by the other members.

The regular Mirror Association election will be held on February 9, when a business manager for the ensuing year and six editors will be elected.

A number of the students rendered valuable assistance to Pastor Judd, during the week of prayer, by the active part they took in the meetings.

Clothing emporiums at rooms six and seven West Wing. Lowest prices. Great variety. Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded. Call early and avoid the rush.

B. K. Brick, '95, has returned to College. His eyesight has greatly improved, and he expects to be able to complete the course along with his class. We all extend to him a cordial welcome.

How very pleasant and comfortable it is to sleep in our warm and cheery college dormitories these bitter cold nights! Pity those who are compelled to sleep in cold rooms. How very thankful we ought to feel!

On February 22 the Prohibition Club of the University will hold a preliminary contest in oratory in Bucknell Hall. This contest is to decide who shall represent the University at the state contest which will be held at Harrisburg, sometime in June, in connection with the State Convention of the Prohibition Party.

The members of Professor Edward's Sunday School class, who fail to attend, do not fully realize how much they miss. His lesson on John the Baptist was presented in a very powerful, dramatic way, and made a deep and lasting impression on all who heard it.

Bible-study is again under good headway by the various classes, in their respective lines of study. Indications at this writing seem to point to larger classes and a deeper interest. The classes meet every Monday evening at 9 o'clock in the various recitation rooms and "Halls."

The members of the L'Agenda Board are making rapid progress with their work. They are adding many new features this year which will make the book unique and attractive. They expect to have it in press about the end of this term, and hope to have it out early in May.

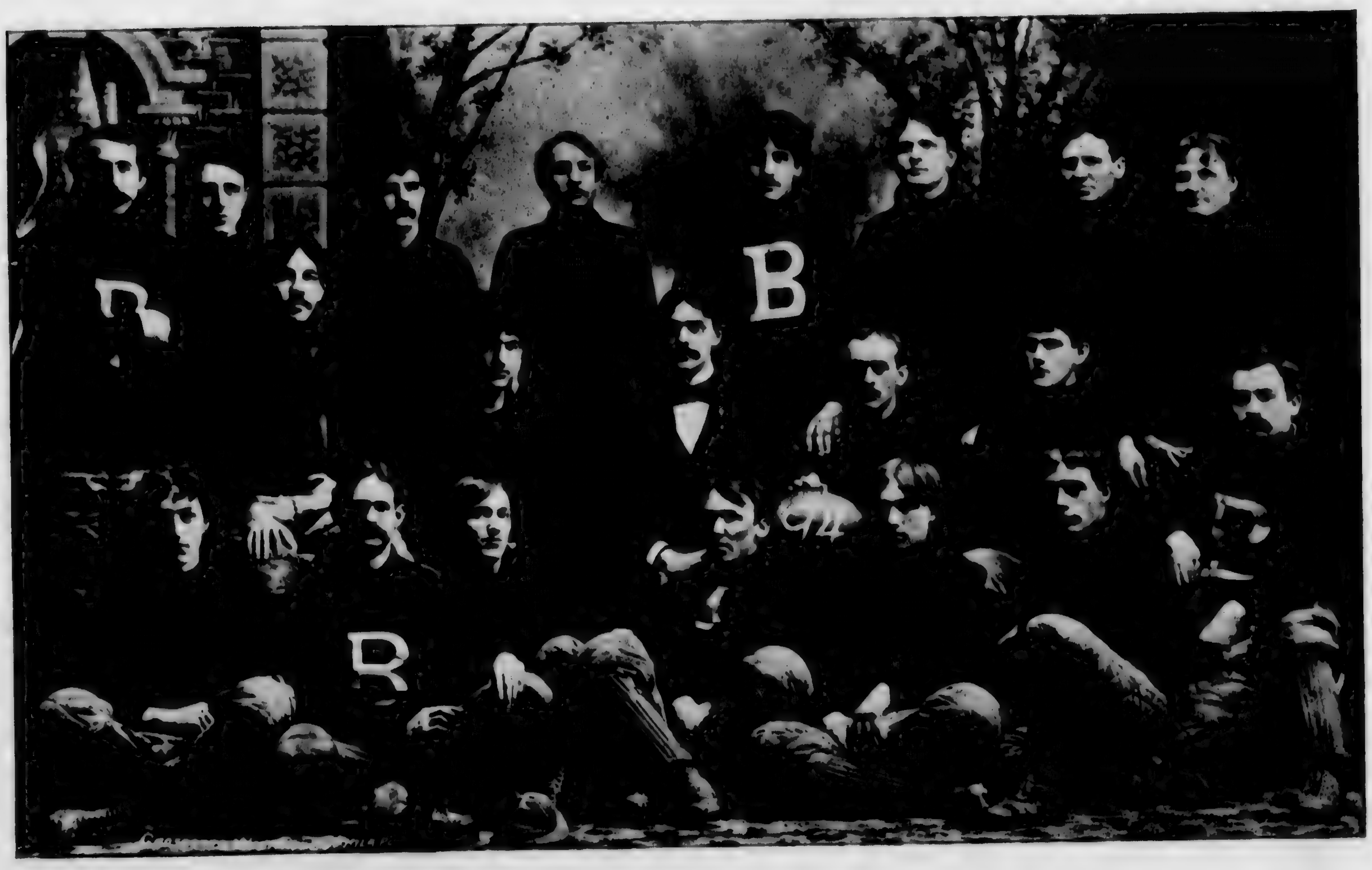
The Chemical and Physical Society met in the chemical lecture room on Thursday, January 10, at 4 o'clock. The subject for discussion, Chemistry of Petroleum, was quite ably handled by Mr. F. W. Brown. At this meeting there was also an election of an executive committee for the term. Professor Fisher and Mr. A. W. Stephens were elected.

The first regular gymnastic drill of the term was conducted on Friday, January 11, at 4 o'clock, by Physical Directors Harper and Bunnell. An unusually large number of Academy and College students entered the drills. The attendance was very encouraging to all concerned, and betokens a lively interest in gymnastics during the coming term. Before the close of the term a public exhibition will be given in the gymnasium.

The Athletic Association held a special meeting in Theta Alpha Hall on Saturday morning, January 12. The report of the Foot-ball manager for the past season was submitted to the Association, and also other reports. A number of amendments to the constitution were finally adopted. The resignation of Mr. J. B. Suiter as member from the Junior class of the General Athletic committee was accepted and Mr. Frank B. Miller was elected in his stead.

At this meeting a petition to the effect that the annual foot-ball game next year between Buck-

BUCKNELL FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1894.



Cober. Megargee, Perrin. Davis. Wolfe. H. B. Smith. Lesher.
Carey. Firth. Collins. Cregar, Mgr. Kauffman, Capt. Wilson. Hollinshead.
B. Smith. Bunnell Jennings. Elliott. Rohland. Thomas.

nell and State College be played in Williamsport, was presented to the Association by the Ex-Manager, Mr. P. B. Cregar. This petition was signed by about three-hundred citizens of Williamsport, headed and gotten up by Dr. Koser. It goes to prove that the exhibition given by our team last season was highly commendable in the eyes of the people of Williamsport. Without doubt Williamsport will have her desire fulfilled next fall.

On Saturday evening, January 19, a number of college boys in company with ladies from the Institute enjoyed a sleigh ride to the Marsh.

The class of '98 has elected C. A. Lindemann Historian in place of Edward Flint, who resigned on account of being absent from school at the present time.

A very interesting and impressive lecture on Missionary Extension was delivered before a crowded house on Thursday evening, January 17, by Mr. Mershon of Chicago. There are other lectures to follow on the same subject. Every student should attend these highly instructive lectures.

The Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and their lady friends took advantage of the fine sleighing on the evening of the 19th inst. They were entertained at the Deckard Hotel, Mifflinburg, and report a very pleasant evening and excellent accommodations. The features of the evening, apart from the spread, were music, games and social chitchat. At a reasonable evening hour they returned, none the worse for the cold and full of pleasant remembrances.

It may not be known to many that there is a thriving organization in our midst whose members meet weekly for exchange of congratulations. This society, The Spellbinders' Club, is composed of those young Spurgeons who are wont, as occasion offers, to charm rural congratulations with a *few remarks* on the "Immortality of the Soul," "Predestination," and kindred subjects. The name of the society owes its origin to the fact that its members *invariably* hold their audiences *spell-bound*. The officers are as follows: President, T. L. Josephs; First Vice President, E. C. Kunkle; Second Vice President, H. T. Colestock; Third Vice President, W. A. Crawford; Secretary, S. R. Wood; Treasurer, H. M. Pease; Honorary members, J. Y. Sinton, J. W. Davis, B. B. Ware, A. S. Barner, W. T. Harris and F. D. Finn.

The first meeting of the Natural History Society for the winter term was held on Thursday, January 17. Messrs. Stevens and Grim were elected serve as an executive committee. The rest of the hour was occupied by Doctor Groff, who gave an interesting and instructive talk on "The Preservation of Natural History Specimens." The Doctor gave a number of useful hints for obtaining and making a valuable collection of minerals, remarking that the specimens ought to be of a similar size and form in order to be attractive and valuable. His method of preserving and arranging insects, reptiles and plants is very practical. To the majority present his method of skinning a bird was simple and we hope to see him prepare one for mounting, in the presence of the society, in the near future.

The literary societies of the University are in a very flourishing condition at present. The work performed is of a high order. The attendance on the whole is quite gratifying. The following officers have been elected for the winter term: Euepia: President, H. F. Harris; Vice President, E. R. Powell; Secretary, A. A. Smith; Treasurer, W. H. Carey; Critic, H. M. Pease; Librarian, F. W. Jackson.

Theta Alpha: President, D. Phillips; Vice President, A. W. Johnson; Secretary, J. Cutler; Treasurer, S. R. Wood; Critic, J. W. Davis; Censor, G. A. Jennings; Hall Curator, F. W. Dillon.

Thursday evening, January 17, 1895, marks an important event in the history of the Class of '98.

The occasion was a class sleigh-ride in which nearly the whole class was represented. The arrangements were so successfully completed that no one in College, not even the ever suspicious Sophomores, mistrusted anything unusual.

Promptly at eight o'clock three crowded sleigh-loads of jolly Freshmen were found on the corner of 7th and Market Streets, ready to start on the eventful ride. After riding for several miles in different directions, passing various small towns, the company halted at the residence of Mrs. C. V. Slifer at Pine Grove, where a grand reception awaited them. When sufficient time had been spent by the fireside. They were then invited into the dining room to partake of a hearty as well as a deliciou srepast. When justice had been done to the ample viands, the class president, Mr. S. W. Gilpin,arose and in a few wellchosen words announced that several toasts would be in order; and that notwithstanding their extemporaneous character, he was confident that the talent of '98 was "equal to the occasion." He introduced as the first speaker Mr. H. M. Roth who, in a manner pleasing to all, *expanded* upon the subject, "To NIGHT." A few enticing words from the toastmaster now persuaded Mr. E. H. Dutton to cease eating long enough to toast the "Class of '97." This subject being rather more disagreeable than difficult, Mr. Dutton handled it with ease, and occasionally mentioned some interesting, although discreditable anecdotes, which mark the characteristic features of the class. The next in order was a solo by Mr. A. W. Geary. The applause had scarcely subsided when Mr. C. A. Lindemann very ably toasted "Our Class Sisters," and made the complimentary remark that another sister, in the personage of the hostess, had been added to their number.

This toast was adequately responded to with "Our Class Brothers" by Miss Anna Rodgers. Last but not least, in the literary feast was the toast entitled, "Our Success," by Mr. F. B. Hunt. Although Mr. Hunt was "too full for utterance" his wit and humor occasioned repeated applause, giving evidence of complete "success" to the entire satisfaction of all.

A sociable time was then spent in the parlor, after which the class returned to old Bucknell only to find their genial friends (?), the Sophomores, enwrapped in peaceful slumber.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

A Mandolin, Guitar, and Banjo Club has been started among the young ladies of the Institute.

The fifteen-minutes prayer meetings held at nine o'clock each evening during the week of prayer were well attended.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. is earnest, constant, progressive, and its value to the school cannot be over-estimated.

Prof. Aviragnet is making preparations to give an entertainment for the benefit of our Y. W. C. A. He hopes to give it in March. It promises to be unique and interesting.

The Literature class is delighted with Wordsworth, and would like to make a tour of the "Lake Country" with Mrs. Larison, who contemplates going during the summer vacation in company with Miss Bronson, formerly a teacher at the Institute.

More than one of the jaunty caps of Bucknell College girls was seen in Philadelphia during the holidays. Two of them were found even in foreign parts, having by some means strayed over to Jersey. We are glad to see, however, that none of them are missing this term.

The Institute students report a very pleasant holiday season. Nearly all of the young ladies have returned, and we cordially welcome the new students. The efficiency of the Music department is increased by the addition of another instrumental teacher, Miss Ione Morgan.

The Students Loan Association held a business meeting at the opening of the term, and report the addition of the following members: Mrs. A. A. Leiser, Mrs. Lincoln Hulley, Mrs. H. E. Deats. This Association deserves the helpful attention of all who are interested in the education of young women. The annual payment of five dollars entitles one to active membership.

At the January meeting of the Alumnae Club, the following program was most successfully rendered:

Music, - - - - -	Miss Swengel.
Barnard College, - - - -	Miss H. Walters.
Elmira College, - - - -	Miss Armitage.
Bryn Mawr College, - - -	Miss Thomas.
Music, - - - - -	A Bryn Mawr Song.
Mt. Holyoke College, - - -	Miss Lewis.
Smith College, - - - -	Miss Bates.
Wellesley College, - - - -	Miss Eddelman.
Music, - - - - -	A Wellesley Song.
Woman's College at Baltimore, -	Miss Bartol.
Radcliffe, - - - - -	Miss Sprague.
Music, - - - - -	A Harvard Annex Song.

A paper on Vassar College was omitted on account of the absence of the writer.

An attractive part of the evening's entertainment was the giving of the College Cries which were as musical as lyrics from Tennyson. Excellent views of the various schools added to the interest.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged merit of these educational centers, we all with one accord declared our loyalty to Bucknell.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

The Gymnasium drills are well attended by the Academy students.

LeRoy Hall, who was confined to his bed on account of illness, is able to attend classes again.

Two electric bells have been placed in the Academy, one in East Hall and one in Main Hall.

The Fourth Form will read the "Merchant of Venice" this term in the Elocution Class and the Third Form, Longfellow's "Evangeline."

The Academy is represented in the University Glee Club by Cleeland and Meeker, and in the Mandolin and Guitar Club, by Koser and Pierce.

The following officers of the Fourth Form have been elected for this term: President, Hazen; Vice President, Cober; Secretary, Nesbit; Treasurer, Harvey; Historian, Cleeland.

The following books the Fourth Formers are required to read this year for admission to College: Milton's Comus, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Lycidas, Macaulay's Essays on Milton and Addison, Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, Webster's Bunker Hill Oration, Longfellow's Evangeline, Sir Roger de Coverley Papers, Irving's Sketch Book, and Scott's Abbot.

It is rumored that Mr. E. W. Cober has received a very flattering offer from University of Pennsylvania to play foot-ball there next year and has about decided to accept it. We trust that an effort will be made to retain him at Bucknell, for we can ill afford to lose him from our team.

Personals.

'54. Rev. C. M. Deitz has settled as pastor of the Baptist church of Point Pleasant, Pa.

Ex-'62. Arthur Malcom is Vice President of the Philadelphia Baptist City Mission Society.

'62. Rev. A. J. Rowland, D. D., now of Baltimore, but formerly pastor of the Tenth church, Philadelphia, has been chosen secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society. Dr. Rowland is a real Pennsylvanian, having been born in Valley Forge, but he is national in every fibre of his being. He was graduated from Lewisburg, now Bucknell University, in '62, and from Rochester Theological Seminary in '66, and is in the very maturity of his powers. The important pastorates he has held prove his acceptability in the pulpit, and those who know him are confident that, with firm religious principles, he has the qualities for a thorough business like administration of the Society's work. The wisdom manifest in the appointment is recognized by all who know Dr. Rowland.

'67. Hon. T. J. Philips has entered upon his first term as a member of the Penna. State Legislature.

'71. Rev. Henry Colclesser has become pastor at Conshohocken, Pa.

'71. Dr. G. M. Philips, of the West Chester State Normal School, was recently nominated by direct vote of the Alumni as a Trustee of the University. At the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, held in Philadelphia, January 10, the nomination was confirmed and Dr. Philips was elected.

'77. Rev. C. A. Hare of McKeesport will leave on February 6 for a trip through Egypt and the Holy Land.

'77. A gracious revival has been in progress at the Baptist church in Vincentown, New Jersey, Rev. E. D. Shull, pastor.

'80. Rev. J. M. Plannett has located at Cambridgeboro.

'82. Rev. R. M. Hunsicker has accepted a call from the Baptist church at Chestnut Hill and began his work the first of the year.

'84. F. W. Overheiser has resigned at Cold Spring, N. Y.

'85. Rev. J. M. Hare of Burlington, N. J., was presented on Christmas with a handsome gold watch.

'85. Mr. William P. Beaver, formerly of this place, but now a Pittsburg manufacturer, and Miss Ellen Brook were married January 8, at the home ot the bride in East Orange, N. Y.

'87. H. L. Calder, Esq., is a special reporter in the State Assembly for a syndicate of newspapers.

'87. Prof. J. L. VanGundy is teaching in the Norristown High School besides preparing a class of young men for college.

Ex-'89. Rev. John Skym is now located at Lansford, this state.

'92. Prof. W. L. Kauffman is teaching in the Harrisburg High School.

'92. Mr. George W. Wagenseller has become the sole proprietor of the Middleburg Post.

Ex-'93. Rev. S. A Field has accepted a call from the Westfield Baptist church.

'94. F. O. Schub is pursuing a theological course at the Rochester Seminary.

'94. Rev. A. F. Anderson, of Washington, D. C., will take a trip next summer through Egypt and the Holy Land.

—. H. C. Overholt died during December from an attack of pneumonia.

—. Mr. W. L. Showers is editor of the Williamsport Saturday Evening Review.

—. Walter Vorse, a former college student, died recently in Williamsport and was buried in Lewisburg.

—. Dr. F. S. Derr, now located at Watsontown, Pa., has been appointed one of the Pennsylvania Railroad surgeons.

—. A former student of the Academy, Rev. R. M. Roderick, has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Honesdale, Pa.

Rev. F. L. Bardens, who was recently elected chaplain of the Pennsylvania Senate, defeating twenty-seven other candidates for the position, was a former Bucknell student.

Exchange.

The feet of truth are slow, but they never slip. —*Ram's Horn.*

We desire to acknowledge the receipt of *The William and Mary College Monthly.*

A cup worth $200 is awarded by the class of '93 of Cornell to the best preparatory school football team in New York State.

Princeton awards a scholarship of $1,500 for excellence in Latin and Greek. This is the largest scholarship given by any American college.

The Villanova Monthly is an attractive journal, but we think it would be improved if the pages devoted to mathematics contained literary matter. Such matter may be found in text-books on Geometry and Trigonometry, and is hardly relevant in a college journal.

OUT OF PLACE.

Are women angels? Yes, we say,
  They are undoubtedly, but that's
No reason in the world why they
  Should wear their wings upon their hats.

By means of the new "cut system" at Union a student is allowed as many absences during the term as there are recitations a week in that subject.

The subject for the Cornell-Pennsylvania debate is, "Resolved, That the most effective means of restricting the liquor traffic is to eliminate the element of private profits."

The January number of *The Institute Journal* contains a very creditable article on "Higher Medical Education," and also one on "College Life," which every college student can read with profit.

Mr. F. preached a sermon some time ago on "the world, the flesh, and the devil." In his introductory remarks he said: "I will say a few words on the world, touch on the flesh, and hurry on to the devil."

We noticed in the last issue of the *Denison Collegian* the card of Mr. C. B. Reno as an instructor of Stenography. He is awaiting the arrival of "Shorty" to assist in organizing a class in music. Success, Reno.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY 10, 1895. No. 8.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

FFBRUARY 10, 1895.

Editorial.

THE contest in Prohibition oratory will be held on Washington's Birthday. This is the annual contest under the auspices of the Prohibition Club, the object being to select a representative to the state intercollegiate contest at Harrisburg next June. The plan is to select two speakers from each class and to appoint judges to decide upon the best speaker to bear Bucknell's colors to the state meeting. The successful speaker at the state gathering will represent Pennsylvania at the national intercollegiate contest. Bucknell has been honored by the election of Mr. Colestock as State President of College Prohibition Clubs, and on the whole, the cause of prohibition is taking firm hold upon many of our students.

◆

IN his sermon, January 31, Rev. Dr. Putnam said, among other good things, "A student must recommend Christ to his chum by his own life if he wishes to have any influence over him." It may not be our part to preach, yet we heartily indorse such doctrine. Young Men's Christian Associations are prone to bewail the fact that their work does not seem to be effective. While it is not possible to make an exact measurement of the extent of their influence, the fact nevertheless remains, that their range of moral power is contracted. The reason, perhaps, is not for to seek. Men fail to do what Dr. Putnam so forcibly said they must do, if they wish to do the most efficient work as members of christian organizations.

◆

IT has sometimes happened that college professors and college graduates have sneeringly criticised the work of Normal Schools. Possibly some of the criticism was merited, for a budding normal graduate may think she "knows it all." Normal Schools do not pretend to supplant the work of Colleges and when college men criticise them from that point of view they are in error. The proper sphere of Normal Schools is to prepare teachers for the public schools. With that their work ceases, unless their students wish to attend college, when most of theNormals offer a preparatory course. On the whole, the attitude of college men is to estrange the Normal School from the College. It is a mistake to do this, for the Normal Schools of the state ought to furnish the best source for Colleges to draw students from.

◆

BUCKNELL has been known for so long a time as a purely literary institution that she has attracted but little attention in the scientific world. The improvements, however, which have been made in the scientific department during recent years lead us to believe that the day is not far distant when she will be known also as a centre for original scientific experiment and investigation. The popularity of this department plainly shows that the efforts of the faculty to improve it are being appreciated. Every year brings an increasing number of students. Of the character of the work done, it is sufficient to state that students who have gone from Bucknell to various medical schools, say that our advantages in chemical and organic science, as far as the subjects are pursued here, are superior to those of the institutions they attended.

This is the time of year in which Literary Societies languish. Sleighing, skating, entertainments of all kinds occupy the students' extra hours. Beside this there is some laxity on the part of the program committees—not always in writing out the posters, but in enforcing their decisions. Too often the members will gather at the appointed time only to find that the program, well-selected and beautifully written, has failed altogether to materialize. The requisite is something attractive for the meetings and it will soon be clear that excuses of previous engagements have been more convenient than sincere, while those professedly not interested may become engaged in the work. The proposition by one of the societies to hold a mock trial, is commendable. Euepia held one last year that filled its hall with spectators, who were willing to wait far into the night for the verdict of the jury. A second should prove more successful still.

We heartily endorse the resolution of the Freshman class to avoid on their part giving cause for the annual Sophomore–Freshman fight on Washington's Birthday. We may feel gratified that Bucknell's civilizing influence has so soon been felt and that the Freshmen are in this, as in other less important matters, imitating the conduct of upper class men. They have already tested their powers in the most practical way and may therefore retire without provoking the charge of cowardice. This action we hope will serve as a precedent to future Freshman classes and in time, perhaps even the preliminary struggle may be dispensed with, without injury to character or reputation. In many other colleges these antiquated methods of class amusement have been replaced by contests between the two rival classes, in athletic sports or by some other struggle which, beside requiring nerve and muscle, as the class-fight does, exhibits in addition a little common sense.

This is positively the last appearance of the present editorial board and managing board. The regular election will have been held before this issue has been made public. Therefore we urge upon all readers consideration of the fact that the management is now, as ever, in need of funds with which to carry on its good work. To the stranger; remember that the Mirror, like other journals, needs a large subscription list; therefore do not be surprised that we take this last opportunity to recall to you your privilege. Constant Reader, remember that "money makes the Mirror go" and that your chum's subscription does not purchase for you the right to criticise this means of assisting the management of the journal. Subscriber, remember that you do not take as many copies of Mirror as you are able, and therefore it would be quite out of place for you to take exception to this request for more subscriptions. Tiresome customer, remember that Mirror has done all it promised to do, but that it cannot long flourish on bad debts; therefore do not feel offended when we remind you that your honest debt may be paid by the price of one sleigh-ride and one poor side-show.

Literary.

ONE MORNING.

The early light came stealing in ;
  The fairies lightly, gently, fastened
Their beauteous mist veils, gauzy-thin
  As only fairy hands can weave,
About the trees, and left them.

The world awaked from dreamy sleep,
  To find the trees pure white, all chastened
From stealthy dusts that day times creep
  Upon their arms and cause them grief.
And so the fairies came to cheer them.

Thus Jesus loves to come to men
  And softly, Christly, o'er our lives,
That are so dusty time again,
  Enwrap his pure white veil of love,
Thus clothed we truly know the Father.

Sunday, Jan. 20, '95. E. A.

THE SCIENTIST AS A LITERARY MAN.

Just outside the window to-night the snow lies white and cold. The river has gone from sight. A mighty force has caught and stilled its ripples, but underneath the crystal surface the stream still moves on. Early last autumn an icy chill crept into the genial, warm heart of a dear New England friend and seemed to stop the current of life forever; and to-night the snow lies upon a mound in Cambridge, where rests the body of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Half a dozen reviews have already endeavored to settle his place in American Literature, forgetting that the author-physician is not dead. As the ice apparently stops the river's current, so the laying of the body in that grave last October seemed to say that the life was ended. But just as the river moves on beneath the snow-crystalled surface, so Dr. Holmes still lives to touch, to hold, to influence more than ever as the years go by. The next generation will care for the genial Boston doctor only as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table;" and it is well that they should do so. As Beecher says, "Let us remember our friends at their best." But if Americans of the next century look upon Dr. Holmes only as the author of "Old Ironsides," and not as a man of scientific attainment as well, they will never really know him. "It is a good thing for us," says Dr. Hale, "that Dr. Holmes had his own life to live, his own students to meet, his own lectures to deliver. and to keep in the very front of the science of his time in his studies in anatomy." This suggests—and answers—the question some men are continually arguing. Can a scientist be a literary man?

Narrow-minded absorbers of facts vehemently declare that literature must give way to the greater modern rival, and other narrow minded retailers of other men's arguments and phrases rule scientists out of the temple of literature as being too material in their ideas to look upon the sacred fire. And the rest of the world goes serenely on, dismissing both classes to the region where they belong, the limb of fools. Is there indeed such antagonism between the scientific spirit and the literary spirit that a man forfeits all power in literature when he makes scientific study his vocation?

Once upon a time a German naturalist determined to study glaciers. Out upon the ice-field he built his hut and presently gave the world the history of the ice-river. "A pure scientist," you say. And yet the other day John Burroughs wrote of Humboldt's Views of *Nature and Scientific Travels* that we read them not "so much for the pure science which they hold as the good literature they embody." Again someone mentions that other geologist, Hugh Miller, and we recall the literary style of *My Schools and Schoolmasters*. It has been much the fashion to point to this work as only scientific; and yet a fellow-worker has said of him, "His imagination and poesy are the living fire in his books." No one, perhaps, has been more often contemptuously dismissed because he knew how to use a microscope than Professor Huxley. It is well for many would-be literary men that they can so easily avoid the finely ordered arguments and elegantly chosen expressions of this "scientific man." Until they have mastered Professor Huxley's armament as well as he has theirs, the only safe course for them is to avoid him.

Nor need we go outside our own time and nation for men who are scientists and yet literary men. Every American lover of nature knows the man who is the intimate of the robins and the squirrels. To deny John Burroughs a place in our modern literature "is to argue yourself unknown." Within the bounds of our own state are Doctors Henry McCook and S. Weir Mitchell. The first, a busy city pastor while being the greatest living authority on ants and spiders; the other, a student of nervous diseases, an expert chemist on reptile poisons, a scholarly novelist and a most gentle, pervasive poet. And yet some narrow-souled critics would have us believe that scientific students are opposed in spirit to literary attainments.

We have seen how the facts disprove this theory of superficial generalizers. It remains to see why scientific studies aid literary power. Hosts of books and articles are still-born because they lack what Lewes calls the Principle of Vision. That is, the writers have not yet learned to see the world about them. Walk out with Thoreau as he studies and classifies the shrubs of the Maine woods, or sail with him down the Merrimac and mark how much he can see in the animal world about him. Does this scientific study unfit him for describing the beauty of the nature about him? Rather it is a powerful element in enabling him to make us see the insects quivering in sunshine, or the pearly light of the minnow's scales.

Notice again that other royal function of the mind, the Imagination, and see how it is broadened, uplifted and enriched by every avenue of scientific study! To be sure there is a set of men who never understand how the imagination can play any part in the higher intellectual life. No disciple of Lewes ever makes this mistake. In the construction of scientific hypotheses, in the mental correlation of images and in the process of attaining results, the imagination receives the very training which fits it to be the stage of the literary pageant and drama.

Then there is a unanimity of aim in both scientific and literary life. No man succeeds in either who shrinks from the truth. There must be intense faithfulness to convictions. He who is not so is a hypocrite and a cheat, whether he be scientist or author. Not a little of our modern writing is the product of moral cowards and half-fledged theorists. When these weak imitators of other weak imitators have learned to look with the eyes and understand with the hearts of the few great past masters in both science and literature, the world will be the gainer. These last are the models for the picture drawn by one who unites in himself both poet and naturalist. This is the picture. "The true poet and true scientist are not estranged. They go forth into nature like two friends. Behold them strolling through the summer fields and woods. The younger of the two is much the more active and inquiring, he is ever and anon stepping aside to examine some object more minutely, plucking a flower, treasuring a shell, pursuing a bird, watching a butterfly; now he turns over a stone, peers into the marshes, chips off a fragment of a rock, and everywhere seems intent on some special and particular knowledge of the things about him. The elder man has more an air of leisurely contemplation and enjoyment—is less curious about special objects and features, and more desirous of putting himself in harmony with the spirit of the whole. But when his companion has any fresh and characteristic bit of information to impart to him, how attentively he listens, how sure and discriminating is his appreciation. The interests of the two in the universe are widely different, yet in no sense are they hostile or mutually destructive."

WINOLA.

In the northeastern part of the Keystone State, among the grand hills of the Appalachian system, there are the most charming lakes to be found in all the eastern part of the United States. Hemmed in on all sides by beautiful groves and green fields, they offer many attractions to the student of Nature. They are grand now; but how much more so in the earlier days before the white man had used his axe upon the mighty pines of the primitive forest.

In a valley of pre-glacial erosion, bounded by hills which converge in the form of the letter "V," lies a beautiful sheet of crystal water. When the great northern ice sheet retreated, it left immense deposits of debris in the valley, causing the lake to be formed.

Some time after the Indians came. His was the first face to be mirrored in the placid surface of this grand sheet of water, and for a long time he alone chased the red deer over the hills which were covered with great pines and dense with ferns.

The Wyomings were in possession of the territory and their chief, Onteka, a lover of peace, found no trouble in holding his lands; for the neighboring tribes were friendly with one exception: the Keiutas were ever encroaching upon his claims. In the camp of the Wyomings was a beautiful maiden. Her dark flashing eyes sparkled with merry mischief, charming all; yet in that glance one could not mistake an element of determination which said plainly that she had a will of her own. Her hair, black and shiny, was brushed back from her forehead and hung as a loose mantle to her waist. Her actions were very graceful and she could push her little birch canoe through the water in a manner that made many a brave long to have Winola for his bride.

Among the Keiutas there was a very promising youth who was the pride of the whole tribe. Many times he had watched the fair Winola with eager eyes, but could never muster courage to speak with her. But one beautiful day in early spring when the greater part of the tribe had gone on a chase, Winola took her little canoe and paddled out into the lake to fish. She had drifted about for some time when suddenly the sound of a paddle came faintly to her ear. Glancing up she saw a youth, fair of face and form, moving rapidly down the lake. As he approached Winola, he slackened his speed and seemed much interested in her success; but he soon passed on. Winola cared not for fishing now, but took her paddle and returned to her wigwam to dream of the fair face she had seen.

The following day she was out with her little boat and again her brave came down the lake; but this time he stopped beside her canoe and the fair Winola was happy; for she had given her love to Kishkemintas.

On the return of the band from their chase. Winola's meetings with the brave from the hostile camp were discovered, and the old chieftain would not allow her to see her lover. But in the quiet of the evening she would often wander out and in the balmy moonlight, dream of the many happy hours she had spent in her little canoe with Kishkemintas near her.

One night as she was sitting under a great oak near the shore of the lake, a canoe emerged from the shadow some distance from where she was seated and came swiftly toward her. Soon she could distinguish the athletic form of Kishkemintas and with a bound she was at the waters edge to greet him. With joyful hearts they roamed through the forest and many happy hours were spent under the protecting pines.

These clandestine meetings were soon discovered by the chief and in a rage, he banished Winola from the camp. Fleeing to her lover, she related her sad tale and together they planned a home for themselves. There was a cave on the border of the lake near the camp of the Wyomings; to this they wandered and decided that, with what few possessions they had, a comfortable lodging could be fashioned.

Kishkemintas, leaving Winola at the cave, returned for his canoe. Just as he was pushing off from the shore, the twang of a bow-string was heard and he fell forward on his face, pierced through the heart by an arrow from the bow of old Onteka.

The death of Kishkemintas was a sad blow to the fair Winola and she would not be comforted. Her father implored her to return to his lodge, but she would not leave the little cave and the happy memories of Kishkemintas. She prefered to live alone in the cave; for she could support herself by her unerring arrow or her skilful fishing.

It was a sad life for the fair princess. The waves seemed to mock her with every splash as they broke against her little boat. She could not endure the quietness of the woods now, and when the wind whistled through the mighty pines, it was with a wail of a lost love—a funeral dirge, where before it had been a merry laughing-song.

But soon the whites came and drove her kinsmen from the shores. They learned her sad story and took her to their hearts and homes. When she died they buried her near the spot she loved so well. The grave of Winola is marked to this day and the quiet lake on whose bosom she coursed with all the spirit of a daring Indian Princess, has taken her name. In that peaceful valley, the story is often told, and the love for the bright Indian is in every heart. A Longfellow alone is lacking to make her as well beloved as Evangeline.

CARELESS SPEAKING.

There is no safer criterion of character than every-day speech. It is a significant fact that no man ever feels acquainted with another until the two have engaged in conversation, and though this conversation be ever so light and shallow, yet each man better understands his friend in this way than he could by his face, his dress, his bearing or his actions. A detective addresses an ordinary remark to the person under his suspicion and from the simplest reply, he forms his conclusions—from the words, the tone, the pronunciation, the accent. Speech surely betrays character. And yet there are probably no faults so common among people of the better class as faults in every-day speech; faults in articulation and in the use of words, but especially grammatical faults.

In some cases we must believe that the person was better instructed and the error was because of carelessness, but carelessness can not account for so common a disregard of the simplest rules of English grammar. It is hard to see how a man who is careful to keep his necktie straight, careful to eat like a gentleman, and careful to respect the rights of his neighbor, can be so careless in his speech that it seems actually but little more correct than the prattle of the street-arab or gutter-grub.

We must in charity, attribute most of the error to real ignorance. The same person who would ridicule the use of "I is" for "I am" will say "you was" instead of "you were." He would scarcely say "I haven't none" for "I have none" yet he will say "I haven't hardly any" for "I have hardly any." Perhaps he would not say "there was two" for "there were two" yet may say "there are none" instead of "there is none." We acknowledge here that there is some difference of opinion among even the best speakers and writers as to the use of "none" with the verb in the singular.

The most common errors seem to be the use of the verb in the singular with a subject in the plural. Other mistakes are made through the confusion of the adjective and adverb—"I write bad" for "I write badly."

Further, the personal pronoun "them" is used for the attributive pronoun "those"—"them words" for "those words," and the plural "those" for the singular "that"—"those kind of words" for "that kind of words."

Another error, and one which may be noticed occasionally in literature otherwise correct, is the use of the simple adverb "like" for the conjunctive adverb "as"—"I write like he does" for "I write as he does." In standard English "like" may be an adjective or an adverb, but never a conjunctive, to unite two complete clauses. The only excuse, and a poor one it is, is that the sentence given is an abbreviation for "I write like (to) the way that he does."

An error more or less peculiar to Pennsylvania is the use of the verb let without an infinitive object—"let it there" for "leave it there." The reverse mistake (the use of the infinitive after leave) is more widespread—"leave it be" for "let it be."

Of course it must be remembered that many of these forms have some etymological warrant, but none from the best modern usage.

The gender of the intensive pronoun with the adjectives each and every, applied to subjects of different genders, sometimes causes difficulty; one person says, "every one by themselves;" another says, "every one by him-or-herself;" another even says, "everyone by themself." The correct form is "everyone by himself" as "himself" may be either common or masculine.

It would be an almost endless undertaking to mention even the common errors in the formation of verbs. "I seen" for "I saw" and "he has went" for "he has gone" are the most shocking, but "I have got" for "I have gotten" is just as wrong. The verb get is applied much too broadly, by the way. "Ain't" is certainly an objectionable expression in any construction, but with a singular subject it is absolutely incorrect even as an abbreviation.

The errors named are, sad to say, only a few of those we hear and perhaps make everyday. The real intention of this writing is to urge constant watch-care and thought in the use of our words.

Local.

The Local "Ed." with aching head
Sat musing with his pen,
Reflecting how, without a row,
The col'mns be filled again!

"I've nothing new to write," thought he,
"Nor story strange to pen,"
And my last jokes have so provoked
A score or so of men

"That I am threatened with my life,
If ere I joke again."
A bright idea struck his mind,
It flashed upon him then.

"A poet bright! I'll be," cried he,
"And tell of heroes bold
Who in the fight for truth and right
Fought in the days of old.

"How brave Horatius held the bridge!
How in Thermopylae's pass,
The gallant band of Spartan youth
Died with Leonidas."

Just then the Editor-in-Chief,
With fierce and angry mein,
Stepped in and said, "The Locals, quick!"
And spoiled the poet's dream.

J. W. Davis preached at Centralia, February 3.

B. K. Brick recently took a flying trip home.

Messrs. Sprague, Cleeland, Warren, Hanna, and others have been holding revival meetings at the Marsh Mission with flatering success.

BUCKNELL BAND, 1894.

H. M. Roth was lately initiated into the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

J. Y. Sinton gave the Chillisquaque Sunday School a very instructive talk, January 27.

The Library presents quite a changed appearance since the new walnut shelving has been put in.

The De Moss Family rendered their musical program on Tuesday evening, January 29, to a small audience.

Rev. W. P. Chase, D.D., of Philadelphia, has been chosen as the University preacher for the month of February.

Professor Hulley and wife tendered a reception to the class in Hebrew on the first evening in February. The boys report having had a royal good time.

Mr. P. B. Cregar, Captain of the base-ball team, is busily engaged in selecting material available for the team, and will soon have the men at work in earnest.

One of the water pipes in the Laboratory froze last week and caused considerable annoyance. The plumbers from town were called in and soon had it fixed.

The first edition of Professor Bartol's Solid Geometry, numbering one thousand copies, and published by Leach, Shewell and Sanborn, sixteen months ago, has already been entirely sold.

A. O. Miller has been doing some missionary work lately. He has been trying to get the High School in town hereafter to observe the day of prayer for colleges. We are doubtful of his success.

Frank Tilley, although one of the youngest members of the Freshman class is one of the brightest. When not engaged at study, he practices telegraphy and story-telling at No. 9 West Wing.

On Wednesday evening, January 30, a party of the students took a drive to Northumberland where they were heartily received into the home of the Misses Lesher who had invited, according to prior arrangement a number of the ladies of the town to be present to assist in entertaining the boys. All enjoyed the trip.

The Philadelphia Alumnae Club of Bucknell Institute held the annual reunion on Monday, January 28, at the Century Club Drawing Rooms. Miss Mary L. Bartol represented the Lewisburg Club.

While Professor Owens was performing some wonderful experiments in Electricity at a Monday morning lecture, one member of the class was so tickled that he forgot himself, and ejaculated, "Gad, that's funny."

The banquet of the Bucknell University Club of Pittsburg will be held at the Hotel DuQuesne, Monday evening, February 11. The MIRROR extends cordial greetings and best wishes for many happy returns of the day.

It is not a joke, but it comes quite near to being one. A member of the Sophomore class in speaking of the attentiveness of his class-mates to the instructor's remarks said, "Not one fellow in the class has gone to sleep yet this term during a recitation."

The University Band under the direction of Dr. Aviragnet now consists of twenty-five members, five of whom came into the band at the opening of this term. Additions to the equipment in the way of several reed instruments and a trombone have been made.

The College Athletic Association held its last meeting on the 2d inst. Reports of committees were received. Various suggestions were made for the lifting of the heavy debt of the Association. A number of schemes will be tried. It is sincerely hoped that every loyal son and daughter of Bucknell will lend their aid and assistance to the Association in meeting its obligations.

There is a movement on foot among those of the college students who go to the Library for the purpose of reading to address a petition to the Trustees of the University, praying them to provide a separate room for the lady students. They find that the presence of some of the ladies is very distracting to a person who has not been brought up in a planing-mill or a boiler-shop.

A very enjoyable evening on Friday, January 25, was spent by quite a number of the boys at the home of the Misses Walters. The social event was in honor of E. R. Powell's birth-day.

A sled-load of young ladies from Northumberland were present to do honor to the occasion.

The entertainment consisted of singing, instrumental music, declamations by various members of the company and other interesting and amusing pastimes. All expressed themselves as highly delighted with the event.

The Y. M. C. A. of the College has secured the services of the Schuman Quartette, for the 12th of February, in Bucknell Hall. The company has undergone considerable change since it appeared last in Lewisburg, and an entirely new program will be given. This company has always been well received in town, and has given great satisfaction to all who have had the pleasure of listening to it. We expect to see every seat filled on the evening of the 12th, and a good round sum placed in the empty treasury of the Y. M. C. A.

Seldom does it happen that so many of the students of the University turn out to attend the meetings of the Natural History and Chemical and Physical Societies as happened on Thursday, January 24, when there was a joint meeting arranged by Secretaries Carey and Davis. The lecture room was almost filled with expectant boys and girls from all departments of the University. The object of attraction was the address on *Life in Mexico* by Hon. Howard Miller, who is the Commissioner of Land Surveying in the Republic of Mexico. Mr. Miller spoke of the ordinary things of Mexican life and told of some very odd customs in vogue there. At the close of his remarks, he expressed his pleasure in addressing the students, whom he complimented for their close attention and intelligent bearing, and offered at any convenient time in the future to appear again before the Societies. We trust we shall have the privilege of soon hearing him again.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges this year was one of unusual interest. In the morning Rev. Dr. Putnam of New York City preached a very practical and sensible sermon in the Baptist church. In the afternoon a song and testimony meeting was conducted in Bucknell Hall. In the evening Mr. Putnam again preached to a large audience in Bucknell Hall. After the preaching services he conducted an after-meeting at which seven of the young men of the University became disciples of Christ. Owing to the deep interest manifested in the meeting, and being importuned by many of the boys to remain one day longer, Mr. Putnam, on the day following, gave addresses to the students in the Academy, College, and Seminary, and in the evening again delivered a very forcible sermon before the students of the University in Bucknell Hall.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Rev. James Putnam conducted a meeting at 6:30 on Friday evening, February 1, in the Institute Parlor. He spoke to us from Paul's words, "None of us liveth to himself." A lasting impression was made upon many hearts, as we listened to the solemn and helpful thoughts he presented.

It may not be generally known that a systematic study of the Bible forms a part of the Institute Curriculum, there being an hour given to it each week. Last year the Life of Christ, as given in the Blakeslee Series, was studied with great profit. The "progressive grade" of the quarterlies is used in the Senior and fourth years, and the "intermediate grade" in the other classes. The Apostolic Church is the subject for the current year. This regular study of early church history is found both interesting and profitable.

On the afternoon of January 26, a long hay-wagon on runners drew up with a flourish before the Institute, and stopping long enough to take in a jolly crowd of College girls, was off again to gather the rest of its fair passengers. A large flag of orange and blue floated loyally over the company, but on account of its frequent fits of attachment to the head of one girl or another it was laid aside.

The entire journey of eight miles to Watsontown was enlivened by songs, cheers, and the vigorous waving of colors. At last the merry crowd was welcomed by Mrs. Sigel to warm, bright rooms and a table groaning with good things. In happy interchange of wit and humor the evening passed far too quickly.

The four prancing steeds were again at the door, so, bidding their gracious hostess a regret-ful good night, the party was soon tucked snugly in the ample sleigh, and drove off amidst hearty cheers.

They had not gone far, however, before they felt the sleigh gently lurching over. All waited in perfect silence a moment, uncertain what to do; then the whole party leaped simultaneously to the ground. A scene of confusion immediately ensued. All chattered together. However, no injury being reported, the sleigh was soon righted and all clambered in again. A song was started immediately and the company moved on, reaching Lewisburg without further mishap.

The girls feel very grateful to the two students who so kindly acted as charioteers upon this occasion.

The following interesting account of the banquet of the Bucknell Alumnae Club of Philadelphia is from the pen of Miss Nellie W. Conard, '93:

The Annual Lunch was given by the Bucknell Alumnae Club of Philadelphia at the "Woman's Exchange," on Monday, January twenty-eighth. Twenty-two of the members were present, and, while we wish there had been a larger number, we are glad so many are still interested in Bucknell.

After lunch had been served, the President, Mrs. Spratt, gave us some gracious words of welcome, and delighted us all with a message of greeting from Miss Carrie W. Reese of the Pittsburg *Gazette*. It is one of our desires to have Miss Reese with us some day, and the desire grows stronger with each remembrance from her.

It was a pleasure to have at this meeting a representative from our Mother Club at Lewisburg. All were delighted with the bright, interesting talk Miss Bartol gave us, and felt that the Lewisburg Alumnae have not forgotten us. There was no one who did not listen with pride to the records of what has been accomplished at Bucknell, and none who did not wish for her a bright and prosperous future.

The guest of the club on this occasion was Mrs J. P. Mumford, Vice President of the Nation Federation of Women's Clubs. In presenting our guest, Mrs. Spratt spoke of the step that has been taken by our club in the direction of uniting ourselves with the organization represented by Mrs. Mumford. It has been felt for sometime that we are not accomplishing the object for which our club was formed, and, furthermore, that *object* does not seem to have assumed a very definite shape. We had, therefore, looked forward to this meeting with unusual eagerness, for, not only were we anxious to hear Mrs. Mumford for herself, but also for the inspiration she would give us.

Mrs. Mumford is a particularly easy and pleasing speaker, and told us in a clear and suggestive way of the work and methods of the Federation of Clubs. Its object is to bring together the women of our land, that they may in this union prove their strength. It was flattering to realize the deep interest Mrs. Mumford manifested for Bucknell, and the plans suggested for increasing the influence of our club as well as of our alma mater will not soon be forgotten.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

O. J. Decker visited his parents at Duboistown, Sunday, February 3.

Why do Devitt and Rowe try to beat each other down town every evening?

Warren seems to have completed his last edition of "Thrice Told Tales."

It is about time for the Athletic Association of the Academy to meet for the election of officers, in order that those to whom the base-ball team will be entrusted may have time to get things in working order.

A secret society wearing red and black has caused considerable comment.

The gymnasium drills are disclosing the fact that there is a number of promising athletes in the Academy.

George Schuyler of Milton, a recent student at the Bloomsburg Normal, has become a student at the Academy.

In Geometry class. Prof. "I hate to teach scholars who know everything." F—. "Yes, I know it is hard."

The Academy boys enjoyed the meetings held by Rev. Putnam. They have aroused a deeper interest in Y. M. C. A. work.

It is to be regretted that more of the Academy students are not subscribers to the MIRROR.

They should have as much interest in it as the College or the Institute. It represents the Academy as a part of the University. It appeals to them for support. There is no valid reason, except that of absolute poverty, which can be offered for not becoming a subscriber to it.

The annual open meeting of the Hermenia Literary Society took place Friday evening, February 1. The Society met at the Seminary at four o'clock and embarking in two large sleighs proceeded to the Great Western Hotel at Vicksburg. There a fine program was rendered. It consisted of—

Music, - - - - - - - - - -	H. B. Moyer.
Recitation, - - - - - - - -	John Sherman.
"The Tattler."	
Reading, - - - - - - -	Albert Hutchinson.
Recitation, - - - - - - - - - -	O. J. Decker.
Supper, - - - - - - - - - - - - -	By All.

The party was chaperoned by Prof. George E. Fisher and Miss Armitage.

Personals.

'60. Hon. S. P. Wolverton, of Sunbury, the present member of congress from the Northumberland–Montour–Columbia district, enjoys a wide reputation among fellow-congressmen for extensive legal knowledge.

'63. W. J. Wolverton, thrice elected Superintendent of the schools of Northumberland county, has charge of the Lock Haven High School.

'71. Dr. J. K. Weaver is President of the Bucknell University Club of Philadelphia.

Ex'-72. Rev. J. W. Putnam, pastor of the Trinity Baptist church, New York, has one of the largest and most influential churches in the city.

'76. J. N. Shanafelt is one of the leading attorneys of Chester, Pennsylvania.

'85. The fine new building of the Erie Avenue Baptist church of Williamsport has been dedicated. Rev. S. G. Reading has been the first and only pastor.

'87. The statement, in the MIRROR of January 25, that Mr. H. L. Calder of Harrisburg is a legislative correspondent, we have been informed, was incorrect. His extensive professional work occupies all his time.

Ex-'88. Rev. E. T. Derr has resigned the pastorate of the Mission connected with the Euclid Avenue Baptist church of Cleveland, Ohio.

'89. The Baptist church at Muncy, Pa., of which Rev. T. W. Booth is pastor, is about erecting a new house of worship to cost $12,000.

Ex-'91. Married. At the Vepery Baptist church, Madras, India, November 27, 1894, by Rev. John Dussman, Rev. Isaac S. Hankins of Atmacur, Nellore District to Sophie H. Ellis of Millville, N. J.

'94. R. B. Davidson is meeting with gratifying success as a student at Chicago University. He is a member of the University Glee Club.

Ex-'95. H. S. Bourn is studying law at Danville, Pa.

Ex-'95. Alfred Hayes, Jr., of Princeton College, recently won one of the Baird disputation prizes.

Ex-'96. Iden M. Portser is a student at University of Pennsylvania. His address is 3256 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

—. Burton S. Jones is located at Clinton, New Jersey.

Exchange.

Student oratory will be excluded from Yale's commencement exercises in the future

We call attention to the essay on "Self Examination" in *The College Student.* Everyone can read it with profit.

Every day we are receiving new proofs of the Theory of Evolution. An African explorer recently found in his extended investigations of the monkey, that the female talked twice as much as the male.

We are glad to place *The Stetson Collegiate* on our exchange table. It is published by the students of John B. Stetson University, Deland, Florida, where Mr. F. R. Strayer, Bucknell, '94, is teaching. The journal is very attractive in form, and its editorials are well written. The Editor-in-Chief is a young lady.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY 25, 1895. No. 9.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☛In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☛Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

FEBRUARY 25, 1895.

Editorial.

THE semi-annual election has passed and many new names are on the editorial staff. New men means new thoughts and new methods; but we are placed in a very difficult position. It is no meanly task to take the reins from the able hands of our predecessors, for they have reached so high a standard in the work, that to advance seems almost an impossibility. But we accept the task cheerfully and trust that our ideas may be of such a character as will be of interest and that our methods will meet with no unjust censure.

IT is our ambition to make the MIRROR a representative paper of Bucknell; to do this we must have the hearty support of all; and this includes voluntary contributions to the columns. Do not be so backward about submitting your literary productions to the editor; he will not criticise you unjustly and if you have anything of merit, be sure that it will be given space. We do not know who are deserving of a place in our columns and have no means for finding out; but if you will put aside this false modesty and let us become acquainted with your ability, you will be the gainer.

A glance at the history of any country will convince one that no man of eminence has ever lived in that country whose life is not an example of what industry can do for one.

In spite of this, we find in every community a certain class who are of the opinion that the success of "the other fellow" is nothing but the result of an accident. Members of this class are as numerous in college as in any community of equal size; and it is a lamentable fact that this should be.

These men, at no distant day, will be explaining their failures on the ground that "circumstances" were against them. We are the victims and also the architects of circumstances, but chance is not a factor in existence. Success is the reward of indefatigable, persevering labor, and every opportunity offered should be seized and utilized that our foundation may be stable and our life a credit to ourself and to our friends.

WE have one organization at least of which we are justly proud, and that is the MIRROR Association. The recent report of the MIRROR Management is gratifying in the extreme, and gives good proof of man's superiority over circumstances. In spite of the "hard times" and the fact that the expenses have been doubled in the last year, the management has met all obligations and leaves a surplus to fall back on until new collections may be made. Where to place the direct credit is hardly a question, for it is plainly the result of hard work and efficient management. In comparison with this it is to be regretted that the same cannot be said of certain other organizations, for example the Athletic Association. Without doubt the affairs of this association are in a muddle, and, with no surplus to draw from, the new managers are completely handicapped. Add to this the unwillingness of the students to help a cause that will not help itself and it will be plainly seen how necessary some action is and how necessary, also, for some very close and carefull steering in the future.

"The Scientist as a Literary Man" published in a recent edition of the Mirror, has excited comment. As a literary production it has merit, combining smoothness, sequence and forcibleness so as to make the reading of it a pleasure. At the same time the ideas are of real value and applicable to the student even more than to the outside man. "Can a scientist be a literary man" certainly implies the question can a man advantageously follow more than one line of work. And the students who follow one line of work to the marked neglect of all others may well consider the risk they run of becoming warped and abnormally developed intellectually. That a "jack of all trades" can be master of none is no proof that a man, by careful discrimination. may not follow two or more lines of work advantageously and with more chances of reaching distinction than if he should follow but one. The examples of men who have done this are not limited to Holmes, Humboldt, Huxley and the others mentioned in the article, but are appearing before the public every year.

The move on the part of colleges to make scholarship a requisite for admission to Athletic teams has a two-fold meaning. It tends first of all to raise the standard of college athletics by recognizing intellect as of equal importance with strength and agility. In the second place it presupposes a tendency in the past, of college men to devote their time to the physical side of college life at the expense of the others and aims to remedy this defect. Bucknell has experienced little, if any, of the effects of this tendency on the part of students and for this reason largely, has paid but little attention to the matter. However facts point to a time in the near future when there will be a general standard of excellence in athletics as in other things, not only to protect this branch of the college training in itself but to prevent it from becoming, instead of "College athletic" simply "Athletics" without any distinction whatever and the sooner we recognize this, the easier it will be to make the change and the less likelihood there will be of our meeting with the same results which other colleges have had to meet with before this truth was recognized.

Literary.

HERDSMAN'S SONG.

(From Wilhelm Tell.)

Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye pastures, sun-lighted!
The herdsman must leave you,—
The summer is gone.

We return to the mountain, nor come back again
Till, at cuckoo's clear call, songs awake in the glen,
Till fresh-blooming flowerets carpet the earth
When in beautiful May the brooks ripple forth.

Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye pastures, sun-lighted!
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is gone.

O. M. W.

WORDSWORTH AS A ROMANTICIST.

The statement might be made without fear of contradiction that no writer of the first-class belongs exclusively to one school of authorship. Pope—severely classical at most times—is an ardent Romanticist at others. Even classical old Dr. Johnson sometimes so far forgets himself as to drop unconsciously into Romanticism. The same is true of Dryden and Gray. But what of Wordsworth? Few writers possess a purer, clearer style. Seldom is an author so uniform in his choice of subjects. Rarely do we find a poet of so quiet, contemplative temperament. Yet, scattered throughout his works are strong Romantic traits—not that the qualities just mentioned are the antithesis of Romanticism, but they are unusual in a poet of strong Romantic tendency. Scott and Byron are called Romanticists, but how different from Wordsworth! In mood and method, how far apart!

To define Romanticism is difficult. No two critics agree, though there are elements in each definition common to all, such as subjectivity, love of the picturesque and a reactionary spirit. In Wordsworth are found the first and the last. Subjectivity connotes the vague aspiration and longing of the writer in his literary production. A reactionary spirit rebels against and ignores the rules of the preceding literary movement.

Wordsworth betrayed his Romantic feeling by his appreciation of Romantic writings. Pope's *Windsor Forest* was highly commended by him, and Lady Winchelsea attained some prominence and is rescued from oblivion only by his timely praise of her *Nocturnai Reverie.* To him Percy's *Reliques* was a fountain of inspiration and the debt was always gladly acknowledged. He long admired Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and Thomson's *Seasons*, and, in the early part of his career, imitated them. John Dyer is to-day almost forgotten, but his *Grongar Hill* was extravagantly praised by Wordsworth. In sentiment, then, he was a Romanticist.

When he began to write, the heroic couplet, though for a long time on the wane, had not entirely lost its prestige. Wordsworth cut loose from all rules, chose freer forms of expression and adapted measure to sense. He went back to the octosyllabics of Milton and found in them an exquisite vehicle of expression for *The White Doe of Rylstone.*

"White she is as lily of June
And beauteous as the silver moon,
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven."

In this, how perfect the rhythm and how attuned the melody to meaning and sentiment! The *Intimations of Immortality*, breathing the same spirit, still more emphatically shows the poet's independence of critics' rules.

That Wordsworth was a Romanticist is further shown by his use of the sonnet. Prof. Phelps says the sonnet is as naturally a form for Romantic poetry, as the couplet was for classic. Now Wordsworth wrote a number of sonnets, many of them very beautiful. Perhaps the best of them is the one beginning.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

The Romanticists of England, Germany and France went back to the middle ages for inspiration and material. Wordsworth, too, had a strong sense of the antique, a lively interest in the traditional, the legendary and the historical. Among the poems that exemplify this characteristic are *The Borderers*, *Heartleap Well* and *The White Doe of Rylestone.*

A Romanticist must be imaginative, occasionally he may be mystical. Such was Wordsworth when he wrote in *The Excursion*,

"Some tall crag
That is the eagle's birthplace, or *some peak*
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed upon its visionary sides
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure record of the path of fire."

Or in *Peter Bell*,

"And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,
Among the rocks and winding scars;
Where deep and low *the hamlets lie*
Beneath their little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars."

Or, better still, from *Intimations of Immortality*,

"Our soul is but a sleep and a forgetting
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

* * * * * * *

Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy."

Still the dominating characteristic of Wordsworth is his extreme sensibility and accurate acquaintance with the changing phenomena of nature. The Classicists thought nature a bore. They studied forest and stream from London windows. Addison disliked the sight of a mountain. Thomson and Gray were pioneers in the appreciation of nature, yet Wordsworth far surpassed either of them in this respect. To him every brook was a sermon and every stone a poem, and

"In the mountains did he feel his faith."

From childhood to old age he lived

"Close to nature and nature's heart."

In *The Prelude*, he thus describes his sympathy with nature in childhood,

"In the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed;

> I heeded not the summons, happy time
> It was indeed for all of us; for me
> It was a time of rapture."

Wordsworth is excelled by none in the capacity to feel and appreciate the benignant influence of scenes long celebrated for their loveliness.

Thus both in method and mood he was a Romanticist. Appreciating Romantic writings he sought inspiration from them. Ignoring the rules of the Classicists, he cultivated variety in the form of expression. Living away from the world of society, he dwelt in close communion with the world of nature. Cut off from the cares of life, he roamed through woods and by the brooks of the lake country. Even the rich endless unfolding of nature and being are themselves testimonies to the largeness of a life whose voice, despite all our hewers of wood and drawers of water, must ever be

> "Like sighings of illimitable forests,
> And waves of an unfathomable sea."

◆

THE CHARACTER OF IAGO.

Some one has said, "Censure is the tax a man pays the public for being eminent." As is the case with other kinds of tax, a man is sometimes obliged to pay more than his share, for the public is an unmerciful tax collector. For an illustration of this fact, let us examine the ledger of The Public in account with Shakespeare's Iago.

Iago is usually regarded as a crafty, clever villain who, ignoring the rights of others, and desiring only the success of his own miserable schemes, seeks to accomplish his end by daring trickery, base deception, and deliberate lying. He is looked upon as a sort of diabolical personage, who, like Satan in the garden of Eden, can not bear to see happiness in others, and therefore takes fiendish delight in causing the disgraceful downfall of Cassio; and with malice toward all and charity for none, cruelly torments Othello with the unspeakable torture of jeolousy, and finally causes the destruction of a number of innocent lives. In short, he is regarded as the arch fiend of literature.

But this well-nigh universal opinion in regard to Iago is, in a measure, unjust, because he is judged almost entirely by his faults. People search out the evil that is in him, and judge him accordingly, while the good points of his character, if there be any, are forgotten or ignored. Popular opinion is prejudiced so that he is denied the credit due him for his many acts of kindness and deeds of valor. Moreover, when Othello appointed the inexperienced *foreigner*, Cassio, to the office that the faithful and tried warrior Iago had justly hoped to obtain,—being reccomended by the influential men of his city,—the latter person certainly had good reason to be angry at this insultingly low value thus placed on his services. The disappointment was a bitter one, and his proud spirit could not resist the temptation for revenge. Iago, however, should not be regarded as the sole cause of the tragedy which was the result of this revenge; the marriage of the uncultured Othello, who was of a roving disposition, and somewhat advanced in age, to the young, highly cultured, and home-loving society girl Desdemona was in itself very unsuitable, and it is not strange that misunderstanding and domestic discord resulted therefrom.

Looking at Iago's character from an unprejudiced point of view, we find that he was characterized by kindness of heart,—kindness alike to the powerful and the lowly, to his superior, Othello, and to the weak, silly Roderigo. Again, considering the fact that he is very often referred to as "Honest Iago," we conclude that his former life must have been in conformity with the term applied to him; else how would he enjoy the reputation of a man "of honesty and trust," which term Othello himself applies to him? And when the ignorant foreigner, Cassio,—

> "That never set a squadron in the field,
> Nor the division of a battle knew,"

is given the office of lieutenant, the offended Iago displays a patriotic pride that we can not fail to admire. He possessed a profound knowledge of human nature, was an easy, fluent talker, and was gifted with a frank, persuasive manner that won friends everywhere. His ability as a warrior was so well known that three of the influential men of the city recommended him to Othello for the position of lieutenant.

Iago's kind heart would not allow him to do needless harm. We may safely say that he would scarcely tread on a worm in his path if he could avoid doing so. But the stinging insult lying in the fact that the limited knowledge of the inexperienced foreigner had been preferred to his own skillful generalship roused all the fury in his soul. He, like the rest of us, was only human, and he resolved to have revenge. He determined to allow nothing to stand in his way, but, come what might, he would have revenge. Thus we see, in the accomplishing of his purpose, he has no choice as to the means employed whether they be fair or fowl. He is simply indifferent to right and wrong. In this respect he is like many a man of to-day, who accomplishes his purpose in the manner that is most convenient, be that manner good or bad. The modern politician, for example, would perhaps prefer to attain his ends by honorable methods; but facts continually prove that shamefully dishonest methods are very often used, for the reason that the desired result is apparently more easily accomplished thereby. The saloon keeper, whose ill-gotten riches are the price not only of many promising lives, but of *immortal souls*, is in our humble opinion, far more fiend-like than was Iago, who reluctantly accomplished his purpose at the expense of the earthly lives of a very few.

In view of all these things, then, we conclude that Iago was only an ordinary scoundrel. The general estimate of his character is unjust, because based on his faults, for who of us would be anything but scoundrels if judged only by our short-comings? Again, a closer examination reveals many desirable characteristics of his nature. And if we should judge some of our nineteenth century fiends by their faults and the amount of harm they have done—as Iago is usually judged,—the latter would be but a beginning in wickedness when compared with the hardened wretch who deliberately destroys the body and damns the soul of his brother in order to further (?) his own interests.

◆

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BUCKNELL ALUMNI CLUB OF PITTSBURG.

The grand banquet hall of the Duquense Hotel, Pittsburg, was the scene of festive enjoyment on Monday evening, Feb. 11, at the third annual banquet of the Pittsburg Alumni Club of Bucknell. Although many were unable to be present because of the uncertain railroad transportation, a very pleasant evening was spent. It was especially regretted that Pres. Harris was unable to attend. Before the banquet a meeting was held, a constitution adopted and officers for the year elected. The club is now a permanent organization, and in the hands of energetic men cannot help being a success.

Mr. James B. Stevenson was chosen as presiding officer, and Rev. Leroy Stephens, Hon. W. S. Shellenberger, Rev. J. S. Hutson, Rev. G. T. Streat, Mr. Chas. Hunter, and Rev. John W. Moody responded to the call of the toast-master.

A pleasant feature was the singing of college songs. Messrs. Hargrave, Law and Woodward led and the company joined them in the chorus. The ladies shared this happy event with the gentlemen and all seemed to enjoy the occasion very much.

Notwithstanding the fact that many could not attend, the meeting was successful and enthusiastic, and many were the expressions of love for education and Bucknell.

Local.

Let me tell you in a rhyme,
That Josephs expected a valentine
From a girl whom he calls "mine";
And to whom he devotes his time;
But to make it the more sublime,
Alas, she sent him—sent him "nein."

Skating is the order of the day.

Who said Hollinshead was Mamma's Li'l Boy?

F. W. Wagner was sick for several days with La Grippe.

We are glad to see that Prof. Loomis is able to be about again.

The blizzard detained Kauffman at his home for several days.

H. L. Freas spent several days in Berwick among old school-friends.

E. H. Dutton has been out of school for the last month, on account of severe illness.

In behalf of the band we wish to welcome Stanton into its ranks, as chief "base" drummer.

"Prof." Brown wishes to state that he alone has the correct drawing of the Sun-dogs.

Prof. Owens—(to his Monday morning class) "Well what were the points considered last Sunday morning?"

Allen was professionally engaged at Milton on the eleventh. He is getting very popular as a court stenographer.

One of our brilliant "young" students from Northumberland can always be heard saying—"Let's have a two-step."

The Prohibition oratorical contest which was to be held on February 22, has been postponed until the opening of next term.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. R. O. Koons was the first occupant of the new infirmary. We wish him a speedy recovery.

The "Heavenly Twins" have come to stay. They can be found in Room 30 East Wing. Please don't mistake one for t'other.

The effect of the blizzard could be seen all over the world; but, perhaps, nowhere so much as when Chapel assembled on Saturday morning, February 9.

The position of chaperon is not always tempting; but to a certain Senior in college it seems especially fascinating. We refer to skating parties in particular.

Rob't. B. McCay, whose mind we believe is slightly deranged from singing his renowned song "Georgie," had an explosion in the "Lab" about a week ago. He's still breathing.

At the Schumann Concert, several young ladies of the Institute set an example worthy of being followed by Society in our larger cities;—they removed their hats.

The University has once more demonstrated its progressive tendency, by establishing an infirmary. It is very pleasantly located on the first floor; and is tastefully furnished.

On Thursday evening February 14, quite a number of the boys from the hill spent a pleasant evening at the home of Mr. Armstrong helping to entertain a number of young ladies from Lewisburg.

Prof;—"Why do you express yourself in this manner?"

Douglas.—"Because."

The Summers' Club, long known as a non-fraternity club, has lost that distinction, four of its members, J. W. Davis, Charles Firth, G. A. Jennings and A. W. Johnson, having cast their lot with the Phi Epsilon boys.

By the way, has "Walky" been around to your room to tell you that "neat and sweet" story of his yet? If not, prepare to receive him. It's his avowed intention that no one shall miss it.

Manager Collins succeeded in getting some base-ball supplies which will materially help in getting the boys into shape for the coming season. We hope that all available material will settle down to good earnest work during the remainder of the term.

If you are interested in magic, you can certainly be entertained at the Laboratory. "Doc" Brown, after many hours of indefatigable labor, has succeeded in perfecting the "wine and water" trick. Without a doubt he will be glad to exhibit his dexterity in slight-of-hand to all who may apply.

Professor Rockwood has just added another laurel to the many already won. The American Book Company issued last week an edition of Cicero's De Senectute by him and it is within the bounds of truth to say that in all its parts the book displays the accurate scholarship for which the Professor of Latin is noted. It will no doubt have a large sale since it fully sustains the reputation he made in his edition of Paterculus issued recently.

The Phi Epsilon local fraternity crowd, which was originally composed of F. W. Brown, W. T. Paullin, M. R. Collins and P. B. Cregar, members of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, has been increased numerically by the addition of John W. Davis, Charles Firth, G. A. Jennings, A. W. Johnson, A. O. Miller and S. W. Gilpin. At present the organization is in an embryonic condition, but an effort will be made to develop it into a full-fledged fraternity.

The College girls have applied for a study room. It is only just that this request be granted, for they have no room in the University and have been annoyed by the loss of umbrellas, etc., which they have been compelled to leave in the halls.

The current report that the impoliteness of the boys compelled them to leave the library, is quite unfounded, for the College girls are invariably treated with respect and courtesy by the young men, who never enter the room immediately after smoking and never lounge with their feet on the study tables.

B. B. Ware, '96, spent Sunday the 17th, at the home of Irwin, '97.

Arthur D. Hilton, of Coudersport, Pa., was the guest of Ezra Allen on the 18th.

Miss Stiffler, '98, was initiated into the Pi Beta Phi fraternity, Tuesday evening, February 19.

Quite a number of the students spent the evening of February 14, very pleasantly at the home of Miss Wilson on 4th street.

N. F. Davis went to Sunbury recently in the interest of the class in Embryology. He succeeded in securing a fine collection of slides.

Hollinshead journeyed to Philadelphia to vote for Warwick. There is no doubt that he is a staunch Republican, for his vote was certainly not needed.

An open question with the members of the Junior Class:—"Is marriage a failure?" Douglas says it is. We suspect that it is a case of "sour-grapes" on his part.

Davis, '95, is making quite an enviable reputation as a professor of Physiology. Although the class in the general chemistry room makes considerable noise, he smiles serenely and continues with the lesson.

L. G. C. Riemer, '95, has been teaching the Freshman German class during the illness of Professor Loomis. The boys seem much pleased with his methods and they say his command of the language is too much for them.

The recent fire at the "hill" caused quite a disturbance. It is to be regretted that the fire bell was rung, for sometime we will need the fire company and they may not respond. A joke is all right when it is not carried too far.

Sir Walter Scott, Professor Hulley's collie pup, wandered away from his home last Monday morning and was not found until late in the afternoon. The members of the Hebrew class are very glad that the little *dagesh* was found.

A movement is on foot to arrange the Gymnasium for the introduction of basket-ball. The introduction of this popular game will be heralded with delight by the students, but it should not interfere with the regular work of the classes. Systematic training is better than any game.

When Baldwin started to sweep out his room a week or so ago, his chum immediately began to cover up the books. But Baldwin managed to say,—"Never mind 'chum' I'll not make a dust." What's the trouble "Lea" is "compo" too hard for you?

As we go to press we learn that the Freshmen and Sophomores could not agree upon events for a contest on Washington's Birthday. It is to be regretted that such is the case, for a friendly meeting in athletics will prove a benefit to both classes. Each will know its strength and thus will be able to judge of the amount of extra effort which it will be necessary to put forth in order that a good showing be made at the annual inter-class contest.

Hall's Schumann Lady Quartette rendered one of their characteristic programs, to a small but appreciative audience, on Tuesday evening February 12, at Bucknell Hall. From begining to end the entertainment was excellent, each selection being encored, and heartily responded to. We believe the company to be as strong, if not stronger than last year. It seems to be the opinion of all present, that Miss Waller was especially pleasing in the rendering of her solos. Miss Patton's Scotch dialect is pronounced by our Scotch students as the best imitation they ever heard; all enjoyed her naturalness and artful concealment of all art. Her laughter was as contageous as that of a child.

We look forward with pleasure, to the time when they shall visit us again.

Euepia once again "bobbed up serenely" by holding a Democratic Convention in Bucknell Hall, on Friday evening, February 15. Delegations were present from the North, South, East and West. Tammany was there in all her glory of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. After much needless "racket" the convention settled down and adopted their platform, the strongest features of which were clauses favoring Free Trade, Woman's Suffrage and Free Whiskey, the effects of the latter being seen on all sides. At the end of the fifteenth ballot, a dark-sorrel horse, Hunt was run through with a rush. Barner was nominated for Vice President, without any serious opposition. Speeches by the nominees followed. The meeting then adjourned amid wild disorder. At intervals the band from the "wooly west" screeched out their infernal music. Taking all things into consideration the convention was a howling success.

The chemical and physical society held its regular bi-weekly meeting on February 7, and the large lecture room was filled with eager listeners. The attraction was Hon. Howard Miller, who continued the interesting talk that he began two weeks previous.

In so far that Mr. Miller went more into details, his last talk was even more interesting than the one of two weeks previous. It was a treat the student could ill afford to miss.

His description of the Old and New Mexico, as well as the remarks concerning the extinct Aztecs and Toltecs, their cities, civilization and public buildings, was both pleasing and highly instructive. That the Aztecs had a place for worship which was far more stupendous in its structure and size than any of the known works of man, the pyramids not excepted, is perhaps a fact not generally known; yet he claimed that such was the case. He also mentioned the irreparable loss to anthropology occasioned by the burning of all the ancient public archives by John Zumarata, a catholic priest.

We would all be glad if Mr. Miller would continue the subject.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

It was an act of kindness for several of the young ladies in the front part of the audience to remove their hats during the recent concert in Bucknell Hall.

It was indeed a suprise when a gentle tap at Miss Marguerite O'Donnell's door was followed by the entrance of her mother who had journeyed all the way from Texas to visit her daugeter.

Class in English Literature,—Teacher—"Mr. L. What was the object of King Arthur's Order of the Round Table?" Mr L.— "So that no one would be slighted because he was not at the head of the table."

Saturday afternoon, February 2nd, Mr. John A. Gundy took a number of students and teachers from the Institute for a sleigh ride. The day was perfect, the sleighing excellent, and all enjoyed themselves, and greatly appreciated Mr. Gundy's kindness.

Despite the inclemency of the weather on Friday afternoon, February 8, a goodly number of College girls gladly availed themselves of the privilege of an "At Home" with Mrs. Hulley.

Quite unconscious of the storm without, the time was delightfully spent by the guests in conversing with Prof. and Mrs. Hulley together with Mrs. Bartol, Mrs. Andrew Leiser and Miss Eddleman, who assisted Mrs. Hulley in receiving. Added to this the cosy aspect of the parlors and the dainty china with its appetizing contents, afforded an afternoon of great pleasure to all present, whose only regret was that some of their number were debarred the enjoyment of an "At Home" given by so charming a hostess.

The program of the Alumnae Meeting February 12, was as follows:—

Music, - - - - - - - Duet, Miss Aikin and Miss Morgan.
Literary Events, - - - - - - - - - - Miss VanDyke.
Political Events, - - - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Shorkley.

An evening with three recent eminent Scotch Writers.

J. M. Barre. - - - - - - Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Larison.
S. R. Crocket, - - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. A. T. Loomis.
Ian M. Laren, - - - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Martha Wolfe.
Music, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Solo, Miss Gould.

As the evening was spent with the cannie Scots, bannocks and kebbeck would have been appropriate refreshments, but these not being available, the company were regaled with butter-scotch provided by Mrs. Loomis, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Judd.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

Jordan is practicing pitching regularly in the base-ball cage in the Gymnasium.

Several Freshmen are pursuing honor work in Cicero's Orations in the Academy.

Messrs. Stabler, Miles, Comfort, and Cooper represent the Academy in the University Band.

Meeker is taking regular exercise in the Gymnasium in running. We hope he will represent the Academy in the races on Field Day.

The L'Agenda Board has honored the Fourth Form by giving it space for its history in their annual. The class appreciates their kindness.

Perrin, O! Perrin, what have you done,
That you are the target of the students' fun?
Why did you let that razor slip
And cut the hair from your upper lip?

The following officers of the Athletic Association have been elected. President, John Sherman; Vice President, Cooper; Secretary, Pierson; Treasurer, Wittenmyer; Manager of base-ball team, Anstock.

AN APPEAL.

O soul that longs for pleasure,
  Why linger in the pathway of sin;
Why wander from Jesus and the right,
  Grieving God and your earthly kin;

Why turn from the mother, ever
  Pleading with God day and night:
That her child may turn from sin,
  And early seek Good and right.

O sinner list to the still small voice,
  As in accents of mercy and love,
He is tenderly calling to you
  To turn from sin to Jesus above.

Angels, white robed, beckon thee,
  Pointing, with unsullied hand,
Above to Jesus your Savior;
  Pointing to the heavenly land.

Then will you not come, dear brother,
  And let pleading Jesus reign within:
Lighting up your sin-darkened soul,
  Cleansing your heart from its stain of sin?

Then you will have hopes
  From the dear Savior given:
Of earth's richest treasures,
  And a happy home in heaven.

J. W. C.

The other day two Academy students engaged in a good-natured "tongue scrap" which finally ended in a quarrel. They indulged in the free use of decorative embellishments and invedious epithets were exchanged in rapid succession until a personal encounter seemed imminent. They were separated, however, before the floor of Main Hall was drenched in human gore. The boys in question now sing

"We do not speak as we pass by."

The cause of the quarrel can be best explained by that familiar phrase, "a woman was at the bottom of the case."

On February 13th, all the students of Main Hall were summoned into the Principal's office to answer the charge of creating a "racket." They marched into the office at the appointed time. We are unable to enlarge upon the proceedings of the "criminal court" on account of the refusal to admit reporters. We learn, however, that several passages of Blackstone were read to them concerning the rules of the Academy and that they were not punished on promising that they would not repeat the offense.

Personals.

'54. Rev. Chas. M. Deitz has settled as pastor at Frenchtown, N. J.

Ex-'56. Mr. Koons is with his son who has been sick for some time.

'61. Dr. J. K. Weaver has been appointed by Gov. Hastings as one of the state Medical Examining Board.

'75. Charles R. James, Esq., of Allentown, Pa., has been sadly bereaved by the death of his wife which occurred on February 4.

'76. Rev. Theodore Henderson died at his home in Brookville, Pa., January 31.

'84. Rev. F. M. Goodchild is the author of a very interesting article in the January *Arena* on the Sweating System in Philadelphia. It is a very forcible exposition and reflects great credit on the writer.

'85. On Tuesday evening, January 8, William Preston Beaver, of Pittsburg, Pa., was married to Miss Ellen Brooks, of East Orange, N. J.

'90. Miss Eva Stanton is pursueing a course in Literature and Philosophy at the University of Chicago.

'90. William Farrar died at Phœnix arizona on February 6. of congestion of the lungs. His body was brought to Snydertown, Pa., for burial.

'91. On Wednesday, February 13, Rev. Claude G. Langford, pastor of the North Wales Baptist Church, was married to Mrs. Sadie Wilfong, of North Wales, Pa.

'92. C. W. Allen has been re-elected captain of the University of Chicago foot-ball team.

'93. Miss Carrie Geary is at her home in Carbondale, Pa.

'94. Miss Eliza Bell was a guest at the Seminary a few days ago.

'94. Everett Adams Bush was in town a few days the past week.

Ex-'95, L. L. Bower is engaged in the dental buisness with Dr. Reap at Pittston, Pa.

Ex-'98. A. O. Finn is at home under medical treatment.

J. B Cressinger '93, and H. F. Smith '94, are training under coach Irwin, as candidates for the University of Pennsylvania base-ball team. Smith will make the team if the one year resident rule does not block him out.

Exchange.

In Latin and Greek
He was quick as a streak,
In dress he was foppish and tony.
The latter was due to his being an ass,
The former was due to his pony.

The *Denison Collegian* is much improved in its new form.

The *Amulet* is a journal that reflects credit upon the school at West Chester.

The series of articles on "Evolution of the English drama" are well written and instructive.

Twenty-one of the faculty of the University of Chicago have been students at Johns Hopkins.

"Oh, would I were a bird," she sang,
  And each disgusted one
Thought to himself, the wicked thought,
  "Oh, would I were a gun."

Twenty-four members of the Banjo and Glee clubs of Lafayette held a successful concert at Doylestown recently.

An interesting article occurs in the last issue of *The Harvard Advocate* on "How to go to Bed."

Of the nine candidates successful in the late examination in the art, theory, and history of teaching at the London University, eight are women.

Last night, in peaceful slumbers, we
  Did dream a dream until
In columns vast subscribers came,
  Each man to pay his bill.

Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania will debate the question: "Resolved that the most effective method of restricting the liquor traffic is to eliminate the element of private profit."

The physical average of the four classes of Swarthmore college has recently been determined by Dr. Shell. The Sophomores lead, the Juniors come next, the Freshmen are third who are "followed hopelessly by the Seniors." "It is a noteworthy fact that Sophomores have the largest heads, but the Freshmen can glory in the honor of possessing the greatest lung capacity of any of the classes."

At the meeting of the New York State Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association held at Syracuse, January 25, Union College was expelled from the association. The charges were: an attempt to join the Triangular League, the employment of men to play on base-ball and foot-ball teams at Union for sums ranging from $200.00 to $300.00 per year and attempts to steal men from other colleges on account of their athletic ability. These charges were substantiated principally by Colgate men, but were denied by Mr. Allen of Union.

A religously inclined student was found pouring over a Bible one day and industriously making notes. After several hours he laid down the book with a sigh of relief. "Well, have you found much consolation?" asked his chum. "Yes, much," he responded. "You know I failed to pass last term. Well, look here," and he shoved the paper across the table. It contained the following: "Thou shall not pass—Numbers xx, 18. Suffer not a man to pass—Judges iii, 28. The wicked shall no more pass—Nahum i, 15. Neither doth any son of man pass—Jeremiah i, 43. Beware that thou pass not—II Kings vi, 9. None shall pass—Isaiah xxxiv, 10."—*Buchtelite.*

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MARCH 9, 1895. No. 10.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

MARCH 9, 1895.

Editorial.

WE desire to call attention to the lecture of March 14, which will be delivered in Bucknell Hall by Robert J. Burdette. This well known lecturer and humorist needs no introduction to Lewisburg people, and out of consideration for the liberality of the University in securing such a noted man, the students should turn out *en masse*. Our town friends should take advantage of such an opportunity also and help to make up an audience worthy of the occasion.

◆

IT has been the just complaint of the Alumni that the most important news of the year, the news of Commencement, never reaches them through the paper which they support. In consideration of this, it has been decided to omit an issue in the middle of the year and add one in June. To do this will require considerable extra work for the editors at Commencement. But to accommodate the Alumni and, in fact, all subscribers and patrons with the news of the closing week of the year, will sufficiently repay the editors for whatever extra work may be occasioned by the change. Just what issue will be dropped has not yet been decided, but, in all probability, it will be the one of March 25, since the break at that time will be the least noticeable.

◆

THE twenty-second of February is past and gone and no one is any the worse in mind or body. The events of the day were of such a character as to deserve recording on the archives and are worthy of imitation by future generations. Just why the under-classmen laid aside their hostile feelings, unless in honor of the great hero whose name and fame the day perpetuates, may remain an unsolved mystery. But the spirit which prompted them and led them to make a great stride toward higher civilization is worthy of admiration. The ever recurring question, who is master, has been left unsettled and may in the future be a source of trouble unless the same spirit remains predominant; in this case there is little doubt that the settlement of the question, whenever it may come up for settlement, will not be effected in a way different from the "good old one."

◆

THE recent action of the Harvard Faculty on foot-ball, while seeming to affect us indirectly, is of significant importance and demands our attention. As one of the smaller colleges, we are bound to look to the larger ones not alone for the rules that govern sports but, largely, for the sports themselves. That is to say, whatever effect the move at Harvard may have on similar colleges will be about the effect upon those of our class. If it results in a radical change of the rules, the whole force of the change will be felt at once; if in the abolishment of intercollegiate contests, which means practically the abolishment of the game, the effect may not be so complete yet for, this reason, no less serious. The great point of attack lies in the matter of training, which, in large colleges, is carried so far as to virtually crowd out other more important features. With the smaller colleges it is not the case to any such extent and thus the game might still be consistent between them when it is no longer so between the larger ones. Nevertheless when some new game takes the place of foot-ball at Harvard, Yale and the others, the matter of consistency will not come into the question and we may look out for a new game also.

◆

There is found in a great many schools a class of students who would never think of using an "interlinear translation" of some one's else make, but are ready enough to use one of their own. This class is said to be limited to Academies, yet it happens that the so-called limit is passed quite frequently, and men carry into college life traits of those boyish days in the preparatory department. Without presuming that there is such a class with us, it might be well for any who are so inclined to consider, apart from the injustice done to others, that after all they are doing themselves more harm than good. And that, like every other unnatural method, each succeeding application leaves the victim more dependent than before, and with only a temporary gain. If some attempt to justify themselves on the plea of poor memories, they must meet with the same success a man would meet with who tries to justify his neglect of exercise on the plea of a weak body. Memory, like the muscles or the senses, is developed by exercise, and the man who seeks to develop it otherwise belongs to the class of people who are always looking for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

◆

THERE has been a great deal of unnecessary and discouraging talk concerning the prospects for base-ball in the coming season. Without doubt the management, and therefore the team itself, is laboring under considerable difficulty, this fact affords no sufficient reason for giving up hopes of measurable success. With proper practice the team will come up to the standard of former years. This is not saying a great deal; at the same time it is no cause for any particular discouragement. There is need of faithful practice and, we are sorry to say, a lack of it. To rectify this is the work and the duty of the team. There is also a corresponding lack of interest on the part of students in general, which, if supplied, would greatly enhance the possibilities of success, and in fact, until this is supplied, we can expect no marked progress in this line of athletics. We have seen the effect of "enthusiasm" in the case of foot-ball; we have yet to see it in the case of base-ball. The objection may be raised that the team in the past has not warranted the placing of any great amount of confidence in it and, therefore, but little interest can be aroused. To this it may be replied that the first thing needed is a manifestation of interest and confidence and the second a continuation of these. As a result, the players will not only feel that they are playing for a purpose but will feel enough confidence in themselves to play at their best.

Literary.

LIFE.

Life is a mystic river,
Washing two eternal shores;
Launch thy bark and be courageous—
Brave its plunges and its roars.

We may make mistakes in sailing—
Each thing better might have been;
But if we be conscientious,
Error is not always sin.

In the lone and silent watches,
When the hours are passing by,
Then the past comes back before me,
And evokes a tear, a sigh.

Then my thoughts soar off in ether,
Sweeping onward far away,
Like a calm and restless spirit
Floating to eternal day.

But the past is gone forever—
All its joys and sorrows o'er;
Moments lost in chasing phantoms
Will return to us no more.

Onward boldly toward the future!
Fill the measure of the past,
And that wisest Hand will guide you
Safely into port at last.

J. R. L. DIGGS, *in Wayland Miscellany.*

THE CHARACTERS OF THE TWO BROTHERS IN MILTON'S COMUS.

When a work of art in literature is written to represent ideal standards of human character, it is not always easy, without taking the work from its true realm, to deduce practical lessons from it. Yet in order to be a work of art in the highest sense, the character must approach near enough to humanity so that an evident relation may be established in the mind of the reader. There is a humanity in some characters whose very tenderness is divine; and in some other characters there is a vein of exalted reasoning, which, though it be exalted, is so cold and unsympathetic that no response is awakened in those who hear it.

In Milton's Comus the two brothers represent opposite poles of character, which are in striking contrast at many points. The first brother is shown forth as a logical man:—reasoning every inch of his ground carefully and deliberately; a man who had so much faith in his sister's virtue, that he was willing it should be put to the severest tests unaided by his manly presence. Apparently, out of the realm of sympathetic thought or brotherly affection, he seems to have been little annoyed or anxious that his sister should be left alone in a dark forest at night. He could reason her safe anywhere, at any time and in any circumstances. With apparent plausibility he abandoned himself into entirely trusting the power of virtue though in human mould. Though it be true that an unwilling and chaste mind could not be ravished, even though the body that contained it were, yet the body once polluted must at some time taint the mind. His lofty reasoning by itself, thus fails of a practical conclusion. While a thousand dangers threaten his weary, lost sister, and even while the heated breath of Comus, burning with passion, pours foul speeches into her virgin ears, her brother, calm and wise in argument, delays to look for her. Andrew Jackson once said—"Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go in."

The younger brother was far different in character. Amply avowing his faith in the unsullied purity of his sister, and in her strong and chaste character, he yet doubts the power of these, in her delicate body, to resist brute force. He fears "Lest some illgreeting touch attempt the person of" his "unowned sister." His nature is sympathetic, and it reaches out in tender solicitude for her. His affection seems brotherly; he is unwilling to trust his sister to the possible dangers of night and solitude in a forest. He does not believe less in her virtue, but he is too kind to brook the thought of her frail body being overcome, and her chaste heart offended if not mortally wounded. His practical reasoning does not sound quite so lofty,—it does not fit the mouth quite so well, nor linger so pleasingly in the ear as that of his elder brother; but it has the ring of a true heart and the judgment of a sensible man.

We may say of the reasoning of the elder brother—

"How charming is divine philosophy,
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute
And a perpetual feast of nectar's sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Yes, but the divinest philosophy is only applied to human affairs successfully, when its possessor couples it with *practical* philosophy and ready action. In the Comus, the Spirit is far more solicitous than the elder brother, for the Lady; and the younger brother is like the Spirit, sympathetic, reasonable, sagacious and ready for action.

Great wisdom is sometimes so ponderous that its possessor cannot utilize it. It was so with the elder brother in the Comus; it is so with many men in the world to-day. That man is best equipped for every contingency in life who has wisdom and knows how to use it. As the preacher expresses it: "Get wisdom: and with all thy getting, get understanding."

V. B. F.

THE VERSE OF BUNYAN.

The writings of Bunyan have won for him a world-wide fame:—a fame to perish only with that of our greatest authors. But it was the prose of Bunyan that attained this result and, in fact, but a small part of this prose even. But his verse, through an almost utter lack of any intrinsic merit, is scarcely known to exist. And yet, there are certain points of interest about it, in the relations it bears to its author, that may make it worth while to consider it briefly.

It has been said, that Bunyan's verse was the outgrowth of his religion and his ignorance. Not stopping to consider the statement in its individual parts—as a whole it is true. His verse is the outgrowth of Bunyan. And Bunyan was both religious and ignorant. He was quaint and unassuming, too, in his life. These characteristics are shared by all his works. He suffered much, and in his verse there is often a strain arising from this suffering. He lived among simple men and for them. His verse seems to be such as would most powerfully affect such men. Such, I think, are the more general characteristics of Bunyan's verse.

Furthermore, the verse of Bunyan discloses to us somewhat more fully what he himself was, than does his prose. In the latter, he is shown almost altogether as a religious enthusiast. That is, the subjects deal only with religious matters, and thus reveal but one side of the author's character. His verse, on the other hand, opens to the readers' observance the more varied and personal qualities. Bunyan is there seen in moods resulting from happier circumstances, as well as from the greatest adversity and even from the suffering of a long prison life. His kindly submissive nature is seen at one time. Then, we find a livelier strain, becoming even merry in a few instances.

Let us note by a few illustrations the setting forth of these various phases of his character. First, then, his verse abounds in evidence of the simple childlike faith, so characteristic of Bunyan. We may see this in the following:

"The prison very sweet to me
Hath been, since I came here;
And so would also hanging be,
If God will there appear."

Then his submissive nature is well shown in this—

"And can with very much content
For my profession die."

Bunyan was in a happy mood and happier circumstances when he composed his "Apology" for the "Pilgrim's Progress." And here we see the side of his character not brought out in his prose. It was a merry nature that wrote—

"For having now my method by the end,
Still as I pulled, it came."

Marks of strong common sense, too, are far from lacking—in fact, all of Bunyan's writings are full of such. Not infrequently this results in expressions of well nigh Pope-like terseness, and in much the style of that writer. However, it is difficult to illustrate this by scattered quotations, so essentially are they parts of a whole.

Yet observe the following:

"Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen
Of him that writeth things divine to men."

"Some love the meat, some love to pick the bones."

"My dark and cloudy words, they do but hold
The truth, as cabinets enclose the gold."

I think that this will be enough to show that Bunyan's verse is not utterly valueless, however amusing may be its jingle. For it is instructive as to its author, and further than that, the introduction to the "Pilgrim's Progress," at least, can be read quite profitably, for the matter which it itself contains.

THE HISTORICAL ELEMENT IN GEORGE EBERS' WRITINGS.

Germany has produced during the past century many eminent men. In poetry, she has reason to be proud of Goethe and Schiller; in philosophy, of Hegel and Kant; in other lines, of Müller, Lessing, Van Moltke, and Bismark. But it has been of late that she has developed and revealed to the world a novelist.

In our own country the historical works of George Ebers, the German historical novelist, are having a rapidly increasing sale. The reading public seems to appreciate the efforts of the author to instruct as well as entertain.

Especially attractive is the historical element in his writings. Of the early poriods of Egyptian history, we find brilliant pictures. Ebers' description of Thebes, with its "hundred gates," has been read from the pulpit by some of our best ministers. Thebes the living, and Thebes the dead, separated by the Nile, are so contrasted that the soul warms and glows while reading of the beauties of the one, and shrinks upon itself when it beholds the other. The living Thebes of Homer and the Bible, capital of Egypt, city of mighty warriors, filled with magnificent palaces and luxurious gardens, lies on one side of the muddy Nile; while on the other bank, to the

West, dark and gloomy, inhabited by priests and embalmers, skirted by rocky cliffs, honey-combed with graves, lies the "City of the Dead."

On the eastern bank of the Nile, Rameses, the king, had his palace and held his court. But he was seldom at home. Wars with nations in Ethiopia and Asia occupied him and his myriads for many years during his reign. The author skillfully weaves into "Uarda" the results of his long study of inscriptions and papyrus rolls. He himself translated a great Egyptian epic poem in which Rameses is represented battling at Kadesh with the hosts of the Assyrians. His tall, commanding person is seen among the foremost of the warriors. Skillfully he shoots his arrows and wields his sword, until, surrounded by the enemy, he is swallowed up by their hosts. But the author of the future epic rushes down a mountain side with a few followers, and, after performing miracles of valor, rescues his king.

The author then, with great tact, changes the scene to the court of Thebes. The mighty warrior frames laws, judges, rewards and punishes, transacts the peaceful duties of his office, and goes among his people, shedding mercy, that "attribute to awe and majesty."

But there was a power stronger than the king. Ebers tells the tale of the people's fear, of the king's secret dread, and of the haughty self-assertion of the priest caste. Apart from the multitude, versed in all the knowledge of the day, whether in science or medicine, and keeping it for themselves, awing the people with their mystic rites, the priests were inviolable. For themselves they had a religion that recognized God; but for the people, a debasing paganism. Originally the people were told to look up to God through the image and the animal; but it was not long before the objects themselves were worshipped.

Then, leaping over centuries, the novelist brings us face to face with dying paganism and persecuted Christianity. In "Homo Sum," one of his best productions, Mt. Sinai is brought to the reader's notice. On this lonely mountain dwelt men who were tired of the world, driven from their homes by the intolerant priest-hood, and at variance with their spiritual leaders. Hermit life is depicted as it was in the second century of the Christian era. The ascetics struggle with the flesh, lashing themselves and fasting; often they fall when they feel strongest.

In Alexandria the growing power of the church, and its intolerance of other creeds as well as paganism, receives due attention from the learned author. Roman military power seems to have been used, mainly, to keep the various religious factions in a semblance of peace. Much persecution fell upon these early Christians, yet they persevered, and finally converted their conquerors.

While reading of the conflicts between idolatry and God's religion, of the curious beginnings of monastic life one cannot help comparing that day and this. As we peruse Ebers' works, before us comes an ancient world, full of moving figures—kings, nobles, priests, and people. Egyptian history is so presented that even the dullest reader begins to take an interest in this "Gift of the Nile;" while the theologian and the Egyptologist are filled with admiration at the learning and deep research shown by George Ebers.

WILLIAM FARROW, JR.

In the death of William Farrow, Jr., a graduate of Bucknell University in the class of 1890, Delta Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity loses an honored and beloved member.

Mr. Farrow was an earnest Christian and loved to take part in the religious work of the college and vicinity. His amiable and happy disposition brought him the respect and admiration not only of the members of his fraternity, but of all his fellow students.

As a student Bro. Farrow stood high in his classes. He was diligent and painstaking in all his work, knowing that upon his college course depended much of his future success. In all his work, however, he was hampered by ill-health. It was for this reason that he sought a change of climate and surroundings in the far west. In spite of the best medical advice, however, on February 6, Bro. Farrow died in a small town of Arizona, rendering up his soul to the God whom he had trusted and followed from his youth.

BROMLEY SMITH.
WILLIAM KAUFFMAN.
H. MILTON ROTH.

Athletics.

FIRST ANNUAL INDOOR MEET IN TUSTIN GYMNASIUM.

One of the most interesting and most hotly contested athletic meets that has been held at Bucknell was given on the afternoon of Washington's Birthday in Tustin Gymnasium. That the meet was a success from the spectacular point of view as well as from the financial, was largely due to the efforts of Athletic Director, Bromley Smith. He was ably assisted in the management by the members of the General Athletic Committee, H. S. Schuyler, F. Miller and J. Cutler. The officials were as follows: Judges, Prof. Hulley and Prof. Hamblin. Timer, Prof. Bartol. Starter, B. Reynolds. Announcer of events, F. I. Sigmund. Judge of boxing, E. K. Reitmeyer. Clerk of Course, J. B. Suiter. Among the records broken were the mile run and the high kick. Records were established for the high dive, the 20 yards dash and the standing broad jump. The program and records are as follows:

HIGH DIVE:

1st.	Lindemann, '98,	5 feet, 5 inches.
2nd.	Mulkie, '98,	
3rd.	Elliott, '98,	

ONE-FOURTH MILE DASH:

1st.	Jackson, '95,	1 minute 13 seconds.
2nd.	Dillon, '97,	
3rd.	Fithian, '98,	

RUNNING HIGH JUMP:

1st.	Williams, '96,	4 feet 11 inches.
2nd.	Lindemann, '98, Koch, '98,	tied.

ONE-HALF MILE RUN:

1st.	Slifer, '98,	2 minutes 33 2-5 seconds.
2nd.	Grim, '97,	
3rd.	Koch, '98,	

BOXING:

Harper, '96,	Points, 15-17; 22-26; 22-16.
D. Baker, '97,	

Contest adjudged to Harper on account of back-heeling.

TWENTY YARD DASH:

1st.	Thomas, '98,	3 seconds.
2nd.	A. Smith, '98,	

BAR VAULT:

1st.	W. H. Carey, '95,	Heights, Left, 5 ft. 5 in. Right, 5 ft. 8 in. Through Hands, 4 ft. 11 in.
2nd.	Jackson, '95,	

BROAD JUMP.

1st.	Elliott, '98,	8 ft. 10½ in.
2nd.	Mulkie, '98,	
3rd.	Jackson. '95,	

HIGH KICK.

1st.	Amos Williams, '96,	8 ft. 6 in.
2nd.	Lindemann, '98,	

BOXING:

Jordan,	Points, 15-18; 15-17; 18-21;
Diefenderfer,	

Diefenderfer won the decision.

FENCING EXHIBITION:

B. Smith, '95, and Ezra Allen, '95.

MILE RUN:

1st.	Slifer, '98,	5 minutes 38 seconds.
2nd.	Dillon, '97,	
3rd.	Miller, '97,	

POLE VAULT:

1st.	Mulkie, '98,	Height, 7 feet 11 inches.
2nd.	Grim, '97,	

WRESTLING, (catch-as-catch-can):

Davis, '95,
Harper, '96,

Time called without a fall.

It is expected that the annual meet in May will be of exceptional interest on account of the fine showing of the class of '98. The class of '95 holds the MIRROR cup for class championship, and as such will be challenger in the coming contests.

Local.

We hear—

That "Walky" got his hair cut.

That Colestock is in love.

That Powell saw "her" last Sunday.

That Harper and Fisk are bold firemen.

That there will be plenty of trout this year.

That the local editors have taken out a life insurance policy.

That Baker of the postage stamp cap is a brilliant financier.

That trailing arbutus parties are being formed at the Seminary.

That L'Agenda of '95, will surpass all of its predecessors, both in originality and finish. But we doubt it.

Dr. Avirагnet has re-organized his orchestra.

Chas. W. Firth spent Washington's Birthday at Chester.

J. A. Guie spent Washington's Birthday at his home in Catawissa.

We notice bicycle "adds" on the bulletin board. Surely Spring is coming.

A number of very fine pictures were on exhibition in the library several days.

George Tilden Ritter has been initiated a member of the Phi Epsilon Fraternity.

"Pop" Yoder and his chum insist on there being such a thing as "dark-light."

Overheard at the "Gym" on the 22nd. "What makes him wabble so, when he walks."

For a sure method of recovering a stolen dog, apply to Prof. Hulley. Consultation free.

We are glad to notice that there was no flag raised on the College building on the 22nd.

J. Y. Sinton, '97, occupied the pulpit at Chillisquaque on Sunday evening, March 3.

A. G. Loomis, '95, is seriously ill at his home on 3rd street. We wish him a speedy recovery.

R. O. Koons has gone home for the remainder of the term, to recuperate from his severe illness.

Ask "Doc" Brown the cause for the blueness of the atmosphere and the sulphurous fumes at the Lab. not long ago.

Prof. Hulley's little daughter is at this writing, quite sick. The Professor and Mrs. Hulley have the sympathy of the entire school.

The Cole-stock is very low, so they will have to Diggs'ome Moyer. At the same time the Wood and Koch Stock are in like condition.

One of the students while advising another to keep quiet, said—"You'd better keep your mouth shut, if you don't, you'll put your foot in it."

Isn't it too bad those mean Soph's wouldn't let "Willie" show us how many times he could raise that big dumb-bell by the means of his mighty arm.

On Tuesday evening, March 5, the annual election of officers for the Y. M. C. A. was held. The following are the officers for the coming year: President, B. B. Ware; Vice President, A. S. Barner; Treasurer, E. C. Kunkle; Corresponding Secretary, H. Fithian; Recording Secretary, Carol Summerbell.

How is it H. L. Purdy takes so much care with his hair just before the 9:15 period? Can it be, because he goes down to the "Sem" at that hour? However he has not yet fallen into Bowman's habit of going down 15 or 20 minutes ahead of time.

WANTED! A good studious young man as a chum for the coming school year; one who will do all the sweeping. Inquire at Room 6, East Wing. Come early and avoid the rush.

The following members of the Class of '98 have been selected for the Prize Contest in declamation. Davis, Hill, Geary, Hazen, Lindemann, Stober, Thomas, Miss Chambers and Miss Rodgers.

A large number of the "boys" went to Milton on Sunday evening, February 17, to hear R. J. Ryan's lecture on the question, "Is the Catholic church Hostile to the Political Institutions of the United States."

J. B. Suiter, the retiring manager of the MIRROR, recently gave a reception to the members of the new and old boards. The evening was very profitably spent in discussing how the MIRROR might be further improved and its usefulness extended.

Hon. Howard Miller delivered one of his usual entertaining lectures at the Laboratory before the Physical and Chemical Societies. He showed us vividly how Coffee was planted, raised and prepared for the market. At the end of the lecture a rising vote of thanks was tendered to the speaker.

In the last issue of the MIRROR was an account of the organization of the Bucknell Alumni Club of Pittsburg. At that time the names of the officers could not be learned, but since they have been secured and are as follows: president, Rev. C. A. Hare; vice president, Rev. H. F. King; secretary, W. M. Woodward, M.D., and treasurer, C. C. Law.

Prof. in German.—"You cannot have been among the Germans very much or you would have heard that expression."

Mr. H—. "Professor, I am not a Pennsylvania Dutchman!

Prof. "I did not mean to honor you with that title."

From all appearances Haddock has some one who thinks of him. He now "sports" a velvet, rat-colored, satin-lined, ruffled-back and front smoking jacket. He is so much in love with it, that he even wears it to class. All inquiring persons may call at any of the class rooms and see the novelty. I assure you it's quite harmless.

Some of the striking remarks of the debaters:—

Colestock, (as the gavel sounded)—"But to hasten on—."

Douglas:—"Some say woman has been looked down by the other sex; but t'isn't so, I assure you it t'isn't."

Rohland:—"They were shot dead, and I saw them myself laid out in the stable."

Harris, (at the end of the debate)—"the—meeting—is—now—closed."

The Union City Club of Bucknell University was organized on February 19. Frank W. Dillon was elected president, LeRoy Hall, vice president and Miss Gertrude E. Church, secretary. The object of the club is the extension of the influence of Bucknell in north-western Pennsylvania. The organization of such clubs among the students is an excellent plan, and much excellent work for the University can be accomplished in the way of influencing young men and women interested in education, to come to our school.

"SQUIBS" FROM THE "LAB."

Stephens and Williams, after laboring for some hours trying to inject the femoral artery of one of the feline race, found that the artery was none other than the sciatic nerve.

Macnab has a cat which has very peculiar digestive organs. One of the most peculiar things about it is the position of the kidneys. They being placed in the lower part of the stomach.

Miss R. says the dear little cat was tender and gentle—a perfect little pet around the house; but Davis says the kitten was a perfect tiger.

Fair Junior:—"Mr. Williams please loan me your 'scapula' to clean out this mortar."

Friday evening, March 1, was very Profitably spent in Bucknell Hall by all concerned. For an hour and a half the orators of the Junior class successively held the attention of an appreciative audience. It was the second debate in the series of the Junior Prize Contest. The subject—"Resolved that Labor Organizations Promote the Welfare of Society in the United States," was ably upheld by Messrs. Lewis, Douglas and McCay, while Messrs. Colestock, Wood, Rohland and Powell, very forcibly presented the contrary. Colestock, Douglas, Lewis and Wood were the men chosen by the judges to do further battle for the honors of the Class as debaters. The meeting was very ably presided over by H. F. Harris of the class of '96.

Mr. Forrest Russell, who attended Bucknell during '79 and '80, will manage the production of Pauline Hall's famous opera "Amorita," to be given March 21, at the Lewisburg Opera House. He will be assisted by local talent, Miss Derr taking the leading lady part. The following is the cast:

FRA BOMBARDA	F. F. RUSSELL.
Angelo Melanatti	W. M. Funnell.
Castrucci	G. S. Megargee.
Sparicani	Chas. Clarke.
Fortibraccio	A. T. Williams.
Geronimo	Lawrence Slack.
Ambassador	A. Scott Sheller.
Lorenzi Patruccio	Robert Van Valzah.
Beppo	Wm. Seaman.
Poalo	Miss Irene Walls.
Perpetua	Mrs. J O. Dreisbach.
AMORITA	MISS MARY DERR.

Peasants, Courtiers, Citizens, Flower-girls, Soldiers, Etc.

The Natural History Society held its regular bi-monthly meeting on February 27. Though the attendance was small, the program rendered was very interesting and instructive. Dr. Aviragnet's translated lecture on sugar-cane was exceptionally good. Mr. Stevens gave a very interesting talk on the work that has been done during the past year in entomology. He mentioned the fact that entomologists were beginning to be regarded as indispensable agents to the science of agriculture.

The subject of antitoxine was discussed by Mr. Grim. In his remarks he stated that antitoxine was believed by medical authorities at present to be a sure approach if not an entirely successful remedy for the cure of diphtheria and other allied diseases caused by micro-organisms or by their toxins.

At a meeting of the newspaper correspondents and others interested in practical journalism in the President's office, Monday evening, February 18, the Bucknell Press Association was re-organized. The object of the press bureau is, first of all, University representation in print, and secondly, mutual study of modern journalism as represented by the leading publications of the day.

Mr. W. C. Gretzinger was re-elected president and Vincent B. Fisk, secretary. Harris, Thomas and LeVan were appointed a committe to draw up a constitution. Dillon, Bower, and Hunt, were appointed as the executive committee for the year. Additions to the honorary membership of the club were made by the selection of Miss Carry Reese, a graduate of the Institute, now connected with the Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette, and Mr. George N. McCain of the Philadelphia "Press." The club is arranging for several lectures on journalism by prominent newspapermen of the state.

Bucknell is to have the privilege of entertaining the presidents of the various Y. M. C. A's in the colleges and preparatory schools of Pennsylvania. The conference will convene in the latter part of April. Some fifty representatives from all parts of the state will be with us.

It seems needless to state that Washington's Birthday was appropriately observed at Bucknell. Routine work was suspended and a large number of the students attended the exercises held in Bucknell Hall.

It had been previously announced that Prof. Hulley would give an address on the "Formation and Adoption of the Constitution" and Prof. Perrine on the "Interpretation of the Constitution," but for lack of time, this program could not be carried out.

After a prayer by Rev. L. C. Davis, '76, Prof. Hulley took the platform and with few preliminary remarks, opened the subject by discussing the difficulties which were encountered by the colonists at the close of the war. There were the heavy debts which had been incurred; the problem of disbanding the army; disruptions between the states due to the demoralized condition of the finances, and many more equally difficult.

He showed that the Continental Congress was quite inadequate to cope with these difficulties. It was a league and not a union:—a diplomatic and not a legislative body. The members acted for their state and not as individuals.

This weakness led to the calling of a convention for the purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation. Our Constitution is the product of this body. A fact of particular interest to college men is, that a majority of the members of this convention were college graduates.

Many difficulties were encountered by this body. The questions of Representation, method for electing the Executive, and others of equal importance, were met bravely and conquered. Sectional feeling was seen at this early date and compromises were numerous. It was only after many weeks of hard labor that the final instrument was placed before the people, and it was many more before it was ratified.

Prof. Perrine, in a few remarks, begged to be excused from delivering his address and Pres. Harris dismissed the audience with the benediction. The University Band furnished the music.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Eliza Bell is with us, and thinks a week in Pennsylvania worth a month in Alabama.

Miss Goddard's many friends will be glad to know that she is now convalescent, and will resume her studies in April.

Washington's Birthday, coming on Friday, gave an opportunity for the students to visit their homes. The Institute ranks were considerably lessened until Monday morning.

Miss Ayer, secretary of the Philadelphia Student Volunteers, spent Sunday at the Institute in the interest of this work. She met the Volunteers and gave them much encouragement and many new plans for work. Her addresses in Bucknell Hall and in the Institute parlor were well received. She presented the importance of the work and the special need of medical preparation. We find visits from practical workers very helpful.

A few mornings ago the class in English Literature listened to an instructive and entertaining lecture by Prof. Martin on Robert Browning. Prior to the lecture the class had a rather dim conception of the universality of Browning's genius, but Prof. Martin made us realize the wonderful breadth and power of the poet, who was first of all an optimist and so in sympathy with humanity that he struck the key-note of the heart life of his characters by showing not alone what they *were*, but what they *longed* to be. The class is anticipating with pleasure a talk by the Professor on Lord Tennyson.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

Why not have an "Athletic Meet" of Academy students?

Bayard has been elected captain of the baseball team.

E. D. Fields of Smithfield, Pa., recently entered the Academy.

Cleeland went to Philadelphia a few days ago to have his eyes examined.

Tommy Evans has been compelled to leave school because of sickness.

Several students of the Academy attended the Y. M. C. A. convention at Danville.

George Jenkinson, a recent student of Peddie Institute, has entered the Academy.

Craig and Shuhart were called home recently to attend the funeral of relatives.

Professor, (in Latin class after reading over the lesson):—"There is not a new word in to-day's lesson."

Mr. H. "The Bible says there is nothing new under the sun, Professor."

The preliminary contest in Declamation of the Third Form was held in Bucknell Hall, Saturday, March 3. The following contestants were chosen: Stabler, Pearse, Kulp, Ross, Anstock, Sieber, Wenck, Cottrell, and Sherman.

On February 16, the members of the Adelphia Literary Society and their lady friends took a sleigh ride to Mifflinburg. They proceeded to the Deckard Hotel where a bounteous repast awaited them. After spending a pleasant evening, they returned reporting a good time.

Personals.

'81. Rev. H. F. Stillwell of Freehold, N. J. has been called to the Calvary Baptist Church of Minneapolis Minn.

'84. Geo. P. Miller, Esq., was recently elected County Clerk and Recorder of Taos County, New Mexico.

'91. R. C. H. Catterall, upon completing a Ph. D. course at Chicago University, will be offered a position as instructor in that institution.

Ex-'91. William Mahaffey Kinports died at Cherrytree, Pa., on Monday evening, February 18, of consumption. He graduated in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania in '93, but because of ill-health, he was compelled to give up his practice. He went to the mountains of West Virginia but found no relief. Returning to his home last October, he gradually lost strength until death ended his sufferings.

Ex-'92. Samuel Iredell, Esq., of Bridgeton, N. J., passed a very flattering examination before the State Board at Trenton, this month for admission to the practice of law in the several courts of New Jersey.

'92. Robert J. Holmes was ordained to the ministry on Tuesday, February 27. He has been preaching at the first Baptist Church of Atglen, Pa., and upon receiving a call to that church, presented his credentials and was ordained.

'92. Homer Dowlin, Esq., after pursuing a course of study in the University of Minnesota and having concluded a successful law- clerkship in the office of Hon. Geo. P. Wilson, was admited to the bar at Minneapolis, Minn., and has opened an office at 765 Temple Court, that city.

Ex-'93. H. W. Sneck, Esq., is practicing law at Rochester, N. Y.

'93. Miss Nellie W. Conard is an instructor in the West Academy of Temple College, Philadelphia.

'94. Franklin Reese Strayer has been elected to the chair of mathematics in Stetson College, DeLand, Florida.

Ex-'95. R. D. Minch was at the College a few hours on February, 27.

Ex-'95. Chas. Hall was married on Wednesday, February 27, to Miss Ella Keyser of Chillisquaque.

Ex-'96. Charles A. Mudge, now of Cornell University, won the Sibley prize for proficiency in Mechanical Arts.

—Amos S. Hershey, a former college student here, recently received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Heidelberg, and is now the holder of the Goodwin Memorial Fellowship in International Constitutional Law at Harvard University. He is now at Paris continuing his studies.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., APRIL 10, 1895. **No. 11.**

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

APRIL 10, 1895.

Editorial.

THE improvements of the University are moving on a-pace. The infirmary is an addition of the last term, a spacious, well-lighted, completely isolated room and with a high ceiling. It makes sickness considerably more tolerable for the unfortunate and, from its position and arrangements, will prevent the spreading of any infectious disease. Altogether it is an improvement which we feel proud of yet hope to make use of but little. To further the sanitary regulations the famous Pasteur Filters will be introduced in the various buildings. Everybody realizes how necessary pure water is to health or better how disastrous impure water has always been to a community. It is strange that this fact is so often disregarded, and the University is certainly making a wonderful stride in taking every precaution for the health of its students. The corps of instructors in the Academy will be increased the coming year. This important branch of the University has not been neglected in the general improvement rush and the additions that are made to its Faculty from time to time is a proof that the public recognizes the increased advantages. Other additions and improvements in the various departments are contemplated which we are not at liberty to mention here.

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WE are not supposed to devote these coulums exclusively to the interest of base-ball, field sports, &c., though it may actually seem that this is our only purpose. Other publications are guilty of the same thing and some have gone so far as to use up entire issues with athletic news. In a sense this shows the important place athletics hold in College life while at the same time it is a mark of discredit to the students who are continually urged to practice more faithfully. It ought to be understood by the candidates for any team that constant practice is expected of them and not that they are to occasion continual drumming up by the captain. If this simple fact was kept well in mind, it would save a great deal of unnecessary trouble, allow more room for encouragement in the columns of the paper and require less moralizing on the tardiness of the candidates. We soon should reach the stage, if we have not already reached it, where the interest in practice will not be forced but voluntary. For this season everyone knows and sees that if we are to have any success in base-ball and field sports it will be the result of faithful practice, and there should be no need of having this forever forced upon us until its stimulating effect is altogether removed. Once for all at the beginning of the term every man who aspires to the teams should take an oath to be as prompt and faithful in his practice as he can possibly be. We are not aiming to develop professionals but to gain credit in a line of athletics in which in the past we have been especially weak.

A year or so ago some worthy men, by way of experiment, offered two prizes in debate open to the Junior class. This year the prizes are again offered and the affair is attracting no little attention as well as urging the contestants to extraordinary exertion. The success of this experiment does not seem to lie so much in the pecuniary or honorary inducements as in the inherent worth of the practice in one of the greatest of all arts, and in this strikes the key note of all prize-giving. When the contestant feels, though unsuccessful as a prize winner, that his personal gain is great and that the prize itself is but an addendum of no vital importance, the object of the prize-giver is almost or entirely reached. This leads to the question, What is the object of prize-giving? Undoubtedly to induce extraordinary exertion along certain lines of work with a reward to pay for the trouble. If this reward is the prize itself and the honor there may be in holding it, few will be successful and it becomes a very cheap affair. There must be a better and more certain reward,the reward of knowledge gained by hard, honest work, with the prize itself as an occasional incentive.

There are prizes offered along certain lines of work which men as a class might follow a lifetime and gain in the end neither distinction nor self-satisfaction, and the few who gain either, as a rule, would have done so without any incentive other than their own inclination. Consequently it seems hardly a paying investment to offer large inducements along such lines of work when the most of those who follow them might do better in other lines. There are also prizes offered along excellent lines of work such as all might follow with profit if the conditions were made strict enough. The trouble is with the conditions which are often times made so light that the rather bright fellow has an easy time over his slower and possibly steadier brethren and in winning has only the prize as his reward while the less fortunate have their regrets and envious feelings. We are proud to say we have a few prizes which can be reached by hard work and in no other way, and the winners can in no way feel that they have everything and the rest their pains for their trouble. The debate prizes are of this class and it is to be hoped that others interested in education and inclined to encourage by offering prizes may consider the fact of the case and make their contests paying investments to all who may enter.

Literary.

ALPINE HUNTER'S SONG.

(From Wilhelm Tell.)

The heights thunder loudly, the rocks echo back,
The huntsman, undaunted, pursues his wild track;
He strides, a lone figure,
O'er broad fields of ice
That Spring ne'er adorneth
With verdure's device.

Beneath his feet rolleth a wide, misty sea,
The cities of men no more knoweth he,
Till glint through the cloud-rifts
Faint glimpses of earth,
Till through the mist-billows
The green fields shine forth.

O. M. W.

A DISSENT.

"There is no safer criterion of character than everyday speech * * * * the words, the tones, the pronunciation, the accent."—*Bucknell Mirror, Feb. 10, 1895.*

A certain inmate of one of the conventional houses on Fifth Avenue, New York City, has never been known to abbreviate, mispronounce nor misplace words and never to indulge in slang expressions; and whose flawless syntax and smooth, correctly expressed sentences would delight the heart or head of any grammarian. What a character, what a magnificent character we should expect! What a noble pattern from which to model our own is this aristocratic pet parrot!

The speech and mannerisms of people are more the outgrowth of environment than the product of character. Long continued use becomes habit and although the environment may be changed, the habit to some extent still clings. To *habit* then "We must in charity attribute most of the errors" rather than "to real ignorance;" for frequently those who make the most mistakes are well aware of their failings. This consciousness leads to timidity, timidity to hesitancy, hesitancy to confusion and further mistakes. Frequently too, their theoretical knowledge of the English speech is more extensive and thorough than those who daily "talk like the book."

But not to habit alone would we attribute these errors. Sometimes men inspired by lofty thoughts or bright ideas of inventive genius, when they undertake to impart them to others are at a disadvantage; they are so impelled by the energy of their enthusiasm, that in their haste their utterance is left to take care of itself; and it, unless it be very well trained, will probably result in numerous mistakes of "pronunciation, tone and accent."

Shall they stop to feel for appropriate terms and seek the nice adjustment of words in well rounded sentences and allow the precious ideas to escape? A thorough course in Rhetoric, Elocution and Practical Grammar, may to some extent counteract the effect of lack of early training and unfavorable environment. And perhaps we shall become so proficient in the art of expression that we shall not feel the need of thoughts to be expressed.

A Philosophical and Literary course may broaden the mind, strengthen the intellect and elevate the soul. If but one course was within the reach of an individual, which should he choose? Can there be any doubt when we know "there is no safer criterion of character than everyday speech?" Place a pen in the hand of our great Hawthorne and behold the wonderful result; place him in a company of men and women and bid him converse and he is completely at a loss what to say, or how to say it.

One of the messages Browing gives us is that truth cannot be gained through words. While Ruskin declares. "Thousands can talk, to one who can think."

McH.

AN APPEAL FOR JOURNALISM.

In any profession the man who can convey his knowledge to others in clear, forcible, pure language is the man who, in a great majority of cases, climbs to the top of the ladder in his work. This is obviously true in the case of the minister, the lawyer, and the teacher. The scientist seems to be as far from being reconciled to this as any man, for his demonstrations must be concrete and explanations are seldom required when specimens, illustrating the subject under discussion, are used. But how could science advance if the experimenter, discovering a new specie in some remote place, could not describe it in such language as to make the specie known to the world?

What would science have been to day if Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Hugh Miller and a score of other illustrious men in the province of science had not possessed literary ability to make their many obscure facts known to the world at large through their wonderful command of language which so clothed their ideas in fluent, harmonious phrases as to allow the thought to expand quietly, unobtusively, like the opening of a flower?

To be able to write with a clear, forcible, yet artistic style, is an accomplishment to be desired by all. In this, as in everything, it requires patient practice to reach proficiency, but once acquired, you will never regret the time spent upon it. While there are many ways for practice, the college journal offers the student a grand opportunity for developing his talent. Some of our greatest writers of this era began their literary careers as college journalists.

The early poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes were written for the "Harvard Collegian." In those columns appeared many articles from the pen of this scientific literary man; and in after years, when his success was apparent on two continents, he acknowledged the great impetus he received in literary pursuits from his connection with his college paper. Richard Harding Davis began his career as a journalist on the sheet published during his college days.

As was before stated, the college journal offers a golden opportunity for every undergraduate who is ambitious in a literary line. But it is no small task to convince many a worthy man that this is a fact. A student is approached with the request for a contribution and he will reply that "There are so many to contribute to the paper that I could not hope to have my production published; I cannot afford to spend my time and thought on something that will never be used." Well what is to be done if all reply as this one? Possibly a promise will be given him to publish his article; but then the editor is liable to be embarrassed, for some glaring statements might be made which would reflect very "green" light upon him if he allowed it to go to press; and of course the writer would be offended if it did not. Another, with the reputation of a literary man, might present such a heavy, awkwardly constructed article that it would require careful revision before going to press. If changes be suggested, he is offended in a minute at the thought that the editor should take the liberty to criticise *his* work. Such writers are very unreasonable; for if it be mention that it should be considered an honor to have their article chosen in competition, or that revision is the surest method to secure a good style, they will be offended. Their work is above comparison, and *must* be given precedence.

Again, there are men who "*Can't write anything good enough.*" These, are about as unreasable as the others. Nine-tenths of them have never tried and the remainder, too contracted in their views, have presented articles which have no interest to anyone except themselves. One may be pursuing work in Railroading, we will say, and presents a dissertation on the "Transition Curve" that may be of intrinsic merit; but it cannot be used in a college paper when possibly not more than one out of twenty will be able to understand it. Another will submit an oration on "Webster as a Patriot" or an essay on "Rosalind." Such time-worn, thread-bare themes, are all right in their place, but their place is not in the columns of a college journal. After "regrets" from the editor on several such occasions, it is natural that they should say they "can't write anything good enough." It certainly is discouraging, yet with a proper exercise of judgment in choice of theme it might not be so.

The last excuse a college man should offer when approached for contributions, is the lazy man's "I don't *have time.*" This is the weakest excuse of all. In the majority of cases, observation will reveal the fact that this same student has any amount of time to visit his industrious, plodding neighbor, and occupy his time with gossip savoring of the corner grocery. Time! He does not realize the meaning of the term. Possibly he has fallen into the Bias of Happy Exercise and thinks that the benefits to be derived from the study of Folk-Psychology on the corner are more profitable than any work he could do in the college community. Under such conditions the work would certainly be too fascinating to allow him time to write for the college journal. Time! Take time! The busiest man I know, one who does his own work and that of an indolent partner, never complains of not having time. Haven't time to improve the faculty most useful to a man in this advanced age? All are very sorry for such people and no doubt would recommend that they proceed immediately to that place provided for tired, distorted, and weak minds.

There is one class it is a pleasure to meet. Those who ask "*What shall I write?*" are easily answered, many times; for college life is full of humor and romance, especially if it be a "Co-ed" institution, and many interesting stories could be written. Every magazine is asking for short stories, and something original in this line will not wait long for a publisher. The editor of the college paper is longing for these short stories.

They say that "Poets are born, not made." With the natural story teller the impulse to write is a primary one. Instinct will tell the birds when it is time for them to go north, and where it is safe to build their nests. It is as direct and natural for the born story teller to write. The impulse grows and stories shape themselves in his mind because he delights that they should. He tells them that others may enjoy the activity of his mind. We are not all story tellers, but we may advance greatly in the art by careful, patient toiling. To succeed means independence.

Be original. So many of the stories we read to-day are after the same stereotyped pattern. The writer seems to think they must transcend all bounds of reason and limits of everyday experience or their story will fall flat. The sooner such conventionalisms are discarded from your plots, and you introduce only those seemingly insignificant details which all will not notice unless their attention is directed particularly upon them, the sooner you will succeed. for then your story will be so filled with human nature that all will pronounce it delightful. It will be realistic without the labored style of realism; superficially, it may be idealistic, yet its every picture will be true to nature.

It is as necessary for the writer to consider the immediate purpose for which his article is written as it is for the orator to know his audience. When you write, write with the intention of making your article accomplish a certain end and keep that end ever in mind. The base-ball player keeps his eye on the ball he is to strike, not on the bat with which he desires to strike it.

As to style, Lewes says there is nothing that will aid a young writer more than revising his manuscript many times. In this way one must certainly gain power both in simplifying and condensing; but in this one should strive to present the thought in a form which claims the least possible attention to the form itself. Reject what is superfluous but do not reach the other extreme and be miserly. Ornament is often desirable; but many times the simplest and fewest words surpass in effect all the embellishments known to rhetoric. The power of an artist is shown, not in *how much* detail he reproduces on his canvass, but in his ability to discriminate and choose the *characteristic details.*

But we must not attempt to discuss such a momentous theme. Spencer and DeQuincey have covered the ground and nothing new can be expected. Indeed, if anything novel should be introduced, I fear fallacies would be suspected and probably not without foundation. I would suggest but one more point. The literary spirit of a college is judged by the sheet which is sent to the other institutions. The editors are not alone responsible for the standard of the paper, but every undergraduate is responsible, in a measure, for the journal which represents his school abroad. Co-operation will make the paper a success and that alone.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

It seems that when one has discovered any fact, heretofore unknown about an object, that object never again produces the same impression upon him. In the study of botany, when we learn what fundamental distinction there is between a corn-stalk and an appletree, that distinction can not be effaced. We always see it, no matter how cursorily we may glance at those objects. That is but one example. Like ones might be found to an indefinite number. For it illustrates a universal fact.

This was never brought before *me*, at least, in a more prominent way than by the study of literature. Since my attention has been called more closely to some of the elements constituting literary excellence, and especially to the poetic elements of poetry, I have been unable to read a work with exactly the same feeling as before. Certain characteristics stand out more sharply. There are more individual beauties, while the whole effect is about the same. This all tends to produce a certain new delight, I may call it, in reading. I used to enjoy reading Milton. The poetry of Scott would often hold me for half the night. And Tennyson I liked to read. But now I think Comus will have a different charm for me. Marmion will be read, not carrying me blindly along; for all poetry there will be another kind of appreciation.

Perhaps the first time that I noticed this especially, was when I began to read Juvenal. Never before had I been able to see much poetry in Latin verse. It used to scan very nicely, and all that; but the poteic features passed unnoticed. Thus, in Vergil, whatever beauties there may have been there, failed to present themselves, and I thought, if I gave any thought to the matter, that the poetry lay in the measure. As I look back now, I recollect mistily how "Dido meditatur amorem," and many "Quid agant venti;" there was perhaps some fire and vigor too; all of which may have been poetic—but they all were overlooked. Thus it was, too, with Homer.

Coming to Horace, we have to deal with a different matter. Horace may have been poetic, and he may not. He may have been a Pope without so much moralizing. His writings were certainly too much "reduced to the nail" and superpolished. Yet I think that more poetry might have been found in Horace even, if we had known *how* to find it.

To return again to Juvenal. I referred to the fact that there was to be observed some poetry in his satires beyond the scansion. To be sure Juvenal was too much in earnest, too wrought up with indignation to produce poetry such as that of Wordsworth, for example. Yet the very force and vigor of his satires are more than prose. But every one can see that element. There are others, though, that would not have been seen, had they been read a year ago.

"Iampriden Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orcretes" is certainly poetic, for that one brief line calls up a strain of imagination far exceeding its own bulk. But so hidden is it among lines less excellent, that it would scarcely catch an eye never before called to notice anything except the meter and the mere general effects.

Then the brilliant coloring and quick, lively changes are poetic, and not directly apparent on the face of the Latin. One can fairly feel the air of the "gelida Praeneste" after the hot, close life of the city. But, if under the same circumstances as in the study of Vergil, how many would know when they did feel it?

Juvenal seems to have rather less than usual of standard poetic expressions for certain things. Yet, when they do occur, they appear to have a rather unusual excellence. Thus the expression "Dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat" is common-place, and yet a little less so than usual. But whether common-place or not, such an expression would once have been taken as a matter of course, and have been passed as such.

If we can draw any conclusion from this, it would seem to indicate that much is lost by the average student through ignorance of what might be found in the classic poets. There is one obvious correction for this. Let there be a preliminary study of English literature before any attempt is made at reading Vergil or Homer. The student would get far more satisfaction from the study of Latin and Greek poets, by knowing how to find the beauty in that study.

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DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY FOR 1895.

There will be some changes in this department the coming year. In the first term Sully's Psychology (large work) will be used as the basis of instruction. This work is written with more direct reference to education than the one hitherto used. The honor course in Hamilton and the lecture course on the history of education will be continued. With the Senior class, Institute, McCosh's Cognitive Powers will be used.

In the second term, Hyslop's Elements of Ethics, recently issued, will be used. The course in Philosophy will be continued two hours each week, and an honor course will be given in Ladd's Outlines of Physiological Psychology. An honor course, open to Juniors and Seniors, will be given in Rosenkranz' Philosophy of Education.

In the Spring term, there will be give the usual course in the Philosophy of Religion based on Diman's Theistic Argument, and honor courses in Lotze's Psychology (in German) and in Bowen's Modern Philosophy.

Friends of the school will place on the shelves by the opening of the year one hundred dollars worth of book, which will embrace all the works of value issued during the last two years.

Local.

The tennis courts are in almost constant use.

The snow has disappeared. "Let's play ball."

The snow has entirely disappeared from the campus.

Lesher has returned to College after an absence of two terms.

Harry Thornton was initiated into Sigma Chi at the close of last term.

Prof.—(in calling roll)—Those who are absent will please hold up their hands.

We are sure that the student body will join with us in welcoming Koons back.

On March 3, President Harris preached at the first Baptist church of Williamsport.

A good method to catch Scarlet Fever—"Suck your chum's lead pencil."—Dr. Groff.

A. G. Loomis has recovered from his severe illness and is again attending his classes.

Hill (at the recent eclipse).—"Isn't it the Sun that comes between the earth and the moon?"

Howard Guss spent vacation among friends at the University of Pennsylvania and at Princeton College.

Douglass,—Prof. "I worked three hours and a half on this." Prof. P. "That is good, excellent!"

An address will be delivered before the G. A. R., on April the 9th, (Anniversary of the Fall of Appomatox), by Dr. Harris. He will speak on "The Fall of Richmond."

Roth '98, left school on March 1, to accept a position as teacher in the Chambersburg Normal.

Owing to the increased attendance a new teacher will be added to the Academy Faculty next year.

"A man knows more Psychology before he takes it up, than when he leaves it." The Seniors answer—"Yes."

Haddock thinks that it would have been a good thing for Rev. J. K. L. M. Dobbs, D. D., to have taken his "work" and stuck to it.

Dr Groff, accompanied by his class in Enbryology, spent the afternoon and evening of March 18, with Prof. H. N. Conser, of Sunbury.

Baldwin the other day in picking out a subject for an Argumentative essay took—"Washington is dead." We may add that he proved his point very conclusively.

It seems that students are not exempt from the many ills which are attributed to the younger element of society. Hanna suffered with the mumps the latter part of the last term.

Brown's catechism: "What is the chief end of man?"

Man's chief end is to get "Ex." and to enjoy it forever.

W. T. Chase, D. D., delivered the university Sermon on March 17, at the Baptist church. A large audience was present, and from the remarks heard after church all were greatly pleased with the discourse.

The Library was furnished with the Welsbach Incandescent Gas Lamps during the vacation. The reading room is very attractive in the evening, now that the lighting capacity is so much more adequate.

On Thursday, April 4, a call was made by the trainer in field sports, for candidates in field and track athletics. It is hoped that the growing interest in athletics will be felt in this department as well as others.

On Thursday evening March 19, Mr. French gave a delightful entertainment in Impersonation and Imitating. Although the hall was not full, the entertainment was pronounced very good. The proceeds went to the Athletic Association.

The new catalogue was distributed at the end of last term. As usual it reflects great credit on the University in its appearance. By its roll we find that there is a large increase in attendance over last year. The total attendance is now nearly four hundred.

The University will have an exhibit at the Intertnational Convention of B. Y. P. U. to be held in Baltimore next Summer. This exhibit will be in charge of Registrar W. C. Gretzinger. An effort will be made to have it ready by Commencement, in which event it will be placed on exhibition in one of the Class rooms.

The Field and Track team of '94 met at the call of trainer Smith and elected J. C. Carey captain for the coming season. Mr. Smith appointed N. F. Davis to take charge of the hammer and shot men, W. H. Carey of the sprints, A. O. Miller of the runs, W. M. Bunnell of hurdling, and F. W. Jackson of walking.

It was announced that Dr. Wayland would begin his course of lectures on Sociology on March 5. All the students took their places in chapel at the appointed time but the Doctor did not appear. But we were not to be disappointed; for Dr. Perrine was announced to speak and, in a very forcible manner, he introduced us into the subject which was expected.

The Summers club is ahead in practical jokes. One of the members has been ill for several days, from the effects of a dose of poison, which he believes to have been administered by one of the club.

The club promptly took measure, to discover the guilty party, and when found he will be expelled from the club.

Robert J. Burdett was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience in Bucknell Hall on Thursday evening March 14. It is needless to say that he amused and entertained his hearers even beyond their expectations. Good common sense was freely interspersed with wit. His power over his hearers was demonstrated in causing them at one moment to roar with laughter, and in the next, to look on the serious side of life. We all felt better after taking some of his "Good Medicine."

On Saturday evening March 9, the annual Stag Dance was held in the Tustin Gymnasium. The boys turned out in numbers and costumes far exceeding the greatest expectations. The ball was opened by a Grand March in which all participated. The Bucknell Band discoursed sweet strains of music while the dizzy "twirlers" swept around the waxed (?) floor. On the whole, everybody seemed well pleased and look forward to a greater success next year. In closing we should like to extend the many thanks of the boys to the Seminary friends for the loan of dresses, hair pins, wigs, paint, powder, etc.

Bucknell was represented during the vacation by a Y. M. C. A. Band. This is the second time such work has been done by our students, each time going out under the direction and responsibility of the Y. M. C. A. State Committee. The Band was composed of C. W. Harvey, *leader*, Bunnell, Sprague, Allen and Hanna, *quartte*. They spent the entire vacation at Catawissa, held evangelastic meetings every evening, and were the means of saving many souls, and of establishing a district section. They cannot say enough about the kindness of the Catawissa people, who opened hearts and homes, and made the days very happy ones.

The Freshman contest in Declamation, held on the evening of March 16, was a success in every particular. The speakers, without exception, showed that they had given careful attention to their selections and the delivery was very good.

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the evening was, that the Sophomore class furnished the decorations for the stage. Palms and ferns were in profusion and made the stage look like a bower. The music was of the usual high order. Miss Gould, in her magnificent style, sang a charming song; and Miss Aikin's piano solo captivated the audience. In every respect the exhibition was highly commendatory to the class of '98.

The lectures on Sociology by Dr. Wayland were of a high order and very instructive. Although the students were obliged to listen to three lectures in one day, there seemed to be enough interest in them to keep all on the alert. Freshmen even were awake; and many of them took notes with the avowed purpose to pursue the honor course offered. In the evening a large crowd greeted the Doctor to listen to his popular lecture on "Dr. Dobbs in the Antipodes." This lecture was full of facts concerning social methods prevailing to-day and the style of the production kept the audience in good spirits all the time. The entire course of lectures was highly instructive and we all look eagerly forward to the time when we will have another opportunity to hear the genial Doctor.

The Opera, "Amorita," given by local talent assisted by several students from the College, was a decided success in every particular. Every seat in the house was occupied and many were obliged to stand. As a spectacular production, lack of proper equipment hampered the players greatly. But the beautiful costumes helped along the illusion of the throne room. It certainly was the richest and most complete production seen in Lewisburg for a long time.

The acting and singing of the principals showed very careful study as well as practice. The character of "Amorita" could hardly receive fuller justice in the hands of a professional than in Miss Derr's. The part is particularly difficult in that there is so much action; but she took the part grandly, rendering the expressions of pathos, humor and by-play in so clever a way as to win opinions of extraordinary power.

Mr. Bunnell as "Angelo" showed excellent training in all his singing and merited the applause he received. Mr. Megargee was master of the part he took as was Mr. Williams in the part of Captain of the Guards.

The chorus work was excellent,—showing the result of patient, earnest study on the part of each person and careful drilling on the part of Mr. Russell.

The annual gymnasium exhibition was held under the direction of Messrs. Harper and Bunnell, physical instructors, on March 16.

The drills during the entire term were very faithfully attended by the students, owing no doubt to the excellent instruction given and to the fact that the athletic committees exerted their influence to keep the boys in good physical condition.

The drill began promptly at half past two, when the class marched in lock-step from the basement to the main floor, keeping time to the piano. After a short march the class was aranged in position for the free-hand, breathing, and dumb-bell exercises which were conducted by Mr. Harper. After the running exercises the class fell into position for the indian club exhibition, which was the feature of the drill.

After the club swinging, a team selected from the members of the class, played a game of basket ball with the Danville Y. M. C. A. team. The game resulted in a victory for the Y. M. C. A. Score, 3 to 1.

If the game of basket ball had been introduced at the beginning of the term, Bucknell could have presented a very strong team.

The whole exhibition reflected great credit upon the directors and was in every way a success. It might be added that the authorities deserve credit for all the improvements made in the gymnasium, believing that they were an incentive to the excellent work. The attendance was 300.

A large and appreciative audience greeted Mr. George Nox McCain in Bucknell Hall, Tuesday afternoon, March 19. His address, "The Newspaper of the Twentieth Century," was listened to with marked attention and especially so by the members of the B. U. P. A. who secured copious notes to aid in their journalistic study. Mr. McCain was recently elected an honorary member of the local Association because of his great success as a practical newspaper man and because of the great interest he has always shown in the welfare of Bucknell. At present, Mr. McCain is doing the regular staff correspondence for the *Philadelphia Press* from the state capital; he is an ardent lover of his profession and is enthusiastic in asserting the increased influence and purity of the press which will come in the approaching century. Judging from the remarkable development of the newspaper in the last decade, twentieth century journalism will not fall very much short of Mr. McCain's predictions.

The Bucknell Press Association and the student body highly appreciated Mr. McCain's response to their request for an introductory lecture. The next open lecture will be by another well-known honorary member, Dr. Enoch Perrine, in the laboratory, Friday afternoon, April 12, at 4:30. Dr. Perrine has had varied editorial experiences and is well fitted to give an interesting and instructive lecture upon his chosen subject, "Reportorial Work." This will be a benefit to the members who are now doing practical work and to each student in the University who may be expected at some future time to be more or less directly connected with a journal.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

On Tuesday, March 5, the Senior and the 4th. year class met for their prize contests in Essay. The topic given the Seniors was "Portia;" that of the 4th. year class was "A comparison of the two Homesteads" in the Prelude to Whittier's poem "Among the Hills."

The members of the Senior class esteemed it a great privilege that Dr. H. L. Wayland was seated at their table during his stay at the Institute. As genial and witty as the "Autocrat," his sallies of quiet humor, his kindly inquiries, his power to make common-places sparkle, are more readily perceived than explained. When ice cream was served the Doctor's query was, "Is not this a reward for enduring four lectures in one day?"

But never was the complex problem of human obligation made so plain and forceful as in these same lectures.

The regular Program Meeting of the Y. W. C. A., for this term was held Sunday, March 10, in the Institute parlor. The topic was "A New England Girlhood," the program being as follows:

Chorus	"Jesus Wept."
Childhood of Lucy Larcom	Miss Stifler.
Mill Life of Lucy Larcom	Miss Kunkle
Violin Solo	Miss L. Lawshe.
Life in the West	Miss M. Eddelman.
History of "Hannan Binding Shoes"	Miss Case.
Poem "Hannah Binding Shoes"	Miss Martin.
Solo	Miss Kunkle.
"Natures Easter Music"	Miss Morgan.
Poem from Whittier—"Rhyming Note"	Miss Black.
Hymn.	

The Annual Exhibition given by Miss Armitage's class in Physical Culture took place on the evening of March 9, in Bucknell Hall. The large audience of invited guests was greatly pleased by the program.

The Grand March and fancy steps by the girls in their pretty gymnasium suits was the first thing on the program. The Minuet and Delsarte movements which represented in pantomine the "Famine" scene from Hiawatha were the essence of grace and poetry of motion. The dumb-bell choruses and hoop drills showed careful practice, and the excellence of the club swinging deserves especial mention. The exhibition was very creditable to Miss Armitage.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

We are glad to see James and Evans back.

The prospects are bright for a good base-ball team in the Academy.

Did you see Freudenburger, Cooper, LeVan, and Bowman in the stag dance in the Gym?

Powell has been initiated in the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and Thornton in the Sigma Chi.

Messrs. Hazen, Darre, Miles, Pearse, Cober, and Cottrell remained at the Academy during vacation.

The Fourth Form will read this term Milton's Comus, Lycidas, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso under Miss Armitage and Websters "Bunker Hill Oration" under Prof. Phillips.

The following officers of the Y. M. C. A. have been elected: President, Kulp; Vice President, Sherman; Recording Secretary, Powell; Corresponding Secretary, Cottrell; Treasurer, Devitt.

A promising youth of Main Hall has been struck by a shaft from Cupid's bow. He devotes too much of his time in writing epistles of love to one of the fair sex to be a success in the class-room.

The following officers of the Hermenia Literary Society have been elected for this term. President, Harvey; Vice President, Devitt; Secretary, Sherman; First Critic, Decker; Second Critic, Kulp; Treasurer, Wager; Censor, Pearse; Librarian, Wenck; Sergeant-at-Arms, Davis.

Eight new students entered the Academy this term. Robert N. Brady, Union City, Pa.; Edgar Reed, Muncy, Pa.; Daniel H. Krise, Liberty, Pa.; Mark L. Anthony, Mt. Top, Pa.; Harry V. Miller, Philadelphia, Pa.; Elbert Huft, Stonington, Pa.; Ernest Johnson and Francis M. Stapleton of Lewisburg, Pa.

Personals.

'55. Rev. Chas. H. Malcom, D. D., has resigned his work in New York City and entered upon new duties at St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y.

Ex-'62. H. M. Baldrige, Esq., of Hollidaysburg, died of apoplexy on Monday, March 18, 1895. While in the University, Mr. Baldrige earned for himself a good name as an able and industrious student. His character won the friendship of the faculty and students. He was pure in heart, lofty in his ideals, noble in his aspirations and scrupulous and painstaking in his persistent endeavors to bring his conduct to the highest level of his conceptions. As a lawyer, he was above all pettifoggery and chicanery and was trusted by all who came in contact with him. His moral character made him what he was.

'76. In addition to his work as pastor of the Hollidaysburg, Pa., church, Rev. Owen James has charge, for the current collegiate year, of the departments of psychology, ethics and civics in the Hollidaysburg Seminary.

Ex-'85. Harvey S. Torringer is studying medicine in Baltimore, Md.

'85. Rev. J. Madison Hare, after a spirited contest, was elected for the Excise Commission of Burlington, N. J.

'88. George W. Hatch has resigned his pastorate at Eatonville and is pursuing a course in Theology at Crozer Seminary.

'91. Jacob H. Minick is at college pursuing a post-graduate course.

'91. Chas. Campbell, M. D., is located at 10th. and Wharton Sts., Philadelphia.

'93. On February 14, before the United States consul at Yokohoma, Japan, by the Rev. Brand, Rev. E. C. Pauling was united in marriage to Miss Mabel V. Hall, of Northumberland, Pa. They proceeded immediately to Seoul, Korea, where Rev. Pauling has been for a year establishing a Baptist mission.

'94. Eliza Bell has accepted the position at the Seminary made vacant by the risignation of Miss Rush.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., APRIL 25, 1895. No. 12.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

APRIL 25, 1895.

Editorial.

IT has long been the desire of MIRROR boards to awaken in the students the spirit of fiction writing in the form of short stories. This style of literature has reached a high state of development in many college journals,—even to the perfection of the average monthly magazine. In these papers the dull, uninteresting essay is doomed; and why may not the MIRROR be in this class? Essays are written for the Professor of English and should be of such a nature that they are entirely unsuited for the college paper; for very few will be interested in such deep discussions as should be found in an essay. The ability for writing this style of fiction is in Bucknell, but there seems to be lacking a desire to advance in this line of literary work.

There is another line which is worthy of the attention of those who have taste in literature. In the last few numbers of the MIRROR there have appeared translations from the German which have elicited praise from all sides. This field of work offers much in the way of training as well as pleasure to one inclined toward literature, and would prove very acceptable to the general reader. Gems of thought in poetry from the German or French, carefully translated into good English, would find favor in the eyes of the general student body as well as with the editors.

◆

DURING the winter months it was necessary that a certain class of students wear off the excess of animal enthusiasm by throwing snow-balls, and as a result not a few windows in the building are now decorated with various articles of wearing apparel, which give the place more the appearance of a manufacturing plant than a college. The authorities, that the rags might be replaced by the proper medium, have taxed the occupants of the rooms where such breakage exists.

It appears rather unjust that one should be held responsible for something with which he had no connection. Probably three-fifths of the panes were broken out after most of the students were in bed; and if it be necessary for one to be on the alert night and day in order to protect himself from a damage suit, it would be profitable for the students to hire an officer to investigate the matter in the hopes of locating the guilty parties. If these panes had been broken through carelessness or neglect of duty on the part of those occupying the rooms, it would be a very different matter; but the windows are not provided with outside blinds and the glass cannot be protected in this way.

If the student must be held responsible for the damage to the windows of his room, he is equally responsible for any damage whatsoever to the external portion of the building; for the window is nothing more than a wall modified to serve a special purpose. Under these conditions we must expect that our bills would be augmented to the extent of the damage to the building, should some prowling anarchist demolish a section with his deadly bombs.

◆

SENTIMENTALISM in Politics, which we may understand as a readiness to take up anything for the excitement there is in it, has recently received an astounding impetus and many scores of faithful worshippers. One of our leading magazines has made considerable sport of this tendency and has stigmatized it Jingoism and its followers Jingoes. Without doubt Jingoism may be laid with reproach at the doors of a good many politicians, and yet we had better be reasonably sure, as we lay it there, that our own door-step is not contaminated. The fact is, students are the greatest set of Jingoes that have ever lived, not excepting politicians. They have always been the victims of one another's jokes and in many cases the community has come in for a fair share of the fun from the students' standpoint. This may be partly due to their environment, to their "humdrum life," as it is called, which craves for some excitement, or to a complication of circumstances possibly an inheritance from Tom Brown. Whatever may be the case, it is remarkable how this spirit, which once flourished so widely, has largely given place to a worse one,—one which accepts with pleasure almost any calamity for the exciting effect it produces. It is to this we would apply the term Jingoism rather than to the other. There are hosts of students who would hail with a sort of delight a hundred mishaps that might befall their place of education, not because they bear a grudge toward anybody or against anything, but simply as the result of an exorbitant desire for excitement. This term includes those who are slightly moved by this spirit as well as the extreme types. It seems to be a failing all are guilty of at some time,—an instance when sentiment rules and reason is the dog. It is a trait of barbarism, for all that it may seem natural, and should be least found among that class of destined leaders who pretend and are supposed to think twice before acting.

Literary.

TWO DAYS.

The day is fair and bright,—the birds
Since dawning have not ceased to sing:
Gold dandelions, lavish coin of Spring,
Shine through the tender grass, and words
Would fail to tell the subtle tropic thrill
That courses through the veins,—and still
All, all to me is dark and full of gloom,
Lost, radiance of the early springtime bloom:
I look around round,—only clouds I see,—
For Madge has *frowned* on me!

The winds moan mournfully and drear,
Bare is each swaying shrub and tree,
The sky above is gray and dull to see.
As slow departs the dying Year,
All Nature seems in mourning garments clad,
All outward sights and sounds are darkly sad;
Yet in my heart the sunshine reigns supreme!
The gloomy clouds can never quench the beam
Of joy that lights up land and sea,—
For Madge has *smiled* on me!

(O. M. W.)

◆

LITERARY PROGRESS.

The literature of the past receives considerable notice and commendation from students of the present time, and deservedly so; for it is rich in thought, original in ideas, daring in conception, and, finally, because it was the origin and inspiration of the literature which followed. However there is a tendency among many to greatly overestimate its value in comparison with the productions of our time. In the eyes of some scholars all the compositions of the present sink into obscurity before the effulgence of a Cicero or a Homer.

This is doing injustice to our own age; for, although there are vast quantities of printed matter circulated in the name of literature, worthless and even injurious to the reader, yet no age has given birth to so many books that are helpful, inspiring, entertaining, instructive.

The Iliad and Odyssey stand forth as shining representatives of the Ancient Era. No doubt there were other productions possibly as meritorious, but they have not survived for our edification. The Homeric poems are mainly interesting as the beginning of literature. The language is, of course, in but a partially developed state, and does not show the finish of later Greek.

As Greece advanced in civilization there followed the Iliad and Odyssey much valuable literature, showing to what heights the human intellect can soar, unassisted by divine revelation. The Greeks evolved a code of morals, and discussed immortality of the soul and the existence of a supreme diety with almost incredible dexterity. The productions of that age will always be regarded as priceless contributions to the storehouse of human knowledge.

Of the classic period, or Augustan age, we have many specimens. There were numerous prolific writers in that period and some have left books which will stand as monuments to their renown as long as civilization lasts. Space is wanting to discuss or even mention these authors or their works, but Vergil and Cicero may well represent this age in this discussion.

During the middle ages, learning in every branch lay dormant. It was as late as the 14th or 15th century when the revival of learning took place and this was largely due to the invention of the printing press. The recent or Elizabethian period has the illustrous names of Milton and Shakespeare as examples. Now, literature, growing in importance and extending into a diversity of channels, acquires a new importance and impetus, which continues to the modern period. Never have scholars been regarded with more respect, schools and colleges received more pupils, literature, science and other pursuits of knowledge had more devotees than in our own age. We have had and still have authors of genius, unsurpassed by those of any era. To those who boast of the epics of Homer, Vergil and Milton, we may cite the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' or 'Hiawatha', by Longfellow, Tennyson's 'Princess', and indeed many other epics deserving to be ranked with classic productions.

Our age has developed many new species of literature entirely unknown to previous periods. The ancients had no Mark Twain or Max Adeler or even comic magazines to laugh over. They could follow no Verne, in imagination, through submarine routes to the depths of the sea, the treasure-houses of the deep, and even the inaccessible pole. With no Poe could they unravel, by most ingenious methods, the most mystifying crimes. They could boast of no Cooper, Hawthorne, Howells or Roe. Surely none of their poetry can be more beautiful and touching than that of numerous poets of our age; and learned and deep as are their treatises on science, philosophy, ethics, morality and theology, those of our age, with the most profound scholarship, the benefit of the experience of ages, and the closest study, have acquired a gravity and importance to which their essays must yield the palm.

As the world grew, language necessarily increasing in power and possibility, grew richer in forms, meanings and their adaptations, and acquired a greater variety of expression. So, in this respect the more cultured Attic Greek surpasses the simple stanzas of Homer; and again Roman authors of Vergil's time had still greater scope to display their talent. After the revival of learning, men, with greater experience, could better express their thoughts in books. The subject matter discussed or turned into metre became more varied as knowledge increased, until now we have an almost bewildering variety of style and thought. But it has remained for our age to crown literature with refinement, to require the suppression, in standard books, of all that is immodest or suggestive of immorality; and even the classics are expurgated for general use.

The ancient writers had a slight advantage over the modern in that their productions were of necessity original, while for their successors, every new production narrowed the scope for original thought, until, in the present day, it is a rare and difficult thing to acquire. Yet this drawback is slight, when we consider the enormous advantages we possess over the people of classic times. The printing press facilitates the distribution of books with almost incredible cheapness. Then, books were priceless; now, they are in every home. Increased importance is placed on the ability to read as a recreation, amusement and means of instruction.

The value of the literary productions of ancient times to the people of those times was especially that of pleasure and diversion at feasts, and of inciting the youth to deeds of valor. To successive generations, they served as models and stimulants to increased effort. So in the successive periods, the literature of each has a good effect on its own age, consequently on immediate

posterity and the succeeding period. But as no one would be rash enough to claim that the literature of our age; will eclipse that of all coming generations, so no one should maintain that our literary efforts are obscured by those of former eras.
H. M.

WEBSTER'S FIRST BUNKER HILL ADDRESS, A CRITICISM.

In reading Webster's oration I found myself prejudiced in its favor. Previous conversation, instruction, and reading had led me to believe it one of the greatest ever delivered. I still believe it was, when spoken, a most remarkable oration, tho largely dependent upon the personality of Webster. The time, the occasion, the presence of veterans of the Revolution and especially of Lafayette,—all these conspired to make the oration famous. Yet it will not become a classic. Its popularity—waning now—may be ascribed to the books of declamation, the presence of those who have heard Webster, and the necessity for exhibiting to students some specimen of his oratory.

I purpose to treat briefly a few of its merits and demerits, and to give a reason why the oration cannot become a classic.

When he delivered the address, Webster was in his prime, and had long been prominent in public affairs. His style may therefore be considered fixed. We cannot excuse his faults because he was young or old; we must take him as he is. Look first at the perspicuity of the address.

Webster was an adept in skilful ornamentation. He generally reserved his most beautiful ornaments for introductions and climaxes. Take, for instance, that closing sentence in his vision of the departed heroes of the Revolution: "On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

'another morn
Risen on mid-noon ;'

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless."

The renowned orator was also very careful in his repetitions. Did it seem desirable to enunciate a thought before expressed, he had no difficulty in rendering it in even stronger language. This remarkable power enabled him to make cumulative climaxes with great effect.

Webster displayed skill in the use of his large vocabulary. He employed Latin words especially when he became argumentative. To him the greater defining power of the Latin appealed very strongly. Thus, in his argument regarding the advance of the world during the fifty years following the Battle of Bunker Hill, he said: "Any *adequate survey*, however, of the *progress* made during the last half *century* in the *polite* and mechanic *arts*, in machinery and *manufactures*, in *commerce* and *agriculture*, in *letters* and in *science* would *require volumes*." But in his passages of strong emotion there is a marked diminution in the number of Latin words, and a corresponding increase in the number of Saxon words. A brief survey of the printed page in that portion of the oration where he apostrophizes the veterans reveals a predominance of short, Saxon words. Using Webster as a model it might be possible to formulate a rule, that in passages requiring strength and passion the mother-tongue holds sway.

In one way, however, the address lacks perspicuity; namely, in its prolixity. Webster lacked conciseness. While describing the monument and its effects upon himself, those present, and future generations, he was quite verbose, in spite of the exalted sentiment and fine touches with which he garnished his statements. The strain upon those who heard him must have been great, tho it may have been lessened by the personality of the man.

Turn now to the energy or vivacity of the address, first considering Webster's choice of words. He chose words proper and appropriate.

Catching sight of the ships moored at the base of Bunker Hill, he says: "Yonder *proud* ships, by a *felicity* of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming *fondly* to *cling around* it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence." What words could more properly describe such a scene? Note the singular fitness of the word "*felicity*." His language is filled with many such happy turns, whether he be in argument or in the heat of passion.

In his figures of speech the orator is to be highly commended. They are the product of a great imagination trying to express in concrete form some abstract ideas. Webster likens the course of political revolution in America and in Europe to the advance of a wheel. So brilliant is the figure and so climactic is its effect, I cannot refrain from quoting it at length:

"The great wheel of political revolution began to move in America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes, it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with a fearful celerity; till at length, like the chariot-wheels in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its own motion, and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around." It will be noticed immediately that the words used are very picturesque. The quiet course of revolution in America, and the violence of its track in Europe, can be vividly seen. The picture is certainly a startling one.

Webster was a full man. He had had no physical or mental obstacles in the way of his advancement. His education, tho acquired with hardship, was the best that his day afforded, and his body and voice were all that could be desired. On account of his physical and mental superiority, Webster did not need to watch closely everything that he said or did. As a consequence he is by no means brief. It is this lack of compression that fatigues the ordinary man while he is listening. It was, perhaps, not so evident when, Webster was speaking, but it is clearly a fault when seen in print. We may say here by way of comparison that the compression of Demosthenes has been one of the reasons of his enduring fame. Tho we look upon him as a model in this line, we should remember that what he did was the result of an immense amount of labor.

In the arrangement of words there is but little that is worthy of derogatory criticism. There is a remarkable felicity in the use of loose and periodic sentences. They are so well balanced that a heightening effect is produced. There is an absence of interrogation in the address. It was evident to Webster that no appeal to the reason of his hearers for the sake of convincing them, was necessary. The exclamatory passages are climactic, and seem to spring straight from the heated imagination of the orator.

The elegance or beauty of the oration may now claim our attention. There is a peculiar smoothness about the whole production which becomes evident when read aloud. With a tenor or soprano voice the full effect cannot be produced, for the predominance of vowels is not of such importance to those speaking in the higher registers. But to the bass voice the liquid flow of the vowel sounds is a delight. The resonance, the sonorousness, of the vowels is enforced. Read, for example, the following: "A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient, not boisterous, but deep, solemn, determined,

'totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.' "

It might be possible to ascribe the use of the quotation not alone to the spur of the moment, but to a love of the melody found in Vergil.

The oration may be classed as of the impassioned type.

The occasion and the circumstances demanded strong and exalted emotion. The tendency of the orator under such influences was to heighten his language, and employ the most expressive words. In so doing the imagination of the orator was taxed. It was then that he approached the sphere of the poet. The poetic diction, the rhythm, the picturesqueness, together with its strength and energy, place the oration under the impassioned type.

I have purposely omitted to speak of the wonderful apostrophes delivered under the inspiration of the moment (?) before the assembled veterans and Lafayette. Upon these, it seems to me, depend in great part the effect which the address had upon the multitude, and which it has had upon the subsequent generation. But it may well be questioned whether the address would have been as famous were those splendid outbursts omitted.

We are now led to explain why the oration may not become a classic. A noticeable and blameable defect in the oration is its lack of analysis. There is difficulty in finding even the theme. It may have been delivered to dedicate the monument, or to "commemorate the establishment of great principles of liberty," or to show the progress of America. The discussion itself, as a result of the obscurity of the theme, is poorly defined. No real analysis can be made of its contents. In addition, it is broken twice by long apostrophes. It seems to me that in the orations chosen for class-room work, in those pointed out as likely to survive the “devouring tooth of time,” in those which have come down to us from antiquity, a definite arrangement can be found. For this reason, if for no other, I am of the opinion that the oration can never become a classic.

But whatever may be its faults or excellencies the oration was certainly a great one when delivered. Upon us it has an ennobling effect, living as we do in the infancy of our country. We know, and yet feel, the impulses which swayed our forefathers, and accordingly we sympathize with the exalted sentiments of the oration.

B. S.

Local.

One of the “brownies” has shed his coat.

“Flunks” in the Astronomy Class are frequent.

Taggart is laughing in English Oratory for an “ex.”

Geary is glad that he had on old trousers when he pitched on Monday.

Messers. Sheddan, Wagenseller, Taggart and Bunnell spent Easter at home.

Johnson, '96, spent Easter at his home. The egg market is “cornered” at New Berlin.

Brick has been practicing throwing the hammer. He says “You want to look out for me next field day.”

The sporting element of '98 is again apparent in the fact that they have challenged the “Sophs” to a game of basket-ball.

Pease received an easter egg with the following inscription: “Soft, on Shell(ey)ng.” You must ask him for the explanation.

Herbert Stanton of '97 is back spending a few days with his friends. It is his intention to enter the Medical department of the U. of P. next fall.

Prof. (in Astronomy class).—Please name the fourth Zodiacal sign.

Student.—Can't Sir.

Prof.—Correct, cancer.

They say the Seniors are writing commencement Orations; the Juniors are star-gazing; The “Sophs,” as usual, are doing nothing, and the “Freshies” are fluttering around helping the “Sophs.”

Prof. (in English Oratory, calling roll);—“Well! Well! They'r all here but two, and they belong to the class I had so much trouble with last term. I mean that Sophomore class. See, do ye Douglass?”

“Walky” came into the “sanctum” and requested us to put in a good joke about him. Thinking of nothing else but that he intends having his head sheared in the near future, we agree to let it go at that.

One of our friends was seen sporting the following combination on Easter Sunday: Seymour coat, polkadot shirt, barber-pole collar and cuffs, full dress vest, crushed elephant gloves, and last but not least, Trilby shoes.

Dr. Harris delivered the usual opening address in Bucknell Hall on Monday morning, April 8. His subject was School Organism. During his talk he gave a high ideal of what a school ought to be, and the part the students have in making it such.

A student read the “Appeal for Journalism” and then looked over his last corrected essay. It had a miserable attack of the “blues,” and on the bottom was written;—“This is rank! kindly consider yourself an airy nothing.” The student decided that he would not try his hand at journalism just yet.

Pease '95, has received a call from the Baptist church at Eatonville, Pa. During the spring vacation he preached at that place and the following is the partial account as it appeared in a local paper: “In the course of his remarks he touched doctrinal facts with illustrations that were wholly explanatory of themselves, using only the English language, avoiding the high flown theologian's dictionary that usually accompanies the university and theological student on his initial preaching work.”

Dillon had a "cold-water" feed in his suite on Saturday evening and we were not invited.

It sounded like the rushing of mighty winds; but it could not be mere wind from *that* "dormy." The mutterings were resolved into words. "I'll roast him. Yes! By my beard and my matrimonial prospects, I'll roast him! By dad! I'll roast him, or the book will be a failure."

Post 52, G. A. R. held their annual campfire on the evening of April 9, the thirtieth Anniversary of the battle of Appomatox Court House. After a selection by the quartette, of which Messers. Sigmund and Megargee were members, there were several recitations, and songs by the Post quartette. Then Dr. Harris of the 206th Penna. Volunteers, delivered his address on "The Fall of Richmond." The house was crowded and strict attention was paid throughout the address. The exercises were very appropriately closed by all rising and singing—"America."

It might appear that Athletics were on the decline since we have no column in this issue; but this is a mistake. Basket-ball has received a new impetus since the goals have been erected on the campus and the field marked out. Tennis is also attracting many. All the courts are being repaired and put in shape for the warmer weather which we are expecting every day. The Senior court is being fitted with a new net and backstop. Prof. Bartol's has been rolled and presents a fine appearance with the new tape markers. The Phi Gamma Delta court is undergoing many repairs and will soon be in good shape. Candidates for the Athletic Team are taking systematic training under the directions of Trainer Smith, Captain Carey and the instructors in the several departments of the work. Already the records have been broken in throwing the hammer and the mile run.

Doctor Enoch Perrine delivered an address on "The Reporter" before the B. U. P. A. and a large number of its friends in the Laboratory, Friday afternoon, the 12th; but not having finished at supper time, those present requested that the address be completed on the following Monday evening in his recitation-room. The genial doctor consented to this arrangement, and an increased number were afforded an opportunity to hear the entire address which, judging by the marked attention and hearty applause, was highly appreciated by the audience.

After an introductory review of his journalistic career in college and city, the speaker defined the reporter's relation to the other departments of the newspaper establishment, and treated him as a mirror, reflector, or medium for bringing the *facts* before the public. In properly filling his office, the reporter is to receive and transmit or reflect impressions. In accomplishing the former, first, he must observe the *facts* through complying with the conditions of securing them by getting in contact with the people as a result of gaining influence from politeness, grace of speech and bearing, favors shown hitherto, and honest, true work in the past; and by being prepared, through having a general education and special training, to appreciate and select the facts. Secondly, he must seize the facts rapidly and accurately. In doing the latter, space and speed demand that he unify, simplify, and express his ideas in clear, terse, vivid language and in proper style by presenting plain, clear, orderly "copy" and by avoiding slang, cheap and nasty devices, suppression of truth favorable to opponents, and a show of ignorance, malice, or deception of any kind.

For various reasons, thirty-two non-resident members of the college, and "preps" too numerous to mention, spent the recent vacation in the invigorating atmosphere of Lewisburg and vicinity. Work, love, exercise, and study commanded the attention of the majority. To avoid the abnormal temperature of the college, members of the "frats" made use of their respective halls during the day time. Jackson and Riemer were kept busy travelling from the cellege to the corner of Market and Third and return; Davis, N. F., was frequently disturbed by callers when in the midst of a French novel or love tale; Cregar would have gone home had it not been for the magnetic power of a Lewisburg—who? Well, ask the dear boy if you are still ignorant. Stephens was attending to his rapidly increasing book business; Josephs was enjoying the oft-repeated luxury of a quiet smoke without disturbing the peace of his neighbors by its fragrance; Macnab, as usual, was doing nothing; Davis, J. W., was writing sermons, love letters, and miscellaneous productions; Megargee was studying the sociological conditions necessary for the improvement of the local streets in order to successfully complete his honor work in Social Science; Brown, that ardent lover of scientific studies, was instructing Miller and Jennings in a new phase of Ornithology; Walkinshaw was seen on the streets of our neighboring town by a reporter of the *Sunbury Daily Item*, and when asked his business, Walky having indistinctly comprehended the interrogation, replied that it was an extreme falsehood that he was visiting a female friend, but the truth was that he was introducing his well known story into that community. Of the Sophomores, Rodgers was the only one who accomplished what he undertook,—nothing; Burge and Palmer were transplanting blades of grass and other small fruit in Doctor Groff's garden (they are "in it" for Ex. in Botany this term); Summerbell was "working up" the studies that he missed by being absent from college during the first term; Nelson was taking pedestrian tours to Milton and other small towns in this county; Dillon was kept busy locking the gymnasium after it had been opened six or eight times a day by students having directors' and skeleton keys; Fiske is said to have almost ruined a good bicycle by riding along the railroad from here to Milton where he was aiding a prominent evangelist; Sinton was sleeping, exercising, and attempting to preach; and Grim when not with the ladies, was practicing base-ball in hopes of being able to get a position on his boarding-club nine. The Freshmen are last and least worthy of mention with one exception; Diggs is said to have completed the honor course in Sociology; Lindemann was practicing his famous dumb-bell drill and reading light literature: Stober stayed closely in his room because he feared the bad effects of an exposure to the elements (He did not study at all); Joe Schultz was working about the campus; Hazen was feeling homesick so he did not try to accomplish anything; Sinnette and Harlan were conducting a private boarding club in the East Wing, and having discovered an early-growing species in a swamp near the river, they had cabbage for dinner every day; Fithian, Laudenslager, and Thomas are said to have almost ruined the Y. M. C. A. organ and furniture, but along with several other students of the East Wing, they desire to extend thanks to the Association for their unauthorized occupation of the rooms.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

The two tennis courts on the Institute campus have been carefully rolled and neatly marked out for our use.

After a rain or two the track for the Cyclers will be in excellent condition, having been recently repaired.

Several new students entered the Institute at the beginning of the term. We were glad to welcome back Miss Edna Shires and Miss Elizabeth Waiker.

The following is a copy of an announcement which will be of interest to many friends of Bucknell:—

Mr. John J. Rush
announces the marriage of his daughter
Frances Mary
to
Dr. Ira Clayton Leedom
Thursday, April fourth,
eighteen hundred and ninety-five,
Montana, New Jersey.

Judging from the ethical method of reasoning employed by our Seniors in discussing every subject, one would think they were devoting their whole time to Moral Philosophy. But this is not the case; for occasionally we see them treading the halls majestically with some American Classic under their arm, or else chattering German as fluently as some new arrival from Berlin. The cause for the supremacy of Ethics can partly be accounted for by the value of the study itself, partly because of the interesting manner with which Mrs. Larison presents the subject.

It is not difficult for Seniors to understand the cause of clusters of Fourth year girls gathering in every place; one skipping this way, another scurrying that way, each with a bulky manuscript. Last year we were in just such excitement for "Soiree" was at hand and we were all eager for its success. We are glad somebody else is to have the honor this year, but we doubt if they will surpass '95.

The Lewisburg Alumnae Club gave a Dickens meeting, April 9. The program was as follows:—

A garden scene:
From Nicholas Nickleby.

Music.

David makes himself known to his Aunt:
From David Copperfield.

Music.

The story of the Princess:
From Little Dorrit.

Music.

"Miggs" waiting for the apprentice:
From Barnaby Rudge.

Music.

Mrs. Jellaby at her work:
From Bleak House.

Music.

Quilp's tea party:
From Old Curiosity Shop.

Music.

Committee { Miss Elizabeth Bates,
Miss Mary Bartol,
Miss Mabel Thomas.

Messrs. Martin and Moyer, who furnished the music for the evening, gave some choice duets. Evidently these gentlemen are masters in the use of the Mandolin and Guitar.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

Jenkinson is winning renown for himself in base-ball.

Have you seen Craig, Cober, and Perrin out throwing the hammer and putting the shot?

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided to have a field day for the Academy students.

We are glad to see Herbert Stewart about again. He was confined to his bed about two weeks on account of sickness.

Anstock, the manager of the Academy base-ball team, has scheduled a game with the "Harrigates" of Lewisburg. The game will be played on the college campus Friday, April 26. A game will also be played with the Freshmen.

The following officers of the Adelphia Literary Society have been elected for this term: President, Nesbit; Vice President, Levis; Secretary, Pearson; First Critic, Craig; Second Critic, Hall; Censor, Earle; Treasurer, Foster; Chaplain. Hazen; Curator, Shuhart; Sergeant-at Arms McQuistion.

Professor:—"We must have a better recitation the next time."

Student:—"Why, Professor, I can't remember it from one day to the next. It all evaporates."

Professor:—"Not all material evaporates; but it depends entirely into what kind of medium you put it."

Personals.

BUCKNELL STUDENTS AT CHICAGO.

The following old students of Bucknell, all graduates but one, are now at the University of Chicago and without exception are doing hard earnest work, some of them achieving the highest distinction:

'91. Paul Tustin is preparing for foreign mission work, and is making his final preparation for that purpose. In his usual quiet way, he is working industriously in the divinity school.

'91. Ralph C. H. Catterall, is one of a few marked men in the University. His abilities, attainments, and teaching power have won him the unstinted praise of the entire History faculty, and have popularized him to such an extent among the students, that his classes have reached as high as sixty persons, and his name is heard with favor on all sides. He has been advanced to position of tutor for 1895.

'92. Chas. W. Allen has made himself strongly popular in athletic circles. His force of character, independence and originality have made him a power with the players, and he has been elected to captain the team for another year.

'92. Eva J. Stanton, is working in the field of English Literature. As was expected of her, she has established a reputation for scholarship of a high order. It was the writer's pleasure recently to take dinner with Miss Stanton in Beecher hall at the University, and he noticed what deference was shown for her character and opinions by all the members of the graduate table. She expects to leave the University in May for a prolonged and much needed vacation.

'92. A. R. E. Wyant has given up foot-ball. His ambition now is to secure a Ph. D. His plans are now made to spend two years in the University after he finishes his B. D. course. He is preaching in good pulpits, and has written acceptable matter for the *Standard*, the big Baptist paper in Chicago.

Ex-'93. Mr. Dickerson speaks warmly of Bucknell. A year ago he finished his A. B. course in the college, and has since been enrolled among the divinity students, giving his time to special study in Sociology under Dr. Henderson. Mr. Dickerson is planning to take the course required at Bucknell for the degree A. M., so as to be identified with Bucknell's Alumni.

'93. Ephraim M. Heim. No one could ask for more rapid advancement than Mr. Heim has made. Although not there a whole year he has more than justified the expectations of his Alma Mater. He has done original and fine work already under Prof. Judson, and has won favorable mention as a careful, judicial and deep student of history with a brilliant future before him.

'94. Ralph Snow has acquitted himself with credit in his divinity studies, has been admitted to the glee club, and speaks warmly of the stimulus felt in all departments of work.

'94. R. B. Davidson, is a member of the University glee club. His vocal ability is spoken of highly, and he has already won many friends. He and Mr. Snow room together. Owing to sickness at home, Mr. Davidson was obliged to come East before the close of the last quarter.

'87. Dr. J. W. A. Young's elaborate training in Mathematics has given him an enviable reputation in his department. Last year he was promoted to the rank of instructor which is the only advancement that has been given any one there in this field. The graduate students who take his work speak of his mind with so much respect that one would think him in as high esteem as the Senior professors.

Ex-'64. Rev. M. M. Fogg is now located at Kingwood, N. Y.

Ex-'64. Rev. John C. Entrekin is now pastor at Vineland, N. J. He was formerly located at Tuckahoe, N. J.

'71. Rev. John Humpstone, D.D., of Brooklyn, read a paper on March 11, before the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers on "The Church and the Kingdom," and was honored by a very large attendance.

'75. H. H. James of allentown led chapel April 10.

Ex-'78. Rev. Charles M. Jones, formerly located at South New Berlin, N. Y., has removed to Oneonta, N. Y.

'81. Prof. Wm. Frear, Ph.D., of State College, was a visitor at the College, March 12.

'87. Rev. Miles O. Noll has resigned his pastorate at Bellefonte, Pa.

'88. Professor Lincoln Hulley recently made a visit to the University of Chicago. During the spring vacation Mrs. Hulley received a telegram from President Harper saying: "Allow me to congratulate you upon the fact that Mr. Hulley has passed his examinations for the Doctorate. His work in Hebrew was excellent. W. R. Harper." The examination was in the Semitic languages embracing the grammar, syntax, philology and literature of Hebrew, Arabic, Aramaic, Syriac, Assyrian, and Ethiopic; comparative Semitic grammar; sight reading; Hebrew History; and Hexateuchal analysis. The examiners were President Harper, Rabbi Hirsch, Professors R. F. Harper, Price, Goodspeed and Crandall. Professor Hulley's thesis, making a volume of 400 pages, was reported by the committee of the Semitic Faculty as a very brilliant piece of work.

'91. Chas. Campbell, M.D., is located at 10th and Wharton Sts., Philadelphia.

'92. Geo. W. Wagenseller, editor and proprietor of the *Middleburg Post*, spent a few hours with Prof. Fisher, on March 7.

Ex-'93. S. H. Zimmerman was admitted to the Bar upon motion of J. C. Nissley, Esq., in whose office the young man read law. Mr. Zimmerman passed a good examination and was warmly congratulated by his fellow-attorneys.

Ex-'95. Rev. Paul E. Weithasse has resigned his pastorate at Newport, N. J.

Ex-'95. Richard D. Minch, pastor of the Baptist Church at Hawley, Pa., was united in marriage to Miss Eliza Pedrick of Bridgton, N. J., on March 20.

Rev. A. E. Waffle, D. D., a former pastor of the Lewisburg Baptist Church, has resigned the pastorate of the Jamestown, N. Y., church. In his pastorate of six and a half years, the church has increased in membership from 399 to 500, and a new church edifice has been erected. Lewisburg students of fifteen years ago remember his strong and able sermons with pleasure.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MAY 10, 1895. No. 13.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University.
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

MAY 10, 1895.

Editorial.

WE call attention to the MIRROR Box which has recently been placed in Main Hall. Its purpose is not a mystery to any. It is to be freely used as a receptacle for all kinds of contributions to the MIRROR which, when duly approved by the editor, will find their way from time to time into the columns of the paper. A word of warning. Don't use it as an engine of war. Don't throw stones. It will be energy expended in a wrong direction and so to no purpose.

* * *

As we enter upon the season of University entertainments, the question of their attendance and the keeping of order naturally suggests itself. During the past year or two they have not been without exception, but, for the most part, they have been all that could be expected. What can be said at the close of this season, remains to be seen. It ought to be generally understood that these concerts and contests are not hap-hazard affairs, gotten up on the spur of the moment, but that all have dates fixed relatively and are the results of much previous preparation. With this in mind, we can better appreciate the efforts continually made to work up something interesting. The interest may not be very intense at times because of some lack of adaptation or a miscalculation in length. For instance, a twenty-minute declamation is very trying to an audience unless it possesses some special feature, a point too often disregarded by the declaimer. But we can at least hold our peace on the ground that every honest effort merits a hearing if not a warm reception.

* * *

"Now there's the BUCKNELL MIRROR a-setting on
 the pile,
That's pretty good at promptness, but won't provoke
 a smile;
And as for works like 'Milton', although they're
 pretty high,
It's best to talk on topics that isn't quite so dry"

This clipping from *The Phœnix* speaks for itself and for us. The one virtue of promptness which is ours in the eyes of our friends, has its place in a college publication as in other branches of journalism, but is not the only prerequisite condition of success. We have long felt the need of Shakespeare and Milton in the way we have felt the need of "Old Hundred." Through long experience we have come to hold them as invaluable and indispensable and feel that they ought to be treated with all due respect even to the extent of making them the subject not of ordinary but of extraordinary thought. The productions on the lives and works of such men reflect credit on the authors but we question the appropriateness of filling the columns of a college paper with them at all times. It is a mistaken idea that a literary subject, as it is pleasingly termed, guarantees a literary production or that a production to be literary must have a subject that savors of the sublime. These intensely literary sounding subjects make an impression somewhat like the "intensely utter" girl makes upon her country aunt. Not the subject but the subject matter, is the prime question. It need not be sublime; it must not be ridiculous. There is a mean between the two extremes which a great many literary men have followed with success and which it would pay a good many more of a literary turn to follow. The appeal is, therefore, for a reform; a substitution of a lighter vein of literature involving ability, ingenuity and thought, for this more weighty material—too heavy to float above water. Those who write on "Fair Rosalind" have the ability to write on some simpler theme; it is only a question of some extra exertion. For all that this may be the hundredth time the question of a reform has been broached, it is not the last unless there are better indications that it is a growing movement.

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How to get rid of some of the brutality, to use a strong word, connected with sports and retain the sports themselves along with their most interesting features, is no simple question, in fact a nineteenth century conundrum. Experienced and keen witted men, for all they have planned and schemed, have so far failed to offer any workable solution. Why they have failed implies a good many things which will need considerable clearing up before the real question can any longer be approached. Possibly this may suggest itself as one of the probable reasons for this seemingly simple question's baffling all attempts at solution. Frequently, if not always, they have begun with the athlete, as if he had been the cause and it was in his power to correct, rather than with the public which has almost forced things into their present condition. The most marked of the undesirable practices which have found their way into our popular games are first. a perversion of their end, and second, an introduction of uncalled for roughness. The long course of training which contestants must now undergo has had a strong tendency to turn sport into business and its aim, recreation, into mental strain. This we at once recognize as the fault of the athlete and so look to him for its correction, though in fact it is a practice that has sprung up to meet the demand of the times. The uncalled for roughness is the direct result of public attention which, when centered upon contestants, as it always is, creates a feeling that reputation is at stake and thus causes the means to be lost sight of in the wild scramble for the end. Extravagance in training has largely removed the benefits; public sentiment has rendered legitimate almost any means of reaching the desired end, and paved the way for the fiercest rivalries and jealousies between colleges and individuals.

But it is said public sentiment, horrified with its fatalities and the general roughness, has been decrying the game of foot-ball, for instance. The truth of this can hardly be based upon the action of its representatives who have never failed to attend the game in great crowds and to bet their last, word or coin, it matters little which. And when we remember that schools have built up or torn down their reputations to an extent according as they have been victorious or suffered defeat in these lines, we are all the more inclined to consider this sentiment as the merest talk. It seems, therefore, that those who have it in mind to wipe out this brutal element which has connected itself closely with many sports, are starting amiss when they begin with the athlete. So long as the people extend their thumbs and offer the palm to the winner, while they show their contempt for the looser, we can look for little progress in this much needed reform. It has undoubtedly received its impetus from the people; it must be retarded by them. The athlete will be ready enough to do his part when the question of victory or defeat is of much less moment.

Literary.

ESTRANGED.

Think not a flood of passion will divide
  Two lives so long in happy concord spent.
The past will cling forever by our side;
  It's not dismissed as is the arrow sent.

Although without, in calm and peaceful mien,
  I trend my way among the rocky steeps;
Within, the heart, through memories, has been
  Throbbing as if from out its bonds would leap.

But memories, dearest treasures of the dream,
  Will oft creep in and chill a waking hour:
  Banish them? 'Twould take the mighty power
To turn from out its course a mountain stream.

The pain we bear in this estrangement sad,
  Is soon engraven on the scroll of life.
But may we not forget and still be glad
  That we have passed yet another strife?

NANON.

A CRITIQUE OF JOHN MILTON.

A study of the life of John Milton reveals one of the greatest, strangest, saddest men the world has ever known. He was born of a family in which uprightness of character, lofty aspirations and a genuine love of literature and art held sway. Words of beauty and eloquence were whispered over his cradle, and even then his father destined him for the study of letters. He himself says:

> "When I was yet a child no childish play
> To me was pleasure; all my mind was set
> Serious to learn and know and thence to do
> What might be public good. Myself I thought
> Born to that end; born to promote all truth
> All righteous things."

At school, afterwards at Cambridge, and then at his father's country seat, he was developing and strengthening his powers of mind by close application to study. Greek and Latin, Hebrew and Syriac, French and Spanish, old English and all the Italian literature were studied with great eagerness and method; to these music, mathematics and theology were added. All this period of his life was regulated by the one thought of developing and unfolding within him an ideal man. The thought "that he, who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem" was the spring of action.

His scholarly attainments and logical powers admirably fitted him for a statesman. And during the period of the Commonwealth in 1649, he was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and his state papers show with what zeal and ability he discharged his duties. He became involved in various controversies and for twenty years was a powerful and active champion of Republicanism against Monarchy.

He says: "I saw a way was opening for the establishment of real liberty; that the foundation was laying for the deliverance of man from the yoke of slavery and superstition. I determined to relinquish the other pursuits in which I was engaged and to transfer the whole force of my talent and my industry to this one important object." This sentiment and his subsequent acts and writings show him in the light of a Reformer.

But though Milton won great popularity during his life by his prose writings, he comes to us more than two centuries later as a poet surrounded by a halo of glory. While yet in school, his fondness for poetry and the classics, as well as a dislike for the sciences, displayed his poetical tastes; and his talents in this direction were shown in the poetical exercises written at school and College, the "Hymn on the Nativity" being one of these. "With a peculiar grandeur and dignity of thought he combines an exquisite, though somewhat austere harmony and grace. The least elaborate of his efforts are characterized by a solemn, stately method of versification that satisfies the ear like the sound of a mighty organ. Apart from the energy of rhythm his youthful poems are mostly tranquil, tender or playful in tone." As the author of that greatest of English Epics, "that dream of a Puritan who has fallen asleep over the first pages of his Bible," Milton will ever stand preëminent among the great poets of the world.

When we think of this rare, great soul, bearing his blindness, poverty and persecution in solitude with such sublime and patient fortitude; when we think of what his domestic life was and what it might have been; when we think of his devotion to the Puritan cause, when his natural love of refinement and art, his fondness for beauty and display must be sacrificed, the grandeur and dignity of his character rise so far above and beyond us that we feel no words can fitly describe "the genius and virtue of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty."

INSTITUTE.

A LETTER FROM KOREA.

We are glad to publish the following from the pen of a former editor of the MIRROR. It will prove of interest to many readers from the fact that they were personally acquainted with the writer; to some, because of their interest in Missionary enterprises; to others, because of the account of the general progress in that country as the result of the recent political troubles.

SEOUL, KOREA.

For the last six months all eyes have been turned to that little but important peninsula, Korea. It is therefore necessary that the Church in America should know just what is going on and what effects the passing events are producing, in order that she may meet the great obligations of

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

While this term crisis has been loosely used and is becoming trite, yet it is the term which is now constantly on the lips of those conversant with Korean affairs, either in Church or State. No one can question the fact that the present is the greatest epoch in Korean history. The Hermit nation is open. She has been opened politically by the most aggresive nation of the East, and spiritually by the prayers of the Church of Christ. She is now an open door which no man can close.

Radical reforms both in government and in the manners and customs of the people are taking place. Among these reforms are the following:

Qualification for office shall henceforth depend on ability not birth; slavery is abolished; child marriages are strictly forbidden; families are to be freed from the penalties due to one member of the family only; the nation's accounts must be strictly kept and reports submitted; a police force has already been organized and some steps taken toward creating and drilling an army.

In the matter of costumes, white clothes exclusively have been worn by the common people, and highly colored ones, such as scarlet, purple and blue, by the upper classes. Pantaloons are made very broad and the coat reached below the knee. This almost immortal dress seems to be on the eve of its departure. The King went to a famous praying place, "The Temple of Heaven," a few days ago for the avowed purpose of asking the God of heaven whether he should put on western clothes. Such radical changes among the people show how completely they are being moved from their old ruts.

In the midst of these changes what effects have been produced in the reception of the Gospel? The results thus far have been most salutary. In fact there is

A NEW INTEREST IN CHRISTIANITY.

Both the King and Queen have come under christian influence this winter,—from their own invitation, of course. This has been through the medical missionaries who were called to attend them in a professional way. Dr. Avison has attended the King, and Mrs. Underwood, M. D., the Queen. Both have been faithful to their commission and dropped the word of truth as occasion offered. The Prince has been visited also, and found to be open to good influences. Bishop Ninde has recently called on some of the highest officials of the land and reports them as being most favorably disposed toward Christianity. Among the common people a real revival is going on. There have been many recent additions to the church and many others seem to be in an inquiring state of mind.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY

ever yet presented by Korea is now before the church of Christ. The great majority of this people are without "God in the world" but not without binding chains of Satan and influence of evil spirits by which they are kept in constant fear and torment.

Shall we not make an effort worthy of the opportunity and commensurate with the need? Does not God's spirit speak to you about making a real sacrifice in order that Christ may be preached to this nation? Any one will risk his life to save a person from a sudden and violent death; why not risk our lives and our means to save a nation from this slow and living, yet eternal death. May the Spirit of the living God lay it heavily upon your hearts and consciences.

Yours for Korea,
E. C. PAULING.

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THE CLASSICAL UNITIES IN ADDISON'S "CATO."

Addison was a contemporary of Pope, Swift and Steele in the Classical School of English Literature. He lived in an age when the ancient classical writers were "sedulously studied as models of style and their peculiarities were imitated in every species of composition;" and in which, ancient history and classical mythology were searched for themes and characters. "Cato" is the result of such study and endeavor on the part of Addison; and although its faults as a drama and as poetry are plainly manifest, yet its success was far greater than other productions of its day because it more accurately filled the requirements of the patrons of literature. From the opening to its closing line, "Cato" is almost an exact representation of a classical drama, except that instead of a god, we find a man with a force of character and determination of will in upholding the plainest and most virtuous life against the assaults of vicious men and surroundings, equal to a deity, playing the leading role. The speeches are long and uninteresting until studied; and the allusions and structure are classical, as is the expression, in regard to exactness of metre and finish. But, aside from these minor likenesses in "Cato," we have the classical drama presented in its first principles—the unities of time, place and action.

The time of the tragedy covers but a single day and is determined by analysis and by illustrative passages, the first of which is the opening line: "The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers, and heavily in clouds brings on the day, the great, the important day, big with the fate of Cato and of Rome," and the last occurs in the closing scene,—"On the high point of yon bright western tower, we ken them from afar; the setting sun plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets, and covers all the field with gleams of fire." The events of the day are presented in the order of occurrence, with an occasional break usually coming at the end of an act. In the early morning, there are conversations in the spacious halls of the governor's palace and separation of the participants to attend their respective duties; later, about mid-day, the assembling of the senate and failure of the meeting against Cato. and lastly. the approch of Caesar at twilight and the death of Cato.

The scene of action is in the city of Utica in Africa, whither Cato and the remnants of his little army and senate had been driven by Caesar and his victorious allies. Within this city, even within the precincts of the governor's palace, the incidents of the play transpire. We have no mention of a dseparate meeting-place, for Cato's "Roman senate" was so diminished by war and privation that the council chamber of the palace would form the most likely and convenient place of assemblage. The indefinite naming or describing of any other than the "large hall in the governor's palace" increases the unity of place. Again, a similarity to the classical drama in this respect is noticed in the heralding of the arrival of a messenger from Caesar and the reporting of the encounter at the gate and the heroic death of Marcus instead of the presentation of these events.

Unity of action is a fundamental principle of both classical and romantic drama; and in "Cato" it is especially well developed. Every scene follows in time and place, forms a natural sequence, and is closely connected and interwoven in the scene immediately preceding. Aristotle says, "The drama is the tying and untying of a knot." In "Cato" the knot is tied by regular and determined action; no snarls in the threads nor breaks of the fibres, but each twist is given with the studied and unified result seen only in the classical school. Perhaps the way in which one character gives place for the entrance of a new one may become tiresome to many; but this constant changing and contact brings out each feature of the actors' characters. The action is continuous and except for the demands of the modern drama, there is no necessity for division into scenes. How much better unity of action could we desire than one which so vividly presents and accomplishes its purpose—the elevation of the virtue, valor and self-sacrifice of Cato to the good of Rome?

In effect, the unities of time and place, by representing it as visibly continuous, render the unity of action in "Cato" more distinctly and easily perceptible, connecting all its parts as contributions to a single stream flowing like the waves of a ceaseless flood until their embodied ideas are carried into the hearts, minds and actions of the people.

F. W. D.

◆

Did Shakespeare use "slang," or do we use good English, thinking it to be "slang?" See *Winters Tale* Act 4, Sc. 3.

"*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves men of hair: they call themselves Saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are *not in't.*"

Athletics.

SCHEDULE.

May 4, Dickinson, at Lewisburg.
May 8, Milton, at Milton.
May 11, F. & M., at Lancaster.
May 18, Gettysburg, at Lewisburg.
May 23, Washington and Jefferson, at Lewisburg.
May 25, Bloomsburg, at Bloomsburg.
May 30, Colgate, at Lewisburg.
June 1, Not filled.
June 7, Mt. St. Mary's, at Lewisburg.
June 8, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg.
June 15, Bloomsburg, at Bloomsburg.

◆

At the coming of spring all eyes naturally turn to base-ball. The season opened April 20, when Bucknell played Dickinson at Carlisle. Though Bucknell was defeated by the score of 9 to 14, she surprised her followers by the showing she made, both because it was her initial game for the season and because Dickinson has an exceptionally strong team this year.

The result of the game clearly showed that Bucknell has a stronger nine than she has had for years. The batting is particularly encouraging. During the game she made twice as many hits as Dickinson. What the team needs is team work, without which we cannot win. The score:

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Parker, lf......	1	1	1	0	0
Smith, p........	1	0	1	7	1
Harris, c........	1	0	8	0	0
Carey, ss........	0	1	2	4	3
Jenkinson, cf.	1	2	2	1	0
Cregar, 1 b.....	1	1	7	0	0
Grim, 2 b	1	1	3	2	0
Cutler, 3 b	2	1	1	1	3
Reynolds, rf...	1	2	2	1	0
	9	9	27	16	7

DICKINSON.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sh'rer, cf.......	3	1	1	1	0
C'pb'l, 3 b......	2	0	1	4	1
G'd'll, 1 b......	1	0	10	1	0
Gilroy, 2 b.....	3	1	1	1	0
Davis, rf........	1	1	0	0	0
Williams, p....	0	0	0	19	0
M'n'll, ss.......	1	1	0	2	0
Leach, lf........	1	0	0	0	1
Bowman, c....	2	1	14	3	1
	14	5	27	31	3

Dickinson..........................	1	0	0	0	1	3	0	5	4—14
Bucknell...........................	0	0	4	0	0	1	0	4	0— 9

Earned runs, Dickinson 2, Bucknell 4. Two base hits, Jenkinson. Double play, Jenkinson to Grim. Struck out, by Dickinson 12, by Bucknell 5. First base on called balls, Dickinson 8, Bucknell 6. Wild pitches, Williams 2, Smith 3. Passed balls, Bowman 1, Harris 3. Time 2 hours 15 minutes. Umpire, Hale.

—

The second game of the season was played with the C. S. N. S. of Lock Haven which unfortunately resulted in another defeat for our boys. It must be admitted that it was a case of hard luck. The game started out promising to be a very close contest, Geary retiring the normal boys in the first inning on three pitched balls. Neither side scored until in the third inning three runs were scored by the Normal. Bucknell failed to make her stick work count until the seventh inning when she scored six runs. Two more were scored in the eighth, and in the ninth she came within one of tieing the score. When, with two men out and two men on bases, Cutler hit a slow one to the short stop who failed to catch the runner at first, the umpire called him out, thus giving them the game. The score:

C. S. N. S.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Earley, ss......	1	2	2	6	1
Hile, c..........	1	0	8	1	1
Devall, 1b p...	1	1	5	3	0
Norris, 3b......	1	1	5	0	1
Seiler, lf.........	1	0	2	0	1
McKibben, 2b	1	2	1	3	2
Snyder, rf......	1	1	0	0	0
Replogle, cf....	3	1	2	1	0
Patterson, p...	1	1	0	4	1
Conners, p. 1b	0	0	2	4	0
Totals.......	11	9	27	22	7

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Parker, lf......	0	1	2	1	0
Grim, 2b..... ..	1	1	1	2	0
Cregar, 1b......	0	0	11	0	1
Reynolds, rf...	1	2	1	0	0
Jenkinson, cf.	2	1	2	1	0
Brady, rf.......	1	0	3	1	1
Geary, p........	0	0	0	4	0
Smith, p........	1	1	0	4	0
Carey, ss........	2	1	0	6	3
Cutler, 3b......	1	1	4	2	3
Harris, c.	1	0	3	2	1
Totals.......	10	8	27	22	8

Earned runs, Normal 3 Bucknell 4. Two base hits, Devall, Replogle, Smith. Stolen bases, Normal 3, Bucknell 2. Struck out, by Patterson 3, by Devall 4, by Geary 4, by Smith 3. Passed balls, Hile 1, Brady 1, Harris 4. Umpires, Collins and Hine.

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Everybody in the institution would like to see a winning team at Bucknell this season and there is no reason why they should not. We have better material than we have had for a long time, and all it needs is development. The two games played so far show where we are particularly weak:

1st. It is evident that our men do not understand the game as they should.

2nd. There is not sufficient spirit manifested in the practice games.

3rd. More glaring errors have been made in the games played thus far than can be justified on any paltry excuse; for without doubt the loss of the games is due to the errors made at critical times. A coach is what we need and it is sincerely hoped that we may secure one.

Our diamond is in a sad condition. Though improved somewhat it needs much more of the same medicine before the boys will be able to play good ball. How much would a roller weighing 1500 pounds or a ton cost? Such a roller would put our diamond and tennis courts into the very best condition.

As has been said, our practice work is very tame. Would it not be a good idea to play a game of five innings every evening with the Reserves and post the full account of each game on the bulletin board, where everybody could see the kind of work each man is doing? We must practice hard to win.

Local.

THE MIRROR BOX.

Yon dainty little walnut box,
That smiles on beauty,—the ugly mocks
Tempts me to drop—a joke? Perchance
A bit of news? No, no! A glance.
Co-ed.

These are busy days on the tennis courts.

Rogers' vocabulary;—How did you get in this?

An expression frequently heard at the Neyhart Club:—"It's not your smear in."

Every member of the University Faculty was at chapel the morning of April 18.

Cregar, '95, was married on April 5, at Philadelphia. The students extend congratulations.

Prof. Martin gave a delightful talk on Art the 23rd of April.

Prof. P. (in calling roll)—Rohland.

It might not be a bad plan if the Freshmen were labeled, for a certain member of the Faculty was recently taken for a member of that class.

L'Agenda will be out May 15,—so the editors say. In artistic design, display of illustrations and literary finish, it is to go ahead of all its predecessors.

The Juniors taking Astronomy have been divided in four sections for Observatory work. From 8 to 9 the members of the class divide the time between star-gazing and exchanging confidences on the roof with the female members. Look out "Herbie," or you'll get caught!

We extend our congratulations to the "Sems" who are lucky enough to obtain the recent privileges, too numerous to mention. We are sure you deserve them.

Company A. 12th regiment N. G. P. passed its annual spring inspection May 2. A number of Bucknell boys are in this company, and assisted in making the fine showing.

Dr. Aviragnet has made the announcement that the commencement music this year will be particularly fine. Several artists in musical specialties have been engaged.

Dr. and Mrs. Harris gave a reception on Friday evening, April 19, to the delegates from the schools of the State to the Y. M. C. A. convention. Many of the University students found time to attend. A very enjoyable time is reported.

Prof. Perrine:—(in pronouncing "Union" with the "dutch" accent)—We have "Onion" here, have we not Josephs?

Douglas:—Is that in good taste, Doctor?

Josephs: (exultingly)—It's not so much the taste, (although that's a good quality), but it is an excellent thing for a weak throat.

Prof. Martin has accomplished much in the way of filling the files of magazines in the Library. He recently added many volumes of the *Contemporary Review*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Pennsylvania Magazine*, *Arena* and many more. It will not be many years until Poole's Index will be of great value to the students.

Hon. Eugene Emly, of Paterson, N. J., will be the orator, and Rev. T. M. Eastwood, of Albany, N. Y., will be the poet on Alumni night of Commencement week. The board of managers held a recent meeting, at which it was decided to hold the program under two hours, and run the same on sharp schedule time. The exercises will begin at 7.45, and it is intended that they be over at 9.30, P. M. The classes of '75 and '85 will have short parts on the program.

He sits near us in recitation every day, and aside from his general appearance I decided that he had no soul when I noticed that he was very much interested in a volume which lay in his lap. This led me to make a more careful study of the form beside me. His face is larger than is commonly seen on a body of his size, though it may be its smoothness, when he has not forgotten to shave, and the hair combed back from the forehead that makes it seem so large. For his hair is very thin, probably from the close proximity to the heat of a student lamp that I am led, by the numerous books he brings to the class-room, to think it must be subjected to nightly. Or does he bring the books in for another reason, and is his hair a little thin because nature is overtaxed and cannot replenish the wastes in other quarters? I verily believe it is the latter. He generally wears a sweater with a large collar and the strings are never tied. His shoes are always in need of blacking, and I have often longed to tell him to go to the dentist that the enamel of his teeth might be seen when he opens his mouth, which is very seldom. His finger nails might be greatly improved with a judicious use of the pen-knife. From his sallow complexion one would think he had trouble with his liver. I think he needs more bile and would suggest liver pills for a few days followed with a warm-water bath and a generous use of good soap.

Upon special invitation of the House through a resolution introduced by Representative Focht, which was unanimously adopted, President Harris delivered his famous lecture in the hall of the House, before a large number of the members and their friends, on Wednesday evening April 24. The splendid audience that greeted President Harris when he entered and took his place before the Speaker's stand, speaks louder than words of the fame of Dr. Harris as an orator which had preceded him. This was but the third lecture delivered before the House this session and by far the most popular one, which was attested to by the large crowd that had assembled to hear it. In fact, the crowd was larger than expected, and it was with great dificulty that the pages secured seats for the many ladies who honored the speaker by their presence. The meeting was called to order by Representative Focht, who presented Auditor-General Gregg, the presiding officer of the evening. In a short speech Gen. Gregg introduced President Harris and as the lecturer stepped forward he was given a rousing reception, the applause dying away only after the speaker opened his lips to talk. For one hour Dr. Harris held the audience spell bound as he depicted the events that led up to the "Fall of Richmond." It is rarely that a speaker can command perfect silence on the part of the audience whilst speaking in the hall of the House, but absolute quiet prevailed throughout the entire lecture. From all sides, from soldiers and citizens alike, come only words of the highest commendation as to the excellence of the lecture. Dr. Harris is to be congratulated upon the success of the occasion, for he held spell bound an audience representing all shades of life from all over this great Commonwealth; an audience that is nothing if it is not critical. The next morning, immediately after the session opened, Representative Patchin, of Clearfield County, offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be extended by this body to Dr. John H. Harris, President of Bucknell University at Lewisburg, for the very eloquent, patriotic and instructive lecture on "The Fall of Richmond," delivered in this Hall Wednesday evening, April 24.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF COLLEGE Y. M. C. A. PRESIDENTS.

It was a special privilege and pleasure accorded to Bucknell last week to welcome the Presidents of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the colleges of Pennsylvania to their annual conference. The conference opened Thursday evening, April 18, and the last session was held Sunday evening.

The conference was under the leadership of Mr. Gilbert Beaver, college secretary of Penn'a, Mr. S. M. Bard, state secretary, Mr. Chas. E. Hurlburt, ex-state secretary, who is now engaged in Bible Institute work in Philadelphia, and Mr. Hugh Beaver, class of '95, Penn'a State College, who succeeds his brother as college secretary of Pennsylvania next fall.

Mr. John R. Mott, international college secretary, was present at the sessions of the conference held Saturday evening and Sunday. Mr. Mott is a man of remarkable power and has left his impress upon the colleges of the world during the seven years of his work among them. The coming fall he enters upon some advance work, when his place will be taken by Mr. Gilbert

Beaver. Sunday afternoon Mr. Mott addressed all the young men of the University.

The purpose of the conference is to outline a policy for the conduct of associations in the higher schools. This annual conference has been one of the greatest factors in placing Pennsylvania in the very first place in effective christian work in her colleges and preparatory schools.

The associations of the University desire to thank all the people of the town who so kindly assisted by entertaining delegates and in other ways. The delegates have gone back to their schools in all parts of the State carrying most favorable impressions of Bucknell and Lewisburg.

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INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Anna Bell Evans, Class of '86, was married Thursday April 4, at Shubert, Nebraska, to Curtis P. Coe. At Home after June tenth 1895, Baptist Orphanage, Wood Island, Alaska.

At the concert given as a testimonial to Mr. N. M. Halfpenny in the Opera House, Friday April 26, our own teachers, Miss Aiken and Miss Gould took prominent parts and reflected great credit upon the Institute.

A large number of the young ladies enjoyed the kind hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Harris when on Friday evening, April 19, their home was thrown open to receive all members of the University. The reception was given in honor of the Y. M. C. A. convention.

On Saturday, April 20, the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity invited guests from the Institute and College to their annual arbutus party. The day was perfect, the arbutus was in its prime, everybody was in a happy mood, and consequently all had an unusually good time. After a delightful day spent among the hills at Winfield, the party was voted a very great success.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

Why is Field's head like Heaven? Because there is no parting there.

Meeker paid us a visit on the 27th. He expects to return next Fall.

A student in the Astronomy class was heard to ask the professor a few days ago whether there were any *earth*quakes on the other planets.

Jenkinson, having completed his studies in the Academy, has returned home. He expects to return next Fall and enter the Freshman Class.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association Bayard resigned the captaincy of the Academy base-ball team and Devitt was elected to fill the vacancy.

The contest in Declamation of the Third Form for the Rev. David P. Leas Prize was held Saturday evening, April 27, in Bucknell Hall. The following were the contestants: Wenck, Cottrell, Pearse, Kulp, Anstock, Sherman, Ross and Stabler. During the exercises they were presented with a beautiful bouquet by the members of the Fourth Form.

The Academy base-ball team opened the season with the Harrigates of Lewisburg on the College campus Friday, April 26. They were defeated by the close, score 19–18 in a six inning game. The Academy team played as follows: Wittenmyer, p, Brady, c, Jenkinson, 1b, Senn, 2b, Schuyler, 3b, Johnson, ss, Hutchinson, lf, Bayard, cf, Devitt, rf.

Personals.

'72. Prof. John Ballantine is supplying the pulpit of the Brookville Baptist church.

'73. Col. Freeman G. Teed is president of the City Council of Los Angeles, Cal.

'80. On May 7, the Rev. H. A. Griesemer was given a mammoth reception in honor of the anniversary of his eleventh pastorate of the Haddonfield Baptist church.

Ex-'83. A Baptist Church has been organized at Ardmore, Pa., near Philadelphia, and is under the pastoral care of Chas. M. Reed, of Crozer Seminary.

'84. Ernest L. Tustin, Esq., has associated himself in the practice of law with Hon. C. F. Warwick and A. S. Miller, Esqs., with the office in the Betz Building, Philadelphia.

'85. Rev. S. G. Reading of Williamsport, Pa., spent a few hours at the college on April 26.

'85. William L. Kurtz has purchased the plant of the *Lewisburg Journal* and will take possession on May 1.

'85. C. C. Law was recently appointed Deputy State Bank Examiner.

'87. Frances M. Rush was united in marriage to Dr. Ira C. Leedom on April 4, at Montana, N. J.

'88. Dr. William M. Woodward met with a very novel accident recently. He and a friend were walking together along a road on which a trolley car was running. The gentlemen stepped aside to allow the car to pass, but just as it reached a point opposite them it jumped the track, for some unknown reason, and struck Dr. Woodward, knocking him down and cutting off one of his legs above the knee. At last accounts he was still living, and the injured member had been amputated by the surgeons of the town.

'92. Prof. W. L. Kauffman is to be an intructors in science at the Mt. Gretna Chautauqua the coming season.

'94. W. M. Vastine is studying law in the office of James Scarlet at Danville, Pa.

'94. A. C. Lathrop, pastor of the Everett Baptist church, is meeting with signal success.

'94. Prof. Warren Stanley Marts, of Perkiomen Seminary, was a guest of friends at the college on the 13th and 14th of April.

'94. Perry Sylvester Calvin, of Rochester Theological Seminary, spent several days at Lewisburg the early part of the term.

'94. Prof. James R. Hughes is the very successful principal of a school consisting of 800 pupils and 16 teachers in Hyde Park, Scranton, Pa.

Ex-'95. Harry S. Bourn was appointed Justice of the Peace of the 1st ward of Danville to fill the unexpired term of his father recently deceased.

Exchange.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the *Washington and Jefferson*. It is gotten up in good form and is full of excellent articles.

The University of North Carolina is urging that a debate take place between that institution and the University of Virginia.

Because of the success of the committee on discipline at Cornell, this committee has been given power to act in all cases of University discipline.

The Faculty of Wellesley College have decided to let the girls practice rowing, and an eight-oared barge has been built for them. However, it will not be used for racing.

The last issue of the *Messenger* is an especially interesting one. Its literary matter is of a high quality, and it contains more literature than any other college journal that we receive.

It has long been a prerogative of Browning jokes to be old as the hills, and perhaps this tale from the mountains of New Hampshire will not prove as new to others as to us. It is sent to us by an unknown correspondent. The scene is laid in a village country store, such as does duty for post-office, circulating library, shoe store, and everything else combined. The dialogue runs as follows:—

Boston Lady (glancing over the books). Have you Browning?

Attendant (regretfully, and not knowing just what kind of an article Browning might be). No, we have not, (then more brightly) but we have blueing and blacking, and we have a man who does whiting. We occasionally do pinking, Would any of these do?—*Poet-Love*

The Hypercritical Spirit never should for an instant be tolerated in college. Student life should be family-life, not disgruntled, criticising existence. Yet we need not look far to find this unhappy spirit. To censure this and that, here and there, now and always, seems the shriveled ambition of many. They would promulgate slander and gossiping, embitter the pleasures of school-life, and destroy *Alma Mater* patriotism. We have met these naggers at this and that, *e. g.* at the Glee Club because they failed to become members, at this society because it is a rival of their own, at the Faculty because permission is not given to do just as one pleases. There is too much of this sharp-cutting criticism. It is *small* to be a constant fault finder. How much nobler and sweeter is sympathy and love, fraternity and unity! "Judge not that ye be not judged."—*College Chronicle.*

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MAY 25, 1895. No. 14.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

MAY 25, 1895.

Editorial.

FIELD Day is an event of the past, and it was the most successful of all that have been held on our campus. Many records were broken and had it not been for the rain, others would have succumed to the assaults of the determined men. But there are a few points that should be remedied. There seems to be a tendency to narrow down the actual participants to a few men and place all responsibility upon them. We want more men to *train* for the events. It was very evident to a careful observer which men were prepared for the events and these are the men who will win. We want more men in every contest. It was very evident that the events with a large number of contestants were by far the most exciting and it is to be regretted that but two classes were represented by teams. The Juniors and Sophomores did not take enough interest to place teams in the field. There is good material in their ranks and it should be cultivated. Lack of opposition in many of the events made the records very poor when in reality the contestants, if pushed, could make very credible marks. More participants with a proper amount of class spirit will go a long way toward good records, and we trust that another year will see every class as well represented as was the class of '98 at this meeting and we are sure that the present records will not stand.

THE success of the committee on discipline at Cornell is due to the fact that the students are in a position to know what is going on among them. Many a professor who prides himself on being able to detect those under him who pony is hoodwinked every day, but very few of the class are so fooled. It is time that the students at Bucknell took hold of this matter, for self-defence if for no other reason. The man who does honest work in our classes, but is easily "rattled" by the professor's endeavor to hurry him, finds on his report, perhaps, a "G" or a "V. g." His neighbor, who has carried into the class-room day after day a well interlined book or a small slip of paper with the lesson on it, and who, more than likely, has copied from the "V. g." man all his examination, receives an "Ex." Such a state of affairs is just to neither party. The hard worker deserves what the lazy one receives, but instead he gets small reward for his diligence. We know a student should ideally not work for *marks*, but under existing circumstances he is more than human if he does not feel disappointed at not obtaining a fair share of honor. And he has a just right to expect recognition by marks when that system is in vogue. Without doubt the professors are doing all they can to combat this evil, but they cannot overcome it entirely. Shall the honest and conscientious students submit longer to this abuse of justice, when they have the facts in their hands? We are not advocating any tell-tale plan, but a plain democratic government. It were well if the Faculty would consider something of this kind; and not only in relation to cheating in class but in regard to certain other nuisances which pertain to a college body.

IF we seem to be using too much freedom in criticising the Exchange column, when our own is subject to criticism on the same points, we beg to acknowledge our inconsistency and to say, by way of excuse, that little space or time can at present be given it. It is clear to a fairly close observer that a good many school publications run their Exchange column on rather meager principles. In some cases the news is brief or wanting altogether, presumably for the reason that other matter is of more importance. No one can profitably object to this so long as he is led to believe that other material is of more importance. Some make out of it a foreign joke column, a kind of circulating Puck-and-Judge library. Objections to this may differ with different people. To us it seems, first, too much of a good thing. Everybody appreciates a good college joke, but a poor one may spoil a column otherwise good and too many defeat their own purpose. Second, it furnishes no standard for judging a paper or its represented school. A third class fill this column for the most part with facts of the college world which are quite interesting and of some importance. But it savors much of the country newspaper to calendar odds and ends only and not infrequently there is no close discrimination between temporal and permanent facts. Thus it may be interesting to know that Harvard has 1600 students or Yale 500 instructors, but each year these facts lose their value. There is a fourth class which combines the best traits of the others with a review of the various Exchanges so far as possible, and is not beyond offering a little criticism where merit or demerit demands. This seems the model method so far reached. It raises the position of "Exchange editor" to a plane of responsibility and importance; it does away more effectually with the idea that one journal has nothing to do with any other; and, most of all, it gives to the reader of one paper a knowledge of many papers, of their ideas, their rank in journalism, and in the end, of the schools which they represent.

Literary.

DREAM OF A QUARREL.

My love is coming! sings my heart,
And throbs with wild delight;
My voice awakes to tuneful art,
Life seems a thing most bright.

My love hath come! his princely form
The eye of Love descries
Far off as yet; I thrill with warm,
Expectant, sweet surprise.

My love hath gone! he leaves me sad;
In anger parted we.
How followed this our meeting glad?
'Tis crushing mystery!

His heart aches, mayhap, o'er some word
I, all unthinking, spoke.
My spirit writhes like wounded bird;
Love's magic spell is broke!

* * * * * * *

She sobbed till all the house o'erheard,
Then from her dream awoke.

W.

THE LACK OF UNITY IN LES MISERABLES.

In one of the recitations of the class in Advanced Composition last term, a remark was made referring to Victor Hugo's Les Miserables as a wonderful work from the point of view of unity. But the question would arise "Does the novel have this marvelous unity which is claimed for it?"

Let us inquire, in the first place, what unity is. In the strict sense of the term, a production would have the highest possible degree of unity only when every section admitted as a part of it clearly contributes its share towards the object for which the production is written. But in fiction a broader definition must be admitted. We can say then that a story has perfect unity when it has a theme upon which every detail in the whole narrative has a bearing.

Before deciding upon the unity of Les Miserables it is necessary to find out Hugo's theme. It might be said by those who claim for the work perfect unity that the theme is "The Social System of France." But this is not the real theme; it is merely the theme which Hugo sought to illustrate by writing his story. The real theme of the story is undoubtedly “The Life and Work of Jean Valjean.”

Having thus obtained a definition of unity and the true theme of the story, we can very readily find out whether all of the details look toward the great culminating point of the book.

Hugo violates our law of unity by ushering in nearly all the important events by a great deal of unnecessary and almost irrelevant matter. For example, he gives a lengthy description of Waterloo when all he tells us after this long digression is that the father of one of the characters was an officer in Napoleon's army and that he was robbed on the battlefield by a certain Thenardier whom we subsequently meet as a landlord. After this he enter into a discussion of the monastic system, with the only reason that he wants to put Valjean and Cossette within the walls of a nunnery. An enormous amount of space is devoted to an account of the émeutes and other incidents connected with the Revolution of 1832. Some of the characters do appear during these disturbances, but the part they play is so trivial as to be practically nothing. Again, a long description of the Parisian sewerage system is intruded on the reader in one of the most interesting parts. These digressions are not in themselves obnoxious or uninteresting, but they have nothing whatever to do with the theme and from the standpoint of unity might have been omitted with advantage both to the story and to the reader.

But before condemning the work on account of its lack of unity alone, let us look a little farther. There is another rhetorical law which must be taken into account, the law of variety. There is a certain class of novels, which, if they get through the publishers to the booksellers at all, are a drug on the market. This class may have perfect unity but have no variety. Then there is another class, for example a great many of the light novels of the day, which are nearly all variety with very little unity. Both are failures as far as true literary merit is concerned. The perfect novel is the one which combines these two elements, sacrificing one for the other but not in a way to be detrimental to either. And Victor Hugo has accomplished this in Les Miserables, giving us a glimpse of all the varied phases of life in France, and at the same time keeping our interest centered on the life of a single man.

The point of view of an author must also be considered in criticising his work. To determine the point of view of Hugo as the author of Les Miserables one must find out his purpose in bringing the work before the public. This was evidently to teach the literary public about the social status of France in his time, and to teach them this in the most interesting mode of thinking possible,—that of a story. His point of view was therefore that of a sociologist, and he had the right under the general subject which he was illustrating to introduce his descriptions of Waterloo, of the monasteries, of the riots and the sewers.

The reason for the great success of Les Miserables as a literary work lies in the fact that the author complemented unity with variety, and eliminated the monotony which would be consequent upon plain unity by excursions into the general field which he was illustrating.

THE MAIDEN'S ROCK.

We were a happy crowd of students just from college, and our heads were full of Geology, Psychology, Antropology and Romance. We had planned to spend our vacation in the northwest, and the first of July found us in Minnesota with light hearts, ambitious, with bright prospects for a jolly time. One day as we were planning a trip, our landlord suggested that we spend at least a day in the region occupied by the Dakota Indians, better known to us as the Sioux. It was a suggestion discussed at length at the time, but we are all very glad now that we acted upon it.

One morning, a few days later found us on board a little steamer on Lake Pepin, the “Lake of Tears,” bound for the old camping grounds of the Indians. And what a grand morning it was! As we sailed slowly up the lake, with scarcely a ripple, save the extending undulations from the prow of our little craft, to mar its crystal surface, we could not be otherwise than happy to think that we had decided to take the trip; for there was every indication for a beautiful day.

We had proceeded about twelve miles in the indistinct light of the early morning when the sun, from his eastern couch, lifted his head over a precipitous crag and lighted a track across the rippling water; for the breeze came with the morning light. Our mirror is soon transformed into a sea of diamonds; for every vortex, as if happy in the radiance of the new day, is resplendent with the rays of the sun. But the bluff demands our attention. Still obscured in shadows, it awes us with its majestic height. Soon faint outlines are discerned, then distinct details are obvious. Rising rapidly from the waters edge, the steep shore, dark for some distance with a mysterious green and fresh with the dew of the morning, passes in unappreciable gradations into a rocky promentory which, rising to the height of four hundred and fifty feet, overhangs the water. As we were discussing its formation, the captain strolled by and intimated that there was much more connected with that crag than we suspected. Of course this suggested a story and upon being pressed, he consented to relate to us the tale which, no doubt, he had told many times before and will tell again so long as he is commander of that boat and there are tourists eager to hear a legend. After filling and lighting his pipe he proceeded with the story which, as nearly as I can remember, is as follows:

Many years ago, before a pale face had been mirrored in the placid surface of the lake, in the days of the great chief Wapashaw, there lived in the village of Keoxa a beautiful Indian maiden. She was the first-born daughter and, as is the custom among the Dakotas, she was given the name Winona. Her parents, proud of the beautiful child, resolved that she should be the wife of some illustrious warrior.

Time flew rapidly and the lovely child matured into a beautiful woman. The strong frank countenance gave evidence of a loving soul; the beautiful hair, grand form, majestic bearing, made her a favorite with all the tribe and hardly had she reached an age to think of marriage when many presented themselves as suitors for her hand; but all were rejected save Kanawha. He it was who, on returning from a successful hunt, brought the choicest bird to her; again, he finds her gathering sticks for fuel and as she kneels to place them on her back, he takes her hand and helps her up, and than walks home by her side; or, as the shades of evening fall over the camp, the dulcet notes of his "cotanke" could be heard from far over the water as he played for her while the little canoe drifted idly before the evening breeze. With him Winona was happy; but when he came to the father with his horse and the many things he had begged from his friends that he might purchase the maiden for his wife, his proposals were rejected; for that very day a warrior from a neighboring tribe, whose headdress plainly told the number of scalps he had torn from Ojibway heads, had visited the camp. Seeing Winona, he became enamored and went immediately to her parents to purchase her. They, thinking she would be more honored as an inmate of his teepee than that of Kanawha's, gave their consent.

Winona. however, refused to marry the warrior. She could not forget the love she had for her brave; and, though he had been forced from her sight, his absence only served to strengthen her affections. For many long days the disheartened maiden dreamed of the absent lover and the happy hours she had spent with him. The warrior was ever attentive to her; but neither his apparent love, nor the persuasion of friends, nor the threats of parents, could make her marry against her desires. What was position to this noble maiden? The love of Kanawha was more to her than all the possessions of the tribe. She would be faithful to her love.

One bright day the band went down the lake to celebrate a grand victory they had won over their enemies. Young and old were alike happy, and many stalwart braves and charming maidens were enjoying the festive day; for the bright sun, shady nooks, secluded bowers, and beautiful lake, made the very air redolent with the whisperings of love. Winona alone was despondent. Retiring to a secluded spot she dreamed of her absent lover and the shattered plans they had made. No more would she be allowed to see him; never again could she drift on the bosom of the lake while he breathed those sweet love-notes into her ready ears; he must be a stranger to her now.

While thus in meditation, a shadow fell across her vision and soon the warrior was beside her. In his bold, impulsive way he laid before her his prospects; showed her how she would be honored as his wife; how he could give her a position much higher that she could hope of attaining as the wife of Kanawha and;—but here she stopped him. With scorn in her every feature, she reproved him for his cruel words against her absent lover and in a rage, left him. Returning to the margin of the lake, the warrior found that all was prepared for the feast. His friends were suprised when he came into the circle without Winona, for they thought she would surely consent to marry him at this time.

In the midst of their festivities, they were startled by a voice from the cliff above them. Glancing up they beheld Winona in all the beauty of youth, radiant from the exertion of her climb. In her rich, clear voice she related the story of her love and how cruel her friends had been in keeping her lover from the feast. Then, chanting a wild death-song, she threw herself from the crag down to the rocks below where her form was soon picked up a mass of broken limbs and bruised flesh.

This is the story as I heard it from an old trader when I was a boy. It has been handed down among the settlers from generation to generation as a true historical fact and from this legend the cliff we just passed has been known as the Maiden's Rock of the Dakotas.

Athletics.

SECOND ANNUAL INTER-CLASS CONTEST IN FIELD ATHLETICS FOR THE MIRROR CUP.

It seems that the elements are against us when we attempt to exhibit our ability in Field Athletics. Last year it rained all the afternoon of the day set apart for holding the games and this year a heavy shower came up when about half of the events had been run off and it was necessary to postpone the latter part of the program until Monday the 13th. The exhibition was very gratifying this year from the fact that so many men who entered prepared for the contests by systematic training during the term. And this training was very manifest in the trials; for in nearly every case the man who trained won the place. In our previous exhibitions men would go on the field without any practice whatever and win many times. A noticeable feature of the entries is seen in the fact that the Sophomore and Junior classes were represented by but one man each. This resolved the contest into a trial between the Seniors and Freshmen, but the best all around athlete of the former was debarred. Thus '95 was, in reality, not represented as a class, but notwithstanding this she made a pretty race for the cup. As to the success of the games, it is sufficient to state that eight records out of a possible twelve were broken. It seems safe to say that others would have succumbed had the rain held off a little longer.

A feature of particular interest to the University was the exhibition of Bromley Smith of the class of '95 College and Cober, '95 Academy, in the hammer and shot events, and Smith in the high jump and pole vault.

The officials were as follows: Judges, Professors Rockwood, Hamblin and Fisher. Timer, Prof. Hulley. Starter, P. B. Linn, Esq. Clerk, V. B. Fisk, '97. The program and records are as follows:

100 YARD DASH :

1st.	W. H. Carey, '95,	11 ¾ seconds.
2nd.	A. A. Smith, '98,	
3rd.	F. W. Jackson, '95. H. C. Downing, '98, } tied.	

PUTTING THE SHOT :

1st.	B. K. Brick, '95,	31 feet 7 inches.
2nd.	H. W. Savidge, '98,	29 feet 7 inches.
3rd.	N. F. Davis, '95,	26 feet 11 inches.

220 YARD DASH.

1st.	W. H. Carey, '95,	26 seconds.
2nd.	H. C. Fithian, '98,	
3rd.	F. W. Dillon, '97,	

RUNNING BROAD JUMP :

1st.	H. W. Savidge, '98,	16 feet 4 inches.
2nd.	W. H. Carey, '95,	
3rd.	F. M. Simpson, '95,	

HAMMER THROW :

1st.	B. K. Brick, '95,	78 feet 1 ½ inches.
2nd.	N. F. Davis, '95,	
3rd.	W. H. Carey, '95,	

440 YARD DASH :

1st.	R. G. Slifer, '98,	1 minute 6 seconds.
2nd.	H. C. Downing, '98,	
3rd.	F. W. Jackson, '95,	

RUNNING HIGH JUMP :

1st.	A. T. Williams, '96,	5 feet 3 inches.
2nd.	H. W. Savidge, '98,	
3rd.	C. A. Lindemann, '98,	

HALF MILE RUN :

1st.	R. G. Slifer, '98,	2 minutes 43 ¾ seconds.
2nd.	L. G. C. Riemer, '95,	
3rd.	F. M. Simpson, '95,	

POLE VAULT :

1st.	W. H. Carey, '95,	7 feet 6 inches.
2nd.	G. M. Davis, '98,	
3rd.	B. K. Brick, '95,	

120 YARD HURDLE :

1st.	H. C. Downing, '98,	22 ⅕ seconds.
2nd.	W. H. Carey, '95,	
3rd.	L. T. Fetzer, '98,	

ONE MILE WALK :

1st.	L. T. Fetzer, '98,	Time not official.
2nd.	B. F. Thomas, '98,	
3rd.	C. D. Koch, '98,	

ONE MILE RUN :

1st.	R. G. Slifer, '98,	Time not official.
2nd.	L. T. Fetzer, '98,	
3rd.	F. W. Dillon, '97,	

EXHIBITION EVENTS.

PUTTING SHOT:

Smith, '95, College,	33 feet 8 ½ inches.
Cober, '95, Academy,	32 feet 8 ¼ inches.

THROWING HAMMER:

Cober, '95,	93 feet 1 inch.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP:

Smith, '95,	5 feet 4 inches.

POLE VAULT:

Smith, '95,	9 feet.

The summary of events gives the Seniors 39½ points; the Juniors 5 points; the Sophomores 2 points; the Freshmen 49½ points. This gives the contest to the class of '98 by ten points.

It is a fact very much to be regretted that the students take so little interest in base-ball that the management was compelled to cancel nearly all games scheduled to be played at Lewisburg. We cannot expect the management to lose money on every game played on our campus and at the same time not run the association deeper in debt. Why not encourage the team and quit deadheading? Show your loyalty.

On Saturday May 4, the Bucknell nine played the Milton team on the college campus. The game resulted in a victory for Milton. The feature of the game was the comedy of errors in which both sides seemed determined to excel. Aside from the glaring errors, the game was very close. The pitching of Geary was a marked feature, not an earned run being scored against him. Our team expected an easy time and in consequence they were taken into camp by the score of 9 to 8.

After the severe drubbing given to F. & M. by Bucknell in foot-ball last fall, the F. & M. boys have had an itching to get a return whack at Bucknell. The long hoped for opportunity came on Saturday May 12, when Bucknell crossed bats with the F. & M. nine. The game was exciting from the very start, F. & M. scoring three times in her first time at bat while Bucknell went out in one, two, three order. The second inning was a repetition of the first, when things began to look rather misty for Bucknell. She however played a very steady uphill game, F. & M. scoring two more in the third and one in the fifth inning. Bucknell did not succeed in getting a man across home plate until in the seventh inning when she scored two runs. In the eighth two more were added which ended Bucknell's run getting. The features of the game were F. & M's. batting in the early part of the game and the battery work of Plank and Cremer for F. & M. and the battery work of Geary and Brady for Bucknell. Mulkie at short and Carey at the bat distinguished themselves.

The entire game showed a vast improvement over those played earlier in the season, but two errors being charged against our team. With steady training and support our team will yet win. The score:

FRANKLIN & MARSHALL

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Bar'w, ss.......	2	1	2	1	0
Ham'g, 3b......	2	2	2	0	0
Cremer, c......	3	3	11	2	1
Bickel, 1b	0	2	7	0	1
Plank, p.........	0	1	0	0	0
Gillan, cf.......	0	1	3	0	0
Brandt, rf......	1	1	0	0	0
She'ley, 2b.....	1	1	2	7	0
Host'n, lf......	0	1	0	0	0
Murr, lf..........	0	0	0	0	1
Totals........	9	13	27	10	3

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Mulkie, ss......	0	2	0	4	0
Grim, 2b......	0	2	1	8	0
Cregar, 1b......	0	0	12	0	0
Brady, c.........	0	1	6	2	0
Cutler, 3b......	0	0	3	1	1
Firth, rf.........	0	0	0	0	0
Parker, lf......	1	1	2	1	1
Geary, p.........	0	0	1	2	0
Carey, cf.......	2	3	1	0	0
Bunnell, rf.....	1	0	1	0	0
Totals........	4	9	27	13	2

Earned runs, F. & M. 5; B. U. 3. Two-base hits, Bickel, Cremer, Carey. Three-base hits, Hambright, Bickel, Carey. Home run, Brandt. Double play, Parker to Brady to Cutler. Struck out, by Plank 7; by Geary 6. Base on balls, F. & M., 2; B. U., 3. Wild pitches, Plank 2. Passed balls, Cremer, 2. Time 2:00. Umpire, Skyles.

Local.

L'Agenda is out.

Sinton persists in believing that Hayne was a "gnat."

The Senior College Class has decided not to hold Class day exercises.

Mr. John Lesher,'96 recently spent a few days at his home.

Messers. Hanna, Sigmund, Allen and Sprague sang in Catawissa, on Sunday the 5th inst.

H. S. Schuyler, '95 has been appointed Editor-in-Chief of the *Commencement News.*

A larger filter has been placed in Main Hall, and it is expected to supply all demands.

Rev. J. M. Weddell delivered the Monthly University sermon in the Baptist Church on Sunday, May 12.

H. S. Schuyler, '95 made a flying trip to Philadelphia and Kutztown last week.

While this is not an editorial column we venture the opinion that the college bell should be rung at 12:15.

The University has just had some handsome new plates made showing the ten buildings and parts of the Campus.

Foot-ball Manager Firth has leased the Harrisburg ball park for two games next fall. One will be played on Thanksgiving day.

Pres. Harris will deliver three lectures on the "Philosophy of the Mind," at the Penna. Chautauqua, Mt. Gretna, next summer.

An unusually large crowd is expected to be present during commencement week and the hotel and boarding house accomodations will likely be taxed to the utmost.

The annual exhibition in oratory of the Junior class will take place on the evening of May 24. Seven members of the class are to speak and something of value and interest is expected.

Stober is saving all the odds and ends of string for use on the farm this summer. Contributions thankfully received at No. 7 West Wing. "If I'm not in, please throw them over the transom."

It strikes us that it would be a good plan for the 'Varsity band to give one open air concert a week during the spring term. It would add greatly to the pleasure of the students, and of the town people as well.

Dr. Enoch Perrine, of the chair of English, has accepted the invitation to deliver the memorial address before the Andrew Gregg Tucker Post No. 52, G. A. R., of this place, in the Lewisburg Court-house, on Decoration Day.

Boating is now in favor and numerous parties of students and their lady friends are enjoying the pleasure of dipping oars once more in the Susquehanna. Serveral canoes are owned by the boys and are in almost constant use.

The 'Varsity band, under the management of A. T. Williams and the leadership of F. M. Simpson, took part in the parade of the K. G. E. held in Williamsport on the 14th. Although the weather was unfavorable, the demonstration was a success, nearly a thousand Knights being in line. The band is a prominent factor in advertising the school and should be encouraged.

It was the delightful pleasure of the Class of '95 to attend a reception given in their honor at the home of our honored President, on Thursday, May 9. It is needless to say that the evening was a pleasant one to all; for it could not be otherwise to the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Harris. Our graduating sisters from the Institute were present making a jolly company. Expressions of delight for our entertainment were heard on all sides, and it was with reluctance that we parted with our genial hosts.

Commencement Speakers:—Hon. John H. Littlefield, law student and personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, will deliver the address before the Literary societies, on "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln." Lemuel Moss, D. D. LL. D., will address the College graduating Class. Hon. Eugene Emly will pronounce the Oration before the Alumni. Rev. T. M. Eastwood has consented to act as Alumni Poet. E. H. Woods, D. D., of Williamsport will deliver the sermon before the Educational Society, and the Baccalaureate Sermon will be delivered by President John Howard Harris.

The museum would hardly be recognized today by one who has not seen it for a few months. N. F. Davis and B. K. Brick have been working at our valuables some time, and now the room presents an attractive appearance. The cases have all been rearranged, cleaned and furnished with new locks. All specimens have been arranged in proper order and with an eye to artistic display as well as convenience. Particularly attractive are the cases containing the Indian relics and the sea shells. They show the work of a naturalist in arrangement. The minerals and rocks have all been classified and are in excellent shape. Many new specimens have been added during the past year through purchase and not a few as gifts.

It is not often, in this advanced state of civilization, that gypsies are able to spirit off such a highly cultivated personage as they did on Saturday evening, May 18. It was the first appearance of the nomads in our vicinity this year, and the class of '95 was the object of their work. Although the physical loss to the class was not of such a nature as to cause serious alarm, the vast mental ability removed from their ranks caused the members much deep thought as to how they could ever graduate and have this brilliant brain away. After careful consideration of every phase of the subject, they concluded that the missing member must be found if possible. A search was immediately instituted and the camp of the wanderers was soon located. But how were they to make known their presence without the knowledge of the captors? This difficulty was soon removed by the appearance of a lone figure stealing quietly from the shadow of the Institute. As he picked his way carefully toward the hill, his figure and motions made it apparent to the searching party that this was their companion. And so it proved to be. He explained his retention at the Seminary as due to the fact that his discussions of innate ideas, immanent finality and first cause were too much for his captors, and they locked him in the building so that they might rest in peace.

The Senior Class inaugurated the closing events of its career on Friday evening, May 3. It was then that the class banquet was held at the Cameron House. The class met in the parlors of the hotel about nine o'clock, and at a little past ten the doors of the dining room were opened and the members of the class seated themselves at the elegantly appointed table decked with carnations, the class flower. After more than two hours had been put in doing justice to the carefully prepared and tastefully served viands of Landlord Moyer, Toast Master Sheddan rose and called for the class song. Mr. Brick was next asked to assign places to members of the Faculty on a scientific system. That gentleman responded quite happily and hit off especially "our well-known Rabbi and his dog." Mr. Hanna spoke upon "Our Class Sisters," both step and otherwise. Miss McLaughlin recounted the athletic prowess of the class as individuals and as a whole, closing with an original poem. At this point the class rose and drank to the health of "Our Athletes," the President using the MIRROR Prize Cup which the class won last year. Mr. Smith responded to the toast, "Our Graduate Students," by a reference to "the quituated members," then urged a devotion to *alma mater* in the days when all should be graduate students. Mr. Pease followed with an appeal to the pride of the "brethren and sisters" in response to "Our Class." The party then returned to the parlor where Messrs. Simpson and Jackson played a cornet duet, Mr. Allen accompanying upon the piano. Miss Gould, who chaperoned the party, followed with two songs, after which she was unanimously elected an honorary member of the class. Several songs were given by the class, then everybody joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." As a final the class cry was given, and as the clock struck two the line of march was taken for the hill, and '95's class supper was a matter of fond regrets and pleasant memories.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

On Friday, May 3, the Senior Class enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon at Turtle Creek with Mrs. Larison. The day was fine, and the bird-foot violets (for which chiefly the trip was taken) were blooming in profusion. After some hours of fun, wholesome and care-free, the girls returned laden with the velvety flowers, when, in honor of the occasion, an unusually appetizing supper was served.

The following program will show what a unique plan the 4th Year Class adopted for their Soiree. It is needless to say that it was most successful:

EVENING SESSION
OF THE
WOMAN'S
CONGRESS,
FOR
May 4th, 1895.
CLASS OF '96.

MUSIC..........................MISSES AIKIN AND MORGAN.
Meeting Called to Order.
FRANCES E. WILLARD, *President*,
MARY WILLIAMSON.
PRAYER.
Preliminary Business.

The Red Cross Movement..*Clara Barton*,
LAURA L. ALLEN.

My First Experience with Publishers.......................*Frances H. Burnett*,
ESTHER M. GREEN.

Vivisection...*Frances P. Cobbe*,
RACHEL J. NOLL.

Work in the Far East..*Geraldine Guinness*,
EMMA KUNKLE.

MUSIC..MISS WOODS.

The Stern Side of New England Life............................*Mary E. Wilkins*,
BELLE BARTOL.

Work in Australia......*Baroness Burdette—Coutts*,
FANNIE M. CASE.

"Ships that Pass in the Night"......*Beatrice Harraden*,
MIRIAM A. BUCHER.

Temperance Work......*Lady Henry Somerset*,
SARAH N. LILLIBRIDGE.

MUSIC......MISS GOULD.

The Books of My Girlhood......*Adeline D. T. Whitney*,
BERTHA C. WATKINS.

Life at Washington......*Mrs. Cleveland*,
EMMA D. SEILER.

Kindergartens......*Kate Douglas Wiggin*,
ELIZABETH J. NOYES.

Work for the Irish Peasant Girls......*Lady Aberdeen*,
GERTRUDE E. KASE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MUSIC......MISS WOODS.

The evening of May 9 will be memorable to the class of '95 as one of the delightful occasions of their senior year. The home of President Harris was the scene of a pleasant reception. Dr. and Mrs. Harris are admirable hosts, and their efforts for the entertainment of the class made us feel, when the hour for adjournment came, that the evening had been all too short.

From first to last, the program of the Elocutionary Contest was a most enjoyable one. Both in the character of the selections and in the manner of their rendering they reflected great credit upon the institution and particularly upon the instruction given in the department of Elocution. The University has good cause to be proud of the Mandolin and Guitar Club that furnished the music for the occasion.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

Two foreign nations at war—Darre and Schultz.

Who said: "My! Isn't Perrin a nice fellow?"

Miller was recently initiated into the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

Teacher (in Grammar class): "What is the plural of goose?" Student: "Gander."

A debate has been arranged between the Hermenia and Adelphia Literary Societies. It is to take place Friday evening, June 7.

Bucknell Academy stands at the head of the preparatory schools of the state in throwing the hammer. Cober threw it last Field Day 93 ft. 1 in. He also put the shot 32 ft. 8¾ in.

Joe Schultz, to all appearances, has at last thought it best to stick to one class. He has been telling, with great pride, this last week, that he is a "Third Former," and has been wearing the colors of that class.

Joe Snyder, a former student at the Academy, has become quite famous as a bicyclist. He gave a public performance at the corner of Third and Market streets a few days ago to a very appreciative audience. We learn that he is to appear in Milton at an early date.

Personals.

'62. Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., has been elected Recording Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society.

'68. Leroy Stephens, D. D., of Mount Pleasant Institute, led chapel May 15.

'71. Frank S. Marr is connected with the Helios Electric Company, Duncan Building, Philadelphia.

'76. Rev. Owen James, of Hollidaysburg, was recently elected president of Roger Williams College, Nashville, Tenn.

'81. Rev. H. F. Stillwell, formerly of Freehold, N. J., has entered upon his pastorate with the Calvary Baptist church of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

'83. Rev. W. J. Coulston is pastor at Washington, Court-house, Ohio.

'85. Rev. S. L. Batten has resigned as associate pastor of Amity Baptist Church, New York City, and enters upon the pastorate at Norristown, N. J.

'86. George F. Keefer was recently elected City Engineer of Sunbury.

Ex-'91. Chas. W. Haines, of Crozer Seminary, has been called to Washington, N. J.

Ex-'92. Rev. G. F. Love has resigned the pastorate of the North Church, Rochester, N. Y.

'92. Prof. W. L. Kauffman, of the Harrisburg High School, will deliver the Decoration Day oration at Millersburg.

'93. Prof. Edwin Maxey, of Southwest Baptist College, at Bolivar, Mo., recently passed a most creditable examination in law and was admitted to the bar.

'94. J. Roberts Wood, of Crozer Theological Seminary, spent a few days in Lewisburg recently.

'94. Chas. F. McMann, who is now about to complete his course of study at Crozer Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Olivet Baptist church at Lancaster, and will enter upon his duties some time in June. This is a large and needy field, and it is hoped he may bring about excellent results.

Exchange.

Base-ball seems to be the great theme of college journals now.

At a mass meeting of the students of Colgate, it was decided to adopt the honor system for the examinations.

The Signal for May has been received and as usual is full of interest. The essay on "Morals in Schools" is worthy of mention.

The faculty of Leland Stanford University have organized a base-ball nine which has defeated every team the students have furnished.

The last copy of *Irving Sketch-book* is devoted principally to an exposition of the institution, with college and alumni news. It largely serves the part of a catalogue.

A record of the spring sports at Haverford is given in the *Haverfordian*. Haverford shows up well in running—far above the average—but in other lines she is ordinary.

Greatness is what we master ourselves, what we secure by our own labor. What is given us by ancestry is nothing, but what we make by the God-given powers is of value.

Both Oxford and Cambridge profited by their University presses last year. The Clareden press earned $25,000 clear for Oxford, and the Pitt press $16,000 for Cambridge.—*U. of P. Courier*.

The *Reveille* is always enjoyed by us. Most college papers might learn a lesson from the *Reveille* in conducting their local columns. The paper pays special attention to this department, and often has original and suitable cuts in it.

Ariel, the college paper, says: "Setting aside the moral and hygienic aspects of the question, it certainly is not the best kind of advertisement we get when the first object that greets a visitor's gaze is a dozen or twenty young men smoking pipes or cigarettes.

We are indebted to Dr. J. J. Summerbell for two copies of the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*. They are teeming with Sacred literature of a high grade. An acquaintance with Dr. Summerbell and a knowledge of his scholarly attainments and the purity of his character make the papers of more than common interest.

The University Courier, of April 3, gives a good deal of attention to the matter of college cycling, and makes the proposition to have a separate association for inter-collegiate bicycle contests. Letters from Columbia, Harvard, College of the City of New York, and Cornell, all show that the idea meets with favor in these institutions.

Than a beautiful woman, one can imagine nothing more pleasing to the sight than a well-trained and manly-looking athlete. In the gymnasium as he performs feats of strength and the muscles of his arms and neck stand out in knots, as with perfect grace and ease he performs some feat of skill, as on the race track he goes dashing by with every nerve and muscle strained, he is the admiration of all beholders. He forms an ideal, or rises toward an ideal, that mankind have ever cherished. *Buff and Blue.*

Antioch College, Yellow Springs, O., may well be proud of her first President, Horace Mann, who, upon being nominated for Governor of Massachusetts and chosen as the head of that school on the same day, preferred the latter position. His ideas of the State's duty to education is expressed in these words: "Every child should be educated: if not by its own father, the State should appoint a father to it. I would much sooner surrender a portion of the territory of the commonwealth to an ambitious and aggressive neighbor than I would surrender the minds of its children to the dominion of ignorance."

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JUNE 10, 1895. No. 15.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

JUNE 10, 1895.

Editorial.

WE beg to call the attention of our subscribers to the fact that the MIRROR will be issued on June 25. It will be devoted to commencement news and will be of exceeding interest to those who will not be here during the week. Students wishing to have the number sent to other than their catalogue address should see the manager and make the desired change.

◆

WE also call the attention of the Alumni to the volume of the college annual just published by the class of '96. L'Agenda is an elegantly bound book containing upwards of 250 pages and is set off by a great many line and half-tone engravings. It contains many things of more than local interest and must be acknowledged as surpassing anything of its kind published here. We hope the Alumni, as in the past, will continue to find sufficient merit in the publications of the University to warrant their patronage.

◆

IT seems to have been a disappointing announcement which the Senior class made a few days ago to the effect that the usual class-day exercises would be dispensed with this year. This is not surprising, for class-day has been the favorite one of commencement week and any deviation from the set custom naturally enough meets with disapproval. But a fact or so may set forth the action in a little different light. The decision of the class was not reached in any off-hand or careless manner. The subject had been considered by some from the beginning of the middle term and it was not until it was rumored that the usual vacation would not be given that any serious objection was presented. It was the unanimous opinion of the class that a good programme would require more time and preparation than could possibly be given under the supposed circumstance and that a poor one was not worth considering. So when the rumor took more definite shape the only thing to do was to meet the question fairly and at once and decide it according to circumstances and not precedent. The class hopes that the deficiency may be more than met and that it may not be censured unjustly for poor judgment or careless action.

◆

IT is now a settled fact that the tennis tournament will be held this year as usual. But it will not be forgotten by the athletic committee, and by a few of the greatly interested, with what discouragements the undertaking was met. This is indeed a serious indication and marks openly the decline of this excellent and popular game. We ought not to overlook our past success in this branch of athletics. When we won the intercollegiate games a few years ago, just after completing an interesting local tournament, it seemed that the interest aroused would continue unabated for several years. At the same time we have only to refer to our recent snubbing by the intercollegiate committee for a proof of the way the interest has actually been kept up. Contrary to all expectations, it seems to be dying out little by little and unless revived by a special effort this year, will be almost past recovery. It becomes, then, the duty of every lover of the game to put forth extra efforts so that this tournament may be such a success as to make next year's meet a certainty and rescue our reputation from the seeming oblivion into which it has fallen.

THE ALUMNUS AND ALMA MATER.

It is strange how nearly alike are the fundamental questions which present themselves to men educated or uneducated and which equally demand an answer. What to do, or, if that has been settled satisfactorily, how to do it, are the questions which force themselves alike upon the one as he steps from the Commencement platform and upon the other as he steps from his father's door a man. But for the college man there is another to be met, whether he will or not, and that is the question of the relationship that shall exist between him and his *alma mater*. There are three possible positions which he can take: one of neutrality, one of indifference or one of activity. Few if any ever maintain a strictly neutral position, though occasionally some approach so near that the effect is about the same. And those who do so are not only unworthy of their college but of their race, for ungratefulness is hardly a trait of animals much less of men. Many are indifferent, that is to say they make the needs of their schools secondary matters. They indeed take a mean between two extremes, but this mean is an exception to the almost universal rule of Horace. They work considerable good in spite of their indifference and, now and then, arouse themselves to surprising states of enthusiasm. But theirs was a position in vogue when the world was set to a slower pace and is not to be considered for a moment by the active energetic man of the coming century. There remains the other extreme, the position of activity, which all ought to take and which the majority do take, and in either case not without reason. The man who has been well equipped for the arena of life and armed with weapons that grow keener with age and use, owes a debt to his benefactress such as only the service of a lifetime can repay. If he happens to look at it in that way, he can only maintain a position of whole-souled activity toward his *alma mater*, and if he is too matter of fact to look at it in such a light, he can yet see that it is to his interest as well as to his school's that this same relation be kept up between them. A college is never too great to be affected by the efforts of an alumnus, or too small, too poor, to exert some influence for his benefit. The relation which exists between them is at all times one of reciprocity. As the alumnus gives, so he receives; not measure for measure but four-fold. It need not be legacies or libraries; it may with better effect be service, influence and action. The man who leaves his college without the sense of his duty toward her, and with no notion that their interests are one, has failed to develop one of the necessary principles of a successful career.

Literary.

THE RIVAL FRIENDS.

I was revisiting my *alma mater*. The years after graduation had been full of life's duties, and it had been long since the familiar scenes had greeted my eyes. I took time to linger a few days after Commencement, and wandered up the hill one evening in a thoughtful, retrospective mood.

The day was dying. Down on the river the soft, red light was reflected from the faintly rolling surface. To the southwest, the horizon was tinged with a reddish gold that faded slowly, indistinctly, into the darkening sky. I took my seat where the view of the river was good, and, leaning against a broad tree, mused.

How often my old friend and I had sat there in the dear school days and dreamed of the future, looking down the placid waters till they were lost, apparently, at the foot of far Blue Hill. There is a friendship between young men that approaches the love that poets sing of between man and maid. Such a friendship existed between Will and me. Our lives had grown together; our love did not come all at once but gradually, and deepened and strengthened until he had told me all the history of his life, and I had told him all mine. Sometimes we sat hand in hand, as two lovers might, and he told me of his father's love and friendship to his son and of the gap in his life yet unfilled because the father came in no more. And I told him of the longing that so often filled my heart to show my mother how much more of a man I was—how I was even fulfilling her fond prophecies which, while looking with pleasure at their fulfilment, she told me she would never live to behold with mortal eyes. So many things I had to talk with her about which only a mother's ear can hear and not call egotistical. We were bound thus close together by mutual love. Our love affairs—simple tales—neither of us had ever been genuinely in love—were all made known.

Then came a new experience. A young lady entered the college and joined my friend's class. She was charming, though not beautiful, cultured, refined, amiable, an excellent conversationalist, always gracious, and one of the best in the class. Will began to pay her attentions. They met often, reciting together in many classes, and I encouraged the friendship. He confided all to me from the beginning. and while I made great sport of him and accused him of being love-sick and that I was jealous, yet did all I could to bring the two together. I had no forebodings, then, of what my good intentions were to bring to pass.

The spring time came, and with it the arbutus and boating parties, picnics, and almost weekly outings, together with the many entertainments of the Institute and College. I strayed hither and thither, but always went with some lady who would be particularly agreeable to Will's friend, Miss Frances Bacon. I sought in every way to bring him out to his best in her presence, and found him always ready to respond. We had little select excursions, when quiet reading was done, and separate walks after the reading was over, when "two was company."

He found her companionship growing more and more delightful. And I in sympathy with my friend's devotion regarded her with increasing favor. One day he was unexpectedly called away on urgent business. He asked me if I had an engagement for the concert the following evening, and if I did not that I should take his tickets and see Miss Bacon safely there. To oblige him and to assure myself of a pleasant evening, I accepted the offer, and found Miss Bacon willing to go with Will's substitute.

He was gone some days longer than he had anticipated and Miss Bacon and I had opportunity frequently to be together. Slowly, imperceptibly almost, I began to feel that she had a great power over me. I longed to be near her and was happy in her presence. My chum's absence did not trouble. He was not forgotten, but I did not miss him so much as formerly.

At last a letter came announcing his return next day. Instead of being glad, a strange, unwelcome feeling stole over me. For the first time I realized that I was in love with Miss Bacon. The thought brought pain. We two loved the same woman. Just before he had gone away, he had plainly revealed to me that his whole heart was hers. And now—how shall I greet him? I felt that I could not meet him without deceit. In love—in love with another man's love! The difficulty burst upon me all at once. Our friendship must cease. We are rivals—and I am at fault! He has confided everything to me, and I have betrayed his sacred trust. God pity him, and pity me! What is to be done? Shall I tell him all, or conceal it? To tell him is to take the heart out of his life. To find that the friend whom he has trusted so implicitly has proved false—the thought is too painful. Yet that is what I have done. No, I cannot tell him! He must know nothing of my secret. He will come, greet me with open heart and happy words and I "must act well my part." Can I do it? It must be done. He will marry the woman I love. And I must be happy in his happiness—that I cannot be. The day of being happy in my friend's happiness is past, but he shall never know.

But what if she does not love him and refuses? A few hours before, such a thought would not have entered my mind. Now, in the mental struggle, the possibilities began to come up thick and fast. If she refused him, the way would be open to me. Certainly. But—but—he would then know all—all my falsity to him—I would be accused of stealing his love from him. I could not endure that. I could not lose the love of my friend. On the other hand, whose fault is it that I love her? Love is spontaneous. We cannot account for it. I had not deliberately planned his disappointment to the building up of my own happiness, and I could not help falling in love with her. Then, too, he has no more right to her hand than I have. He cannot say: "She is mine; you have no right to her hand." Why not go immediately and settle the matter? If she loves him, she will refuse me; if she lovesme—then when Will comes back and discovers,—I would have to tell him, for it would be the acme of cruelty to let him propose to her. And once I tell him, our friendship is at an end. That is clear. Which do I love the more, Will or Frances? But I love them both. Why has it ever happened? It is to lose one or the other, or maybe both. If she accepts him I shall be angry at her—and at him, too, for taking the woman I cannot possess, friend though he has been to me—the dearest friend I have ever had.

I went to bed, but sleep would not come. The round of consequences arising from this or that ground of reasoning went on, always bringing me back to the starting point—I must lose one or the other, and if I do not win her I must lose both.

When he comes back, he will begin talking of Miss Bacon, and what can I say to him? The very subject nearest to my heart I cannot discuss with the friend whom I prize above all my friends. Interminable problems and difficulties arose for solution. As to my course of conduct, I could come to no definite conclusion. The morrow and its events would soon be upon me, and where should I go to escape the consequences of their outcome.

Weary, heavy hearted, I dragged myself through the morning recitation. After it, Miss Bacon stopped me in the hall for a moment. She looked at me closely, and inquired if I were unwell. I laughed (I must practice acting to be ready for Will.), and said that I never felt better in my life,—and her very presence did revive me wonderfully—that I had been up late the night before, and perhaps the loss of sleep had made me look a little haggard; it nearly always had that effect upon me. She seemed satisfied with the explanation, and said that I must come to see her immediately after dinner; that she had something important to tell me, and wanted me to help her in making some plans.

What could it be? Has Will written his proposal? The foolish thought was banished in a moment. But what could it be? It must be something about him. I dreaded the call as I dreaded my chum's return, yet longed for it—longed to be near the girl who had made me so unhappy.

The scenes of that morning had passed so vividly before my mind that I almost shuddered in their recollection. A gentle touch on the shoulder surprised and startled me. I turned quickly, and saw the smiling face of Will.

"Unpleasant thoughts, old man?" he said with a half laugh, which would almost indicate that he had been reading my mind. "I saw you sitting here in our old place, and you looked so serious that till you sort of shivered I couldn't bear to intrude upon you. While I stood here leaning against the tree, close to you, my mind went back to that old love affair of ours which, at the time, seemed the saddest thing in our friendship. But, thank God! it came out all right, Harry. And yonder come the girls, Frances and Gertrude. They are beckoning us to join them for a walk. I promised to get you and that we would all four take a stroll down the railroad. It's like old times, my boy! And they look as young and attractive as ever!"

Stirred by his enthusiasm and boyish gaiety, I jumped up and together we raced down the hill. And if my wife wondered why I seemed at times moody, and looked deep into her eyes with loving expression, she attributed it, undoubtedly, to the scene and the old associations. And she was partly right, for the reflections on the hill had shown me conclusively that youth is fitful, first loves sometimes uncertain, and that Frances Bacon's dearest friend was dearer to me than ever Frances Bacon had been.

A STORY OF PIONEER LIFE.

There is nothing, I think, more intensely and peculiarly interesting to a person than some experience out of the ordinary in the life of a friend. The favorite story of my childhood was one told by my grandmother of her own experience in a pioneer settlement in the far west. It had all happened when she was a child, long years before. In her sweet way she always began the story it was my delight to hear again and again, with

"Well, dear child, it is years ago now, and my hair was a sunny brown like yours. My father, your great grandfather, had taken us away out to the Dakotas. The journey took many long weeks. Though I was only a little girl, I remember it well, the weary days of jolting in the wagon, and the nights of fear and watching. The men in our caravan took turns in keeping guard against the wild beasts, and most of all against the wild men. Then came the days when all our food was gone, and I can remember how little John cried and cried, and Mother couldn't stop him. I can remember the men in little groups talking together, and the women crying. I didn't understand much of what was the matter, but only knew I was hungry and tired. Some of the babies died, and we left the little bodies in the woods behind us. Then I remember one morning we came to a few little log houses, and I remember how the men shouted and wept, and some fell on their faces and prayed. I asked my mother what it all meant. She could hardly tell me, her tears were falling so fast; but at length she said, 'O my baby, you will never be hungry again,' and then she bent her dear head on mine, and sobbed great sobs.''

Here my grandmother's eyes would fill with tears, and she would take off her glasses and look far away over the fields. I waited with a child's awe in the presence of sorrow, though I did not understand then that her eyes were looking far back into her young life, and saw nothing in the fields at which she gazed so intently. Presently, however, she would begin again.

''Well, child, I remember nothing very plainly about those first years, except that Father built our little house, and after that he was always burning down the trees and digging us stumps.

The first two years passed without any trouble with the Indians: They were very friendly, and the men in the settlement were careful not to offend them; but one of the settlers, while hunting, accidentally shot and killed an Indian chief, and all the explanation he could make, and all the promises of reparation the men of the settlement made, did not take away the sullen, hateful look from the faces of the tribe.

''One morning in haying-time, I remember it so well, my father said when he rose from the breakfast table, 'Mother, I am going to have all the hay in to-night.' As he turned to kiss her good-by, Little John stretched out his hands in baby fashion, and Father picked him up and whirled him over his head, repeating as he did so the old nursery rhyme, 'Bye-a-baby-bunting, Father is going a-hunting;' and turning to Mother he said, 'Give little John his bonnet, and let him go with me.' Mother reached up to him as he sat on father's shoulder and tied his little pink sunbonnet under his chin. He played hide-and-seek with her in his pretty way, and then she took hold of his bonnet with her two hands and kissed him, and said, 'My big John will take care of little John for Mother, won't he?' and then she turned to her work again.

''The morning wore away, until it was nearly dinner-time. I was sitting outside on the steps, pulling a daisy apart, and repeating to myself the Fates' rhyme, 'One I love, Two I love, Three I love, I say,' when one of the men from the settlement rushed past me up the steps, shouting, 'There isn't a moment to lose! The Indians are on us!'

''My mother snatched my hand and dragged me toward the field where Father was. He saw us and ran to meet us. A word sufficed to explain everything. My Father told us to lie down, and he hastily tossed some of the new mown hay over us. 'Where is little John, my baby John?' my mother cried. Father tried to smile, as he said 'Big John will take care of little John for Mother. There is the well. We will go to that.' Then he covered us over and left us. The well into which he threw a few forkfuls of grass under which he buried himself and Little John, was a well used for the cattle, but the heat of the summer had dried it up. We were hidden none too soon. A wild whoop from the direction of the house told us they had set the house on fire. It was a matter of a very few minutes before they would be in the field where we were. My arms were fast about my mother's neck. I could hardly breathe. I tried to turn, but my mother gripped me with a firm hand. 'Don't move, child! It means death! Pray, oh pray for father and little John!' I tried to pray in my childish way. Then the fiendish howls sounded close to us and closer: they were beside us now. My hand tightened about my mother's neck. A cry was on my lips,—she choked it with her hand. 'Pray for father and little John,' she whispered. A moment only they stayed, and then went on past the well. My mother was praying. Suddenly a shrill 'Mamma!' sounded over the field. It was little John. My mother's hand relaxed its hold of me. Then I heard a wild, bloodcurdling yell, so horrible I shall never forget it. I knew they were at the well, and childlike I still prayed for Father and little John, and I prayed on long after they had gone and the field had become silent. Then I tried softly to rouse my mother, but in vain. I poked a little hole through the grass and drank in a breath of air. Then I grew bolder, when I saw the field was empty, and uncovered my mother's face, and tried again to waken her. I called to Father, but there was no answer. With a nameless fear I ran to the house, thinking he might be there. Beside the still burning timbers stood the man who had brought us the terrible message. I did not question or wonder why he was there, but pulled him frantically toward the field where mother was. He tried to rouse her, and then said in a pitying tone 'Where are your father and little John?' 'In the well,' I said. He took my hand and led me toward the well, only saying, 'We cannot waken your mother, little one.' A few steps, and we were at the well. There was blood on its brink. He pushed me back with his hand as he looked in and then pulled me away, saying, 'Come, poor little one; this is no place for you. God has taken your father and mother and little John to live with Him.' "

And then my dear grandmother would lay down her knitting, and shade her eyes, only saying, "So you see Father took care of little John for Mother, as he promised. Run now and play."

Commencement.

The music for commencement will be exceptionally fine this year. A plan was suggested at the beginning of the last term for this feature of commencement week and as things look now, it will prove a brilliant success. Dr. Aviragnet consulted the graduating class from each department in respect to the amount of money they would expend in music and he was given authority to use it as he saw fit. This arrangement put the music in competent hands and the artists he has secured will, without doubt, add greatly to the pleasures of the week. Among the artists we would make special mention of Miss Alice Woods, a former student in the department of music at the Institute, who has recently completed her education in Germany. Those who were so fortunate as to hear her play at the Soireè, need no further mention than the name to assure them of a treat. Miss Mary Lyle Smith, the world's greatest lady flutist, has been engaged and if we can judge from reports, she will certainly prove an attraction to the lover of music. There will also be cornet and clarinet soloists present. Saks full orchestra will be here during the week and the University Band will furnish street music.

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COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 13th, 14th and 15th, Examinations in all the Departments of the University.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24TH.

7.30 P. M.—Exhibition of the School of Music, Bucknell Hall, under the direction of E. Aviragnet, Mus. Doc.

SATURDAY, 15TH.

2.00 P. M.—Commencement exercises of the School of Music, Bucknell Hall.

8.00 P. M.—Annual Debate, Junior Class, Commencement Hall.

SUNDAY, 16TH.

10.30 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Baptist Church, by President Harris.

8.00 P. M.—Annual Sermon before the Pennsylvania Baptist Education Society, Baptist Church, by Rev. E. A. Woods, D. D., of Williamsport.

MONDAY, 17TH.

Art Exhibition begins and continues three days, Studio, Institute.

8.00 A. M.—Examination for admission to College.

2.00 P. M.—Business meeting, Institute Alumnæ, Institute Parlors.

3.00 P. M.—Public Meeting, Institute Alumnæ, Bucknell Hall.

7.45 P. M.—Anniversary of the Literary Societies. Orator, Hon. John H. Littlefield, of New York City, Subject: "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln."

9.00 P. M.—President's Reception, President's House.

TUESDAY, 18TH.

8.30 A. M.—Business Meeting, College Alumni, Bucknell Hall.

8.30 A. M.—Annual Meeting, Board of Trustees, College Library.

11.00 A. M.—Exhibition, Fourth Form of Academy, Commencement Hall.

2.30 P. M.—Commencement of Bucknell Institute, Commencement Hall.

4.00-5.30 P. M.—Reception by Physical and Chemical Society, assisted by Natural History Society, Laboratory.

7.45 P. M.—Anniversary of the College Alumni, Commencement Hall. Orator, Hon. Eugene Emley, '77, Paterson, N. J.; Poet, Rev. T. M. Eastwood, '72, Albany, N. Y.; Decennial Reunions by the Classes of '55, '65, '75, and '85.

WEDNESDAY, 19TH.

8.00 A. M.—Announcement of Promotions, Bucknell Hall.

9.00 A. M.—Commencement of the College. Orations by the Class. Address to the Class by Lemuel Moss, D. D., LL. D.

12.00—Corporation Dinner, Bucknell Hall.

The Seniors will wear the conventional cap and gown at commencement exercise.

Neither the graduating class of the College nor the graduating class of the Institute will hold class-day exercises.

Room No.2, college building, will be fitted up as a general reception room during commencement. All visitors are cordially invited to register in the book provided for that purpose. Writing, mailing, and messenger facilities will be provided, and all mail sent in care of the Registrar will be promptly delivered.

It is the duty of every commencement visitor to aid the various publications of the College by subscribing. The *Commencement News* is essential to every person who is here. The MIRROR has grown to be one of the best papers published in the college world. Subscribe for a year. L'Agenda is especially attractive this year. It is full of fine cuts and half-tones and is handsomely bound. You cannot do without it.

Upon application to the Registrar, Card Orders for Excursion Rates on the following roads good for nine days, will be furnished: The Pennsylvania System; Philadelphia and Erie; Northern Central; Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore; West Jersey; United R. R. of N. J.; Camden and Atlantic; The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, including the Main line and Williamsport Division and the Beech Creek Railroad; Central Railroad of New Jersey, and the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

By special arrangement, good board can be had at private boarding houses from $1.00 to $1.50 per day. Hotel rates, $2.00 per day. Special information concerning accommodations will be furnished on application to the Registrar.

The staff of this year's *Commencement News* will be composed of the following persons: H. S. Schuyler, '95, Editor-in-Chief; Associates, G. C. L. Riemer, '95, W. B. Sheddan, '95, J. C. Carey, '95, H. H. Bower, '96, J. B. Suiter, '96, L. C. Walkinshaw, '96, A. O. Miller, '97, F. W. Dillon, '97, J. Brown Martin, '98, Jennie A. Davis, Inst. '95, C. W. Harvey, Acad. '95. The *Journal* office will have charge of its publication. It will contain the Baccalaureate sermon, sermon before the Education Society, oration before the Literary Societies, Alumni oration and poem, complete accounts of the commencement exercises of the school of Music, Academy, Institute and College, and everything else of interest that takes place during commencement week. The Spectator has kindly consented to try his hand again at touching up the faults and follies of some of the erring brethren. The management of the *News* will be in the hands of Mr. S. G. Palmer. The price of the four issues will be fifteen cents, single copies five cents.

Athletics.

May 26 was another ill-starred day for our base-ball team, when they played Dickinson Seminary of Williamsport. The game was very interesting, the seminary team being composed of some professional material. While our boys hit the ball hard and often, the opposing team succeeded in getting seven more hits than we did and therein lies the defeat. With one exception our team played a winning uphill game. The hospitality shown our team deserves an expression of thanks, and shows the good feeling that exists between the two institutions.

Following is the score:

DICKINSON SEMIMARY.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Young, c. ss....	2	3	6	1	2
Dean, 2b. p....	2	3	3	1	0
Car'l, c. rf......	2	3	2	2	0
Young, E., 2b	2	2	5	2	0
Stewart, cf.....	3	3	0	0	1
Calvert, 3b.....	1	4	1	1	0
Gilbert, lf......	0	3	1	0	1
Koons, 1b......	0	0	9	2	1
Ly's, rf. ss.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals........	12	21	27	9	5

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Mulkie, ss......	1	2	2	3	1
Brady, c.........	0	1	6	2	0
Cregar, 1b......	0	2	9	0	1
Reyn's, rf......	2	2	0	0	0
Bunnell, cf.....	2	2	4	0	0
Cutler, 3b......	0	0	1	0	2
Carey, 2b.......	1	2	4	3	0
Geary, p.........	0	0	0	2	0
Clement, lf.....	1	1	1	0	0
Parker, lf......	0	2	0	0	3
Totals........	7	14	27	10	7

Earned runs, B. U. 4; Sem. 8. Three base hit, Dean. Two base hit, Calvert 4, Young 1, Dean 1, Bunnell 1, Reyn's 2. Double plays, Koons and C. Young, unassisted. Struck out, by Dean 1, C. Young 3, by Geary 6. Umpire, Orth.

The fates seem to decree that Bucknell must win at least one game in a season. This happy event occurred on Decoration Day, when Bucknell defeated Watsontown in a five inning game by the score of 22–7. The feature of the game was Bucknell's batting streak, which was scarcely interrupted from the moment play was called to the time when it was stopped.

Watsontown tried three pitchers and all met with the same reception. The first one to fall was the mighty Weidenhammer who was hammered all over the field. Owing to the intense heat the game was very slow.

The afternoon game was played at Watsontown. Our boys lost because not a man was in condition to play owing to the intense heat and to the effects of the morning game. Watsontown's second team was mostly composed of fresh players. The score in the afternoon stood 8–11.

Following is the morning score:

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Mulkie, ss......	4	3	0	4	0
Grim, 2b.......	4	3	2	2	0
Cregar, 1b......	2	3	5	0	0
Carey, cf........	2	3	1	0	0
Clement, lf.....	1	2	1	0	0
Brady, c........	3	3	3	1	0
Cutler, 3b......	1	1	2	3	1
Geary, p........	3	2	1	2	0
Bayard, rf.....	2	2	0	0	1
	22	22	15	12	2

WATSONTOWN.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sanders, ss.....	1	1	0	6	2
Tyson, 2b......	0	0	2	0	3
C'plin, c. p.....	1	1	0	0	1
N'mer, p.......	0	0	3	3	0
C'plin, 1 b.....	1	0	3	0	1
Diehl, lf.........	1	1	1	2	0
W'man, cf.....	1	1	2	0	0
B'dorf, 3b. p...	1	1	2	2	2
McCullon, 3b..	1	1	2	2	2
	7	6	15	15	11

Two base hit, Mulkie, Grim, Cregar, McCullon. Three base hit, Carey. Home run, Cregar. Struck out by Geary 5, by W'hamer 1. Umpires, Marsh and Shorkley.

Our record in base-ball this year is not an envious one, but the material on hand for next season is all that can be desired.

The second team, under the captaincy of Purdy, played two games with the strong Shamokin team. The morning game resulted in a victory for Shamokin. Score, 16–1. Score in afternoon, 23–8, favor of Shamokin.

Local.

It is hot! 95° in the shade.

F. W. Wagner passed several days in Middleburg a short time ago.

T. Reber Taggart visited old acquaitances in Selinsgrove on the 25th and 26th of May. He reports a very enjoyable trip.

Harlan, one of the famous "Heavenly Twins," says, It snowed on Decoration Day. T'other Twin says, One more frost and the chestnuts will be ripe.

Smith '95, has accepted a position as instructor at Keystone Academy, Factoryville, Pa.

Kauffman '95, has been call to the chair of Science at the Bordentown Military Institute.

Allen, Simpson and W. C. Purdy assisted in the Children's Day exercises at the Milton Baptist church, on Sunday, June 1.

H. M. Pease '95, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Eatonville Baptist church, and will enter upon his duties on June 23.

Dr. Marshall of Chicago, who delivered a lecture on "Foreign Missions" at the Methodist Church, led Chapel on the morning of the 31st of May.

A city bred student whilst strolling down the railroad with some friends saw a "Willie" goat browsing among some cows and remarked,—"What a cute little calf that is!"

J. A. Yoder of '96, is away from College at present on account of the death of his father. The students sympathize with him in his affliction and take this means of expressing their condolence.

The Senior Class has completed the course in Theism; having taken the examination on the 29th ult. There is no regular senior vacation this year, and as a result, no Class Day exercises.

A bearded youth (?) after hearing the statement made that Miss S— was a very fine girl, answered in the affirmative; then, placing his hand on his heart and looking heavenward, he continued, "Yes, and I hope some day to call her Mrs. M—."

Although the Bucknell students, especially those in East Wing, are not noted for early rising, yet on the morning of May 30, they distinguished themselves in that line. For further information see Hall, the Photographer. It is a great picture and you can't afford to be without one.

Dr. Lincoln Hulley will deliver a lecture-reading on James Whitcomb Riley at Bucknell Hall on Thursday Evening, June 6. Dr. Hulley will also deliver the same lecture before the students of Perkiomen Seminary on Wednesday June 12. The proceeds of the lecture in Bucknell Hall will go to the Northfield Fund of the Y. M. C. A.

The anarchists are among us. They made an attempt to blow up Benjamin Meade Wagenseller "Junior," on the night of May 27. We do not know why they singled him out, but suppose it was an attempt to capture the oration which he had carefully prepared for Commencement, or to steal those locks of his for a hair mattress.

Montour Mountain is becoming a popular resort for picnic parties. Messrs. Allen, Pease, and Slifer with ladies, spent Decoration Day among the stones on the western slope of the hill. They report a very pleasant time, yet think the atmosphere was uncomfortably hot. On Saturday, June 1, Miss Armitage chaperoned a party of College men and Institute girls, but they could not go farther than the foot of the mountain on account of the excessive heat.

Decoration Day was appropriately observed in Lewisburg, quite a large crowd having gathered in from the surrounding country. Bucknell, as usual, figured largely in the day's proceedings. The 'Varsity Band led the procession and covered themselves with glory as well as dust. Dr. Perrine delivered a masterly oration before the G. A. R. and their friends in the Opera House. It has been pronounced the finest Memorial address ever heard here. All the town papers printed the address as delivered and give it much merited praise.

The annual exhibition of the Junior Class took place on Friday evening, May 24. The exercises were opened with a selection by the 'Varsity Band, which was followed by a prayer by Dr. Harris. After the Mandolin and Guitar Club had rendered one of their choice selections, the speakers, seven in number, delivered their orations. In order of speaking the members of the Class chosen for the occasion were, Hall, Powell, Davis, Miss Wolfe, Rohland, Reynolds, and Harris. As a whole, the orations were fine productions and showed considerable thought and study. An effort was made by the speakers to say something practical and as such deserve much praise.

On the evening of May 31, the board of editors and managers were very kindly entertained at the home of the publisher of the MIRROR, Mr. J. W. C. Shamp. After spending a short time in conversation they were invited into the dining room where they did ample justice to the following menu:

First Course.
Vegetable Soup.
Second Course.
Chicken and Waffle.
Third Course.
Codfish Cake, Rusk, Lettuce.
Fourth Course.
Curtard Pie, Lemon Custard.
Fifth Course.
Strawberries, Ice Cream, Cake.

Mr. H. S. Schuyler, Ex-Editor-in-Chief, acted as toast master and the following toasts were responded to in a genial manner: "The Ladies," A. W. Johnson; "Base-ball," D. S. Grim; "Our Absent Brethren," J. W. Davis; "Editorial Work," F. W. Jackson; "A Snake Story," J. B. Suiter; "The Ladies of the Staff," B. F. Thomas; "A Fish Story" A. G. Loomis; "The Publisher," J. E. Saul; "How to Find One's Self," S. G. Palmer.

A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Shamp for his courtesies and then the boys withdrew feeling that they had spent a very enjoyable evening.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 28, the long deferred game of basket-ball between the Sophomores and Freshmen was played in the Gymnasium. On the Sophomore team were several men whose function it was to introduce foot-ball practices into the game and disable Freshmen; these players caused much delay in the game by oft repeated fouling. The Sophomores manifested great affection for the ball and hugged it tightly; one man was threatened with disqualification for his next offence. Their amativeness took a turn, and Freshmen necks were treated with bear-like hugs which would have been debarred even from foot-ball or wrestling.

In the first half the ball was mostly in the territory of '98 and it was clearly evident that the Freshmen were not playing their hardest game. Several throws were made for '98's goal, and in one of these, by the kindly interference of a banner hung over the goal, the ball dropped into the basket. Miller made the throw. The ball was now rapidly worked down to the Sophomore goal and Hill made a good clean throw for the basket and was successful in scoring for '98.

Time was called and the game stood 1-1 in favor of the Bucknell banner.

In the second half Sinton played Grim's position on the Sophomore team, and Lindemann took Downing's place; with the Freshmen. In this half a more scientific and open game was played, yet fouls were too numerous. The Freshmen played a hard game and the ball was kept near '97's goal. Time was nearly up and the score was still even when Lindemann threw a goal and broke the tie.

In the second half Bunnell was injured and Grim took his place; this was against the rules but was made necessary by the scarcity of Sophomoric "subs." The Freshmen made at least 20 clean passes in which the ball was not touched by an opponent. The officials were: Brick '95 and Harper '96.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

The Institute Alumnae have arranged a special program for the public meeting on Monday afternoon of commencement week. The speaker of the day will be Miss Cara Reese, of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*.

In order to add to the funds of the Christian Association, Dr. Aviragnet gave a Cantata, "The Twin Sisters" on May 18. It was the unanimous opinion that this was one of the best musical entertainments given during the year. The proceeds netted about eighteen dollars.

On Friday evening, May 17, Mrs. Larison entertained the graduating classes of the College and Institute, together with the Faculty of the University. The reception was a pleasant one in every respect, giving the Faculty and students the much appreciated opportunity of meeting socially.

At the May meeting of the Lewisburg Alumnae Club, Mrs. D. B. Miller gave an excellent paper on the political events of the month, and Mrs. Lincoln Hulley a most interesting account of the literary events. Mrs. Martha E. Wolfe presented, in a very humorous way, legal eccentricities. Different members of the Club then discussed social eccentricities; and some pithy anecdotes were told illustrative of this subject. The evening closed with an exercise of extemporaneous verse-making,—more laughable than classic.

On Sunday afternoon, May 26, the final Program Meeting of the year was held in the interest of the Y. W. C. A. The theme being "Flowers," the parlor was brightened by appropiate decorations. Standard writers gave us their best thoughts on Flowers. These selections together with the vocal music breathed the spirit of the sweet floral theme.

ACADEMIC NEWS.

Where was Sherman when the lights went out?

Perrin has made up his Second Form Declamations.

Powell and Brady may be seen on the tennis courts daily.

The Fourth Form gets a week's vacation before Commencement this year.

Sherman's definition of a number—the concrete idea of an abstract quality.

The debate which was to take place this term between the Hermenia and Adelphia Literary Societies has been postponed.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association, Prof. Phillips and Prof. Fisher were chosen to represent the Academy in the tennis tournament.

Thursday evening, May 23, the Fourth Form was tendered a reception by Dr. and Mrs. Harris. The evening was very pleasantly passed by all;—the hour for departing coming all too soon.

On Saturday, May 25, the Fourth Form defeated the Third Form in a game of base-ball to the tune of 26-12. The battery for the Fourth Form was Hutchinson and Freudenberger, and for the Third Form Cooper and Sherman. Several pretty plays were made. Freudenberger made a home run.

The Fourth Form was again tendered a reception, Thursday evening, May 30, by Prof. and Mrs. Edwards. One of the chief features of the evening was the solving of thirty-one conundrums comprising "A Floral Love Tale." After refreshments were served, Miss Emma Seiler was announced the winner of the prize having but five incorrect answers. Music was furnished by the University Mandolin and Guitar Club. All were well pleased with the evening's entertainment and it was with reluctance that the guests took their departure.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XIV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JUNE 25, 1895. No. 16.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,

By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,

LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

JUNE 25, 1895.

Editorial.

AGAIN it is the duty of the editor to say adieu to his chair and to pass from the arena. This is the last appearance of the MIRROR under the present staff. As a board, we have been most harmonious; every man working to the best of his ability to make our paper as good as the best in the college world. If we have failed in this we have missed our mark. But we are satisfied that the MIRROR stands to-day among the leaders in the college world in literary merit. We do not claim that the success had been alone due to the vigilance and energy of the board, for we realize too well that without the support of the student body no college paper can approach perfection; and we take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the hearty co-operation of both the professors and students in their criticisms as well as their contributions. If the work has been tedious at times, at others it has been most fascinating and pleasant. It is to be expected that we have made mistakes at times; but our friends and contemporaries have been most patient and lenient. We trust that those who follow us next year may be most talented and that each man elected to an editorship may find his proper place in the organization.

THE YEAR 1894-95.

The Board of Trustees suffered severe losses by death during the past five years until in 1894 there were eight vacancies. The filling of these was a subject of much thought and care upon the part of the Board, as the manner in which they were filled would have great, if not decisive influence upon the future of the Institution. There were elected to membership in the Board, of Dr. E. C. Jayne, of Philadelphia, Hon. Charles Miller, of Franklin, Calvin Greene, Esq., of Saltillo, John P. Crozer, Esq., of Chester, Hiram E. Deats, Esq., of Flemington, N. J., E. L. Tustin, Esq., of Philadelphia, and George M. Philips, Ph. D., of West Chester, who was recommended to the Board by the Alumni. While rejoicing in this great increase in the strength and efficiency of the Board, we are called to mourn the loss of one of its most devoted and useful members, Alfred Taylor, Esq., of New York city.

The curricula were revised in 1889, and the class of 1894 was the first to take the revised courses. There have been many additions to the curricula since, and some modifications, though the frame work remains unchanged. The additions have not been mere catalogue offers. The present year forty-four required courses have been given, thirty-seven elective courses, nineteen honor courses, and twelve lecture courses of one hour a week The system has greatly increased the interest of the students in their work, and has nearly doubled the amount of work done.

The removal of the family of a member of the class of '95 to New Haven, and the consequent application for admission to Yale brought to the attention of the public what before was not so well known, that in the last five years the requirements for admission to Bucknell and the courses of study have been brought up to a level with Yale. After careful comparison of courses, and testing of the quality of the work done here, Mr. E. G. Kendall was admitted into the Senior class at Yale without conditions.

The enlargement of the curriculum has become possible only through the increased attendance of students. In 1890, there were seventy-one students in the college, and that was the usual number previously. This rose to one hundred and three in 1891, and to one hundred and seventy-three in 1895. There is every reason to expect a large Freshman class next year, larger than any hitherto. This increased attendance is due chiefly to the friendly relations cultivated between Bucknell and the various academies, high schools and normal schools. Kindness and interest in these schools on the part of the college professors beget good-will in return. The attendance has now about reached the limit of accommodation, with present facilities and an advance in the near future must be made. There will be needed $100,000 for new buildings and improvement of the existing ones.

The appointment of a regular librarian, skilled and enthusiastic in his work has more than doubled the value of that department to the University. The books already owned have been made accessible, sets have been completed, and many new works of value added.

In the Academy the number of students has increased from seventy-five last year to ninety-five this year. Principal Edward, by his firm, but kind, discipline, by his interest in the personal welfare of the students, and by his thorough teaching and tactful management, has more than met the high expectations entertained of him.

The Institute for ladies has advanced beyond its former high standard. An increasing numner of young ladies are taking the Classical Course.

The School of Music under the care of Dr. Aviragnet whose enthusiasm and energy years seem to increase, has made large advances. The department of pipe-organ recently added has proved popular, and has attained great efficiency.

Taking the year as a whole whether we consider the size and quality of the graduating classes, the number of students in attendance, the interest in study, the growing tide of enthusiasm for the schools throughout the state and country, no year in the history of Bucknell shows in a higher light than the one now closing.

ELOQUENT ORATION.

Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln.

HON. JOHN H. LITTLEFIELD,

of Brooklyn, N. Y., Addressed the Literary Societies, in Commencement Hall, Monday evening.

No character in modern history possesses the human interest of Abraham Lincoln. As the years go by his fame increases, his statesmanship gains for him increased admiration, and his broad humanitarian spirit awakens a deeper sentiment in the breasts of his countrymen. The orator of the evening spoke from personal contact with Mr. Lincoln. After a reference to the condition of the country before the war, Mr. Littlefield proceeded to consider some of the salient characteristics of Mr. Lincoln as follows:

"Born in a slave State, reared in a free State, of good stock, of rare qualities of head and heart, it seemed that Heaven had called him to be a chosen leader of his people. With scanty education, without wealth or rank in society, with no influential friends, he is to make his way in the world. Learning his humble lesson by the light of a pine knot (and on one occasion going miles on foot to borrow a book, and working days for its owner because a drenching storm soiled its pages) clearly revealed an essential quality of the future statesman, Abraham Lincoln. The circumstances that surrounded him were well calculated to develop self-reliance. Books were rare and schools were almost unknown in the State of Indiana at the time of his boyhood. If circumstances do not make, they shape and develop the man. Lincoln inherited a deep religious nature, a sound body, a mind clear and strong, a heart tender and sad, and a will firm in the right as God gave him to see the right. It may be asked, Was Mr. Lincoln's success the result of fortunes or did he achieve success? Was he taken from the people by accident? Did some enthusiastic friend merely announce his name to the Chicago convention, and did the people, suddenly smitten with love, proclaim him their champion? His early struggle with Blackstone and Euclid confirmed his rare qualities of logic and condensation of statement. His success is no mystery; no polished courtier, cradled in luxury or surrounded by idle flatterers; no Alexander, with a kingly father to procure an Aristotle or a Diogenes to shape his youthful mind; no flattering qualities to dazzle the multitude, but a plain, honest, homely, thoughtful man—a man for the hour, for all time. His success was the happy combination of his reason, his conscience, his kindness of heart, power of illustration, love of country and humanity, together with a capacity to call up his latent energies for a concentrated, protracted effort. His logic was a habit of his mind. I know of no statesman or public man, whose recorded speeches and State papers approach so nearly to mathematical demonstration. He could not make a speech without saying something. If Mr. Lincoln were to be judged by impromptu efforts, or such speeches as he made on his way to Washington prior to his inauguration as President, full justice would not be done to his acknowledged abilities. He needed time for preparation. He spoke with a certain deliberation, in an earnest, impressive manner. He more closely resembled Demosthenes than any other of the great models of antiquity in the sententious brevity of his language, elevation of his sentiments and the resistless force of his logic."

Mr. Littlefield described the campaign between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas for the Senatorship from Illinois and then proceeded to consider Mr. Lincoln's legal qualities. "As a lawyer he was equally successful before judge and jury. Strictly speaking, he was what is usually termed a 'case' lawyer. While he was familiar with the principles of his profession, yet he did not depend upon his stores of legal lore, but faithfully looked up the facts of each case. He usually contented himself with one or two strong positions, and grouping the facts around them, depended upon the strength of the assault or defense rather than weakening his efforts by a too minute and diffuse representation of his subject. He generally occupied less time than most lawyers in his legal efforts."

The lecturer said that the first time he saw Mr. Lincoln was at Springfield, Illinois, in February, 1859, when he entered his office as a law student. "I had never seen him before," said Mr Littlefield," nor had I even heard or read a description of his personal appearance. At first, I must confess, my hero did not fill out the beautiful proportions sketched in my imagination. He seemed remarkably tall, was absorbed in thought and was walking with long strides leading his boy Tad by the hand. Mr. Lincoln had on, as usual, a large hat which bore down upon his remarkably large ears, and made them appear larger than common.

Mr. Lincoln was six feet three and a quarter inches high, with limbs disproportionately long, a little stoop shouldered, rather thin through the chest, head of full size, high and long, but not broad, his brows were shaggy, and projecting, and, in speaking, he raised the right more than the left one. His hair was coarse and unmanageable, his forehead retreated, but was full in the center, his eyes were of a bluish gray color, deep set, and the upper lids broad and drooping. The cavernous appearance of his eyes, together with the strong lines under them, lent additional force to the habitually melancholy expression of his face."

Mr. Littlefield next spoke of the kindly and sterling qualities of Mr. Lincoln in his private life; of his homely habits and tastes, and his dry quaint humor; of his temperance and religious scruples; of his entrance upon the arduous labors for the salvation of the nation in its hours of greatest peril; of his promptitude and accuracy in the dispatch of public business and his firmness during the darkest days of the rebellion. The speaker referred to Mr. Lincoln's love for story-telling, and repeated some of the dead patriots' best anecdotes to the great amusement of the audience. He then gave a stirring description of the closing hours of the war, and vividly pictured the assassination of the President and the consequent sorrow of the nation.

In conclusion he said: "A poor unlearned lad lay one night on the bottom of a flat-boat floating down the Father of Waters, gazing at the stars and wondering what might be his fortune in the long years to come. Suppose at this time he had been foretold that some day he would become a distinguished lawyer; that he would enter the political arena and become the acknowledged leader of the Whig party in the State of Illinois; that his party should be brushed away as a spider's web by the hand of a giant; that the Republican party should rise from its ruins, and after years of conflict, elevate him to the Presidency; that as soon as he should become inaugurated a great war would break out and rage with terrible fury for four long years; that during this time, as commander-in-chief, he would strike off the chains of four million slaves; that these same slaves would become soldiers—fight for the Union and enjoy the rights of American citizens; that as soon as peace should become established he himself would be taken off by the hands of an assassin; would be mourned by all people as a martyr—if all this had been told him he doubtless would have passed it by as an idle dream. Truth, indeed, is stranger than fiction. Such a dream was more than realized in the life of Abraham Lincoln. He found a nation with its life endangered, its credit impaired, its army useless, its navy scattered, its arms stolen, its officers traitors, its forts captured, the South in arms against the Union, North divided in councils, the Capitol besieged, traitors in every department of the Government, his own life imperiled, a race in chains. He left an immortal record; a character above reproach; a race forever free; a nation united, purified, exalted. Patriot, statesman and martyr, hail and farewell! Thy words of cheer have crossed the Alps and thy image hangs securely amid the Ural mountains. The whole civilized world has been moved by thy life and thy utterances. Thy fame shall grow brighter and brighter while life, love and libert endure."

THE ALUMNI POEM.

The College Bred Man.

By Rev. T. M. Eastwood, '72, of Albany, New York.

Say boys, I was put in a terrible plight
By that vote one year ago,
Which with malice aforethought picked me out,
To bring a rhyme or so;
Just how to get even I wondered long,
And tried earth and Heaven to scan,
'Till at last I concluded to sing you a strain
Concerning the "College Bred Man."

Now the college man is a wonderful man,
As every one present must know,—
The very quintessence of everything grand,
The Acme of things below.
He's a light-house bright on a stormy main,
A beacon from distant shore,
A rainbow grand in a summer sky
And a jewel forevermore.

It used to be thought that the good for nought youth
Who was lacking in pluck and heart
Was the fittest of all for the college life,
And to learn scholastic art.
That time has departed, for everywhere now
Alma mater claims the man
In whose veins the blood of a conqueror runs,
High aims and a definite plan.

He's the pick of the mill, the bank and the store;—
The choice of the flowering life;
A youth of the purest and noblest ideals
In whom ambition is rife.
With eye on the future and heart in the fray
Assured that "Knowledge is Power,"
He seeks to secure a well disciplined mind,
And store it with wisdoms' rich dower.

He's a lover of sport in the open field,
The diamond's the pride of his life.
At tennis he plays with a hearty good will,
And foot-ball's glorious strife;
O'er the river he skims in a dainty shell
On bicycle wheel he flies,
He's an athlete strong in gymnasium halls
A pedestrain too when he tries.

His pranks, they affirm, are a little bit wild,
At least now are said to be so
By those who've been ducked in the river to cool,
Or tumbled in wintry snow.
A relic is this of the far away past
A joy to return no more,
For the greatest instructors now solemnly say
That barbarous hazing is o'er.

The college in session he quickens his mind,
Improving the days of youth;
Over tomes of deep learning he solemnly pores,
And drinks from the fountains of truth.
In his Greek and his Latin he carefully reads,
Mathematics conquers galore;
While logic's an exquisite pleasure so sweet
That physics' a Bete Noir.

He may not remember whatever he learns.
(That's but a trifling affair!).
The process of discipline's what he requires,
Not the knowledge he can air;
The application he gives to the work he does,
Is more than figures or facts,
Persistent endeavor the way to secure
Transmuting of thoughts into acts.

When in need of a friend he's the man to find,
For noble he is and true,
No kindness received he can ever forget
Nor fellows who pull him through,
He notes at a glance the wink of an eye,
Interprets a sign or nudge;
And of everything great and noble and high,
He's the very best kind of a judge.

You think him conceited, 'tis all a mistake,
He's only conscious of power;
Aware that the world is awaiting the touch
Of the man who fits the hour.
His corners are rubbed until perfectly round,
His character tested too,
And what you mistake for form of conceit,
Is high manhood shining through.

At last, graduation, What happiness then ?
The platfiorm he strides a king;
The goal has been gained for which he has fought,
His heart so glad, it can sing.
Oration now spoken he bows his adieu,
The study of years is o'er,
His face to the future he hopefully turns,
And walks hales of learning no more.

The college behind him, his life's but begun,
In patience he seeks the place
Where the brain and the brawn his turning has given,
A prize may win in the race.
He toils and he struggles and battles for years,
Never discouraged is he,
He knows that though mountains may reach to the stars,
Their peaks yet ascended may be.

And so you will find him all over the world
A toiling with right good will.
And there's never a place that he fails to grace,
Nor sphere that he cannot fill.
In his home, he's a gentleman kind and true,
A citizen, pure and grand,
And wherever there's work for the right to do,
He's ready with heart and hand.

He's the man for a preacher, doctor too,
A wise attorney-at-law,
A magnificent man in the business world,
An orator sure to draw.
A leader in politics manly and brave,
A soldier true and bold,
A farmer who gathers the ripening grain.
And a statesman too, I am told.

They say a new woman is coming along,
And nowhere a man to mate,
And that wonderful progress of the fair
Has decreed a single state;
There's never a woman unfettered, free,
Who can ever soar so high,
But will find at her side the college bred man,
As she rises toward the sky.

Then here's to the health of the college bred man,
The teacher who gives his dower
To the lectures and books, the studies and games,
And all his sources of power.
To the God who has made him a leader of men,
And sends him equipped for the fray,
The college that trains him to be what he is,
The king among men of to-day.

Say fellows, don't tell what I'm telling you now,
A secret intended for you,
A fact none the less if the secret gets out
And told the whole nation through.
The glorious present with all its high hopes,
And the future's perfect plan,
The most wonderful prospects however sublime,
Are for you, O college bred man.

CLOSING EXERCISES

Of the Class of '95 held on Wednesday Morning.

AWARDING OF THE PRIZES.

Spirited Contest for the Gold Watch—Twenty Five Graduates.

The exercises of the forty-fifth annual commencement of the college occurred Wednesday morning. Twenty-five young men and women appeared on the stage at 9 o'clock, dressed in the classic cap and gown. Meanwhile a large and appreciative audience had gathered to listen to the orators of the day. Music of a superior character was rendered by Sak's Orchestra of Milton, Miss Alice Woods, of Williamsport, and Miss May Lyle Smith, of New York city. The names and addresses of those who graduated are as follows: Ezra Allen, Coudersport; Benjamin Kane Brick, Marlton, N. J.; Joseph Caldwell Carey, Glen Loch; William Henderson Carey, Glen Loch; Minnie Cotton, Lewisburg; William Anderson Crawford, De Lancey; Peter Bodine Cregar, Annandale, N. J.; Nelson Fithian Davis, Bridgeton. N. J.; Thomas Carson Hanna, Pottsville; William Theophilus Harris, Frankford; Frank Watterson Jackson, Ohiopyle; William Albert Kauffman, Strode's Mills; Andrew Gregg Loomis, Lewisburg; Kate Irene McLaughlin, Lewisburg; William Theodore Paulin, Jr., Philadelphia; Herbert Moxley Pease, Jackson; Cora Reiff Perry, Eagleville; David Phillips, Plymouth; Leo Guido Charles Riemer, Brookston; Herbert Spencer Schuyler, Turbotville; William Boyd Sheddan, Pottsgrove; Franklin Isaac Sigmund, Philadelphia; Frank Morton Simpson, Clifford; Bromley Smith, Wilkes-Barre; Benjamin Meade Wagenseller, Selinsgrove.

Ten members of the class delivered orations. Each production was of a high character, and the author of it was chosen to speak on the score of scholarship. The following program was rendered:

March.................................Sak's Orchestra.
Self-Discovery..Ezra Allen.
The Spirit of the Scholar..........................Minnie Cotton.
Self in Ethics...T. C. Hanna.
Common Sense in Politics..........................F. W. Jackson.
Music...........Violin Solo...........Miss Alice Woods.
The Ideal in Education................................W. A. Kauffman.
The Imagination in Science..............................H. M. Pease.
Discriminate Altruism,...................................G. C. L. Riemer.
Music...Sak's Orchestra.
The Partisan in Politics,...................................H. S. Schuyler.
Beyond Natural Phenomena..............................W. B. Sheddan.
The Triumph of Altruism in the Constitution..Bromley Smith.
Music.........Flute Solo.........Miss May Lyle Smith.
Address to Graduating Class.............Rev. Lemuel Moss, D. D.
Awarding of Prizes and Conferring of Degrees.
Benediction.
Music...Sak's Orchestra.

Rev. Dr. Moss was then introduced. His address was of great value to all, was delivered in an attractive manner and as the fruit of his own life work.

The prize winners were announced as follows:

The President's prizes for excellence in Psychology were awarded first to G. C. L. Riemer; second, H. S. Schuyler.

The Chemistry prize was given to H. S. Schuyler.

S. R. Wood received the first, and D. E. Lewis, the second prize in the Junior Debate.

Miss Mary M. Wolfe won the Registrar's prize in Junior oratory.

In the Sophomore class, Miss Maude E. Hanna was awarded the essay prize, and F. F. Nelson the prize for Declamation.

C. B. Lindemann was given the three Freshman prizes, namely: essay, declamation, and prize for the best preparation in Latin and Mathematics.

The gold watch given to that member of the graduating class who shall pronounce the best oration on Commencement day, was awarded to W. B. Sheddan.

INSTITUTE COMMENCEMENT.

Class of Young, Bright and Beautiful Members.

INTERESTING EXERCISES.

Seventeen Young Ladies Graduate from the Institute on Tuesday Afternoon—Awarding of Prizes—Etc.

At half past two o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, the Institute had its forty-second annual commencement. Notwithstanding the warm weather, the hall was full to overflowing. The class marched from the Literary Halls to the stage preceded by Messrs. Allen and Simpson, in caps and gowns, the faculty, and some renowned alumni. As the class passed through the aisles, we were struck by their beauty, their grace in every movement, and their young and lady-like appearance. It was remarked that the seventeen members of this class were the brightest, the youngest, the most beautiful and the best cultured that have graduated from the Seminary for many years. These girls undoubtedly showed, in all ways that their training has been broad and complete. Their course seems to have prepared them well for accomplishing the duties of their future career.

Judging from the interest taken in the essays of the class, one can say that they were seventeen wisely chosen and well rendered subjects. The productions brought out clearly that woman can do much in a literary way, and that essays are not necessarily burdensome to an audience. In these subjects the class also showed its perfect and complete training, since the members write on themes chosen by lot. The faculty had full confidence in the girls' ability and well did they merit it. The audience was not only captivated by the good thoughts, clearly brought out, but also by the manner of delivery. The reading was a credit to the institution. The girls were full of their subjects and seemed to fill every person in the hall in such a way that many will never forget some of the splendid thoughts.

The program:

Music.
Prayer.
Legends...Frances M. Baker, Lewisburg.
Two Lives...Mary H. Baker, Lewisburg.
The King Arthur of Romance......Elizabeth E. Brubaker, Mifflinburg.
A Review..............................Jennie A. Davis, Camden, New Jersey.
An American Genius................................Irene C. Ellis, Jersey Shore.
The Kingdom of Hawaii..............................Laura Fague, Hughesville.
Music.
Desdemona...Bessie V. Freas, Scranton.
Utopia.......................................Augusta J. Hanna, Lock Haven.
Brook Farm...Beulah Hayes, Lewisburg.
Water.....................................Stella R. Houghton, Lewisburg.
Teaching by Travel..................................Mary Matlack, Lewisburg.
Bacon's Essays..............................Edith E. Schaffer, Derry Church.
Music.
College Settlements...................................Grace Slifer, Lewisburg.
Frances Power Cobbe...............................Alice Snowdon, Hughesville.
Heroines...Florence V. Stoner, Sunbury.
Katherine of Aragon................................Mary A. Thornton, Lewisburg.
Ballads..Mary E. Wilson, Lewisburg.
Music.
Address to the Class...President Harris.
Conferring Diplomas and Gold Medals.
Awarding Prizes.
Benediction.
Music.

President Harris' address to the class was full of words of encouragement and praise for woman. He thought a properly educated woman is in great demand and will be much wanted in the future.

Mrs. Katharine Larison distributed the diplomas and gold medals, and finally the prizes, after they were announced by Pres. Harris. The following persons received prizes for work done in the Seminary during the school year: Miss Mary Wilson, the senior scholarship prize; Miss Grace Slifer, first senior essay prize; Miss Jennie Davis, second senior essay prize; Miss Seiler, first fourth year scholarship prize; Miss Bessie Noyes, second prize; Miss Beulah Hayes, Lippincott prize; Miss Bessie Freas, elocution prize; Miss Minnie Visick, music prize; Miss Mary Thornton, French prize.

The entire commencement was a grand success. The music furnished by Dr. Aviragnet added much to the many pleasant features of the exercises. All present looked well pleased and seemed assured that the Seminary has been making great progress.

ACADEMY COMMENCEMENT.

Orations by Members of the Class.

TIMELY TOPICS TREATED.

Eight Young men Graduated from the Academy Tuesday Morning—Awarding of Prizes—Etc.

On Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock, in the presence of a large audience, the first class graduated from the Academy since the accession of their able and active Principal, Prof. T. A. Edwards. Eight young men delivered orations which showed the results of good training by efficient instructors and zealous work by the young men.

The orations, speaking generally, were very good, combining eloquence of expression and elegance of thought. In the choice of subjects, the speakers showed great discrimination, choosing subjects excellent alike for their interesting subject-matter and for their value as instructive agents.

A feature of the program especially to be commended was the music. The selection rendered by the Milton Orchestra, Miss Alice Woods on the violin, and Miss May Lyle Smith on the flute, were all of high order and reflect great credit on Dr. Aviragnet, through whose instrumentality this array of musical talent was brought together.

A copy of the program is here appended:

Music—Orchestra.
Prayer.
The Indian versus the Government,
Oliver John Decker, DuBoistown, Pa.
Robert Ross, a Martyr to Pure Politics......LeRoy Hall, Union City, Pa.
The Influence of Missions.........Charles Way Harvey, Unionville, Pa.
Music—Violin Solo, Miss Alice Woods.
Frederick Douglas as a Patriot....Joseph Chalmer Hazen, Achor, Ohio.
Compulsory Education Laws. ....Albert Hutchisson, Holmes, Pa.
The Effects of Unrestricted Immigration,
Edwin Lightner Nesbit, Lewisburg, Pa.
Music—Flute solo, Miss May Lyle Smith.
The Influence of Charles Dickens on Society,
Frank G. Perrin, Edgemont, Pa.
The Benefits of Labor Unions,......W. Myles Warren, Germantown, Pa.
Music—Orchestra.
Awarding of Prizes.
Benediction.
Music—Orchestra.

Principal Edwards announced the awards of the annual prizes. The Rev. David P. Leas prize for the member of the Third Form who shall excel in Declamation was awarded to Mr. Charles J. Pearse, with honorable mention to Mr. J. W. Cottrell; the Harry S. Hopper prize to the member of the Fourth Form for excellence in composition, to Mr. Charles Way Harvey; the Prof. W. E. Martin prize to the one who shall pronounce the best oration at the Fourth Form Exhibition, to Mr. Charles Way Harvey, with honorable mention to Mr. Edwin L. Nesbit.

INSTITUTE ALUMNI.

The Unusually Interesting Exercises of the Ladies.

An unusually large crowd gathered in Bucknell Hall at 3 p. m., Monday, to attend the annual exercises of the Institute Alumnae. This is one of the most important sessions of commencement week and the exercise this year were of an exceedingly high order.

The program opened with a mandolin trio by Messrs. Martin, Koser and Moyer This was followed by prayer by Rev. F. S. Dobbins, Secretary of the Home Mission Society.

Then came the interesting histories of the decennial classes.

Mrs. Maria Probasco Tustin gave the history of the class of '55. Her manner was easy and pleasant to listen to. She said that literary training was good, but that of the soul must not be neglected. She advised the young ladies if they wished to make a success of life, not to grasp everything, but take up some special line of work best adapted to them. She was one of the three who organized the Alumnæ Association which now numbers four hundred and seventy-one. She was followed by Mrs. Alice Casselbury with the interesting history of the class of '65.

Mrs. Casselbury told all about her seventeen different class-mates who were engaged in the different duties of women in different parts of the world.

At this point on the program a beautiful duet was rendered by Miss Julia Weidensaul and Mr. W. M. Bunnell.

Miss Carrie Kenyon followed with the history of '75. Her rendering of the happenings of her successful class-mates was tersely written and very well received.

In the absence of Mrs. J. E. Sagebeer, the history of '85 was read in a very pleasing manner by Miss Annie Van Gundy, of Lewisburg.

Each thought they had settled in their proper places in life, and were receiving the good from their training while at school.

Miss Juliet Aikin favored the audience with a very fine piano solo.

The address of the afternoon on "The New Woman," was most ably given by Miss Cara Reese, '76.

After a piano duet by Misses Aikin and Morgan, the benediction was given by Dr. Dobbins.

Thus ended one of the most successful meetings ever held by the Institute Alumnæ Association.

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Exhibition and Commencement of the School of Music.

On Friday evening, June 14, at eight o'clock, occurred the Annual Exhibition of the School of Music, in Bucknell Hall, under the direction of Dr. Avirognet and his three competent assistants. These exercises were very largely attended and were exceedingly interesting. The following fine program was rendered:

Part I.

Overture of Fra Diavolo,	Misses B. Watkins, O. Silvers, E. Walker.
Cradle Song for Violin	Miss E. Shires.
Camp of Gypsies Piano Solo	Miss E. Seiler.
'Twas April, ballad	Miss M. O'Donnell.
La Cinquantaine Violoncello Solo	Mr. R. Wendel.
Concert March, for piano, 4 hands,	Misses J. Himmelreich and J. Reading.
All in a Garden Fair, ballad	Miss S. Jones.
Mazurka Appassionata, for piano	Miss G. Church.
I Seek for Thee in Every Flower	Miss G. Morgan.
Elysee Waltz, for piano	Miss O. Silvers.
Sognai melody	Miss J. Weidensaul.

Part II.

Charge of Cavalry, piano, 4 hands,	Misses B. Watkins and G. Morgan.
Mon Ame a Dieu Mon Cœur a Toi, Serenade	Miss Potter.
Voix du ciel, piano solo	Miss J. Lawshe.
Grande Valse Brillante	Miss J. Reading.
Sweet Pleasures on the Water	Misses Weidensaul and Davis.
Les Cascades	Miss M. Craig.
Spirito Gentil	Mr. Bunnell.
Trovatore Fantaisie, for violin and piano	Misses Lawshe.
Love's Sorrow	Miss Voris.
Fair Ellen Mazurka, for piano	Miss B. Watkins.

Judging from these exercises and the fine manner in which the different programs were carried out, the School of Music shows much improvement over former years.

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Art Exhibit.

Interesting Work of the School of Art for the Year.

Visitors to commencement this year should not miss the Art Exhibition at the Institute Studio. This is one of the most interesting and attractive exhibits which the Art Department has ever offered. Not only is the arrangement of drawings and paintings tasteful and attractive, but the studio is made especially cool and inviting by the flowers and banks of ferns; the latter procured by the boys of the Academy from the Montandon marsh.

It should be born in mind that not one-half of the work done during the year is on exhibition. Many of the art students carry home their work at Christmas and others present pieces to their friends so that the exhibit is made up of what is very largely the work of one term. The time of most of the students is very limited and but very few are able to give their whole attention to this work.

Of the work in the departments, the finest collection is in the way of sepias and water-color drawings. To be noted especially are sepias of the bridge on Faculty Avenue and the one farther down the run. Most of the water-color work is in the way of flowers, the most noticeable being the various collections of pansies.

The paintings in oil are, of course, much richer and deeper in coloring. One of a baby asleep in its cradle is most apt to impress the observer. A little winter scene looks quite chilly and is a great favorite in these warm June days. Of work done from nature there is a fine piece with an ancient blue pitcher and saucer, together with a swiss cheese and some crackers. An interesting tale goes with this picture as a venturesome mouse used regularly to steal the crackers while the work was in progress and necessitate a new supply each morning.

In china work, the most noteworthy is a chocolate set, decorated with poppies. The painting is the work of Miss Emily Clingan, of Lewisburg, and shows refined taste both in the general treatment and the variations in the design.

Most of the black and white work is not placed on exhibition as it is the sort of thing first attempted by students and is necessarily very crude and incomplete. Much of the drawing done at this stage is in books and so not available for display.

While it is especially difficult to pick out that work which is most meritorious, yet several of the young artists deserve a special recognition. Misses Ruth Bower, Lizzie Evans and Viola Pensyl have made especially rapid progress during the year and show in their work evidence of much painstaking care. Miss Margaret Ross should also be remembered for her crayon work. One study, "As Found in the Morning," is quite suggestive with the open Bible, the candle burned to the socket and the spectacles upon the open page.

Many friends are to be thanked for their interest in the work as shown by their lending old dishes, furniture and flowers for models. Miss Neotling, of Selinsgrove, brought out a family heirloom in the shape of an old candlestick over one hundred years old as a model for a drawing.

Miss Wood is to be congratulated on her successful work both as a teacher of art and as the inspirer of such artistic grouping of objects as the finished pictures show.

Laboratory Reception.

As usual, the Institute commencement exercises were so protracted that the reception by the Physical and Chemical Society, assisted by the Natural History Society, was not so well attended as it deserved.

Visitors were met at the door by Prof. Fisher, who directed them upstairs. Here were to be seen sections under microscopes, of cuttings in Anatomy and Plant Histology. After looking at the skeletons and preserved specimens, visitors passed into the room of living specimens. These consisted of about twenty snakes and their charmer, Mr. James D. Macnab. A great deal of interest was show in the manipulations of the reptilian pets by their friend. Several people were heard to say that the greatest curiosity was a man who could wear a snake for a hatband.

The next thing was a visit to the room containing the apparatus for experiments in physics and electricity.

On passing down stairs, the crowd was turned into the main lecture room. Here Prof. Owens discussed the phenomena of combustion, showing how light is produced in a flame, how solids will burn in a gas, and how two solids will unite under proper conditions. Among the most interesting of these was the burning of sugar, potassium chlorate and sulphuric acid, the burning of sodium on ice, and the burning under water of potassium chlorate, phosphorus and sulphuric acid.

At this point Prof. Owens turned over the entertainment to Mr. F. W. Brown, who proceeded to show the color reactions for determining tin, lead, antimony and arsenic. He next proceeded to perform Kellar's famous water and wine trick of pouring water and wine from the same pitcher. Many of the audience were somewhat sceptical and expressed disappointment that "Doc" did not explain the way in which the wonderful changes were brought about.

The Athletic Exercises of Monday Afternoon.

The field and track athletic contests held on the athletic field Monday afternoon, June 17, were attended by a small crowd. The weather, unlike at former occasion of this kind, was all that could be desired, but the rough, grassy track greatly hindered the record breaking anticipations of the contestants.

Shortly after 2:30 p. m., starter Reynolds brought the hundred yard men to the line. The finish was easy for R. M. Brady in 10½ seconds; W. H. Carey, second; F. W. Jackson, third. The former record was 11 seconds.

The second event was the shot put and closed with E. W. Cober, first, 31 ft. 9 in.; second, H. W. Savidge, 30 ft., third, Brick, 29 ft. 8 in. A new college records was then made of 36 ft. 7½ in. by B. Smith. The former record held by him was 33 ft. 8½ in.

The next event was the 220 yard hurdle race with H. C. Downing the only entry. Time, 33 seconds.

Event number four was the half-mile run, in which A. O. Miller had 80 yards handicap over Slifer. The time of Slifer was 2 minutes 15¼ seconds, his former record being 2 minutes 10 seconds. Miller finished first by ten yards.

Next event was the broad jump, which was won by Savidge, 17 ft. 5 in.; second, Harper, 17 ft. 4 in. The previous record of 18 ft. 10 in., held by B. Smith, was broken by him and increased to 19 feet in the last trial.

Hanna and Fetzer started in the mile walk but were ruled off for running. The record is held by Hanna, and is 9 minutes 9½ seconds.

The running high jump had but one contestant, H. W. Savidge, who made a mark of 4 feet 10 inches. The record is 5 feet 4 inches, held by Bromley Smith.

The remainder of the records we summarize below:

HOP STEP AND JUMP.

First, B. Smith, 42 feet 6 in.
Second, Savidge, 37 feet 9½ in.
The winner broke his own record 4 feet 1 inch.

STANDING BROAD JUMP.

B. Smith, 9 feet 10½ in.
The former record, held by Elliott, '98, was broken by 1 foot.

HIGH KICK.

The event was called off, since the only contestant was injured.

220 YARD DASH.

First, Brady, 26¾ sec.; second, Dillon, 27 sec. Brady easily broke the record by one-fourth second, and promises to be an excellent runner.

HAMMER THROWING.

First, Cober, 93 ft. 7 in.; second, Brick, '95, 75 ft. 11 in.; third, Davis, '95, 73 ft. 6 in. B. Smith made a wonderful exhibition throwing the hammer 96 ft. ½in., and broke the old record by 2 ft. 11½ inches.

120 YARD HURDLE.

Downing, 20 sec. The record was broken 2¼ sec.

ONE MILE RUN.

First, Slifer, '98, 5 min. 16 seconds; second, Fetzer, '98. This breaks our record 22 sec. and the State inter-collegiate record 3 sec.

POLE VAULT.

First, W. H. Carey, 8 ft. 1 in.; second, Jackson and A. O. Miller. The record of 9 ft. by B. Smith was not broken.

ONE-FOURTH MILE DASH.

Downing, 1 min. The record was broken 6 sec.

The meet was a grand success. Eleven records were broken and the most of these in dashing and running. The increase toward the track fund amounted to almost sixteen dollars. This will help us a trifle in laying a track and perhaps urge Alumni, who have any care for the success of their Alma Mater, to pay a small contribution toward such a great need. We have experienced the work of a trainer, now we want a track, and then Bucknell will be second to none in the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association.

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Next Commencement is the 50th Anniversary of the founding of the University. Preparations are on foot to secure famous orators and excellent music.

The MIRROR staff wish to acknowledge the kindness of the Editor of *Commencement News*, Mr. Schuyler, in that the material for this number is almost entirely from the columns of that paper. If we have not made a proper selection of material, we are sorry and hope that the editors another year may profit by our experience and re-publish such matter as will be of interest to the greatest number.

As one passed through the many groups of Alumni and visitors during the week, perhaps the remark most often heard was; "How beautiful the campus looks this year." It was very gratifying to the authorities to hear the many kindly remarks about our grand campus and surely it merited all the praise it received. Much work has been put upon it this spring in the way of repairing the unsodded portions of the terraces, trimming the trees and general work to make the grove attractive. The grass has been kept under excellent control and the lawn-mower has been heard every day for many weeks.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., OCTOBER 10, 1895. No. 1.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

OCTOBER 10, 1895.

Editorial.

GREETING! The MIRROR extends a welcome to the unusually large number of new students. Through the efficiency of those who have it in charge, a well-kept campus and inviting apartments awaited their coming. But the commodius buildings were over-crowded and many were obliged to secure homes in families of the vicinity. Earnest, energetic, and well prepared, the Freshman class is winning golden opinions. Welcome to the new students.

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THE MIRROR, issued every two weeks, will collect and make exposition of such affairs as are most prominent, and a perusal of its columns cannot fail to give a broader and better view of the University and its environment.

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THE Y. M. C. A. displayed its usual activity. Incoming students found themselves in the hands of obliging and intelligent companions who gave them a neat guide-book containing information of importance to strangers, and directed them to their new home. On Saturday, receptions were held in the different departments introducing the new-comers at once into social life at Bucknell. Did not the Y. M. C. A. also help much to sustain the high moral tone during the whole year, its cordiality on this occasion alone would be sufficient to merit the co-operation and support of the student body.

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OUR college life is democratic. A good comradeship prevails, and it is advantageous to enter into that spirit as quickly as possible. To be sure the class of ninety-nine has received certain instructions in etiquette styled "Freshman Commandments," printed by the benevolence of the preceding class; yet there is an etiquette of college life that can be acquired only by entering into its various phases with a determination to gain the most from them.

En passant, this subject of college etiquette will be made excuse for a short digression in the realm of Archaeology. The value of such caprices or jokes, as the one of the Freshman Commandments, cannot be fully appreciated except when they are put in their proper historical setting. There is perhaps only one practical college joke now extant, which bears any comparison with the one mentioned in point of antiquity: That is, the painting of the class number on town pavements. This alternate joke must be immediately resorted to by the class of ninety-nine or its fortunes will be irretrievably ruined.

It is not desirable to have the lower classmen dispense with the rules of deportment holding universally among gentlemen, and to have them imagine themselves among their boyhood companions. A gentlemanly respect for the rights of others can nowhere be better cultivated and will nowhere bring greater returns than among college men. Since here all are equal, a frank, easy and respectful bearing can be readily acquired.

Some skilled in Athletics, some in Music, some in Art, gathering from the far North, East, South and West, college life will be richer than ever before. The greatest experience comes from classmates. Four years of association will change the knowledge and experience of individuals into an enlarged common experience. Depth of experience comes from the class, breadth of experience can come only when there is a respectful equality among the members of all parts of the university. Such a generous democracy should be the aim of each and all.

Literary.

THE DISCOVERY.

'Mid relics of the long forgotten Past
I searched one autumn day.
Each trophy seemed more precious than the last
In all that odd array.

Time yellowed letters, garments strange and quaint,
Cracked teapots, flowered plates,
Old fashioned chairs, quite innocent of paint,
All things Time consecrates.

When, opening an ancient battered chest
Advanced in mild decay,
An antique hymn-book found I in my quest,
Long hid from light of day.

Full many a name and date its fly-leaves bore,
Son's, sire's, and grandsire's too,
"His Book," in letters large, the name before;
A century since 'twas new.

But to the back I found the leaf adhered
Enclosing 'twixt the two
A mystery small that must be cleared
And straightway brought to view.

A little, yellow, many-folded note
So long and strangely hid !
I shrank at first from reading message wrote
By one an age beneath the coffin-lid.

It ran, "The rose is red, the violet blue,"
Those quaint and time-worn lines,
"The pink is sweet, and she is, too,
My sweetheart, Rachel Hines."

The homely words with subtle romance fraught
Full many a time I scanned,
And fancies shaped until I almost thought
I saw the youth whose hand
Had penned the precious secret of his heart
And hid it with such care.
Thought he of length of years that might depart
Ere it should be laid bare?

"Ah, well !" I mused, turned playful in my bent,
"What e'er the old folks say,
Great-grandpa wasn't wildly different
From silly boys to-day !"

O M. W.

PATRIOTISM IN A PEACEFUL EPOCH.

Flying colors, beating drums, thundering cannon, struggle, carnage and death, these in the thought of thousands are the essential accompaniments to a display of patriotism; these form the background upon which they paint their picture of a patriot. The magnificent strains of Wagner, Handel and Beethoven have lifted men's souls to almost celestial heights, until they have felt the throbbing of the divinity within them, but the martial music of fife and drum has awakened their human nature, fired their hearts with courage, and led them on to victory. To mankind at large patriotism and war are correlative terms, while couragé and reckless daring are synonomous in action, if not in speech.

This association of patriotism with martial times is common to all peoples; it has its birth in the tendency of mankind to be satisfied with causes most easily seen, and has been fostered by every history yet written. This association is natural, because in times of war patriotism finds its loudest expression, because at such times the exhibition of a patriotic spirit are seen by all the world. In the midst of the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry men perform gallant deeds, and every reveberation and echo carry the news of their patriotism over all the land. Men cannot help but see and hear, and thus unconsciously they limit the exhibition of patriotism to warlike times.

The reason why so many narrow opinions prevail among men is because they do not search for reasons but accept those that are evident without investigation and demand no more. It is this habit that has led to such a restricted conception of patriotism. Because it is not so easily seen, many men do not associate the thought of patriotism with a time when the cannon are silent and the drums are hushed, and when gentle peace spreads her protecting wings over the land like the cherubim of gold over the ark of Israel. Such times, however, demand patriotism as truly as those periods when the country is rent with strife and surrounded with dangerous enemies. It is this demand which gives us the theme for our thought, namely: The Obligations of Citizenship.

There are two chief elements of patriotism so broad that they comprehend all minor elements that might be said to make a man patriotic. The first and fundamental element is a love for ones country. This is the main-spring that prompts to action the slumbering desire within. No matter what other elements a man may possess, if in his heart there is no love for his country, he can be no real patriot. Brave he may be, and fearless of all danger, but unless urged on and controlled by a love for home and native land, his service cannot be. called the result of real patriotism. The quiet indignation of the poet finds a response in every loyal heart,

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

This is the element that has given to us our glorious names, and our far more glorious men, for a true man is always greater than his name! This is the element that has made men forget themselves when the need of their country has called them forth to danger and suffering. This is what gave us Washington and Lincoln, the one the Father of his country, and the other its Saviour.

The second element of patriotism, which makes operative this love of country of which we have been speaking, is courage. While love of country is fundamental in all real patriotism, yet it can find but little expression except it be joined with a courageous heart. Love of country must inspire the heart and courage strengthen it for giving reality to the inspiration. One man may have a warm love for his country, and yet not be brave enough to follow the promptings of his love. Another man may be brave enough to hazard anything and everything, and yet have no love for his country to awaken and stimulate his courage. Neither is a real patriot, yet there are in the two the elements of both a patriot and a traitor. The two elements are not independent, but interdependent; both are essential to a spirit of true patriotism.

I have before said that to mankind at large courage and reckless daring are synonymous in action if not in speech. It may be well to make a distinction here between the two, lest we mistake the nature of this second element. Two men are fighting side by side, each striving for the same purpose, each having the same point in view. But one is naturally bold and daring, while the other is timid and shrinking. The first moves forward recklessly and with no thought of danger, urged on by the smell of powder and the noise of battle; the other moves on as unflinchingly as the first, but with set teeth and nerves at the highest tension as he sees the danger on every side. The first man is daring; the second is courageous, for courage calls for sacrifice, and sometimes for death.

Even a surface study of citizenship will show it demanding these two elements which are at the basis of patriotism. True citizenship, not in name only but in fact, is real patriotism. He who is a true citizen in times of peace will be a real patriot when war demands a different form of service. There must be as deep a love of country in the heart of the citizen as in the heart of the patriot. This must be the principle dominating them both. This must be the foundation upon which both must build their structures, for he who rightly builds one builds also the other. The patriot need not necessarily be made one by the necessities of war, but he already exists as a true citizen, for the love of his country which sends him forth to struggle with arms for her security is not born at the sound of the tocsin, but has always been the spirit that has prompted him to loyal service.

Again, courage, the second element in patriotism is the second factor in citizenship. True, it has different methods of operation, and finds expression in another manner, but it is none the less true courage, for the courage demanded of the citizen is courage of conviction. In times of war many a man, who rushes boldly forward against the enemy in the thick of the fight, is fearful and trembling, when in the darkness and stillness of the night he paces back and forth on sentinel duty. Many a man, who has physical courage that enables him to stand firm by the flag of his country, lacks the moral courage, the courage of conviction, to stand by the principles which he knows to be right. In the peaceful periods of our country's history every citizen is doing sentinel duty, and such service demands the keenest moral courage.

Thus we see that citizenship is akin to patriotism, that the true citizen is the real patriot, and the true patriot is the real citizen. Let us next consider how these elements common to both find expression in the exercise of citizenship. The way that comes first to every mind, or, at least, first to most minds, perhaps, is in properly fulfilling the obligations of suffrage. A man's right to the ballot is the evidence of his freedom, the seal of his political manhood; deprive him of this and you disgrace him in his own eyes as well as in the eyes of others. And yet this right which men prize so much they misuse and abuse to the moral weakening of their own character and to the detriment of their country's good. The weapon thus placed in their hands for their country's defense is used for their own aggrandizement and made subservient to base ends. The exercise of the voting privilege proves a man's patriotism, or his lack of it, because the regard for his country, which animates every real patriot, will not permit him to wilfully vote away her prosperity, while the courage, which is the second qualification, makes him bold to follow his highest convictions. March to the ballot box filled with the same spirit that would inspire you if you were marching at the call of your country against a material enemy. See in every attempt at corruption a menace to your country's prosperity, and regard every man who seeks her hurt as a foe to that which to you is sacred and dear. Be alert, as the sentinel in the silent watches of the night, to catch the slightest intimation of danger, and then with loyal heart prove your love by a neverfailing courage by taking the ballot in your hand that stands for truth and right against error and wrong, and with this weapon overwhelm every foe to Justice and Liberty.

The second manner in which a man reveals his patriotism in a time of peace is by his attitude towards public interests. With jealous eye the true citizen watches every developing measure, to know whether it will add to or detract from the advancement of his country's good. Legislation in its various departments has his attention and his interest. All manner of public work receives from him an intelligent scrutiny. He does not stand by in ignorance of impending measures, and then talk bitterly for month after the measures have become laws about some one feature that opposes his comfort or effects his finances. How many so-called citizens do not know enough of existing laws and present conditions to be able to have an intelligent opinion in reference to any proposed measure affecting them. And here the second element in patriotism and citizenship finds its largest field. Courage to maintain his convictions, and to stand by them as faithfully as the gunner by his piece or the sentinel by his post, is demanded of every man who would be a true and loyal citizen. Neither blind prejudice nor stubborn adherance to individual opinion is what is required, but the moral courage to assert ones firm belief, which has been reached after wise and careful thought, even though such belief be unpopular.

To-day, on all sides, are influences calculated to stir our blood and stimulate our patriotic spirits. If with any here they serve to awaken a dormant patriotism, let it not fall asleep with the cessation of these influences. Let your patriotism shine forth with the brightness and constancy of yonder sun, inspiring others with its confidence thus making them better patriots and citizens. Do not wear patriotism as you would a suit of armor, laying it off in times of peace and springing into it at the alarm of war, but constantly manifest it by adherence to right and truth. so proving yourselves true patriots and loyal citizens.

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CELIA'S DEFENSE, OR, WAS ROSALIND SO MUCH MORE OF A HEROINE THAN CELIA IN "AS YOU LIKE IT!"

Some devotees of Shakespeare like the character of Rosalind and in their endeavors to make her a heroine seem to detract from the natural goodness and beauty of Celia. They compare her speeches with those of Rosalind and try to prove that she is less intelligent. They strain to show that she is less beautiful, less lovable, less modest, and less sympathetic. Being enamored with Rosalind, they naturally try to pick flaws in Celia's character to show, as they think, the greater brilliancy of Rosalind.

This is unjust to Celia, so, perhaps, by a comparison of the characters of Rosalind and Celia we can best defend Celia from these unjust and partial attacks,

These people say that Rosalind is more intellectual than Celia, goes deeper down and sees further below the surface. We can refer them, for example, to Act I. Scene II, where Rosalind and Celia are carrying on a discussion. In this Celia speaks just as intelligently as Rosalind and shows just as good an acquaintance with Nature and the ways of the world. She is not a whit behind Rosalind and shows just as much practical wisdom, while of deep thought she has her fair share. Where can one make a distinction between the speeches of Celia and that of Rosalind and say that Rosalind is more intellectual, for instance, in:

> *Ros.* I would we could do so; for her (Fortune's) benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.
>
> *Cel.* Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoredly.

Where in this is Rosalind's intellectual superiority shown? This is not an isolated instance to suit our purpose but the play is full of them.

They say that Rosalind's modesty is above reproach, but it seems to us that the modesty of Celia rivals, if not surpasses, that of her fair cousin. Rosalind so far loses her modesty as to say, "He calls us back; my pride fell with my fortune; I'll ask him what he would. Did you call sir? Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown more than your enemies." It seems to us that this can not be argued away by saying that it was in a sense common or proper at that time. For a woman of our ideal to go unbidden to a man and tell him that he has overthrown her heart, seems to lack that true, innate modesty, which we expect of a Rosalind. While Celia's, "Will you go, coz?" shows the true modesty and sense of impropriety that was lurking in her heart.

They say that she lacks the sympathy of Rosalind. Can any one justly say that Celia does not bear as good will to Orlando as Rosalind does, when he is about to wrestle with Charles? Rosalind says, "The little strength that I have, I would it were with you," and to this Celia adds "And mine to eke out hers." In what consists the difference of sympathy and good will? In the imagination of the reader simply. Or take Rosalind's, "Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!" and Celia's, "I would I were invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg." Wherein consists the difference of good will and good impulse? If difference there be, it consists in the fact that Rosalind from the start has taken a great liking to Orlando, while Celia feels only a kindly, friendly interest in him. Her expressions are more tempered, but are just as sympathetic and bear as much good will.

Celia was more selfcontrolable than Rosalind in time of need. When they were banished, Celia was the one that came to the front with a feasible plan, while Rosalind was weaker and stunned by the blow. Celia plans the journey to Arden and the method of its accomplishment, and is cool and collected, while Rosalind is in a stupor and almost stricken dumb.

Nowhere does Rosalind show a self-sacrifice worthy to be classed with Celia's great sacrifice, the loss of home, wealth, honor, ambition and all that appeals to a woman in high position. All these she gave up out of devotion to her friend, and this shows how unselfish and noble she was.

To us it seems that some, to extol Rosalind, lower Celia and that too beyond all reason. It is true that Celia is not the heroine of the play, for it is not she who falls in love and around whom the principal interest centres. But, in our judgment, Shakespeare has painted the character of a good, pure, noble, sympathetic woman, one who, in treasures of mind and heart, in modesty, sympathy, self control and self-sacrifice is not to be overshadowed by the fair, the virtuous, the beautiful, much famed and much loved Rosalind.

R. H. R.

Athletics.

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE.

Oct. 2, U. of P., at Philadelphia.
Oct. 9, Franklin & Marshall, at Lewisburg.
Oct. 19, Gettysburg, at Harrisburg.
Oct. 26, State College at Williamsport.
Nov. 2, Franklin & Marshall, at Lancaster.
Nov. 9, Indians, at Lewisburg.
Nov. 16, Open.
Nov. 23, Duqueson C. & A. C., at Pittsburg.
Nov. 28, Dickinson, at Harrisburg.

The foot ball season at Bucknell has opened with a very encouraging outlook. With plenty of first-class material, a good coach, and a deep interest taken by all the students, the prospects are certainly good. The entering Freshman Class is large and brings some likely men to the College. Everywhere can be noticed a feeling of prosperity, and the team shares in this.

The first team appeared Monday evening in new suits complete, consisting of pants, jackets, shoes, stockings and sweaters.

So far the practice has been hard and full of snap. At 4 o'clock Coach Herring lines up the men and puts them through a trial of catching the ball. Then the "regulars" practice signs while the scrubs kick and fall on the ball. After this the two teams line up against each other and there is some good lively foot ball for half an hour. The men then take a run around the field and wind up at the Gymnasium. A training-table has been started and at present twenty men have been taken there. It is a good idea as it keeps the players in touch with each other. Of last year's team ten are back. They are: Cober, Jennings, Lesher, Collins, Firth, "Holly," Davis, Elliott, Bunnell and Wilson. The prominent new men trying for places are: Brady, Devall, Catterall, Griffith, Garner, Mulford, Bryson and Gilchrist. The team is playing under the Pennsylvania—Harvard—Cornell agreement. There are numerous changes from last year's rules all tending to make the game more open and consequently more interesting.

On Saturday, Sept. 20, a game was played between two of the local teams, the strongest men being about equally divided. To the public it seemed uninteresting, but in fact the game was really a hard one. The new rules were tried and the fouls were numerous. No scoring was done in the first half, but in the second the team captained by Bunnell made a touch-down and goal. Bloomsburg was to have been here but failed to appear. Efforts were made to get a game elsewhere but in vain.

On Saturday, Oct. 26, Bucknell meets State College at Williamsport. This will be the great game of the season and a large crowd is expected, Our chances for winning this year are about even. Don't miss it.

The team as chosen for the Pennsylvania game follows:

Jennings, Herring, Lesher, Firth, Thomas, Bunnell, Wilson, Davis, Cober, Collins, Mulford, Hollinshead, Griffith, Devall, Elliott, Brady.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 2, 1895.

University of Pennsylvania defeated Bucknell in foot ball here to-day, at Franklin Field, by a score of 40 to 0 before about 2000 spectators.

I saw the game yesterday in which U. P. defeated Swathmore; but don't let anybody think that there was any similarity between the playing of Bucknell and Swathmore, although the scores in both games were the same.

U. P. scored 14 points against Swathmore in the first, and 26 in the second half. U. P. scored 34 points against Bucknell in the first half, and 6 in the second half.

Pennsylvania's heavy scoring the first half of the game to-day was due to a glaring lack of team work on the part of the Bucknell players, and a consequent lack of confidence in themselves. The full-back missed three tackles that cost 18 points,and the tackling in general of the Bucknell men was too high. A runner can frequently throw a man off who is on his back, or may carry him along for some distance, but when tackled by the legs he must fall.

Bucknell braced up wonderfully in the second half. The right tackle and end, which seemed week and powerless in the first half, stood with the rest of the team like a stone wall, and Pennsylvania could not have scored in the second half at all had not Bucknell's backs made a fumble at a critical time by which the ball passed to the enemy.

The following is the line up and summary:

PENNSYLVANIA.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Brooke (Stauffer)	full-back	Cober.
Minds	r. h. b., l. h. b.	Brady (Thomas)
Orbison	l. h. b., r. h. b.	Capt. Bunnell.
Capt. Williams	quarter-back	Herring.
Hedges	r. e., l. e.	Elliott.
Edwards	r. t., l. t.	Wilson.
Off	r. g., l. g.	Hollinshead.
Bull	center	Jennings.
Woodruff	l. g., r. g.	Lesher.
Wagenhorst	l. t., r. t.	Duval.
Dickson	l. e., r. e.	Collins.

Touchdowns, Wagenhorst 2, Brooke 2, Woodruff 1, Minds 1, Bull 1. Goals from touchdowns, Brooke 6. Halves, 20 minutes, 15 minutes. Referee. A. Knipe. Umpires, Dr. Charles H. Schoff and Harvey Smith-Linesman, G. W. Woodruff.

It is too bad that the game of to-day couldn't be played over. I voice the sentiment of impartial spectators when I say that with one or two changes in the team Bucknell could, with one week's honest team practice, meet U. P. and give her a pretty even game, with a chance of scoring.

Bucknell has the material to make the best team she has ever put on the gridiron, as was demonstrated to-day. The only question now is will the team stick to honest, hard work in order to gain new laurels for Bucknell, and to defeat State College with such a margin that will demonstrate the superiority of the Bucknell team.—*Lewisburg Journal.* A SPECTATOR.

Y. M. C. A.

Following is a list of Topics and Leaders of the Association meetings during October:

Oct. 1. - - - - - - V. B. Fisk,
Missionary Element of the Psalms.
Oct. 8. - - - - - H. T. Colestock,
Perfecting of God's Power. II Cor. 12: 1–10.
Oct. 15. - - - - - - - J. C. Hazen,
Christian Example. John 1: 5.
Oct. 22. - - - - - - - S. R. Wood,
Christian Temperature. Rev. 3. 14–22.
Oct. 29. - - - - - - - B. B. Ware,
Divine Power at Human Command. Phil. 4: 10–14.

Mr. Ezra Allen, '95, Ex-President of the Association, gave a most interesting and helpful talk Sunday afternoon, September 15, in the Students' Meeting in Bucknell Hall. These opening meetings are proving a helpful factor in the work of the Association.

The Association Rooms present a much improved and homelike appearance since the draping of the new curtains. Twenty-five additional singing books have been ordered. It is expected that further improvements can soon be announced.

The various receptions to the new students, tendered Saturday evening, Sept. 14. by the Young Men's Christian Associations and the Young Women's Christian Association, were pleasing and helpful in the extreme. The College Association received in the Gymnasium. After a pleasant social period, devoted to becoming acquainted and to toasts on current topics. refreshments were served and songs indulged in. The Academy Association received in the Academy reception rooms. At the Institute the same cordial spirit was manifested. Messrs. Martin and Moyer rendered some enjoyable duets. A fuller notice of this last mentioned reception wili be found in the Institute items.

Local.

Subscribe for "THE MIRROR."

Miss Alice Lillibridge was initiated into Pi Beta Phi Sept. 26.

Heard in Elocution: "By the blue Phosphorous the black bandit died."

Prof. W. E. Martin attended the sessions of the Northumberland Baptist Association at Jersey Shore.

E. R. Meyers, H. L. Guss and R. G. Slifer spent a portion of their vacation together in the vicinity of Pottsville.

When it comes to hunting trouble, just ask Rawlinson about throwing that twig. Perhaps Miss L—— can explain it.

"THE MIRROR" aims to reflect the progress of Bucknell University, in all its departments, and merits the generous support of all classes of students.

Charles Scull Keen, '99, Cramer Hill, N. J., Morris Bacan Mulford, '99, Bridgeton, N. J.,and James Lewellyn Cattell. '99 Denver, Col. have been initiated into Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.

This year marks a great advance in attendance here. Many new students were obliged to secure rooms in town. Members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity are occupying their new chapter house.

The college girls have given further evidence of their enthusiasm and enterprise by organizing a literary society of their own, wherein the current of their eloquence will not be turned from its course by masculine snags.

Don't forget the "MIRROR BOX" in Main Hall of the College building. It is always ready to receive local items, personals, humorous incidents and news items in general, and hand them over to the editors of "THE MIRROR."

The reception tendered by Mrs. Larison to the several fraternities of Bucknell in the Institute parlors was a most enjoyable affair. This action is new and certainly indicates that the fraternities are held in esteem at Bucknell.

The students of Bucknell University publish one journal, "THE BUCKNELL MIRROR." It is the only publication in which all students of the institution are directly interested. As such an organ it naturally expects the hearty support of all students.

During the summer vacation Howard L. Guss successfully canvased with the International Cyclopædia. While in New York under instructions he took a trip up the Hudson as far as Poughkeepsie. His work called him to Yale where he met Mr. Edward Kendall, Ex '95, who graduated there last June with high honors.

On the day of the Fair a party of students went out to Dale's Cave. On the way out they were fairly presentable, doing nothing more serious than scaring the dogs and chickens, but on the way back—"You'll be sorry when you see me." And to pay for this loss of energy,—four stalagmites, two hundred pounds of mud, and oceans of experience.

It seems hardly possible that, so soon after Dr. Boardman's eloquent attempt to impress upon us the beauty of "Otherism," the talented few who belong to the "Varsity" Band should blow and *pound* their blatant "Iism" through their instruments as they come up the Hill after practice, while we poor plodders, struggling with the morrow's lesson, are goaded into a frenzy.

"THE MIRROR" congratulates itself on the fact that it is the organ, not of any faction of the University, but of the whole student body. The ladies of the Seminary have their own representative on the editorial staff and so have the ladies of the College. The boys of the Academy elect their own correspondent. In the College the fraternity men and non-fraternity men alike have their representatives on the "MIRROR" board. We rejoice in this manifestation of harmony and co-operation in the publication of our College journal.

"One of the few," while canvassing his massive brain for something with which to make himself famous, hit upon the following "original adaptations:"

"Now little Freshman,
Don't you cry;
You'll be a Sophomore
Bye and bye."

and:

"Men may come, and men may go, but I am fresh forever," as well as:

"A Freshman to Hades was sent
(Such as often all prudence will spurn)
But he made them a terrible time,
For he was too green to burn."

This last so pleased him that he resolved on further effort, and so wrapping his head in a voluminous towel, soaked in cold water (to keep his thoughts from burning through), he evolved a paraphrase on the Decalogue. This last has attempted an appearance before the public. You know the rest.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

A very pleasant and sociable time was spent in the parlors on Saturday evening, Sept. 14, under the direction of the Y. W. C. A. Every one was made welcome and general introductions were in order. A program was rendered which caused the new girls to feel acquainted not only with Bucknell, but with some other colleges as well. It consisted of the songs, yells, and poems of various colleges as found in their respective annuals and song-books, as follows:

1. *Song*—' Yellow and Blue"—College song of Ann Arbor.
2. *Song*—"Orange and Black"—Princeton College song.
3. Princeton Yell.
4. *Poem*—"Our Game"—Franklin and Marshall—Miss MABEL WELLS.
5. College Song of the University of Pennsylvania.
6. *Dialogue*—"Trials of a Higher Education" or the annoyance of interruptions during the preparation of a lesson—Misses LILLIBRIDGE, GODDARD, HANNA, ALLEN.
7. Wellesley Song and Call.
8. State College Song and Yell.
9. Bucknell Song.

The first new thing that greeted our eyes as we came in the front door was the linoleum. The entire lower hall is covered with it, and, when three or four girls go dancing through the vestibule, there is much less noise than when their feet tripped over the bare floor. It is useless to expect girls, whose hearts are full of gladness because they have the opportunity to get a liberal education in such a delightful home school, to walk like nuns, demure and pensive.

Passing along the hall, we noticed that room "B" had been divided, making a music room for Miss Gould's use. We are glad that dear Miss Gould has such a pleasant room, but we are sorry that room "B" has lost one window and much blackboard surface. Truly we do need a new building for our muise department. Who will come forward and erect a commodious building for our music school and make glad the heart of Dr. Aviragnet?

A number of rooms in the main building have been freshly painted, papered, carpeted and provided with new window shades. An air of general renovation pervades the whole building, making the opening of the term bright and cheery.

The entire Institute faculty, matron and students have been in a flutter of excitement over the preparations for the reception which was given in honor of the Pi Beta Phi girls on Friday evening, October 4. Among the invited guests were the members of the Phi Kappa Psi, Sigma Chi, Phi Gamma Delta and Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternities, also the patronesses of the Pi Beta Phi fraternity, Mrs. Harry S. Hopper, Mrs. Wm. Leiser, Mrs. Harold McClure and Mrs. Lincoln Hulley.

The college girls decorated the large parlor with clematis and bitter-sweet. The Seniors turned the small parlor into a veritable Japanese boudoir. The Third and Fourth year girls made the spacious study hall an autumn study in purple asters and golden rod.

The Specials put the reception room and office in fine shape.

It is fortunate that the vandals, who, under the cowardly "Souvenir" pretext, used to carry off pin trays, hand mirrors, doilies, etc., are no longer at Bucknell. Do you not know, young friends, that "It is a sin to steal a pin, much more to steal a greater thing"? The first and second year girls displayed their taste in making the vestibule and second floor landings places of beauty. There were also palms and ferns galore.

Dear Editor: This discussion will be continued in your next issue.

The C. E. society of the Baptist Church gave a social in the chapel Saturday evening, September 21, for the new students. Cards, on each of which the name of some prominent author was written, were distributed. The person having a card talked with as many people as possible whose names began with the same letter as did the name of the author inscribed on his card; in this way all stiff formality was avoided. At the close of a short program, refreshments were served. None enjoyed this social more than the new students for whom it was given.

The boarders at the Institute have watched with interest the manful efforts of Charles to uncover the old weedy tennis court, and rejoice to notice a result so satisfactory. The smooth, hard ground, and distinct lines have already aroused within many a girlish heart the latent desire to wield the racket once more.

Should any girl be without a liberal education? Bucknell, like her sister colleges, stands with her portals thrown open wide, and there have come to her almost as many girls as she can well accommodate. By this time each girl has her room comfortably and tastefully arranged, and we see no more home sick faces. Each one seems to be doing her utmost to promote the pleasure of others.

More than this, every member of the Institute has entered upon her work with a real earnestness. The coming year promises to be one of nobler aims and higher attainments on the part of the students than Bucknell has known for some years. The interest and enthusiasm manifested by the teachers proves a wonderful incentive to effort on the part of the students. After spending the summer in that exhilarating and inspiring retreat, Chautauqua, our Preceptress has returned to us, eager and anxious to give us the benefit of the methods and ideas she there received.

ACADEMY NEWS.

With a few exceptions all the familiar faces are again seen in the class rooms.

The Academy sends its greeting, and best wishes for a successful year to the MIRROR.

We are glad to report that Prof. Edwards has introduced an evening devotional service each evening from 6.45 to 7 o'clock. The boys seem pleased with the service as the Prof. usually before dismissal gives them a practical talk.

The school year opened with an enrollment of eighty-three students.

Let no man delay the "U. S. Mail" that makes a delivery every evening at the Cad.

In Philosophy class. Prep.: "Prof. why can't a perpetual motion machine be run by power?"

The foot ball team is about being organized. Mr. Gordon Forster is the Manager and Mr. Carl Senn, Captain.

The Fourth Form will study under Prof. Phillips the Apostolic Church, and the Third Form will study the Life of Christ, under Prof. Fisher.

The Fourth Form elected the following officers: President, Chas. Pearse, Vice President, Edw. Bell Secretary, Edw. Mitchell, Treasurer, John Sherman.

The following are the officers of the Third Form: President, Jos. Z. Rowe, Vice President, Wm. Devitt, Secretary, Raymond G. Pierson, Treasurer, George Alexander.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

Mr. Alfred Feight, Ex-'93, Acad. was in town October 6 and 7.

The notes from the Academy were furnished by Mr. J. Z. Rowe.

Mr. Frank Green a student in the Academy several years ago has returned to the University. His old friends are glad to welcome him to Bucknell again.

McCay cannot by any laws of Psychology understand why the seats in the Chapel were changed last week. The "change" (?) robbed him of a source of much felicity.

The students of the University appreciate the advantages afforded by a well equipped College Book Store. It is located in Room 1, West Wing, and is under the management of Messrs. Stephens and Thomas. We are pleased to call the attention of the Alumni to the announcement of the College Book Store in the advertising columns.

The Swedish Quartette, with Miss Bertha Webb, violinist, and Miss Jennie Shoemaker, delsartean and reader, are to be here October 28, in the Opera House. Miss Shoemaker is remembered by all the old students from her two appearances with the Schuman Ladies' Quartette. She is sure of a hearty reception from both town people and students.

Personals.

'77. Rev. C. A. Hare D.D. has received a call to the College Ave. Baptist Church, Indianapolis, Ind.

'79. Rev. A. J. Irey has removed from Wheeling W. Va. to Warren, Pa.

'88. Rev. W. H. Clipman has removed from DuBois, Pa. to Curwensville, Pa.

'92. A. R. E. Wyant preached his farewell sermon at Geneseo, Ill., Sept. 29, to become pastor of the Morgan Park Baptist church, Oct. 1.

'93, Inst. Married. In the Franklin Street Baptist Church, Johnstown, Pa., on Wednesday Evening, June 5, 1895, by Rev. S. F. Forgeus of Huntingdon, Pa., Class of '72, Mr. Frank B. Thomas and Miss Cora M. Davis, Class of '93, Institute.

'94. F. R. Strayer is Principal of the Classical and Higher English School, Reading, Pa.

'94. Mary L. Bartol has entered Ann Arbor where she will take the course leading to Ph. D.

'94. Mr. Raymond J. Davis, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Madras, India, has now a family of three.

'94. Married. At Dividing Creek N. J., Sept. 3, by Rev. M. M. Finch assisted by Rev. A. F. Williamson, Prof. Warren Marts and Lillian Pepper.

'95. W. T. Harris has been called to the pastorate of the Angora Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

'95. H. S. Schuyler has accepted a position as Professor of Latin and Mathematics at Kutztown State Normal School.

'95. Married. At Lake Winola, Sept. 19, Mr. Herbert M. Pease and Miss Blanche Shelly, Mr. Pease is pastor of the Etonville Baptist Church.

'95. T. C. Hanna, recently called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, of Southington, Conn., received an early morning call from burglars on Sept. 25. His athletic training stood him in good stead, enabling him to cope quite successfully with two desperate men. He received several knife thrusts during the struggle.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., OCTOBER 25, 1895. No. 2.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

OCTOBER 25, 1895.

Editorial.

WILL someone put in a plea in behalf of the outraged letter *u*? The other morning in chapel we said, "we sing the *noo noo* song." On another occasion we prayed (in song), "*Toon* my heart." We speak of our *dooty* to our college mates; why not also of the *booty* of the co-eds? Let us give *u* its rights and say *duty* and *new* and *tune*, as well as *beauty* and *few* and *mute*.

◆

APROPOS of the advanced courses offered to Bucknell Graduates. "Post-graduation" is not a barbarism nor tautology, although awkward; but "post-graduate" is barbarous and tautological. If we say "graduates" and "under graduates" we are with Harvard, Brown, Yale, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Cornell, Chicago, Michigan, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr. Don't be a back-number and indicate your date by saying "*Post-graduate.*"

WHILE it would be wrong to envy, there would be no harm in desiring such a fineness and breadth of culture as was evidenced in Doctor Boardman's lectures before the University. Doctor Boardman is a man of superior natural ability to begin with; but that did not make study and severe training dispensable. Nor did Doctor Boardman abbreviate his course of preparation. He took the Academic, Collegiate and Theological courses and added a year each in law and medicine, so as to gain the breadth of view and sympathy that would enable him to address all men. There is no royal road to superior culture.

◆

WE understand that the College girls have organized a literary society. Perhaps a few lessons could be learned from the flourishing societies at the Hill. As to Program; it is well to have an essay, a declamation, an oration and a debate. This program is varied in one society by occasionally having the oration precede the declamation The other society sometimes omits the oration. It is hard to decide which is better. For the debate subject, a red-hot current topic provokes the liveliest discussion, such as "Which has been most oppressed, the negro or the Indian?" or, "Which is the most destructive, fire or water?" This is offered only as a suggestion.

◆

FOOTBALL is the all absorbing topic. With a good schedule, good players, a good coach, captain and manager, great things have been expected of the team. The games so far have indicated that there is plenty of good material, and, also, that our fort is offensive and not defensive play. Previously our repertoire consisted of straight into-the-line plunges and simple end-plays; but this year the line men take part in every play. The style is very much that adopted so successfully by the University of Pennsylvania last year. The formation of the plays has been massive, perhaps at times cumbersome. But the plays will doubtless prove more effective as the season advances and the players better understand them.

There is not the individuality and dash usually seen on our gridiron. In a great measure, this is due to the new rules. The Harvard-Pennsylvania-Cornell rules have also removed one of the most interesting and most appreciated plays when the long runs from the kick-off were abolished. They made an improvement in abolishing the needless worrying and teasing between the players during the line up, but the verdict of the general public is that the old rules were good enough. The football muddle between Princeton and Pennsylvania, Yale and Harvard is responsible for the double system of rules.

The students who recently heard Doctor Boardman's Lectures on Corporate Society would understand the situation, if it were said that the Bucknell Team has more *wholeism* than *Iism;* but among the football magnates at large there is an unusual abundance of the latter.

Literary.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S BURIAL.

All day long the Winnebagos
And the Iroquois, their allies,
Since the early break of morning,
Since the rising of the sun,

By the broad Monongahela
In the grey and silent forest,
Fought the hated Narragansetts,
Fought with valor and renown.

When the sun was slowly sinking
With its glare of ruddy ochre,
When the forest shades were dark'ning,
When the day was almost done,

Then the latest sounds of battle
And the din of awful conflict,
Joined with cries of deadly wounded,
In the forest died away.

Then the vanquished Narragansetts,
Raising all their fallen comrades,
Slowly turned and started westward,
Fleeing towards the setting sun.

But the vengeful Winnebagos,
In that long and bloody battle,
Lost the bravest of their people,
One of valor and renown.

And they found him in the forest—
Sorely wounded in the forest—
Lone and dying in the forest—
Near his wigwam by the stream.

Then they came up through the woodland—
Through the birch and alder woodland—
Through the pine and chestnut woodland—
To his wigwam by the stream

Here it was that first his fathers
Of the mighty Winnebagos,
Driven westward by the pale face,
Rested from their many journeys.
Here it was they built their wigwams
On the soft green grass beneath them,
On the scattered brown pine needles,
Fallen from the mighty westwind
That had blown them from the forest.

There they gently, sadly laid him—
On the soft green grass they laid him—
On the brown pine needles laid him—
Near the wigwam by the stream.

Then with trouble spake the chieftain—
Slow and slower spake the chieftain—
Dying ever spake the chieftain,
Of his home beside the stream.
When my eyes are closed forever,
When my ears have ceased to hear,
When my tongue is stiff and silent,
When my hands are straight and cold,
While the moon is shining brightly,
While the stars are looking down,
Dig my grave beneath the birches,
Place me in it ere the dawn.
Lest the grey wolf should disturb me,
Pile it high with many stones.

Here it was that first I ever
Gazed on lake or stream or river—
Gazed on plain or hill or valley—
Gazed on sun or moon or stars.

Here it was that first I ever
Gazed on grass or tree or forest—
Gazed on——————————
but the dying chieftain
Closed his eyes and breathed no more.

Then they rose up from around him,
All the chieftain's trusted warriors.
And the sun had set beyond them.
And the night was falling fast.

Not a word was heard among them
As they raised their silent chieftain—
Scarcely yet his limbs were stiffened—
Scarcely yet his brow was cold.

By the stream the grave was hollowed
Scarce a spear's length from the water.
And the moon was shining brightly.
And the stars were looking down.

Then they placed the chieftain in it—
Laid him in it ere the daybreak.
Lest the grey wolfe should disturb him,
Piled they it with many stones.

ROBIN BYRD, '99.

A MARTYR TO A GREAT CAUSE.

NOTE.—Robert Ross was murdered March 6, 1894, at the polls in Troy, N. Y. He had fought down "Bossism" in previous caucuses, and his presence at the polls aroused the fury of the mob of "repeaters" that murdred him. Men of both political parties are at present working to secure funds to erect a suitable monument to Robert Ross in one of the public parks of Troy. This oration is supposed to have been delivered on the completion of said monument. The audience, it is supposed, is representative of many states of the Union.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The death of a brave man bespeaks admiration. If he die in defence of a friend, that friend will love to honor and revere his memory. When a Nation learns that one of her sons has given up his life to defend her virtue and the principles upon which her safe existence rests, she wreaths the fadeless laurel that we may not forget. So it is that this vast company represents a nation, gathered, beneath a favoring sky and under the protecting folds of "Old Glory," to honor Robert Ross. Within the precincts of this city, most of his influence was exerted while he lived, and Troy therefore has justly been zealous in tributes to her martyred hero. But his defence of great principles that are not merely local, set his spirit free, and everywhere in our Commonwealth to-day, the name of Robert Ross is the guardian angel of pure politics and municipal reform.

When we read in history or biography the early life of any great man, who afterwards in important crises showed himself a hero, we do not find his youth more prophetic of future greatness than was the youth of Robert Ross. Ross's home was an American home, and he grew up an American in patriotism, in industry and in freedom. His Scotch ancestry gave him a strong body and plenty of moral courage. His education was largely gained from experience rather than from books, and he intelligently read the tendencies of the day. He saw the political corruption that had seized and threatened to destroy his beloved and illustrious city. He sprang with courage to the rescue. You know the story; you have been over the battle field; the small polling place; the line of respectable voters; headed by bribed policemen who frequently held back the legitimate voters while "repeaters" filled the ballot box with fraudulent votes; the fearless men who insisted on fairness and who challenged the illegal voters; the assault of the mob with pistols; the wounded citizens; the one fatal bullet; the martyr—you remember it all. The indignation meetings of the citizens that followed; the tributes of love and esteem that have since been continually paid to this first martyr to municipal reform!

Yet not alone because Robert Ross *died* do we gather to honor his memory to-day; but because he died for a principle and a right that is inviolable and sacred to every loyal American citizen. It is fitting therefore, while we honor the fidelity and courage of Robert Ross, that we should also consider the principles for which he sacrificed his noble life. The city and its government is rapidly becoming a supreme question to the American people. The demands for sound, municipal government increase every year; for the city will soon exceed the country in population. There is a constant movement of population from country to city, and it is about as availing to attempt to stop this movement or to change its direction, as to protest against the laws of gravitation. The same story is heard everywhere. The swarming city is as much a feature of the old as of the new world, and of sparsely as well as of thickely settled lands. London has a population as great as that of Canada. One would think there was enough room in Australia to prevent overcrowded cities; yet one-third of the population of New South Wales live in Sidney.

It must be evident to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that this concentration of population brings with it grave evils. Forty years ago Mr. Gladstone quoted De Tocqueville as saying, "I look upon the size of certain American cities, and especially upon the nature of their population, as a real danger which threatens the democratic republics of the New World." At that time one-eighth of our population lived in cities of eight thousand and over. Now over one-fourth live in cities of that size and upward. I repeat, then, that the tide of population is toward the cities; and soon they will possess the power to control the state and the nation. The special dangers that confront American cities in this connection are brought about by the heterogeneous character of their population. Men, foreign born, and wholly out of sympathy with our American institutions, often gain control in our cities. Their policy is "for revenue only," and it makes no difference to them if they hazard the public welfare. Almost daily the corruptions of Councilmen, of Aldermen and of Police systems are being brought to light. Greed and Lust flaunt themselves in the face of Purity and Virtue in almost every municipality of our Commonwealth. Public officers, whose duty it is to protect virtue and arrest crime and violence,—for a price, protect anything and everything that is dangerous to the well-being of society and to the pursuit of happiness. But still more destructive to American institutions and freedom is the manipulation of the polls and the ballot box by the political boss. Bossism has been scattering its poisons through our municipal systems for several years; but the ultimate fatality of this rank corruption was scarcely apprehended by the majority of the people, until Robert Ross by his tragic death startled us to look to our rights before they were wholly taken from us and we were left powerless to regain them. Even now, when we look, we see that this pollution has eaten like a canker almost to the very vitals of our city governments, and we realize that a herculean labor is before us to cleanse away the filth that threatens to destroy the freedom of the municipality and the state. If, then, foreign and debased population, ignorant and careless of our institutions, continue to control our cities; if saloon bossess manipulate the ballot boxes in their wards; no great prophet is needed to foretell the future of the nation.

We look with pride upon the nation that has taught the world her best lessons of liberty. We glory in our freedom. We view the face of our fair land and all seems peaceful and prosperous. We go up into a high mountain and gaze upon our cities, our mines, our rivers, our shipping, and exclaim—"Wealth!" We point to our smoking mills and factories and again we exclaim—"Industry!" Our eyes rest upon the dear old stars and stripes unfurled to the light and we shout—"Freedom!" Schools and colleges lift their beacon domes into view, and again we cry—"Education!" Country and city are dotted with churches that point their spires heavenward, and all nature reverently answers with us—"Piety and religion! These are the essons that we have been teaching the world: industry, freedom, education and religion; but let us take care lest we ourselves shall after all become a cast-away nation. This is a glorious land. But the close student sees a shadow flit now and then across the face of the Goddess of Liberty. She fears a storm. The cloud that a moment ago was no bigger than a man's hand has grown larger and is getting blacker. It is the storm of municipal misrule that threatens soon to pour its fury upon us. The reservoirs of corruption are growing larger, and our only hope of averting the storm is to remove the source from whence these clouds are gathering their foul supply. It has required the bravery and sacrifice of such men as Dr. Parkhurst, Josiah Strong and Robert Ross to place the true character of these great problems in the light. Their courage has made for us a heritage that has value only as it is used. If we take up the responsibility that these men have nobly born, we shall strengthen again the foundations of the temple of liberty so that it shall remain unshaken and endure forever. It was to perpetuate this temple and to protect fair Liberty from ravishment that the noble Ross fought and died.

There is greet need to-day of men who thoroughly understand the needs of American municipalities. Municipal government is a science, and it is fast becoming recognized as such. If a broad, intelligent understanding of governments, past and present, is essential to the statesman; so also an intelligent view of the successful and non-successful municipal governments of the world is essential to responsible and useful citizenship. Men are beginning to examine and see where the fault with the government of our cities lies. They are studying the much-praised municipalities of Germany, they are looking at the cities of England and of France. The problem before us is a great and a profound one. But a part of it can be solved now. It can only be solved by courageous men who are not afraid of the political boss, the saloon keeper, nor the policeman that serves a boss rather than the public. To face these questions in a practical way, requires men like Robert Ross—men of character who give no comfort to the enemy.

Troy is a city that produces such men. She has a glorious history and she has illustrious heroes. Trojans are justly proud of Maj. Gen. Wool and of Gen. George H. Thomas, "the Rock of Chickamauga." These men were warriors. The wars in which they fought are over, and the victories won, and they have long since laid down their trophies at the feet of a grateful country. Ross was a warrior and courageously indeed did he discharge his duty in the battles already fought for civic liberty. We read of the "Immortal Ten Thousand." We look again with wonder at the victory of Marathon, and at the dauntless courage of the three hundred at Thermopylae whose patriotism speaks to us still in that famous inscription:

> "Go, Stranger, and to Lacedaemon tell,
> That here, obeying her behests, we fell !"

We gaze backward even to ancient Troy where myth and fact merge together. What heroes there were then! The distance seems only to lengthen and enlarge our telescopic vision, so that all men of that day seem like giants and heroes to us now. We sometimes wonder if there ever has been a time since, or ever can be, when such remarkable heroes shall live and act. Ah, yes! Here is a hero, a Trojan, not shrouded in the mists and inaccuracy of time and fancy; but he has lived in our day and fought for the land of Troy!

Loyal sons of Troy and of this great Commonwealth have reared this magnificent monolith to declare their admiration for that hero, and their determination to perpetuate the principles for which he lived and died. But this obelisk which rises in solemn grandeur before you, speaks more eloquently than I may of the hero who has gone from us. It points a massive finger toward that which is high and ennobling. It has been placed here for a nobler purpose than simply to beautify the city over which it looks. Its solid foundations and the stately column are well calculated to resist time and the elements, while they speak of pure patriotism and devotion. This naked obelisk, bared like the mighty arm of the Republic, shall remind all who pass this way of the meaning of American citizenship. Mothers will tell the story of Robert Ross to their children. Young men will emulate his example. The stone itself shall never be silent. The stranger will wonder and admire when he learns of the noble life whose memory this work honors. The inscription is singularly appropriate:

> "In Honor of Robert Ross, First Martyr to Pure Municipal Government."

The land of the free was never wet with more consecrated blood than that of Robert Ross; and these words that tell of his devotion shall be graven on our hearts as they now are upon the granite. The honor that you accord him with this monument to-day, is honor also to the principle that was dearer to him than life: the sacred right of suffrage. This is not a monument to a dead man, nor to a dead principle, but to a living man and and a living principle. Even more enduring than this solid granite is the monument that each one of us has reared in his heart. In coming ages this stone may perchance crumble away, but still freedom and the name of Robert Ross shall grow dearer to the patriot while time lasts.

V. B. F.

Athletics.

REVISED FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Oct. 19, Gettysburg, at Harrisburg.
Oct. 26, State College, at Willsamsport.
Nov. 2, Franklin & Marshall, at Lancaster.
Nov. 9, Indians of Carlisle, at Lewisburg.
Nov. 16, Colgate, at Sunbury.
Nov. 23, Duquesne C. & A. C., at Pittsburg.
Nov. 28, Dickinson, at Harrisburg.

The football team has been engaged in secret practice at the Fair grounds during the last week.

A second team has been organized with Harris as Captain. This team is necessary to the success of the regulars and deserves great credit for its faithful work. For a number of evenings the practice has been almost as good as a regular game.

We are all deeply interested in the State game at Williamsport on Oct. 26. Here are some pointers. The special train will leave the Read-station at 12.15 P. M. The round trip fare is 98 cents. It is likely that arrangements will be made so that all can stay for the play in the Lycoming Opera House. Roland Reed, by special arrangement, holds the boards that night. Photos of both teams will appear in the "*Grit*" of next week. The State team will go to the Park Hotel and Bucknell will hold forth at the Updegraff.

The officials for the game will be: Linesman, Adams, U. of P.; Referee, Bernheiser, Cornell; Umpire, Dr. Schoff, U. of P. The halves will be 30 minutes each.

A good crowd, a fine day and great enthusiasm marked the opening game with Franklin & Marshall on Oct. 9, at 3.30. This was the first home game of the season and naturally all of the Bucknell team's admirers were anxious to see what it could do. They were not disappointed for the eleven certainly put up a great game. Although fumbles were frequent and there was a lack of team work in some instances, yet as a whole the play was fast and snappy and showed what the team can do with hard, faithful practice.

In the first half, Bunnell kicked off a low one, and Bucknell had the ball in F. & M. territory. Cober went at center for 5 yds, then 10 yds were lost on a fumble. Devall went around the right end for a long run. Bunnell made 10 yds, Cober 10 yds through center, then 10 yds through right tackle, followed by a touchdown by Bunnell in 4 minutes. Goal by Bunnell. F. & M. kicked off, the ball being caught by Elliott. Devall made 15 yds and Cober 5. Ball lost but recovered on next down by a fumble of F. & M. Devall made 22 yds, but ball was again lost on a fumble. For F. & M. Hartman made 15 yds, tackled by "Holly." At this point, the ball went to B. U. but they were soon forced to kick. F. & M. made two first downs and then the ball was Bucknell's. Devall made 10 yards and then Brady ran for 35 yds. Runs by Devall, Cober and then a touchdown by Brady. Goal by Bunnell. Shortly after F. & M. kicked off, Elliott was hurt, and Firth went on. In a few minutes time was called.

Second half. F. & M. kicked off, the ball being downed in the B. U. garden. The ball changed hands a few times and then Devall made a 20 yd run. 25 yds on a foul tackle followed and shortly afterwards a touchdown was made by Devall. Goal, Bunnell.

Herring ran the ball back on F. & M's kick-off. Hartman retired, badly hurt. After a few short rushes, B. U. lost the ball on a foul tackle, but regained it in short order. Devall made a touchdown as time was called. Goal, Bunnell. Total score B. U. 24. F. & M. 0.

How they lined up:

F. & M.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Kiefer, Capt. - - - -	center - - -	Jennings.
High - - - - - -	right guard - - - -	Lesher.
Reese - - - - - -	right tackle - - - -	Wilson.
Greenawalt - - -	right end - - - -	Collins.
Gerhart - - - - - -	left guard - -	Hollinshead.
Hartman - - - - -	left tackle - - - -	Devall.
Cessna - - - - - - -	left end -	Elliott, (Firth).
Burgh - - - - - -	quarter-back - - -	Herring.
Beam - - - - - -	right half back	Bunnell, Capt.
Hosterman - - -	left half back - - - -	Brady.
Bertolette - - - -	full-back - - - - - -	Cober.

Time, 20 minute halves. Umpires, Hulley and Bates. Referee, Reynolds.

BUCKNELL 24; WYOMING SEMINARY 0.

Saturday afternoon, Oct. 13, Wyoming Seminary was defeated on the campus. The contesting elevens were about equal in weight. Bucknell was weakened by the absence of Cober and Elliot; and in the second half, Wyoming was strengthened by the playing of their coach, Dr. Griffith. Play commenced at 2:30; and Wyoming kicked to our thirty yard line. Catterall started with a ten yard gain through centre; and hard line bucking by Devall, Bunnell, and Brady carried the ball twenty-five yards. A fumble and a loss by Devall gave it to Wyoming. Collins got the ball on their fumble and made 10 yards. From Wyomings fifteen yard line, Brady ran around the end for the first touch-down, six minutes after the play started. Bunnell kicked the goal. Score 6–0.

Wyoming kicked off to our twenty-five yard line and later gained the ball on a fumble. They could not gain but punted 15 yards. Bunnell returned by punting to the visitors' 40 yard line, where a skillful play by Collins caused their back to lose the ball, Collins picked it up and made our second touch-down at the end of ten minutes' play. Bunnell kicked the goal. Score 12–0.

The ground kick by Wyoming was stopped by Collins on our 35 yard line. Short gains by Devall and the backs netted fifty yards. Fifteen yards' gain was made by Bunnell missing a long pass but Wyoming fell on the ball. No gain by their backs caused Loveland to punt to Brady on their 35 yard line. Good gains by Bunnell and Brady pushed the ball along; and Bunnell made the third touch-down and goal. Score 18–0. The first half closed after about fifteen minutes' play.

In the second half, Thomas was substituted for Brady, and coach Griffith, for Beatty. Bucknell kicked off to Wyoming's twenty yard line and the ball was advanced five yards. Rymer lost two yards, and Gendall fumbled the ball. Jennings broke up Wyoming's attempt to punt and fell on the ball. Short gains by Bucknell sent Devall over the line for the fourth touch-down. Bunnell kicked the goal. Score 24–0. Two and one-half minutes had been played.

From Wyoming's kick off to our 35 yard line, Collins carried the ball back 15 yards. Almost immediately a bad fumble was made on our side, and Gendall ran twenty yards with the ball and was thrown by Bunnell. Wyoming made short gains by hard line bucking and the ball had passed our fifteen yard line when Bucknell got it by Wyoming's holding. Dr. Griffith objected in his usual time-killing way and Prof. Hulley was substituted for Mr. Elliot as umpire. Bunnell punted 25 yards. Wyoming could not gain but retained the ball from a ten yard punt out of bounds. Bucknell got the ball on downs and Devall ran almost the whole length of the field but was called back for touching the side line. A large number of short gains carried the ball to Wyoming's fifteen yard line. Bucknell lost it on downs. Wyoming's backs played hard and their line pushed Bucknell's weak defense into our side of the field. Bucknell regained the ball on downs and had started to make gains when time was called with the play in the middle of the field.

The line up was.

BUCKNELL.	POSITIONS.	WYOMING SEMINARY.
Jennings - - - -	centre - - - - - -	Johnson.
Lesher - - - -	right guard - - - -	Decker.
Hollinshead - -	left guard - - - - - -	Frantz.
Wilson - - - -	right tackle - - -	McDermott.
Devall - - - - - -	left tackle	Beatty, Dr. Griffith.
Collins - - - - - -	right end - - - -	Robertson.
Firth - - - - - -	left end - - - - - -	Taylor.
Herring - - - -	quarter-back - - - -	Gendall.
Bunnell. (Capt.)	right half-back -	Rymer, (Capt).
Brady, Thomas -	left half-back - - -	Wilcox.
Catterall - - - -	full-back - - - -	Loveland.

Halves, 15 and 20 minutes. Touchdowns—Brady, Collins, Bunnell, and Devall. Goals—Bunnell 4. Referee—Mr. Reynolds. Umpires—Mr. Rohland, Mr. Elliot, and Prof. Hulley. Linesmen—B. W. Griffith, Dr. Griffith, and Mr. Watkins. Time.keeper—Dr. Griffith and B. W. Griffith.

On October 19 Bucknell defeated Pennsylvania College of Gettysburg on the Harrisburg grounds by the score of 50-0. From start to finish Gettysburg was never in the game and Bucknell's smashing guard and tackle plays ploughed great holes in Gettysburg's line. Every Bucknell man played the game as it should be played. However in the matter of gains, Devall, Collins and Elliott excelled. For Gettysburg Captain Moser did the best work. The line up was as follows:

BUCKNELL.	POSITION.	GETTYSBURG.
Jennings - - - - -	center - - - -	Williams.
Lesher - - - - -	right guard - - - - -	Tolan.
Hollinshead - - -	left guard - - -	Wierman.
Davis (Craig) - -	right tackle - - - -	Apple.
Devall - - - - - -	left tackle - - - - - -	Smith.
Collins - - - - - -	right end - - - - - -	Geesey.
Catterall - - - - - -	left end - - -	Moser (Capt).
Bunnell (Capt) -	right half-back - - - -	White.
Brady (Thomas)	left half-back - - -	Schriner.
Elliott - - - - - -	-full-back - - - - .	Sheeley.
Herring . - - - -	quarter-back - - - - -	Lawyer.

25 minute halves. Touchdowns, Devall 4; Bunnell 2; Brady 2; Elliott 1. Umpires, Hickok, Yale; Hulley, Harvard; Referee, Bernheiser, Cornell; Linesman, Ficicinger, Gettysburg.

Y. M. C. A.

The State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Pennsylvania is in session at Erie. Mr. E. H. Dutton represents the College Association at the Convention.

In the Bible Study Department of the Association four classes meet weekly (Monday evenings) for devotional study.

While the elective work in the curriculum is most thorough and helpful, it lacks that devotional element that is so essential for a constant maintainence and growth of the spiritual life. The study of the Bible in connection with the Association classes is not meant to take the place of this study. On the other hand, each should and does, supplement the other.

Following is an outline of classes, topics, leaders, etc.:

Freshmen . . . . S. R. WOOD,
Life of Christ.

Sophomores . . . . E. C. KUNKLE,
Parables and Miracles.

Juniors and Seniors . . . . . E. ALLEN,
Foreshadowings of Christ.

Alternate for all . . . . . C. W. HARVEY,
Personal Workers' Training Class.

The week of Prayer will be observed by the Association, November 10–16. Meetings will be held each evening during the week. Dr. Lincoln Hulley has kindly consented to conduct the services. This fact alone is a guarantee of interesting services. Special music will be arranged for the meetings. Here is an opportunity for an honor course—one period each day for one week—an opportunity to honor both God and ourselves.

Topics and Leaders for November Meetings:

Nov. 5 . . . . C. W. HARVEY,
What hinders the immediate effort to plant the Gospel in every nation and island and home in all the earth within the next decade?

Nov. 10-16 . . . DR. LINCOLN HULLEY,
Week of Prayer.

Nov. 19 . . . . H. C. FITHIAN,
"White already unto harvest." John 4 : 35.

Nov. 26 . . . . . . H. T. COLESTOCK.
Perfecting of God's Power. II Cor. 12: 1-10.

Mr. J. M. Brodnax, a graduate of Princeton, now traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, is expected here on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 7 and 8. Mr. Broadnax will present the Student Volunteer Movement in a meeting to be arranged. Every student, if only from the point of education, should be informed on the progress of the world's evangelization. Be sure to hear Mr. Brodnax.

On Tuesday, October 8, our Association received a visit from Mr. McA. Beaver, College Secretary of Pennsylvania. A very helpful joint meeting of the College and Academy Associations was held in Bucknell Hall, addressed by Mr. Beaver.

Local.

Registrar Gretzinger has returned from his vacation.

Mr. Fred B. Hunt holds the position of Assistant in the College Library.

Miss Grace Slifer and Miss Mary Wilson were initiated into Pi Beta Phi on October 11.

"Bob" Burdett will deliver another of his funny lectures here on January 9, 1896, for the benefit of Athletics.

Prof. in Rhetoric—"To understand and appreciate Lowell one must know a great deal. That's why I like him."

Mr. Joe. Shultz is becoming quite interested in the work of the Literary Societies. He attends regularly and participates in the discussions.

Rev. Dr. Hanna, of Pottsville, father of Rev. T. C. Hanna, '95, and A. Judson Hanna, '99, conducted Chapel services one morning last week.

The College Seniors greatly appreciate Dr. Boardman's kind gift of his book, The Problem of Jesus. He sent a copy to each member of the class.

The Sophomore Class has recently enrolled in its membership Miss Mary Wilson. We are glad Miss Wilson has decided to take her college course at Bucknell.

The officers of the College Girls' Association for the following year are: President, Mary M. Wolfe; Vice President, Maude E. Hanna; Secretary, Anna M. Rodgers; Treasurer, Clarissa Fowler.

A glee-club has been organized by the college girls, and a course of earnest, hard practice has already begun. Miss Mary Harris has been appointed Leader, and Miss Rosa L. Hartley, Business Manager.

Both the Presbyterian and Lutheran Synods of the Northumberland District convened in Lewisburg this month. At the invitation of Dr. Harris the delegates of both gatherings visited the Hill and inspected the buildings.

About two hundred students and town people went over to Montandon on a special train Saturday night, to meet our boys on their return from the victory at Harrisburg. The Bucknell Band was along and much enthusiasm was manifested.

A Literary Society for the college women of the University has been organized with the following officers: President, Mary B. Harris; Vice President, Maude E. Hanna; Secretary, Mary Cotton; Treasurer, Anna Gilchrist; Critics, Mary M. Wolfe, Rosa L. Hartly.

The Theta Alpha Literary Society and the Lewisburg Gas Company have come to a mutual agreement concerning the old gas bill. The bill has been settled and the society once more enjoys the luxury of good light. The Gas Company has agreed to put in separate meters for the societies.

The special excursion to Williamsport on Saturday will leave the Reading station at 12.15 P. M. Six coaches will be provided and handsomely decorated with college colors. The Bucknell Band is to accompany the excursion. Returning, the special train will leave Williamsport at 7.15 P. M. Rate for the round trip, 98 cents,

Dr. Harris is expected home to-day from his trip to Chicago and other parts of the West. On Monday, the 21 inst., he addressed the Minister's Conference, in Chicago, and on Tuesday, the 22, he delivered the annual address before the State Education Society, of Iowa, at Burlington. While in Chicago he was the guest of President Harper.

The Local Editor sits musing at his desk, anon glancing out on the railroad, wishing his thoughts would come as the speeding train, and cudgeling his brain for items for the next issue. Just as he has begun to grasp some grand thought, or some mighty conception, down the hall comes the mournful wail—"O-i-i-i-l," and his reverie is broken, alas, to appear no more.

"Congratulations on the appearance of the first issue of the MIRROR for the college year; may its shadow never grow less. I am certainly glad to hear of the great increase in the number of students; in my time it we had as many in the whole College as you have in your Freshman class, we thought we were doing well." These kind words are from an alumnus of the class of '86.

Reynolds reciting in Psychology: "Sensations may be received by grasping an object with the hand, by holding it with both hands, or, in the case of a larger body, by clasping it with the arms." [Here the consciousness of the force of the last clause causes him to laugh.]

Dr. Harris: "It seems to call up some pleasant recollections, Mr. Reynolds."

On Thursday, October 3, a rare treat was afforded the students of the University in the form of Dr. Boardman's lectures on Social Ethics. The students thoroughly appreciate the opportunity to listen to such an able scholar as Dr. Boardman, as was evinced by their close attention throughout the three lectures. The student body stands ready to accord the Doctor a hearty welcome whenever he shall appear at Bucknell.

Improvements are still going on in Bucknell Library, and the students are learning to appreciate more and more the advantages that this department of the University affords them. Recently over fifty volumes for the Theological Alcove were received from Mr. Wm. J. Coxey, of Camden, N. J. Fifteen volumes for the Department of History have also been added. Already the need of a larger room for the library is coming to make itself felt.

Bucknell came down like a wolf on the fold.
Their sweaters were striped with dark blue and gold.
They rushed and they tackled like giants of might
And kicked Gettysburg far, far out of sight.
But they battled like men, like men they forgot
The gridiron scars, each bruised, bleeding spot;
Combed the soil from their hair, then cheered with
a will
And kissed, in their minds, fair Camille D'Arville.
O Bucknell! O Gettysburg! come back again
The glory is yours and so is the —pain.

Harrisburg Evening News.

The Press Association held its second regular meeting of the term last Monday evening, Oct. 21. Editor W. L. Kurtz, of the Lewisburg *Journal*, who has been doing newspaper work since his graduation from Bucknell in '85, was present and addressed the meeting: He outlined the difference in the influence of the metropolitan and rural newspaper and the social standing of their editorial management. He also impressed upon the minds of his audience the necessity of following a policy carefully founded in honesty and integrity. Dr. G. G. Groff was a visitor at the meeting.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Mabel Lovegrove was made happy on Saturday, October 12, by a visit from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Lovegrove of Philadelphia.

Miss Wheeler and Miss Emma Kunkle spent Sunday, October 13, at the home of Miss Edna Shires, near Limestoneville, Montour County.

On Tuesday, October 8, Miss Maud Hanna, the president of the Y. W. C. A., welcomed the new members by an initiatory service, held instead of the usual prayer-meeting.

The officers of the Senior class are as follows: President, Miss Mary Williamson; Vice President, Miss Bertha Watkins; Secretary, Miss Emma Kunkle; Treasurer, Miss Gertrude Kase.

A few days ago the hearts of all the girls in the Main Building were made glad by the reception of some new tables. This is another improvement. What may we expect next for our comfort and advantage?

For the past two weeks, on Wednesday afternoons, Mrs. Larison has been quizzing the pupils on Dr. Boardman's lectures. Many of the forcible arguments and bright sayings of the Doctor have thus been more deeply impressed upon the minds of those who heard him.

The young ladies of the Institute, under the direction of Miss Eddleman and Miss Bell, have organized two Literary Societies which will hold their meetings every other week, alternating with each other. It is hoped that a generous rivalry will spring up between the two societies, inciting each to earnest efforts in the cultivation of the forensic and literary art.

Miss Armitage has gone to Philadelphia for the treatment of her eyes. Upon examination by several expert specialists, the affection of her eyes seems to be of a serious nature. Her absence has consequently been prolonged. During Miss Armitage's absence Miss Bell has had charge of the work in elocution. Miss Jennie Jones has also been absent several days on account of trouble with her eyes.

At the annual meeting of the Bucknell Institute Alumni Club the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Martha Wolfe; Vice President, Miss Annie MacDonald; Secretary, Miss Annie Evans; Treasurer, Miss Florence Van Dyke; Correspondent to Philadelphia Club, Mrs. Mary S. Gretzinger.

Mrs. D. Bright Miller gave an interesting talk on Life in Mexico.

The Institute Class of '97 has elected the following officers: President, Miss Mabel E. Batten; Vice President, Miss Sarah Black; Secretary, Miss Mary Kline; Treasurer, Miss Anna Judd. The preparation for Soiree has already begun and the Fourth Year girls are anxious that their exhibition, in May, shall surpass any that has been given in the past.

Professor Aviragnet has entered upon his work this term with all his wonted enthusiasm. He has organized a French Club which meets each Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock, and which is well attended by the teachers, and ladies of the town as well as by the students who are more advanced in the study of the language. A class has also been organized for the free instruction of all who wish to learn the elements of music. This class meets Thursdays at 5 P. M.

The fact that a number of ladies have now taken up the study of Art under Miss Wood's direction is proof of their appreciation of the excellent work that is being done in the studio. Miss Grace Wales of New York State, who graduated from the Seminary in '69 has come here this term expressly for the study of art. Mrs. Larison, Mrs. Case, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Stoughton, Miss Annie Evans, Miss Darlington and Miss Bastress of Sunbury, are among the ladies who have entered the studio.

The present method of keeping a record of the attendance of the Institute girls upon religious services, is a great improvement on the former plan. Previously it was necessary for at least three of the girls to carry their roll-books to Chapel, and spend all or nearly all of the fifteen minutes, set apart for devotional service, noting who were absent and who present. The system now in use is this:

Each girl has a card on which her name is written. On the left hand side of the card, in a column, are the four requirements: Church service, Sunday School, Sunday Afternoon Chapel and Morning Chapel. Opposite each is a blank space where each girl writes once a week just the number of times she has been present. If absent with an excuse, she may write the word excused. The record of attendance, thus given, is transformed to the regular roll-book at the weekly meetings of the faculty.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Sherman says, 'Gravitation ceased to work in my room the other day, and as a result all was confusion.''

Prof. In Philosophy Class:—"Which way would the Mississippi River flow if the earth revolved in the opposite direction?"

Rowe is enjoying single blessedness, for Devitt is at present spending a week at home. We do not know the exact (?) cause of his going, but we trust that he will return in a better condition.

Until quite recently we were unaware of the existence of a village in our immediate vicinity, bearing the name of Kelly Cross Roads; but on account of frequent visits to that place by one of our number we have become quite familiar with the place.

The practical joker is still in our midst, and as usual some one must suffer for his amusement. The town clock struck the hour of ten, the pale moon cast its soft rays over the earth, and a profound silence reigned. A certain student who lives in one of the Academy buildings, regardless of the fact that study hour had passed, and while busily pouring over his book, was disturbed by what sounded to him like a female voice calling him by name. Mr.— Mr.— came softly to his ear, he goes to the window, shields his eyes with his hand, and searches for the supposed fair one who wishes to see him. Ah ! there she is. Wait a minute, I'll be there. Although he knows that the doors are securely fastened he is not discouraged for the will prepares the way, and almost instantly we see him searching the surroundings, and quietly calling, "where are you?" In vain did he search, for the object had vanquished. The dissapointed young man returned to his room wondering if it was but a dream; no it cannot be. He is right, it was not a dream, but a reality combined in an almost indistinguishable feminine voice, and a stag party costume.

Personals.

'95. Miss Kate McLaughlin is teaching at Mazeppa.

'95. Miss Cora Perry has entered upon her work as Assistant Secretary of the Scranton Young Women's Christian Association.

'68. Rev. J. S. James, D. D., is still making progress in obtaining the needed $15,000 of stock subscription in order to get out the new Baptist weekly for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware.

Ex-'96. Geo. Megargee has entered the Medical Department of U. of P. His playing at half-back on one of the class teams recently occasioned considerable favorable comment.

'75. C. R. James conducted Chapel exercises, Thursday morning, October 24.

'76. Rev. C. L. Davis has resigned his charge at Laporte and Eaglesmere and the other churches in that circuit.

'76. Rev. Owen James, D. D., goes South this month to take charge of one of the Educational Institutions among the Freedmen.

'86. Wm. A. Lewis, formerly of Philadelphia, has accepted a position as cashier with the firm of Hall & Detweiler, New York City. General Agents for The Vermont Life Insurance Company. Mr. Lewis's home address is Rutherford, N. J.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel, pastor at Oak Lane, Philadelphia, recently visited the University and conducted chapel services.

Ex-'91. A little daughter now makes glad the hearts of Rev. I. S. Harkins and wife, located in the Telugu District, India.

'94. Miss Grace Guthrie has entered Yale University.

'94. Jas. Kendall, of New Haven, Conn., visited his friends in Lewisburg recently.

'94 and '95. Married. At the home of the bride in Lewisburg, by Rev. J. T. Judd, Sept. 10, Mr. P. S. Calvin, '94 and Miss Minnie Cotton, '95. Mr. and Mrs. Calvin will enter the University of Chicago to pursue a course in theology. The MIRROR extends congratulations and well wishes.

'95. F. W. Jackson is teaching at Mt. Pleasant Institute.

'95, Inst. Miss Stella Houghton is teaching at Buffalo X Roads.

'95. N. F. Davis is assistant professor of Organic Science at Bucknell.

'95. F. M. Simpson has accepted a position at Hall Institute, Sharon, Pa.

'95. W. B. Sheddan is teaching in the Pottsgrove Academy, Pottsgrove, Pa.

'95, P. B. Cregar and B. K. Brick have entered the Medical Department of U. of P.

'95. David Phillips has joined the Bucknell representatives at the University of Chicago.

'95. W. A. Crawford, W. T. Paulin, Jr., and F. I. Sigmund are pursuing their studies at Crozer.

'95. W. A. Kauffman is engaged in teaching at the Bordentown Military Institute, Bordentown, N. J.

'95. B. Meade Wagenseller is teaching at Milton. He was in Lewisburg on his wheel, Tuesday, the 22 inst.

'95. Bromley Smith has returned to Keystone Academy from which he graduated in '91, but now he is there as a teacher.

'95. Ezra Allen is back at Bucknell, pursuing post-graduation work. In connection with this work he is acting as proctor at the Academy.

'95. L. G. C. Riemer is teaching Latin and German in the College. The large increase in the number of students at Bucknell has made an assistant necessary in these departments.

Ex-'97. J. C. Stock has entered upon his theological studies at Crozer.

Ex-'97. Miss Mary Eldleman is teaching Latin and Mathematics in the High School at Alexandria, Ind.

'86. The *Camden Courier* speaks very highly of a Doctrinal Sermon preached before the West Jersey Association by Rev. S. S. Merriman, at Atlantic City, in the church of which Rev. Thos. J. Cross is pastor. Mr. Merriman has resigned his charge at Merchantville.

'87. Mr. Ed. Paul, at one time assistant Superintendent of our borough schools, later a student at law in the office of Senator W. H. Hackenburg, has, since Saturday last, been a full fledged lawyer. Mr. Paul is a man of varied attainments, has been a close student, and we predict for him a successful career as a barrister. Congratulations.—*Milton Standard.*

Miss Alice C. Hartley, who has pursued special work in the college for the past two years, is First Assistant at Darlington Seminary, West Chester.

Exchange.

Lehugh promises a strong team this year.

Cornell will have 2,000 students this year.

There are eighteen college bred men in the U. S. Senate.

The expenses of "Prom Week" at Yale are said to be $89.00.

Cornell will play Harvard, Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania.

The general sentiment among American college students favors Cuban freedom.

The University of Berlin is the largest in the world; over 8000 students have enrolled.

Students at the Ohio Wesleyan University must abstain from the use of tobacco in any form.

Etymology of "Restaurant": *Res*, a thing, and *Taurus* a bull—Resturant, a bully thing.—*Ex.*

The Mirror, published in the interest of the Central High School of Philadelphia, certainly desires the name.

AS THE GIRLS SEE IT.

I took the gentle Anabel
To see a football game.
And thus unto a friend of hers
Did she describe the same:

"Oh, May, you should have seen them play,
'Twas such a lovely sight!
And though the first game I had seen
I understood it quite.

"First came the Yales, all dressed in blue,
Then Harvard came in red
One fellow, the rest all tried
To jump upon his head.

"And there one fellow stopped and stooped,
And all the rest got round;
And every fellow stopped and stooped,
And looked hard at the ground;

"And then the other fellow yelled
And each man where he stood
Just hit and struck and knocked and kicked
At every one he could.

"And then one fell upon his neck
And all the others ran
And on his prone and prostrate form
Leaped every blessed man.

"And then the ambulance drove on,
And, loaded up with men
With twisted necks and broken limbs,
Went driving off again.

"O, football is just the game!
It cannot be surpassed,
But yet it really is a shame
To use men up so fast."

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

THE MIRROR is on file at the editorial rooms of the *University Review*, 236 Fifth Avenue, New York. where all college men are given a hearty welcome.

Registrar Gretzinger addresses the following to the public: "I take great pleasure in announcing that I have secured as the first attraction in the variety winter entertainment course, season of '95-'96, the Swedish Grand Concert Co., which consists of a male quartette, Miss Jennie Shoemaker, impersonater and delsartean, and Miss Bertha Webb, the renowned violinist. Miss Shoemaker needs no introduction to a Lewisburg audience. Miss Webb has already been introduced to the Lewisburg readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, (*vide* the August number of this paper). The above attractions are among the finest on the road and should command a large house. The popular prices of 25 and 35 cents will prevail. Opera House, October 28."

THE DANVILLE STEAM LAUNDRY
has been doing business with the Bucknell boys for over five years, and is the only laundry that has been able to hold their trade so long a time. This ought to be an evidence that
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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 9, 1895. No. 3.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

Editorial.

THE Lecture and Concert season has opened. Several entertainments have been arranged. Lewisburg is noted for its good musical entertainments; the music lovers of the town co-operating with the School of Music have brought it about that we are offered only what is first class. For the student, these are opportunities that ought never to be missed. Nothing will so refresh our minds as hearing good things. It wakes one from the dead routine of class-room work, cheers him up and sends him forth with a lighter step.

◆

THE names of those engaging in the various organizations connected with our college life are few. Those who are energetic workers in one enterprise are the ones wanted, and the ones who are found, in the others. Thus the few willing to bear their share of the burden are saddled with the whole load. For instance, one is required to practice at football two hours every evening for the match games on Saturday; twice a week he leads at band practice; he conducts chapel singing every morning; and on Sundays he sings in the choir for which there is a preliminary choir practice. There is opportunity for all, let the work be more evenly distributed.

◆

OF course it is not so, but apparently there is among us more than the usual percentage of those bent on hoarding up knowledge. The picture of a miser gloating over his gold is sad enough. But not more sad is it than that of the young man studying on the way to and from his meals, his head in his book all the livelong day and far into the night; willing to discuss with his fellows (if perchance he at all tolerates such beneficent interruption) nothing but lessons, lessons, lessons. Oh for a brush to paint this second miser! Is he lively? As the last exhumed Ramesis. Has he blood coursing through his veins? As much as have the autumnal leaves, which he scarcely knows are falling.

◆

THEORY and practice! How plentiful the one; how scarce the other! The multitude shout at capital ideas; the few labor to execute them. The student body in a mass meeting applaud and endorse with enthusiastic interest the plans made for a demonstration before a great football game; a paltry dozen carry the banner and parade the town. One student goes without his supper to letter the banner, and then must needs carry it on his own shoulder in the parade because others have done their share *in the mass meeting.* Marshals are appointed for each class, and at the time for the demonstration find none to marshal except a half-dozen loyal students and a few small boys of exuberant spirits. If all the slumbering eloquence of the marshals and the few loyal students finds expression at the next mass meeting, surely it will outrival Congress as an attraction.

THE ability to do should be developed equally with the ability to learn. Executive ability distinguishes the man-of-affairs from the pedant. There is to be gained, along with the discipline which enables us to learn, a discipline that will enable us to deal with men and circumstances. Insight, tact, capability, which will increase our usefulness many fold, will be the reward of those who take part in college affairs. This, we admit, is an appeal to selfish motives; though it was not selfishness that during past years has made the football men practice night after night, sustain injury after injury, sacrifice any comfort that their team might win,—though in return they received a training that makes men of iron, it was love for Bucknell and a desire that her name might stand well in the college world. And their efforts have met with success. The Press Association, the baseball and track teams have him interests at heart, also. In a sociological comparison between College and Nation, the men helping on these affairs are the patriots, while the student-misers can be compared oniy to those despised creatures who are bent on selfish gain, oblivious of their country's welfare.

Literary.

In nature, trees put forth their leaves,
The birds their nestlings feed;
The farmers sow for future sheaves,
And plough the fields they need,
In the bright and joyous Springtime.

The ice-bound brook sings merrily,
Freed now from Winter's chain;
The tiny flowers grow steadily
Helped by the sun and rain,
In the bright and joyous Springtime.

Our maidens fair at dear Bucknell,
  Are breaking nature's rule;
For new things now they're striving well,
  All loyal to the school,
In the earnest, busy Autumn.

In making melody divine,
Some meet to practice now,
While at the literary shrine,
All gladly, humbly, bow,
In the earnest, busy Autumn.

And best of all, in each girl's heart,
Some strong desires lurk,
With basket-ball to do her part,
And for this cause she'll work,
In the earnest, busy Autumn.

ANON.

THE HERO IN FICTION.

As the passing years indicate transitions on every side in customs, dress and modes of life, perhaps in no department is this change so manifest as in that of literature, and especially in fiction. The very word "hero" implied a man of great bravery, and gave to the production a martial tone. The use of the word to-day, however, has a far broader signification, and with the meaning of impersonating any masculine character who plays the leading rôle, gives the authors of modern fiction a much more extensive field of action than the writers of past times had.

Everyone has his own conception of the hero in the abstract. In some this amounts to nothing save a vague perception of some supposably faultless being; In others the idea is more tangible, and resolves itself into a creation of flesh and blood like ourselves, endowed with special qualities which distinguish him from mankind in general.

In the ideal hero we demand a certain health of mind and manliness, together with the sympathy and tenderness of which great natures alone are capable. That the concrete conception of the hero differs widely in individual minds, is well shown by the endless variety of masculine creations resulting from the press of writers both in our own and other countries.

Illustrative of the union of the past and present characteristics of the hero in fiction, may be mentioned the William Wallace of Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs." Of the past in his life of war, of the present in his love for his peaceful home and watchcare over those dependent upon him.

From the happy seclusion of Ellerslie to the sad exile in London tower our admiration of Wallace becomes higher and higher. His consideration for the weak; his unswerving sense of right in the hour of great temptation; his exceeding valor and manly beauty, with his holy love for the sweet bride of his youth, and later for the noble Helen Man, make him "a king among men."

This "Scottish Chief" inspires us with lofty aims. He incites a longing to devote our lives for the good of our fellow-man, sharing alike his "sunshine and cloud". As he loved and sorrowed with those about him, so we give him our truest affection, rejoicing in his joy or mingling our tears with his, at the fall of Corie Lynn and on the wild moors of bonnie Scotland.

A hero of widely different stamp is Tito the Greek, as portrayed by the master-pen of George Eliot in "Romola." Possessed of extreme beauty of person and plausible in manner, his Grecian refinement and learning at once awaken in us a favorable interest. His devotion to the pure Romola also increases our regard, but from the outset Tito seems wanting in that manly quality of unswerving uprightness. Year by year this deficiency becomes more apparent until the retribution of death.

Yet this Greaco-Florentine is by no means a weakling, for strength of will and determination are among his leading traits. Used to proper purpose these would have made him a man of lasting power, but deception, that deadly foe to all nobility of action, completely hinders the development of manly characteristics. Tender though he may seem in his mistaken kindness to Tessa, our righteous indignation is stirred at his neglect of Romola, who, despite her apparent coldness, demands the honor and confidence ever due a wife. The very brilliancy of Tito demands our admiration, while mingled closely with it comes a feeling of regret, and as the pallid face lies motionless upon the wave we sadly murmur, "A wasted life."

Such are the fadeless memorials of Jane Porter and George Eliot, most worthy illustrations of the classics in modern fiction.

Nor are these pre-eminent or above numerous other characters, for English literature is especially rich in these creations, many of them destined to live but for one brief day, while others make for themselves an abiding place even in our very lives.

As the mariner becomes oblivious to all about him in the contemplation of heaven's starry dome, so we in the study of the heroes of refined fiction, are lifted from the petty cares of daily life into the more congenial surroundings of fancy's realm. M. E. H. '97.

RIPON.

It was upon a bright morning in the early spring several years ago that I left York, that ancient English city, midway between Edinburgh and London, for a walk of twenty-five miles toward the west to the fair little city, Ripon.

The walls of York, its cathedral and Roman towers are left and the vast stretch of level country is opened to the traveler's view, who now begins to enjoy the walk over roads almost as smooth as an asphaltum street. During the severe winter the earth had been clad in its immaculate blanket and now all nature seems to burst forth in fulness and, as each farm is passed, the bleating lambs echo the voice of the first season and now the lark starting up from the brown grass, which has not yet been touched by the verdant wand, soars toward the heavens until it is a mere speck in space, while from it come those sweet melodies which have given music to many a poet's verse.

Time, with noiseless step, goes on until the clock of the small town in the distance tells of the hour for dinner.

An enjoyable rustic meal is taken by the side of a playful stream and the principle of Diogones is brought into practice, as the refreshing waters of the brook need no cup to make them agreeable. Such a repast sometimes brings the refreshment of a more sumptuous one and, with renewed strength, urges progress. Owing to the disposition to loiter among the beauties of the way, the horizon begins to hail the approaching sun before the city, which will afford a night's rest, is reached.

The place which we call Ripon does not appear large enough to be called a city, but when we see the great cathedral towering before us, we decide that it is the see of a bishop and use the term "city" expressing that fact.

With the night's refreshment, there comes a desire to see the interesting features of this famous English pleasure resort.

We are directed to a village about three miles from the city. There we find the secluded estate belonging to Lady Mary Vyner. Passing the gatekeeper's house, we enter the large park of five hundred acres and directly in front, about one quarter of a mile away, we see Lady Mary's mansion; but a glance to the right shows us that there is a beautiful church in the park, which may be worth our attention before going farther.

Now, an old guide comes out and for a few pence, offers to take us through the magnificent building. He describes the place with his oft repeated speech and says that the building, complete, cost £40,000, which statement we think incredible at first, as the edifice is no larger than the smallest church of this town. When he takes us into the interior we believe him, as all work there is of the highest class. He, with pride, points to the oak pews and tells us that they are made of American wood and shows the font, the marble of which, says he, was brought from Tennessee.

On the altar decorated with pure gold we admire a cover, around whose borders is some artistic needle work showing the abundance of the same precious metal. The old man tells us that the lady, herself, did the work.

At the utterance of her name he tells us of her great interest in the whole church. "Her son," he continues, "was making a tour through Greece with two companions, in the year 1870, and all fell into the hands of brigands who demanded a ransom of £12,000. Young Frederick Grantham Vyner offered to stay in Greece while the others came to England for the money required.

"The amount was immediately advanced by Lady Mary and one of the party was sent on his way to pay for the release of the young man. After the messenger had reached Greece and was within a short distance of the place where he had left his friend, the Greek soldiers fired on the brigands and compelled them to flee to the mountains. It is supposed that the young Englishman could not make the progress that they wished and, in order to be free from their burden, they slew him. The ransom thus came too late and was brought back to England.

"The anguished mother raised the amount to £40,000 and placed this church on her estate where it could be plainly seen from her house and gave it the appropriate name of The Church of the Consoler."

He directed attention to the Rose Window in the rear of the structure which is circular, in form, and represents, in the centre of its costly glasses the Redeemer. Surrounding Him is the representation of almost every condition of life.

Here, we see the poor laboring man, next to him is the rich, in this well shaded leaf we see the mourner, here the widow, the mechanic, the heart-broken one in affliction, the youth beginning life, the middle aged, and the old man approaching the grave. All in their different conditions have their eyes turned to the most prominent One, Christ, the Consoler. In his stereotyped way, the kind escort says "good day" and we are again left to our own wanderings through the great estate.

Gardens, monuments, palatial stables, roaming deer and majestic swans are all left as we start for the road leading to the city. We reach the great cathedral before the strange thoughts of the solitary estate and the memorial church have faded from the mind.

This great Church of England which is well supplied with bishop, canons, curates and scripture readers, impresses the observer as the most beautiful cathedral of Britain, and though it is not so large as York or St. Paul, yet the carvings and architecture show to better advantage as a greater part of the whole can be seen at one time and the connection of work is not lost, as is frequently the case in the former massive structures.

The guide, with candle in hand, takes us into the Crypt below and as we follow almost breathlessly through the narrow, winding passages, he tells us that these underground ways bear a great resemblance to the Catacombs of Rome, though the eastern corridors are much longer and wider.

After a few hours in the interior of the building, where we read the ancient carvings on the monuments, with their old form of spelling, and admire the oak work of the choir and the brilliant tapestry of the altar; with thoughts turned from the serious to the ridiculous by the grotesque figures in the chapter house, we leave the cathedral, as its deafening bell sounds the sixth hour from noon, and pass through the large square of the city. We read above the court house door: "Except ye Lord keep ye cittie ye wakeman waketh in vain," and are confronted by the sign pointing its great finger to Knaresboro. The beauties of the cathedral, the spacious parks, the curfew bell and evening bugle sounds, are left to the bishop, canons and contented inhabitants.

S. R. W.

Athletics.

Franklin and Marshall cancelled the game scheduled for Nov. 2, giving as a reason that their team was not in condition.

There will be no game on the campus Saturday, Nov. 9. The management of the Carlisle Indians asked that the game be postponed until Nov. 16.

The Academy football team defeated an aggregation of town players under the name of the Lewisburg High School, by a score of 10–6, on Saturday, Nov. 2.

Colgate cancelled for Nov. 16. The game was to be played in Sunbury and would have been very interesting. This leaves three games to be played, the Indians here on the 16th, Duquesne C. & A. C. at Pittsburg on the 23rd, and Dickinson at Harrisburg on the 28th. We should win all of them. There is great interest in town and college over the Indian game.

At the Athletic meeting held Saturday, Nov. 2, a new constitution was proposed and adopted. Under it the old officers were re-elected. It provides that the membership fee shall be $1.00 and that season tickets be discontinued. All season tickets of this year will be redeemed A financial committee was elected consisting of Kunkle, Chairman, Registrar Gretzinger, Suiter, Lesher and Bower. This committee has charge of subscription papers and all home games both of football and baseball.

Bucknell's second team defeated the Susquehanpa University team at Selinsgrove, Saturday, Nov. 2, by a score of 16–0. The first touch-down was scored in five minutes after play started. Garner and Catterall played the best game for Bucknell. Susquehanna had the weight but lacked skill in team play. Our boys were accorded fine treatment and speak in praise of the Selinsgrove players.

The summary:

SUSQUEHANNA.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Goss	left end	Jenkinson.
Wingard	left tackle	McQuistion.
Hassinger	left guard	Rowe.
H. Brungart	center	Dillon.
Erdman	right guard	Mulford.
Ulrich	right tackle	Cooper.
Morris	right end	Gilchrist.
Carpenter	quarter-back	Harris, Griffith.
E. Brungart	left half-back	Garner.
Hare	right half-back	Catterall.
Woodley	full-back	Smith.

Touchdowns: Smith, Catterall 2. Goals, Catterall 2. Umpires, Hare, Susquehanna; Jennings, Bucknell. Referee, Kline, Susquehanna.

By superior playing in the second half, Pennsylvania State College defeated Bucknell in the annual football contest at Williamsport, Saturday, Oct. 26. Over two thousand people witnessed the game. Of this number, about six hundred from Lewisburg and Bucknell went to Williamsport on special excursion trains. Twenty-two defenders of the orange and blue left on the early Reading train and stopped at the Updegraff hotel, which was appropriately decorated with Bucknell colors. The crowd of admirers of the local team was never more hopeful for victory—many were confident—but all were disappointed when they saw State's flying interference plough through our line and send three men down the field with the ball.

The students of Williamsport's educational institutions—the high school and Dickinson Seminary—all shouted for us. In the grand stand, a bevy of young ladies from Lewisburg joined a large group of Institute maidens in waving the orange and blue and cheering the Bucknell players with songs and an occasional "yah, yah, yoo." Bucknell's supporters occupied the bleachers and several hundred loyal State "rooters" cheered the white and blue to victory on the other side of the oval. All Williamsport wanted to see Bucknell win and many of her citizens left the grounds feeling very sore over the defeat.

The great feature of the game was an absence of brutality, although some foul tackles by State players almost caused injuries, and the presence of outside officials whose decisions met hearty approval. During the game, when Bucknell held the ball, State's ends played as much as a yard offside at times and five or seven men often started in their flying interference without being noticed by the officials.

State had an advantage over Bucknell of three pounds in weight to each player. The judgment displayed by Capt. McCaskey won the game. During the first half, he tired out Bucknell's line by continually rushing his heavier linemen against the opposing centre and tackles, and in the second half entirely changed his tactics and won by breaking through our line and running his flying interference around the ends for big gains.

The first half was a brilliant contest, in which Bucknell had a slight advantage. It was a continual plunging against tackles and centre, by which it is shown that our line is as strong as

State's. Cober and Devall, for Bucknell, and the Dunsmores and Thompson, for State, were the giants of the game.

The line-up and officials were as follows:

BUCKNELL.	POSITION.	STATE.
Jennings	center	Murray.
Lesher	right guard	Scott.
Hollinshead	left guard	Randolph.
Gilchrist, (Davis)	right tackle	J. A. Dunsmore.
Devall	left tackle	J. G. Dunsmore.
Collins	right end	McKibben.
Catterall, Firth, Gilchrist	left end	Curtin.
Herring, Firth	quarter-back	McCaskey.
Bunnell (Capt)	right half-back	Brown.
Thomas, Brady	left half-back	Thomas.
Cober	full-back	Thompson.

Touchdowns: Thompson, 2; Brown, 1. Goals, Thompson, 2. Referee, C. H. Bernheisel (Cornell). Umpire, Dr. Schoff (U. of P.). Linesman, Mr. Adams (U. of P.).—*Lewisburg Journal.*

Y. M. C. A.

Dutton '98, who represented the Association at the Convention at Erie, reports a most helpful and spirtual convention. Before returning to the University he visited Niagara Falls.

A new committee has been added to the list of standing committees of the Association, viz, a Music Committee, consisting of S. J. Cleeland, '99, Chairman; E. H. Flint, '98; V. B. Fisk, '97; G. M. Davis, '98; Leroy Hall, '99.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association, held at the close of the prayer meeting last Tuesday Evening, it was decided to postpone the observence of the week of Prayer until the early part of December. Due notice of the exact date of the commencement of the meetings will be given.

Local.

Mr. Joe. Shultz, '9?, is suffering from an acute attack of inflamation of the bronchial tubes.

Miss Mary Owens, Ex-'96, has returned from Philadelphia, where she has been for some weeks.

Zeta Literary Society was delighted recently with the tasteful bulletin box presented by Mr. Macnab.

Cleeland, when asked to tell of something new, instantly replied, "Neuralgia, pneumonia, pneumatics".

New courses in Human Anatomy, with dissection of cadaver, will be offered next term at Bucknell.

We sympathize deeply with Miss Kate McLaughlin in the sad loss of her father who died Oct. 29.

Miss Mary Wolfe, Miss Anna Rodgers and Miss Vida Davenport cheered for Bucknell in the State-Bucknell game.

Dr. W. R. Harper, President of Chicage University, is expected to lecture at Bucknell during the Spring term.

An Athletic Association has been organized by the College Girls, with a view to forming a basket ball team in the near future.

We had supposed that the Sophs had completed the study of Geometry, but we notice that Elliot is still interested in the Angle.

The College Girls' Glee Club rendered a choice selection of music at the entertainment given by Mrs. Lucia Mead Priest on November 1.

Dr. Hulley, on Tuesday evening last addressed the Bradford County Convention of the Y. P. S. C. E., at Canton, Pa., on the subject: The Bible as a classic.

Prof. H. N. Conser, of Sunbury, was assisting Mr. N. F. Davis in the Laboratory, Saturday afternoon, October 26, in the preparation of Histological specimens.

The Press Association was addressed Monday evening, November 4, by Robert B. McCay, '96, on "The Daily Newspaper in a Town of Ten Thousand Inhabitants."

The bridge over the run on Loomis St. is being repaired. An arch made of double layer of bricks is being put in below the bridge, and it is otherwise being strengthened.

This is what the *Williamsport Sun* has to say of the conduct of Bucknell students at the State-Bucknell game: The State College boys certainly did not make any friends in this city by their ungentlemanly action. Bucknell, on the other hand, deserves much credit for the gentlemanly deportment exhibited by the football team and the "rooters".

The University sermon for October was delivered in Bucknell Hall, Sunday afternoon, October 21, by the Rev. P. L. Jones, D.D., of Philadelphia. The discourse was thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard it.

D. E. Lewis, '96, was called home recently on account of the serious illness of his father. We are glad to have him back after an absence of more than a week reporting an improvement in his father's health.

The Class of '98 is manifesting its advance in the college world by adopting a class cane. The manipulation of the cane is revealing to more than one Sophomore how difficult it is to be unostentatious in his walk.

For copies of "*The New Era*", Social Evolution, Our Country, Mavella, besides the Bonie Brier Bush, etc., call at the College Book Store. Here you can get also good editions of the poems of Whittier, Browning, and Tennyson.

The flood of catalogues, circulars, etc. from Medical, Law and Theological schools, which annually overwhelms the Senior Class has begun to pour in—a proof of the keen competition existing between the professional institutions.

The Cabinet of Views of Bucknell University, exhibited in the B. Y. P. U. Convention at Baltimore and at various places in this State by Registrar Gretzinger, is back at Bucknell. The Cabinet may be inspected at the office of the Registrar.

Literary Societies are abundant in the University at present. The College has three, the Academy two and the Institute two. Three of the eight had their birth this year, an additional evidence of the broader spirit pervading the University life.

Arrangements have been made by which *graduates* of Bucknell, who have taken the courses in Organic Science, will be admitted without examinations to the second year's work in the medical departments of the Universities of Pennsylvania and of Michigan.

Dr. Aviragnet is about to introduce a new feature in the musical department of the University in the form of occasional concerts by the University Band. One concert will be given this term, and two in each of the remaining terms. This new departure will be both practical and enjoyable.

The work of Miss Mary Bartol for her A. M. degree at Bucknell has been accepted by the University of Michigan as part of the work required in the course leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Miss Bartol is now pursing the studies of the Ph. D. course at the University of Michigan.

On Wednesday evening, October 30, Dr. Harris addressed the New Jersey Education Society, at Camden, on the subject: Characteristics of Christain Education. On the following evening (Thursday) he delivered his lecture on The Fall of Richmond before the Lackawanna Teachers' Institute and the G. A. R. of Scranton.

Prof. in German class: "Owing to the fact that I have some notes for the class to copy each day we will omit prose composition for a few days. In lieu of this the class may take three pages additional to the regular assignment in *Irrfahrten* each day." A unanimous vote of thanks by the class naturally followed this concession (?).

The street in front of the Institute, between 6th street and the railroad, is being very much improved by the laying of an asphaltum pavement along the North side. When the improvements are complete, the residences along this street will be among the finest in Lewisburg and will aid very much in beautifying the surroundings of the Institute.

The closing session of the Bible institute was held last evening in the Reformed church. The attendance was larger than at any of the previous sessions and Prof. Hulley's lecture on "How to Study Your Bible," was one of the most interesting and practical of the services. The institute has been a great success and all those who attended received both pleasure and profit from the lectures. The attendance at every meeting has been very large and the total attendance has been estimated at over three thousand.—*Milton Standard.*

Thursday evening, November 7, Dr. Aviragnet tendered a reception to the members of the University Band and students of music. A most enjoyable social evening was spent by all present. Refreshments were served during the course of the evening. Before leaving the Institute the Band played several selections. This social event is only another evidence of Dr. Aviragnet's tireless energy and indefatigable labor in the interests of the musical department of the University. The occasion was the anniversary of the organization of the Band.

The last game of the season on the College Campus will be played November 16. May we appeal to the loyal students to attend this game, not only to cheer for our boys, but also to contribute something towards paying the visitors. There is hardly a student who does not know that the Athletic Association is finanically involved and is making a strenuous effort this season to improve its condition. If all the students will do their duty, the Athietic Association will have enough money to pay the team and a nice surplus to apply to old debts.

On Sunday, Nov. 3, Dr. Lincoln Hulley delivered the first of a series of lectures on selected minor prophets. The prophet Amos was the subject of this lecture. The series will continue through November, a lecture being given each Sunday afternoon in Bucknell Hall, at three o'clock. The public is invited.

Following is the series complete:—

November 3,..........Amos.
November 10,..........Joel.
November 17,....... Janah.
November 24,.......Nahum.

Dr. Hulley has just finished conducting a Bible Institute of seven lectures in the various churches of Milton. At each lecture the church was crowded to the utmost, not less than five hundred being present at any lecture. The Milton press speaks in warmest terms of the lectures. Dr. Hulley has also lectured upon the same subjects in various summer schools. This is a rare treat afforded students and town people.

We now have in the college the Class of '96, the Class of '97, the Class of '98 and the Class of '99, and next year we shall have the class of '00. 'Twill be a perplexing question to determine just how to designate the class in terms of the year of its graduation. We might call them *century plants*, or, going back to earlier political times for a suggestion, the *(k)no(w) nothing* (0-0) class. Again, to the Sophomoric mind at least, they might be the *naught-y* class. The professors might indicate them as the *flunkers*, or, *zero* class. It is rather paradoxical that their year-name, suggestive as it will be of the wonderful promises and possibilities of the twentieth century, should be composed of such insignificant figures. We believe, however, that the class will rise above any and all depressing influences that may be suggested by the oddity of the figures and will make a name for itself. In their case, the oft-propounded question, "What's in a name?" may truthfully be answered, "*Nothing, Nothing.*"

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

It speaks well for our athletic spirit, that two teams, one from the College girls and one from the Institute, are vigorously playing basket-ball these beautiful Autumn afternoons.

At the Sunday afternoon chapel in the Institute parlor, the study for the year will be the lives of Bible characters. The life of Moses in its various phases has been the subject thus far; and in addition to our own study we have had the pleasure of two delightful and instructive talks from Professor Martin.

The newly formed Athena Society elected the following officers: Miss Emma Kunkle, President; Miss Margaret Ross, Vice President; Miss Laura Angle, Secretary; Miss Katharine Johnson, Treasurer; Miss Alicia Zierden, Chaplain; Miss Mable Wells, First Critic; Miss Edith Phillips, Second Critic.

A missionary training class has been organized by the Y. W. C. A. The class is under the leadership of Mrs. Hulley. The text-book in use is "The Cross in the Land of the Trident." Much enthusiasm is being manifested in the study by those who have entered the class. Among the members are Mrs. Larison and Miss Eddelman.

The following are the officers of the Kalomathia Literary Society. Miss Mary Williamson, President; Miss Elizabeth Rossiter, Vice President; Miss Ella Bender, Secretary; Miss Emma Probasco, Treasurer; Miss Minnie Morris, Chaplain; Miss

Mary Youngman, First Critic; Miss Bertha Watkins, Second Critic. It is to be hoped that the name Kalomathia, which means, "Lovers of the Beautiful" will prove peculiarly fitting to this society and that its fair beginning will be succeeded by a fairer future.

The committee on Missionary Work, appointed by the President of the Y. W. C. A. held their first regular meeting October 13, to consider the organization of a class to pursue the study of Missions. The intention is to take up the work systematically; following the instructions given in a book entitled, "The Cross in the Land of the Trident," compiled by Harlan P. Beach. At the close of the term a review of the work, conducted on the plan of an old time "Spelling Bee," will be given publicly. This has been suggested, to keep up the interest. It is hoped that those who are devoting time to the study of this work will join us in this final Contest. We are glad to have secured the services of Mrs. Hulley as teacher.

The Y. W. C. A. was fortunate in securing Mrs. Lucia Meade Priest of Boston to give her interpretation of some Classic English poems. The following statements will show how great is her power as a reader.

The Professor of Oratory and Rhetoric of Brown University says: "In the interpretation of 'Elaine,' Mrs. Priest has caught the spirit of the poem with a fine sympathy that gives it a living expression."

An extract form a letter sent Mrs. Priest by the General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Norristown is as follows:

"I want to thank you again, in behalf of our Association for last evening's entertainment. People have said to me already 'Be sure and engage Mrs. Priest for next year.'"

All who heard Mrs. Priest, Friday, November, 1, in Bucknell Hall, can heartily endorse the above recommendations. It is to be greatly regretted that her recital came at a time of such an abundance of entertainments, etc.; the attendance was small in consequence. We can bespeak a large audience if Mrs. Priest should come again to Bucknell.

The game at Williamsport, October 26, between Bucknell and State College, developed among the members of the Institute, a true College spirit the depth and fervor of which is well worthy of emulation by our "brothers" on the Hill: Our principal's words, "I give you permission to attend this game only from the feeling that our boys may be incited by your presence to play the better", echoed in our hearts as we took our seats in the car decorated with our University's name and colors. The best places on the grand stand were ours and no prouder wearers of the orange and blue could have been found than the party of fifteen which represented the Institute. The progress of the ball was watched with unflaging interest through the entire game; and, though at the close, we recognized our defeat with unspeakable regret, true to the characteristic trials of woman there sprang up in our hearts a feeling of loyalty and devotion to Bucknell which even victory could hardly have inspired. Our team worked faithfully and well. We are proud of them, and our hope is, that from this defeat may spring the seed of future victories.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Jos. Jeremiah has returned to school again after having spent a week at his home in Scranton.

We are glad to report Devitt back again much improved in health after having spent two weeks at home.

Word has reached us that Mr. A. Anstock, a former student of Bucknell, is dangerously ill at his home in Mahanoy City with typhoid fever.

The Academy football team defeated the Lewisburg High School team Saturday afternoon, November 2, by a score of 10-6. This was the first game for this year's team. Many complimentary remarks have been made concerning the playing of the Cad. team.

Principal Edwards entertained the Academy students last Thursday evening with a genuine Halloween party; games, and charades were indulged in. The most interesting of all, was to see the boys capture an apple from a tub full of water without using their hands.

By the doings of a certain Academy student we recall an adage which runs thus: "Where there's a will, there's a way," for he has found out that the so called "fire escapes," provided for the different departments of the University are convenient for another purpose than that implied from the name, for by this means he keeps one of the fair sex supplied with dainties.

Personals.

'77. Rev. T. J. Collins, late of Scranton, has taken up the work of the Baptist Home Missionary Society in Salt Lake City, Utah.

'79. Rev. George E. Nichols is the pastor of a prosperous young church in the city of New Haven, Conn.

'80. Rev. F. H. Cooper, of the Memorial Church Binghamton. New York, supplied several of the prominent churches of Troy, during his vacation.

Ex-'81. Rev. F. G. McKeever is pastor of the First Baptist Church, New Haven, Conn.

Ex-'82. Rev. Ben. L. Herr, for five years pastor of the First Baptist Church Binghamton, N. Y., has resigned. It is rumored that the First Church of Hartford, Conn., is anxious to secure him as pastor.

'84. M. W. Shreves was recently admitted to the bar of Erie County.

'84. W. L. Kurtz recently delivered an interesting address before the Bucknell Press Association on the subject of "Country Journalism as distinguished from City Journalism."

Ex-'91. T. J. Cross, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Atlantic City, conducted chapel exercises yesterday morning.

'91. On Tuesday evening Oct. 20, the Allegheny Avenue Baptist Church gave a reception in honor of their pastor, the Rev. A. Lincoln Moore, who has just completed his third year of labor among them. The church was beautifully decorated with potted plants and palms. The ladies served a bountiful collation. The following prominent clergymen were present and delivered eloquent addresses: Rev. Chas. H. Thomas, Rev. Bernard MacMackin, Rev. Miles S. Reed, and Rev. W. Ward Willis. Deacon John Coley presided and introduced the speakers. The Rev. W. W. Willis on behalf of the church presented the pastor with a beautiful gold watch as a slight token of their love. During the present pastorate 227 new members have been received, making an average of 75 additions each year.

'93. Mr. Arthur F. Gardner, late instructor in Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J., has entered Cornell to pursue a Ph. D. course.

'95, Inst. Miss Florence Stoner is teaching in the graded schools at Berrysburg, Dauphin Co.

Ex-'97. Miss Ruth H. Sprague is this year teaching Latin and French at Darlington Seminary, West Chester, Pa.

Ex-'97. Stephen G. Palmer, late Business Manager of the MIRROR, is assistant professor of Latin and Greek at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Exchange.

Brown has now over 900 students and it is expected that the thousand mark will be passed next year.

President Harper, of Chicago University, has forbidden all students to join fraternities during their Freshman year.—*The Madisonensis.*

The time is ripe for an intercollegiate debating league. Dickinson has the material. What do you say Lehigh, Lafayette, and Franklin and Marshall? —*The Dickinsonian.* Where is Bucknell?

Saturday's game at Annapolis proved quite disappointing. Our boys had an off day and allowed the Naval Cadets to roll up 34 points against them. The Cadets played a fast, snappy game, but indulged in rough tactics and slugging. The "savages" not being up in these "civilized" ways, were placed at a disadvantage, the umpire, a cadet, being unable to see the fouls. In spite of this, our boys put up their usual clean game.—*Indian Helper.*

We desire to call the attention of the students to the only Latin exchange which comes to our table. The *Praeco Latinus* (Latin Herald,) published monthly at 1318 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia by Prof. *Arcade Mogyorossy.* This magazine offords an opportunity to classical students to read in Latin matter pertaining to modern affairs. Prof. Mogyorossy has his own ideas as to how Latin should be taught and his system is entirely orignal and although it has been published but a little more than a year, several institutions of learning have already adopted his method.

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Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 25, 1895. No. 4.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

NOVEMBER 25, 1895.

Editorial.

ACCORDING to Longfellow's descriptions, Miles Standish had not a very large team with which to fight the Indians.

"Then, too, there are my soldiers my great invincible army
Twelve men all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock."

Braddock, at Fort DuQuesne, tried to win with heavy mass plays, and was badly beaten; Standish, on the contrary, believed in an open game and his men scored frequently. If Young and Herring could only have coached them a little on flying interference, the puritan hardships would have been considerably lessened; for Massasoit would not have cared to schedule another game.

THANKSGIVING is at hand with its train of hearty festivities. Fourth of July is for the Nation, Christmas for Religion, Thanksgiving Day for the family. The three fundamental objects of man's affection are thus strengthened by our three great Holidays. Other celebrations can be but secondary.

As an institution, Thanksgiving Day was many centuries old before it came to America. With how much relish our Teutonic ancestors, off on an all-summer campaign of hunting and fighting, must have looked forward to the brumal home-gathering.

"Let us home,
Our mortal enemy is come
Winter and all his blustering train
Have made a voyage o'er the main.
Fly, fly, the foe advances fast
Into our fortress let us haste,
Where all the roarers of the North
Can neither storm nor starve us forth."

The thankfulness of their hearts for domestic protection and prosperity was proportionate to the bleakness of northern winter and consequently somewhat stronger than our's nowadays.

◆

FOOTBALL has taken a regular place on the Thanksgiving program. The game between Yale and Princeton at New York has been immensely popular and now every village goes out to see a game. Of course, if one were to attend a game in which the Carlisle Indians participate, its appropriatness to the retrospective spirit of Thanksgiving Day is easily seen, and such a game would be greatly appreciated here on our Campus. But any football game, since it accords with the Teutonic love of personal conflict, is appropriate on that holiday of ancestral memories.

◆

NEW YEAR'S EVE is the ordinary time for reflection and resolution; but since this is the end of the football year, a few such for that reason, will, not be inappropriate.

First. State College, judging from the past and present, can never be trusted to play a team of strictly college men. Second. William Young, on account of his commanding personality, is the man par excellence to develop team play. Third. That since he is no longer playing, a coach like Hering, who will put on a jacket and play and who has been freshly coached, is necessary if we wish to be up with the new plays. Fourth. The Harrisburg game coming before the State game was a fatal error. Fifth. That a liberal treatment of the Press is eminently advantageous, Manager Thompson, of State, to the contrary notwithstanding. Sixth. If properly advertised a game on the Campus can be made a financial success.

◆

HARVARD, Yale and Princeton were compelled a few years ago to acknowledge Pennsylvania as a fourth great team. But since Michigan played Harvard; Brown, Yale; Lafayette, Cornell; and Cornell, Princeton with such close scores, those old time magnates must see that the monopoly of football science is broken and that the laurels are open to widespread competition.

Dr. Perrine in an article appearing in a late University Magazine has proved also that the larger colleges have not a monopoly on educational advantages. His arguments in brief are as follows: "(1) The tendency of the large college in or near a large city is toward artificial, local, temporal aspects of life, while that of a small college is toward meditation on what is fundamental resulting in fixed ideals of character and conduct. (2) The extremes to which athletic, social and religious enterprises are carried affords refuge for the non-student from the discipline of the college curriculum. (3). The formation of aristocracies of wealth and the destruction of democratic ideas is incompatible with liberal scholarship. (4). The close association and interchange of ideas among students which forms an important part of an education, is unknown in large classes. (5) The elective system is carried so far that a person can graduate wholly deficient in some sides of culture. (6) The commercial and specializing atmosphere instead of the spirit of sound education is prevalent at the large colleges. Bucknell stands for what is best in the line of college education, the term University being a misnomer since the Theological department has been removed."

Contributed.

THE ORANGE AND THE BLUE.

Hail to the colors that usher the morning!
Orange and blue in the gates of the day.
Sing to the colors, the sunset adorning;
Orange and blue lead the matchless array.

CHO.—Hold up the colors of Bucknell on high;
  Orange and blue till they dazzle the eye.
  Shout for old Bucknell. Merry old Bucknell!
  Ring out her sky-rocket cry.

Hail to the colors the rainbow bends o'er us!
Orange and blue on its arches of light.
Sing to the stars as they ride on before us;
Orange and blue in the glimmering night.
CHO.—Hold up the colors of Bucknell on high; etc.

Sing to the colors that dance in the waters;
Orange and blue where the bright ripples play.
Sing to fair Bucknell, her sons and her daughters;
Orange and blue in the thick of the fray.
CHO.—Hold up the colors of Bucknell on high; etc.

Sing to the maidens who live in her story;
Brimming blue eyes in our visions we see.
Sing to the gridir'n's mad battle for glory;
Orange and blue in the wild victory.
CHO.—Hold up the colors of Bucknell on high; etc.

MARY BARTOL.

◆

THE COLLEGE-GRADUATE IN MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

(*From the Medical News*).

Can the college-graduate properly take advanced standing in a medical school requiring four years' attendance on lectures? Most medical schools have answered in the affirmative, and admit to the second year's work graduates of literary and scientific colleges who have pursued certain biologic studies. The University of Michigan goes further and admits to the third year in the medical department the graduates of its own literary department who have pursued a prescribed course of study in biological subjects.

The preliminary studies required of the college-graduate who desires to enter the second year in medicine by the University of Pennsylvania, are General Biology, Comparative Anatomy, Botany, Chemistry, Physics, Histology of Plants and Animals, Human Anatomy, Physiology, Zoology, and

Embryology. The University of Michigan (medical department) devotes the two first years *wholly* to laboratory-teaching, and the third and fourth years to practical medicine and surgery. The branches taught the first year are General and Organic Chemistry, General Anatomy, Bacteriology, Physics and Histology. During the second year the subjects are Regional and Surgical Anatomy, Anatomy of Nervous System, Hygiene, Embryology, Physiology, Physiological Chemistry, Histology, and Electro-therapeutics.

The preliminary subjects required at the University of Pennsylvania are now taught in all first-class colleges. If human anatomy cannot be practically taught at a rural college, this branch can readily be made up when the student enters the medical school. The question next arises, Can ordinary colleges do a second year's work, such as is mapped out by Michigan University, if the amount of laboratory-work there required is desirable? The answer given is that, with the present rate of development in the smaller colleges maintained for a few years, they will generally be equipped to do this amount of work. If this work is desirable, *it can be done better in the biological department of a non-medical school* than elsewhere. Whoever has passed through a medical college knows how difficult it is for the student to concentrate his efforts on subjects which he thinks do not *directly* bear on medicine. Thus he cannot, and does not, study chemistry as he studies anatomy or materia medica. But in a non-medical college chemistry is pursued without any such difficulty as is experienced in a medical school. The cost of living is generally less in the small towns where literary colleges are situated than in the large cities. There is also much less to attract the attention of students from their studies. The disadvantage which is seen is that the study of practical medicine is postponed for two years, and the course is shortened by that much time. To this it may be answered that the college man who has had a thorough course in Biology, ought to be able to do as much in two years in a Medical School, as the High School man does in four. Also, one or two years in hospital or post-graduate work will be of more value to college graduates than the same time spent as undergraduates in a Medical School, no matter how excellent it may be. It is believed if college men have the advantages of preliminary training recognized, that they will generally enter hospitals and post-graduate schools, before beginning to practice. It would be no more difficult at the present time to maintain preliminary medical schools to do two years' work in such places as Meadville, Lancaster, Easton, Bethlehem, Lewisburg and other smaller towns, than it is now to mantain medical schools at Burlington, Vt., Hanover, N. H. and, as was done in the past, at numerous villages and small towns, all over the country.

Is it desirable to do this work in the literary college? I believe that it is desirable to have as many cultured and broadly educated men in the medical profession as possible. I think the doing of this preliminary work in the colleges offers one solution of a serious problem which confronts the educators of to-day. The preliminary requirements of the literary and scientific colleges are greater now than they were a generation ago, by fully two years. The medical courses have also been lengthened from two courses of four or five months to four full college years, or made fully four times as long as formerly. Certainly four or five more years' time are now required to take a thorough collegiate course, and then a professional course at a University, than was required a generation ago. Many young men are cutting the Gordian knot, by entering the Universities at once on leaving the High School. The Universities on their part seem to offer but little opposition to the entrance of these untrained and unprepared men. Is it true, as was remarked a few years ago, by the Dean of a Pennsylvanian Meidcal School, that "the chances of making a good Doctor are better when the material is a boy from a shop or store, rather than a College Graduate.

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY. GEO. G. GROFF.

NOTE.—For three years past, Bucknell University has prepared students for the second years' work in Medical Schools of the standing of the Universities of Pennsylvania and Michigan. These students have done well, maintaining good positions in their classes. There is no doubt at all, that if it is to become the settled policy of the Medical Schools to require two years of preliminary Laboratory work before what might be called practical medicine is taken up, then this work can be done fully as well if not better in the College than at the Medical Schools. Provided always, that the Colleges are equipped in Professors and apparatus. To do one year's work properly will require at least three instructors and equipment. While for the second years' work not less than two additional instructors will be needed. That professional schools can still be maintained in small towns is seen in the success of the Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Vermont and Virginia, all of which are located in small towns, and each of which has a flourishing Medical School. In Pennsylvania, Dickinson College has a law school with nearly 100 students. For the advanced student the city offers certain undoubted advantages, but for the beginner, the small town offers some advantages no less real. G.

◆

ORIGINALITY IN ESSAYS AND ORATIONS.

My calendar reads for to-day: "November 6, Wednesday. Originality consists quite as much in the power of using to purpose what it finds ready to hand as in that of producing what is absolutely new. *Lowell.*"

There is something decidedly attractive to the student in that word originality, and my eye rested for some minutes on the little passage from the thought of our famous American. To some, the idea of being original has become a little god, and daily they worship at its shrine. The results we can see in the original renderings of Latin, Greek or German passages, or in the original proofs supposed by their keen minds to be so much better than the ones printed in the Geometry. According to Lowell, the student who knows how to use his text-book is the original pupil. Some, we have observed, seek for originality in this particular line, and succeed in using their books in class in a way quite different from the way laid down by the fathers of education, viz, the class ahead of them.

But it is the essayist and oration-writer who desires most to be original, and to that long-suffering, much-to-be-pitied and often ill-appreciated class this article is addressed.

The way to fame in literature is often thought to be along the line of originality in thought. Examine the novels that have lived to be read by the middle-class people, and those of the present day which the critics say will have a long-lived popularity, and try to find originality of thought. Look in Dickens's stories; in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; in *Ramona*; in *Adam Bede*, and, perhaps, in *Jane Eyre*; among the latest books, in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.* The foregoing will be sufficient to exemplify the principle. In all these we find recital of common life, with no attempt to give the world something that it does not already know by experience. What are the most popular poems? Are they, in Wordsworth, the *Ode on Immortality*, or *We are Seven?* in Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, or *I'm to be Queen of the May* and *Dora?* in Bryant, *Thanatopsis*, or *A Forest Hymn* and *Little People of the Snow?* Among the poets, who is the people's? Is not Longfellow? Yet for greatness of thought he does not compare with Browning, Lowell, Whittier or Tennyson. Pope strove after originality of thought and is neither popular nor yet capable of being correctly classed with poets or prose-writers. Confidentially, just between you and me, he is a prosy verse-maker.

In all these we find a simple portrayal of the romantic side of life, not dissertations on the proper modes of thinking or doing. Real men and women figure in this literature; not always "true to life;" to be sure, yet never untrue to life. The secret of their wide and continued popularity is in the use of things "ready to hand" to a purpose. They have sought for no new truth, but

> " . . . the everydayness of this work-day world"

has been caught in all its varying attitudes, and, gay or sad, sober or riotous, laughable or pitiable, transferred life size to the author's canvass.

The mighty struggle of a John Valjean belongs not to the common people, but the suffering of Uncle Tom and Eliza do in a sadly strict sense even to-day; there are times when we want to think for a few minutes with Rabbi Ben Ezra, but the finest trained intellect finds true relief during grief-stricken days in the story of Marget Howe and her "lad o' pairts;" Maud and Enoch Arden do not move in the same world, but in Enoch Arden we find the "C major," the common chord of life. It is to the romantic side of our life that this literature appeals; and by *romantic* I do not mean the sweet-heart sort alone, but the experiences under which our thoughts leave the every-day toil for bread because a dear one is about to take some important step in life, or a happy event occurs, or a loved one wanders away and is "missed," or Death reaches into the monotony of our lives and creates a change,—but not the wished for change. And he who can picture human life in these days and not offend is the popular writer. May we not say he is the original writer, because these events are always "ready to hand?" They are the bonds that make the world akin, and strive as we may to call the educated and rich the "better class," we come to know after all that life lies not in the brain but in the heart.

"Reason's not a thing that weeps!"

This use of the common things of life Ruskin has made famous in the purest of literature, but because he has rather confined himself to the inanimate common things and has written in a style that the majority of people cannot appreciate, he has yet to attain a wide popularity. We may say that in choice of material he fulfils Lowell's definition of originality as above quoted, while Shakespeare fulfils it even better because he never travelled, but confined himself strictly to scenes close at home. Yet Shakespeare is not a writer "of the people." Both of these writers carry the idea too far and their reasoning, begotten of the true impulse, wanders into abstractions which the popular audience cares not to follow. Let no one misjudge, and think I imply that Ruskin and Shakespeare did not use their subjects "to purpose." They did. I am simply endeavoring to point out the reason of their failure in attaining popularity among all classes. Howells sees his star paling because of his ultra-realism, literature of a more refined type than Zola's, but of too detailed a nature. The people demand idealized men and women, for if a man's ugliness crops too plainly to the surface it mars and even conceals the beautiful sides of the same character. Unfortunately the public eye sees all too easily the evil in our lives, while the good must needs be called to its attention repeatedly and in almost oriental hyperbole, or it forgets our better natures. Hawthorne's well-nigh perfect prose is all we can ask in expression, yet he chose the uncommon rather than the universal experience of man, and it is for this reason that he is not widely popular.

You may be saying: "What has this to do with my next essay or oration?" Just this. When you first say, "What shall I write about?" if an essay, think of an event of peculiar interest in your own life or of some friend's, and write it so as to impart encouragement, pleasure or an uplifting influence to the lives of common people. At all events, write with a purpose higher than simply to tell the story. Think out the teaching it contains, and bend all forces to that one end, omitting details that do not pertain thereto, except as they enliven, and even then they are to be used sparingly. By all means make the lesson plain without appending a moral; only an antiquated Aesop would be guilty of such a breach. Most people like to be of the opinion that they have formed their own conlusions, and he who can influence the mind of the reader or hearer to draw the conclusion aimed at accomplishes more than he who must distinctly state his moral. The end in story writing is, first, to have something to teach, and, secondly, to convey it in the most attractive and forceful form. If an oration is to be written, decide upon a favorite study and defend it; or learn of the political situation here or at home and make a stump speech; uphold the publishing of *L' Agenda;* produce valid arguments against football, and be able to convince a student audience that you are right; or uphold self-government among students such as is carried out at Princeton and Cornell; or choose a scholastic subject of common interest.

True originality in essays and orations lies not in new thought expressed in hackneyed phrases, but in hackneyed thought expressed in new phrases, dressed in the very best Rhetoric, and abounding in figures introduced solely for the sake of making the thought clear. An effort to be original in expression will lend interest to an otherwise distasteful exercise, add vivacity to the production, cultivate a successful mode of writing, and inevitably stimulate thought in unexpected lines.

Athletics.

The second team has a game scheduled with the Williamsport High School eleven on Thanksgiving day. The game is to be played at Williamsport.

A statement on the bulletin board shows that $200.35 was the net receipts for the Indian game. This is a good showing and speaks well for the management of the finance committee.

The team is practicing hard for the last game of the season. We play Dickinson on Thanksgiving day and arrangements have been made to play the game in Sunbury. No doubt a great crowd will attend as trains can be run from points both up and down the road.

The Bucknell team met and defeated the crack team from the Carlisle Indian School on the campus last Saturday, the 16th. Judging from the fact that Yale managed to score only 18 points against the Indians, many expected our team to be beaten and some did not expect it to score. But their calculations were away off as was demonstrated by the final score of 18–4 in our favor. And then our team won on its merits and by playing good, straight football while the four points made by the Indians resulted from a trick, the criss-cross. All in all it is a game to be proud of and too much praise cannot be given to our football team. The excellent coaching of William Young of Williamsport for a week previous to the game accounts in a great measure, for the improvement, seen in the interference and tackling. The game started with the ball in B. U's possession. Catterall kicked off and Bucknell had the ball in short order on four downs. Then, without losing the ball, a touchdown was made by Elliott, four minutes after play started. Goal. Score, 6–0. Indians kicked off and after a few gains were forced to punt. Shortly afterwards B. U. got the ball on downs and then Collins made his famous run of 60 yards to Indians 40 yard line. Short gains by Devall and Collins and then Collins made the second touchdown. Goal. Score, 12–0. Kick-off by Indians, the ball being caught by Hering and passed to Gilchrist for a short gain. Thomas, Devall and Collins made gain but ball was lost for offside play. Indians were forced to punt, the kick was blocked and Bucknell had the ball on 15 yard line. Small gains were followed by Collins making the 3rd touchdown. Goal. Score, 18–0. After the kick-off time was called with the ball on the Indians, 40 yard line. Second half. Indians kicked off. The ball changed hands several times and there were also exchanges of punts. The Indians were playing desperately and B. U. had plenty to do. At this point Hering was hurt and Firth took his place. Catterall was called on for a punt but the ball went too high and the Indians got it. On lining up the criss-cross was worked and Jamison made the first and only touchdown for the Indians. No Goal. Score, 18–4. Bucknell kicked off and the ball was punted in return. After a few plays Pierce punted 40 yards and on the line-up Catterall punted back 25 yards. Time was called as Pierce made a ten yard run. Final score, 18–4.

The line us:

INDIANS.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Lonewolf	center	Jennings.
H. Pierce	right guard	Lesher.
Irwin	right tackle	Cober.
Wheelock	left guard	Hollinshead.
Schanandore	left tackle	Devall.
Miller	right end	Catterall.
Jamison	left end	Gilchrist.
Hudson	quarter-back	Hering, Firth.
Cayon	right half back	Collins.
Seneca	left half back	Thomas.
B. Pierce, Capt.	full-back	Elliott.

Time 30 and 25 minute halves. Referees, William Young of Cornell. Umpires, L. Hulley of Bucknell and W. R. Clandy of Carlisle. Time keeper, Griffith, B. U.

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. J. M. Brodnax, traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, was with us during the 6, 7, 8 insts. of this month. Very helpful meetings were held with Mr. Brodnax by the Bands of the College and the Institute, and a general student meeting in Bucknell Hall on the evening of the 7th.

Apropos of this mention of Mr. Brodnax's visit we desire to supplement invitations already given to all students to attend the meetings of the Volunteer Band on alternate Thursday evenings from nine to ten o'clock. One is not necessitated to become a volunteer for Foreign Missions by attending these meetings. The meetings will, however, prove interesting and helpful to all students interested in the progress of the eastern world. The Band is now pursuing a line of study based on "The Cross in the Land of the Trident," by Rev. Harlan P. Beach, Educational Secretary of the Movement. All meetings are held in the Association Rooms.

We are now prepared to announce the additional improvement in the Association Rooms of which mention was made in a recent issue. A new pulpit, or stand, lamp has arrived, a gift from the College Faculty. The new lamp is a beautiful piece of work in bronze, having an opaque cylindrical shade with side hood, which prevents the light from shining into the eyes of all present and throws it directly upon the book or manuscript of the leader. A fine oak table, also the gift of the Faculty, accompanies the lamp. The Association greatly appreciates the kindness of the Faculty and their interest in this department of the University.

Local.

Has any one seen Parker's mustache?

Tilley, Jr., "When I was a little kid, I remember—."

C. H. Senn and C. Douglas have been taken in Phi Epsilon Fraternity as pledged members.

Through the efforts of Dr. Aviragnet a mandolin and guitar club has been organized at the Institute.

O. J. Decker, G. E. Jenkinson, and B. W. Griffith have been initiated into Phi Epsilon Fraternity.

Mr. Howard Guss, '97, who has been absent three weeks, having his eyes treated, has returned to his work.

Dr. Perrine lectured on "American Humor" in the Baptist church at Milton on the evening of November 15.

The students will give a minstrel show during the latter part of the winter term for the benefit of the track fund.

The class of '99 has completed the course in Bartol's Solid Geometry. The class was examined in this branch recently.

This is the time when the Sophomores surprize the Freshmen at the eating clubs by calling for Acetic Acid, Nace, etc.

Prof. and Mrs. Martin tendered the Sigma Alpha Epsilon boys a very pleasant reception on the evening of November 9.

Mrs. Hulley, Miss Eddelman, Miss Bell and Miss Wheeler, have been elected honorary members of Zeta Literary Society.

The officers of the College Girls' Athletic Association are: President, Mary Rohrer; Secretary, Vida Davenport; Treasurer, Mary Chambers.

A sympathizing grunt from Mr. Barner made a very impressive close to the final love scene in "Beauty and the Beast" recently translated by the French class.

As a proof of the thoroughness of the course in surveying, the survey of Mr. Green's farm, just completed by Martin, Gundy, Rex and Fetzer, has given complete satisfaction.

Could not some other material than that now used be employed to advantage in the construction of the paths on the Hill? The students would answer affirmatively.

Charles T. Steck, the Shakesperian scholar, will give a recital in Bucknell Hall, in December under the auspices of the Finance Committee of Athletic Association. Admission 25 cents.

Miss Mary M. Wolfe has been elected captain of the College Girls' basketball team, and Miss Gilchrist, business manager.

Miss Clarissa Fowler is a newly initiated member of Pi Beta Phi.

The Bucknell University Club of Philadelphia will hold the annual banquet at the Colonnade Hotel, Monday evening, December 2, at six o'clock. Orders for covers should be sent as early as possible to the secretary, Rev. R. B. McDanel, Oak Lane, Philadelphia.

The following young men from Crozer Theological Seminary will act as a glee club at the December banquet of the Philadelphia Alumni Club: F. I. Sigmund, W. A. Crawford, G. H. Waid, W. T. Pauling, Jr., C. W. Williams, A. E. Finn and Rev. T. S. Fretz, of Beverly, N. J.

The contributed articles in this issue are particularly pertinent and practical.

A Council of Jr. O. U. A. M. has been organized in the College. The order has now about thirteen members. The Mirror extends best wishes to this new organization.

Miss Kate Goddard represented the Institute Association at the state convention of the Y. W. C. A. which was held at Bloomsburg on the 15, 16, and 17, of this month. A number of others also attended the meetings, among whom were, Miss Maud Hanna, Miss Mary Chambers, Miss Anna Rodgers, and Miss Vida Davenport.

The college-bred woman of to-day is useful as well as highly intellectual. The Sophomore girls of our own Bucknell are a striking example of the useful, and will furnish instruction in bread-making to any-one who will give them a day's notice. The Junior girls can prove "from experience" that clothes "freeze dry" in winter time before they have reached the clothes line.

The Juniors write *orations!* Listen to the triumphant march of this conclusion! "Song is a great thing! How great a thing it is cannot be learned in lands where a Patti stands at every dishpan, a Jennie Lind over every washtub, and a Christine Nelson at every scrubbing-brush; but go to the lands where song is a wild and gutteral groan, where the mother's lullaby is a war-whoop, and—where college boys abound. Then, indeed, will you appreciate song. Truly song is a great thing!"

We know that every student has rejoiced in the many evidences of advance in the University which this school year has furnished. This advance is seen in all departments, although in some departments not by all the students. This last is true in reference to the work of the University Band. Not since its organization has it possessed such talent as at present. The bi-weekly practice has resulted in greatly improved playing, both by individual members and by the Band as a whole. That both students and town people may have an opportunity of measuring for themselves the advance in this department, on the evening of December 6, will be given in Bucknell Hall the first of a series of concerts of which brief mention was made in the last issue of the Mirror. The program will consist of selections by soloists, a quartette, orchestra and the Band. This department of the University activity deserves the earnest coöperation of the student body. Be sure to attend the concert and spend a pleasant evening with the Band. Talent from the Institute and town will assist.

A new feature in connection with football games was introduced last Saturday. Notwithstanding the large number of tickets printed for the game, there were not enough to supply the large crowd in attendance. The committee was forced to use whatever was at hand, and the most available thing seemed to be a small vest-pocket edition of the Proverbs. Consequently, the leaves of this book were made to do duty for tickets. It was rather amusing to see a dignified deacon, fearful of the result of the game, reading, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Fancy a "Sunburyian," calling himself an "Indian," yelling *against* Bucknell, fancy him glancing at his ticket and reading, "Delight is not seemly for a fool," or another reading, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. Better is it to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the Proud." The energetic business man read with a complacent smile, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before Kings; he shall not stand before mean men." A poor, innocent, gullible individual, a victim of innumerable practical jokes, read with a sigh, "The simple believeth every word: but the prudent man looketh well to his going." What acomplimentary ticket would have been the leaf with the following passage: "O ye simple, understand wisdom: and, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart."

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

The pretty little pin of the class of '96 was designed by Miss Emma Sieber.

Miss Carrie Folmer has gone home for a few days to recover from an attack of tonsilitis.

The girls Athletic Association has secured the services of Mr. Hering as coach for the basket-ball teams.

We are sorry to say that Miss Esther Green may be unable to return to Bucknell this term on account of ill-health.

The girls of the Institute, under the direction of Mrs. Larison, have been meeting Sunday afternoons for the study of Moses. This work will be deferred, that they may avail themselves of the opportunity to learn of Amos, Joel, Jonah, Nahum.

Mrs. Larison attended the luncheon of the Philadelphia Alumnae Club on Monday afternoon, November 18. The topic for general discussion was "Is the New Woman any Improvement upon the Old Time Lady?" During her stay in the City she was entertained at the home of Mrs. F. W. Tustin.

The Bible Lectures, given by Dr. Lincoln Hulley in Bucknell Hall, at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoons, beginning with Nov. 3 and ending with Nov. 24, have been attended by large and appreciative audiences. These lectures have taken the place of the Sunday afternoon chapel held in the parlor of the Institute.

The Eighth Annual Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association of Pennsylvania was held at Bloomsburg, November 15–18, 1895. The delegates from the schools of the state found the Bible study and college conferences especially helpful. A spirit of prayer prevailed throughout the convention which adjourned with an increased desire on the part of all present to do better work in their respective fields. The Bucknell delegation included the following: Misses Kate Goddard, Maud Hanna, Emma Kunkle, Minnie Morris, Martha Jones, Anna Rodgers, Mary Chambers, Vida Davenport.

The young ladies at Mrs. Larison's table very much enjoy helping to entertain the occasional guests seated there. It often happens that the charm of personality is most enjoyed when we meet a public speaker in the moments of his leisure and unrestraint. This we have known to be true in the case of the distinguished guests whom the Institute has had the honor of entertaining this term,—Dr. Boardman, Mrs. Priest and our latest guest, Mr. James M. Brodnax, Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. His courtesy, his skill in repartee, his breadth of sympathy and his zeal and enthusiasm in his work won for him the favor, not only of the students, but also of our worthy principal. We should certainly hail with delight a second visit from any of these three, who, during their stay, so graciously made themselves "one of us."

The November meeting of the Lewisburg Alumnae Club was attended by an unusually large number of the members. The ranks of the faithful few who graduated in the sixties, being reinforced by the vigorous young life of '93, '94 and '95. The President, Mrs. Martha Wolfe, occupied the chair. Plans were made to ensure the adherence to a single line of study for the year. The program for the evening was devoted to a consideration of the life and work of that greatest of recent American poets, Sidney Lanier. A brief sketch of his life was read by Mrs. Martin. The speaker enlisted the sympathy of all her hearers in the man whose genius burned so brightly in the midst of the shadows of disease and poverty. Mrs. Larison reviewed his work as a musician and a poet, telling us of his early struggles to decide what his life work ought to be, and then telling of his heroic devotion, in the face of severest privation, to that life-work, to which he had been divinely called. She also read several extracts from his writings, including the inimitably beautiful and pathetic story, "Hard Times in Elfland." A violin solo by Miss Lawshe accompanied by Miss Mary Thornton completed the program.

Basketball has taken the Bucknell girls by storm, and great interest was felt in the match game between the College and Seminary girls on the 20th. The game was an exciting one to the players, but more so to the onlookers, whose sympathies were about equally divided between the two teams. Mr. Mulkie umpired the game, and Mr. Slifer acted as referee. Twenty minute halves were played, and the game was pronounced a good one. The College girls won by a score of 3 to 2. Both sides did excellent team work considering the short time they have practiced. The players comprising the College team were Miss Wolfe, Captain; Misses Harris, Taylor, Thomas, Chambers, Lillibridge, Goddard, Gilchrist and Henrietta Allen. The Seminary team consisted of Miss Bell, Captain; Misses Church, Campbell, Wells, Zierden, Youngman, Bastrons, Kase and Lovegrove. Dr. Aviragnets kind generosity provided a box of candy for each member of the winning team, and he also presented the umpire and referee with the colors of the teams, together with a sovenir pin in the shape of a small silver buckle. The two teams met after supper, magnanimously shook hands all around and merrily devoured the candy, thus burying the hatchet until the next contest between the blue and the red.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Mr. Robert Brady has been noticed among the visitors in the Literature Class the past several weeks.

Certain male members of the 8.15 A. M. Algebra class have found out that glass is a good transmitter of sound.

"Say, Pearse, don't idle-away valuable time in the Algebra class, you know the Prof. said that he would make necessary arrangements."

The Third Form has adopted the red rose as class flower, and maroon and white as the class colors. The class also has an organized a football team.

A certain Academy student is negotiating for bids for a placard to read thus, "Please pass the cakes," which he wishes to hang at his place at the table.

The Academy library has been enlarged by the gift of twenty-five volumes of the Century Magazine substantially bound in half calf, which is highly appreciated by the students.

Many nonsensical questions are heard in the class room. This is what was asked in Bible class to-day, "Do you think, Prof. the devil knows that he will be burned up some day?"

Those who read the MIRROR last year will remember reading about several Academy students who had regular races to get down town first in the evening. We notice that Pierson has entered the race this year. Where does he go?

Personals.

'51. Rev. J. M. Lyons has removed to Richland, N. J.

'62. Rev. W. H. Conard, D. D. has been reelected Secretary of the Pennsylvania Baptist State Mission Society.

'62. Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., has entered on the 23rd year of his pastorate of Mantua Baptist Church of Philadelphia.

'65. Rev. H. B. Garner has resigned the charge of the Memorial Baptist Church Mission of Philadelphia.

'68. Rev. J. S. James, D. D., has been elected Secretary and Treasurer of the stock company formed to establish a Baptist paper for Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.

'69. Rev. D. R. Landis is at Jefferson, Iowa.

'75. Charles R. James, Esq., of Allentown, Pa., has been elected Vice President of the Pennsylvania Baptist Young People's Union.

'81. Rev. E. B. Cornell is now at Dundee, N. Y.

'82. Rev. R. M. Hunsicker is a member of the Executive Committee of the Penna. B. Y. P. U.

'85. Rev. J. M. Hare, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Burlington, N. J., has been elected Chaplain of the Sixth Regiment, N. G. N. J.

'85. Mr. C. C. Law, known as "Lex" whilst in College, is now a deputy state bank examiner and has moved from Pittsburg to No. 113 South 37 street, Philadelphia.

'86. Rev. S. S. Merriman has resigned his pastorate at Merchantville, N. J.

'87. D. W. Shipman, Esq., of Shamokin, was chosen District Attorney of Northumberland county, on the Democratic ticket, at the last election, by a very handsome majority.

'87. Howard T. Calder is now an Aide-de-Camp with the rank of Captain on the 3rd Brigade Staff, N. G. P. He enlisted as a private while in College. He was also recently elected a delegate from the State League of Republican Clubs to the National League Convention to be held in Milwaukee, Wis.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel is a member of the Executive Committee of the Penna. B. Y. P. U.

'88. Rev. C. A. Soars, known as "Dad" through his College course, is now "Dad" indeed. A bouncing baby boy came to his parsonage in Nicetown on November 5.

'89. Rev. T. W. Booth of Muncy, has been called to the Rurrell street church, Columbia, Ohio.

'91. Rev. Claude G. Longford has resigned his pastorate at North Wales, Pa.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., DECEMBER 10, 1895. No. 5.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

DECEMBER 25, 1895.

Editorial.

THE next number of the MIRROR has been entrusted to the College Girls' Association. They will select their editors and conduct all the work now done by the staff. The Woman's Edition of the *Press* was in some particulars better and in some far below the regular edition of that daily, but the readers of the MIRROR are hereby warned that the Woman's Edition of this paper will surpass their most sanguine expectations.

WHAT a glorious thing to end the season with victory! Several seasons, oftener than otherwise, we have finished with a demoralized and consequently defeated team. The game at Sunbury was a success in every way. Our tendency to fall to pieces at the end of the season was for a great part due to lack of energy. The players who then controlled affairs, wearying of the game, failed to keep up hard practice, but now a strong-willed executive board spurs them on to the very finish.

HALF of the meetings of the University Literary Societies were broken up this term by entertainments and socials connected with the school. There are two societies in college and two in the academy, meeting (supposedly) on Friday evening. To have a good society the meetings must be held regularly, and that is impossible unless those who have the matter of arranging concerts in charge make some change. Let us either recognize the fact that such societies exist or dispense with them altogether. The present travesty is disgraceful.

SEVERAL of the students take a daily run around the four mile course after school hours. An excellent scheme for exercise, especially for those engaged in sedentary work. Perhaps it would prove popular to start up hare and hound, the great English game. There is plenty of room for cross-country runs between the football and skating season.

Basket ball is a splendid game; the only difficulty is that we don't understand it. If a team could be organized and five or six match games arranged with neighboring teams, much delightful exercise would result. And that is perhaps the only way to develop the game.

Hand ball is a simple game apparently, requiring little apparatus. It develops agility and endurance more than tennis. (There is place for all of these.) Arrangements could probably be made by which those engaged in them might be excused from drill work, which to some is extremely irksome.

WHAT electives are you going to take? With this question the Junior and Senior are greeted on every hand. One youth remarked that he liked nothing in school life so much as the choosing of his studies. Just as the epicure skilfully culls from his bill of fare, the student gazes on the bulletin board to see what he wants most. The futurus newspaper man selects literature and history; the physician, laboratory studies; the preacher, Hebrew and Bible, and the lawyer, logic and history. During the college course one can discover what profession he wishes to enter, and nothing helps him so much as the electives of his last two years. It approaches specializing, but is not really such; and since the many electives have been added studying has greatly increased. And many, who showed no ability in Latin, Greek and mathematics, now enjoy their work and can be called first rate students.

Contributed.

MY LOVE.

My Love has gone off and left me,
He has gone to a far away land.
I remember the kiss that he gave me—
I long for a grasp of his hand.

My Love has gone off and left me,
But he told me to bear still in mind,
Though he wandered the wide world over,
His heart he had left behind.

My Love has gone off and left me,
And perchance I shall see him no more;
But my heart shall ever beat faithful
To him, as it beat of yore.

My Love has gone off and left me,
He has gone to a land far away;
And I long to hear his fond words again—
I wait for him day after day.

Robin Byrd, '99.

◆

BUCKNELL BROWNIES' THANKSGIVING MEETING.

Mr. Cox has entirely overlooked the Brownies that live at Bucknell. You never have seen them, you say? Why! they are everywhere, though invisible. They eat wherever mind is superior to matter; they drink filtered water, and when there is no filtered water, why they don't drink, that's all. They sleep generally in the literary halls; it's so dry and jolly sleepy there. The baby Brownies dress in a delicate bright green. Everybody knows that, and they kick at everything, and fight; why! sometimes their heads are so swelled that even their hats fly off on a tangent. Two-year old Brownies always carry canes; they seem to think that if they look old and decrepit, wisdom will take up her abode with them. Ah, me! "What fools these mortals be!" Three-year old Brownies are things of beauty and a joy forever. They are not meteors shooting into the sky and staying only long enough to gobble a banquet or have a scrap and then go out into everlasting nothingness. Ah, no. They are like the ever-shining, beneficent sun.

Four-year old Brownies! Parbleu! Have you ever seen a painting such that, as you stood before it, it seemed but a daub of all colors, red, brown and blue, violet and white, and orange and white; but when you looked at it from a distance, a great distance, however, it "wasn't so bad". Well, something of the same effect is seen in the Brownies of four years' standing. Occasionally the Bucknell Brownies live to be posts, but not often, not often. Then there are the little heathen Brownies, some of whom live on the hill and some in the vale below.

The first time I saw the Bucknell Brownies was at a mass meeting last Thanksgiving night. The committee appointed to make arrangements decided on Bucknell Hall as the place of meeting, because they could have all the gas lighted, and yet no one know that anything was going on. At eight o'clock the little heathen Brownies, and the one-year olds, and the two-year olds, and the three-year olds, and the four-year olds, and the posts came rushing and tumbling into the hall. They perched everywhere, on the backs of the chairs, on the clock, on the pictures, on the windows, here, there, everywhere.

The meeting was called to order by a post, who had been unanimously chosen chairman. There was instant silence when he rose to speak. He was a *post*. "Dear friends," he said,—the one-year olds and the two-year olds glared at each other—"Dear friends, this is a thanksgiving meeting. Let us hear from every Brownie here." Then the post sat down and there was silence. It was at length broken by a Brownie sitting on a gas jet. "I'm so thankful I'm a Sophomore."

"Ah!" said the post.

"Oi-oi-oi-oil," said the rest.

"And *I'm* so thankful I don't seem green," said a baby.

"Rock-a-bye baby" was then feelingly sung.

"I'm glad I know Psychology," came from a Brownie perched in a front seat.

"Hobby,canoo, canoo, canix, Bucknell, Bucknell, Ninety-six!"

"Ah, didn't you hear it? I did." The little four-year olds shouted it until the campus rang, and the little Brownies from the valley faintly echoed, "Bucknell Sem!"

"Say, fellows," said an emaciated little Brownie perched on the clock, "do you know what I'm so glad about? Why, I can have pumpkin pie all my life. All you need is seeds," and the little fellow in sheer delight tumbled head over heels, only saving himself by grabbing at the hands of the clock. Next day the clock had to be regulated, but nobody ever knew why.

"Well, I know what I'm glad about," said a discouraged looking Brownie from the top of a hymn book, "I'm glad those girls won't have a chance to beat us this year in declamation. The faculty has found out at last that *we* can't hope to ever beat *them.*"

"I'm so thankful that 'the cat came back,' " said a little French Brownie.

"Let us all rejoice in basketball and the glee-club," came from a stately little Brownie.

Up jumped a two-year old! "Mr. Post, I'm so thankful I didn't have to watch that game of basketball all through; I couldn't stand it to see so many fair forms prostrate."

"Hurrah for 1895 football scores !" shouted a band of stuffy-looking Brownies. "Yah! Yah! Yoo! Bucknell, B. U.! Wah! Hoo! Hoo! Wah! Bang!!!" Surely you heard that triumphant response from every Brownie there!

"I'm so glad my love has given up calling me out in the midnight watches," said a fair two-year old Brownie. "Its inconvenient not to find her, when I have heard her call."

"And I" said his oratorical brother, "am glad I have been able to go the way of all flesh this year."

"Dear friends," here interrupted the post, "We must close. We have all made progress this year, I see. Sometime I hope you will all be posts. We will now close with a song, for, dear friends, 'song is a great thing' as our poet of three-years' standing tells us." The meeting then closed with "Good-night my love." After the song was ended the Brownies tumbled out. They lingered long at the bridge and gazed at the rushing water, but they had to leave at last because the little valley heathen were afraid the door would be shut. Sure enough, when they got to their home, the valley Brownies had time only to murmur softly "Bucknell Sem," and hear the assuring "she's all right," and the great door shut them from my sight. The other Brownies ran into that horrid green fence, and I have never seen them since, though people do say that sometimes they sing out there in the moonlight. I don't know, I haven't seen them there. I know, though, that there are Brownies at Bucknell for I've seen them.

L.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

An Illusion.

It was December 31st, 189–, and a more delightful day could not be desired. It had been snowing for several days, but the clouds broke during the morning and at noon the sunbeams were dancing over the broad expanse of white, and soon the merry tinkling of sleigh-bells was heard on the streets. The young people were jubilant; for Mrs. H—— had promised them that they might "watch the old year out" at "The Oaks", and the thoughts of a sleigh ride to the country in the bright moonlight caused many a joyful shout.

It was a jolly crowd of twenty that met at my home early in the evening. My college friend, M—, who had camped with me in the summer and who had visited at my home, was one of the impatient company. But we had not long to wait. Our conveance was soon at hand and we were hurrying toward the country.

As we passed out of the town the beauties of a winter's night burst upon us in all their splendor. Above, the brilliant moon was just in a position to drop to rest with the dying year. The merry moonbeams, dancing and glimmering on the crust, made each frosty crystal a beautiful gem. The air was so clear that every star out-lined a brilliant track across the undulating expanse of shimmering white, and the myriads of glittering points dazzled us with their splendor. But we were hurried from the brilliant scene and soon the merry laughter of many happy hearts was heard echoing through the spacious rooms of the old palatial home.

My friend, for some reason, seemed strangely reticent. He did not enter into the games with his usual spirit and seemed more interested in watching the sparkling moonbeams from the window than in the dancing and music I tried many times to draw him into the circle, but every effort was in vain. He had been at the "Oaks" in the summer and was a welcomed guest. He was well acquainted with the company and why he should persist in sitting apart from them and shun their games, was a mystery to me.

At length, unperceived, he left the parlors. Passing quietly along the hall, he opened the door, stepped out on the piazza and stood regarding the glittering night. From the brilliantly lighted room he had just left came merrily the sound of women's laughter and the rythmical beat of feet as the dancers glided through the waltz; before him the night wind sghed through the leafless trees and from the distance came the sound of rushing water as it coursed its broken way through the gorge. And he, standing there between the merry company and the beautiful night, leaned against a pillar in deep thought.

Why was he not content to laugh and dance with the others; and why had he come out into the cold moonlight and wind? Surely it was a jolly company within, and the music was delightful. He could not explain his restlessness; the beautiful night seemed to call him without and he had gone. He looked again across the white fields and his eye followed, with renewed pleasure, the beams of light as they slipped and glanced from the drifts which had collected before the house. They seemed to beckon him to slip and slide with them; and with irresistible power draw him from his position. He descended the steps, coasted down the swell of a drift and his reverie was broken. Even before his gliding advance had ceased, he realized why he was so restless. He was a grand noble fellow, popular with all, but at times very sentimental; to-night he was in a good mood to welcome the suggestion that flashed through his brain——the suggestion to revisit, this snow-clad December night, all the old haunts of his summer flirtations and loves; for at this house he had met that conquering spirit which had opened his heart to a higher and nobler life. Could he be expected to find pleasure amid such scenes when that being was not present? He turned his back upon the merry-makers within, and, buttoning his coat tightly, walked toward the spot where the summer moon had seen him so often, but never alone.

He turned up the road and hurried to the little stream just beyond the house and the old log where, under the kindly protection of the over-hanging willows, she used to sit beside him and with her eyes tell again and again what her lips dared not speak. He soon reached the old trysting place. Brushing the cold snow from the log, he sat down and leaned against the friendly trunk of the willow.

As he sat in meditation, there came softly drifting from the far music room the notes of a dreamy waltz song he knew of old. How many times had she been with him at this spot and sung to him those beautiful love-ladened words while he looked into her earnest face and admired her more for every word she sang. The little brook, now almost hidden in the banks of snow, seemed to take up the strain. He sang the words as the brook danced on in its merry glee, then suddenly stopped.

"Surely," he thought, "I hear her voice." "She is singing the old song down in the grove under the bluff." "But she cannot be there; I am laboring under an illusion." ——"But I do hear her voice."

Thus he sat and argued. He could not banish the thought that he had heard her voice; it grew upon him till he could sit there no longer. He must go and see if she were really there.

As he rose hurriedly from his seat, the low limbs brushed his hat from his head; but he did not heed that. He must hurry ere the gliding voices die away. Ah! he will go to the old moss-covered rock in the wood; she will go there, he thinks.

He hurries through the gate, crosses the road, and, vaulting the fence, hastens toward the seeming source of the sound. He crossed the meadow, once a sea of gleaming dasies and fragrant clover-heads, but now a shining stretch of white. Every glimmering flake seems a summer flower; for he thinks only of the last time he crossed that way when she was with him. He reaches the bluff; a clump of evergreens obstructs his view; he moves to one side, stops and looks toward the spot he had frequented so often. The song rings clearer in his ears; he hurries down the slope, slipping and sliding. Almost breathless, he leans against a tree before making a final effort.

Under the bluff everything is quiet; the moon has dropped nearly behind the western hills and the lengthening shadows from the trees on the farther side of the stream, cast a gloom over the gorge and objects are not well defined. Cautiously, breathlessly, he peers down the cliff and across the stream, sure that he will see her—fearing lest he should not.

As he gazes he thinks he sees some object seated on the well-known rock; at the same moment the notes of a song come through the quiet night, wafted on the gentle breeze. He is doubly sure she is there.

"It is she," he cried excitedly. "There she sits in the very same gown she wore the last time we were here."

With a bound he would leap to the projecting rocks below and then he would soon be with her. But he did not think of the ice. His foot slipped and he fell.

It was nearly midnight before M— was missed by the company. His overcoat was found in the dressing room but his hat was gone. A search was immediately instituted, but no trace could be found for some time.

A call from one of the ladies brought us to the front of the house and she pointed out marks which were apparently made by a man as he slid down the side of a drift. This gave us the direction he had taken and soon his hat was found and the place where he had brushed the snow from the log.

In a short time we discovered where he had vaulted the fence and it was not difficult to trace him across the meadow and to the bluff. He was picked up insensible and taken to my home where he was nursed through a lingering fever. From his broken sentences during his sickness, I learned the secret of his wanderings that beautiful New Year's Eve.

NANON.

Athletics.

Bucknell ended the football season of '95 by a victory over Dickinson, at Sunbury, by a score of 28 to 0. It was an easy victory and a much larger score could have been made if Bucknell had played a kicking game. A large crowd saw the contest, a conservative estimate placed the number at sixteen hundred. The police were unable to handle the people and as a result the field was obstructed most of the time. It was an ideal football day, cold and crisp, but part of the field was soft which interfered materially with long runs. Sunbury, as usual, cheered for our opponents, but we managed to win the game in good style, with plenty to spare. A delegation from Bloomsburg was loyal to the orange and blue. A large crowd of Bucknell supporters went down on the Pennsylvania at 1.15 and cheered heartily for "our own." First half; Bucknell won the toss and took the western goal. Hering caught the kick-off on our 30 yard line and ran for 10 yards. Cober made 5 yards, Thomas 5, Devall 10 and Gilchrist 7 and then 10 more. Cober made a short gain. Thomas advanced it 10 yards. Cober and Collins brought it to Dickinson's 5 yard line. Elliott grabbed the ball on a fumble and made the first touch down after 6 minutes' play. Goal. Score, 6–0. Cober caught the kick-off. A number of small gains followed. Thomas made 10 and Collins 25 yards and a touch-down. Goal. Score, 12–0. Hering

Lauther made 20 yards and a foul tackle gave them 15 more. Firth replaced Gilchrist and the game went on. Firth made 7 yards and shortly afterwards Thomas made the fifth touch-down. Goal. Score, 28–0. Very slow playing followed the kick-off, caused by numerous "kicks" on both sides. Time called with ball in possession of Bucknell.

Line-up and officials:

DICKINSON.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Craver	right end	Gilchrist, Firth.
Sheets	right tackle	Cober.
Codington	right guard	Lesher.
Troxel	center	Jennings.
Ralstone	left guard	Hollinshead.
Stiles	left tackle	Devall.
Wingert	left end	Catterall.
Vale, (Capt.)	quarter-back	Hering,
Lauther	right half-back	Thomas, Bunnell.
Lest	left half-back	Collins.
Wert, Pendlow	full-back	Elliott, Thomas.

Umpire, Hulley, Bucknell. Referee, Bassett, U. of P. Linesmen, Eveland, Dickinson and Smith, U. of P. Timekeeper, Smith, U. of P. Touch-downs: Collins, Bunnell, Gilchrist, Elliott, Thomas. Goals, Catterall 3; and Bunnell 1. 25 minute halfs.

The Bucknell second team was defeated at Williamsport on Thanksgiving day by the High School team at that place by the score of 4–0. The field was in bad shape which prevented much scoring. The High School team had been under the coaching of Will Young for some time. Our team's line was superior but High School ends could not be run. The game was a financial success.

Y. M. C. A.

H. L. Hastings, of Boston, the well known anti-infidel lecturer, delivered his lecture, The Mistakes of Moses, last Tuesday evening, in Bucknell Hall, before an appreciative audience of students and town people. Mr. Hastings spoke nearly an hour and a half and held the attention of his audience throughout. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Association. It was the purpose of the Association to make this service the opening meeting of the Week of Prayer, but, as noted elsewhere in this issue, the observance of the Week of Prayer has been postponed.

We believe the writer of the editorials will pardon us, if we trespass on his privilege and give to this item the character of an editorial comment. The Week of Prayer should properly have been observed during the first part of November. Out of consideration for the multitude of things claiming the attention of the student body at that time the Executive Committee of the Association thought it wise to postpone the meetings (as was noted in the MIRROR of November 9) "*until the early part of December.*" When arrangements were later made for its observance the meetings were literally crowded out, i.e., so far as conducting them successfully was concerned. When any department wishes to arrange for a concert, lecture, or entertainment of any character, the calendar is consulted in order to discover if any other *similar* entertainment is arranged for the dates in mind. But there are few who stop to inquire if any christian work is planned, or, if it is incidentally learned that such work is planned, it is treated as of secondary importance. We feel that the Christian element, at least, having charge of concerts, lectures, etc., ought to be enough interested in these matters to recognize their importance. The Young Men's Christian Association stands for the highest good of the students and is one of the strongest factors aiding in the best and truest development of the University. The officers of the Association greatly appreciate the courtesy of those having in charge the Shakesperean recital in voluntarily coming to them and consulting with reference to conflicting dates and interests. We have been forced to forego the Week of Prayer and feel that the responsibility is not with the Association.

Local.

Mr. Hering has been appointed gymnasium instructor. He will also coach the baseball team next spring.

At a meeting of the football team on Saturday, December 7, Mr. E. W. Cober was elected captain for the coming year.

The Bucknell Band, assisted by talent from the Seminary and from town, gave a concert in Bucknell Hall, Friday night, December 6.

The term examinations will occur Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 16–18. The second term will begin Tuesday, January 7, 1896.

The annual oratorical contest under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association will be held in Harrisburg, January 17 or 18, 1896.

It is reported that a new fraternity is about to organize, to be known as the "Poor Todd Crowd." Six are pledged, and more to follow. Good luck to them!

A number of students spent a delightful evening with Miss Emily Hanna at Thanksgiving time. Miss Hanna thinks of pursuing work at Bucknell next term.

The preliminary Junior debate occurred on Friday evening, Dec. 6. The question was "Resolved: That The United States should recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents."

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided to annul the season tickets issued under the old constitution, and the Finance Committee was instructed to redeem the same.

The advisability of giving a minstreal show some time next term is being discussed by quite a number of the boys. There is no reason why such an undertaking should not be a splendid success.

One of the Juniors: "I am good at guessing; have lots of practice, you know. In class the other day I had a chance; had two points in mind; guessed at the right one and gave it, and —it was the wrong one."

Miss Ella McLaurin, of Boston, spoke in the Baptist Church, Thursday evening, Dec. 5. Quite a number of students were present, and were strongly impressed with her arguments and strong appeals in behalf of foreign missions.

Miss B— had come to the door of the French room just as the recitation was ended. Noting her appearance the Prof. said, "Why, you look surprised!" "Yes, I just got up." Every one laughing, she hastily said, "I mean up from Sunbury."

In Psychology, Hall, reporting several cases of sight restored to those born blind, was relating the inability at the first to recognize objects without feeling them, and stated that a certain boy whose sight was thus restored "was overheard feeling the cat"

The next issue of the Mirror will be edited and published by the young ladies of the College. They have organized their editorial staff and are busily planning how to make this issue a brilliant success. The Mirror is to be much larger than usual and will doubtless present many original features.

Among the students there is no happier man these days than Mr. Chas. Firth, Manager of the Football Team. At the beginning of the season the Athletic Association was in debt about $350. Through Mr. Firth's skillful management enough money has been made to meet the running expenses of the team and to pay off nearly all of the old debts.

Miss S. Carson, who has charge of the Harlem Mission in New York, will conduct a series of evangelistic meetings with the assistance of the Y. W. C. A. The meetings will begin on the 12th and continue to the close of school. Miss Carson is one of the strongest workers in the Association, and it is hoped much good will result from her coming.

The following editors for the Woman's Edition of the Mirror have been elected: Miss Harris, Editor-in-Chief; Associate Editors, Misses Rohrer, Goddard, Hanna, Hartley, Rodgers, Gilchrist, Lillibridge and Thomas. Miss Wolfe was elected Business Manager. The College girls are full of enthusiasm in the enterprise and the first issue of the New Year will be a good one.

The funeral of Mrs. G. M. Spratt, wife of Dr. G. M. Spratt, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Baptist Board of Education, took place from the First Baptist church of this city on the afternoon of December 3. Dr. Spratt is honored and esteemed in Lewisburg and the University and the sympathy of his many friends is extended to him in his berevement. The MIRROR joins with them in their expressions of condolence.

Mr. J. W. C. Shamp, who prints the MIRROR, has, by press of work, been obliged to secure assistance during the past few months. Dutton and Flint of the College, and Wenck of the Academy have been assisting him during the rush. The courtesy of Mr. Shamp in thus recognizing the students will be appreciated by the student body. A return of favors, by taking work to his office, will be a practical recognition of his courtesy.

The annual meeting of the Bucknell Athletic Association will be held Saturday, December 14, at 10 o'clock. The following officers and committees will be elected for a term of one year: President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Manager of Baseball, Manager of Football, Manager of General Athletics, Executive Board and Finance Committee. Any student, professor, or alumnus may become a member of the Association upon the payment of one dollar.

The Zeta Literary Society gave abundant evidence of its life and energy at their open meeting on Thanksgiving night. The College girls have always shown themselves to be possessed of great vitality and their new departure fully sustains the reputation they have made for themselves. To speak of only one feature of the program would, by the mere mention, disparage the rest, for all were *par excellent*. Zeta Literary Society is to be congratulated on its life and energy and for the high tone of its literary work.

"It never rains, but it pours." Three new literary societies have been organized this year: Zeta, Kalomathia and Athina, and now comes a fourth, the Owls and Eagles. All the members are officers except two, and one of those two refused office. The president of the Owls and Eagles is Mr. John Wood. The society has the usual officers and a chaplain and librarian, though no library, as yet. They have met every day since organization. Their meetings are interesting in the extreme. At a recent meeting they fiercely discussed the question, "Have the Indians received harsher treatment than the Negroes?" We are told that they impose fines for making faces at the president, and at a recent meeting one of the members was instructed to kick another member out and then fined for doing it. Long live the Owls and Eagles!

The annual meeting of the Bucknell University Club of Philadelphia was held on Monday evening, Dec. 2, 1895, at the Colonade Hotel, Philadelphia. Dr. J. K. Weaver of Norristown, Class of 1861, presided. The following new members were elected:—

Rev. A. L. Moore,'91, Rev. W. M. Courson,'90, Rev. R. M. Hunsicker,'82, Prof. F. R. Strayer,'94, Samuel Bolton, M. D.,'85, Prof. J. E. Perry, Ph. D., '78, Rev. C. G. Langford, '91, Rev. Leroy Stephens, D. D., '68, Rev. Chas. M. Reed, '82 and Mr. Howard Bucknell of Philadelphia.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—

President, J. K. Weaver, M. D., of Norristown, '61; Vice President, Rev. M. G. Evans, D. D., of Crozer Seminary, '82; Secretary, Rev. R. B. McDanel, of Philadelphia, '88; Treasurer, C. B. Lowe, M. D., of Philadelphia, '65; Chairman of Executive Committee, Rev. B. MacMackin of Philadelphia, '74.

On motion of Mr. O. W. Spratt, '61, the Executive Committee was instructed to arrange for a joint meeting of the Alumni and Alumnae at an early date.

On motion of Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., '62, the Club placed on record its sense of the loss sustained by the University in the death of Mr. James Irving, a member of the Board of Trustees; and its sympathy for Rev. G. M. Spratt, D. D., in the loss occasioned by the death of his wife.

The company repaired to the dining room which was gracefully decorated with palms, and the table resplendent with lamps and candelabra. At each plate was a bontonniere of yellow chrysanthemum and purple violets, and the menu cards were tied with the Bucknell Colors. At the table, Rev. J. S. James, D. D., '68, returned thanks, after which the following courses were served:

Blue Points.
Green Turtle a'l'Anglaise.
Salted Almonds. Celery. Olives.
Broiled Salmon–Lobster Sauce.
Potatoes Parisienne.
Tenderloin of Beef with Mushrooms.
String Beans. Sweet Potatoes.
Hearts of Lettuce–French Dressing.
Ices. Assorted Cakes.
Fruit. Coffee.

After the dinner, President J. H. Harris, who was greeted with applause, spoke of the present prosperous condition of all the departments of the University, and outlined a very suggestive plan for certain new buildings which are even now demanded by the remarkable growth of the school. Rev. A. J. Rowland, D. D., '62, Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society spoke of Bucknell being the growth of years, and expressed his delight in coming back to Philadelphia and renewing old associations.

Rev. Geo. A. Beltz, D. D., '57, indulged in reminiscences of his student days, and suggested a reunion of the "old boys" at the next Commencement.

Prof. Philips, '71, of the West Chester Normal School spoke of the relation of the high schools to the colleges, and of the College and University Council organized in Pennsylvania by act of the last Legislature. He also suggested the abandonment of the term "University" by our Alma Mater.

Prof. Perry, '78, Principal of Peddie Institute, N. J., spoke in behalf of the Academies.

W. J. Coxey, '54, who has made very liberal gifts to the Bucknell Library, referred tenderly to his student days.

Rev. Leroy Stephens, D. D., '68, spoke about the increased endowments of American Colleges, and referred particularly to the value of co-education at Bucknell, and the influence of the College Women on the school life.

The last speaker was Rev. H. L. Wayland, D. D., of the "Examiner," who in his usual happy manner expressed his deep interest in Bucknell, and congratulations on her success.

The evening closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the College yell.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Mrs. Lewis Schaeffer spent Thanksgiving with her daughter Alice.

Miss Wheeler spent Saturday and Sunday, November 23 and 24, with friends in Sunbury.

The Y. W. C. A. is making an effort to secure Miss Sara Carson, Assistant Secretary of the Harlem Association of New York, to conduct a series of evangelistic services in the Institute during the month of December.

An extract from a letter received from Mr. Broadnax: "Give my regards to the boys at Bucknell, if they ever come to Princeton—." Miss McIlwain shall have the pleasure of entertaining them down at Evelyn College.

The Y. W. C. A. gave a very interesting program meeting, Sunday afternoon, December 1, the program consisting of some of the most famous of our popular hymns with sketches of the lives of their authors and the circumstances under which they were composed.

Miss Armitage and Miss Bell gave a very pleasant and informal reception Thursday evening, November 21st, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hering. The Institute faculty, Dr. and Mrs. Hulley, Rev. S. S. Merriman, Miss Merriman, Miss Harris, Miss Gilchrist and several college students were the guests invited. All present regarded it as one of the most enjoyable social events of the season.

The following is the pragram of Dr. Aviragnet's second Musicale given in Bucknell Hall:

FIRST PART.

Belle of New York...*Clark,*
Mandolin and Guitar Club.

Piano duet—first movement of sixth symphony...........................*Haydn,*
Misses Sue Jones and Ada Pennypacker.

Vocal solo—Garden Fancies...*Campbell,*
Miss Laura Manett.

Violin solo—Romanza...*Kron,*
Miss Edna Shires.

Vocal solo, from Les Cloches de Corneville.......................*Planquette,*
Miss Sue Jones.

Piano solo. A Sonatina...*Beethoven,*
Miss Louise Seller.

Vocal solo—Ballad...
Mr. Charles Meeker.

SECOND PART.

Violin solo—Kazurpa...*Wieniawski,*
Miss Louise Lawshe.

Piano solo—Masquerade Ball...*Bohm,*
Miss Carrie Follmer.

Duet—We Are Fairies of the Sea.................*Glover*,
Misses Minnie Gould and Gertrude Morgan.

Violoncello solo—Swedish Melody.................*Lander*,
Mr. Raymond Wendel.

Piano solo—La Harpe Colleme fantaisie.................*Leybach*,
Miss Gertrude Grant.

Duet—The Fishes.................*Gabussi*,
Miss Minnie Gould and Mr. William Bunnell.

Duet—Spanish Dance.................*Moszkowski*,
Misses Olivia Silvers and Elizabeth Walker.

Accompanists
Misses Juliet Aikin, Mary Thornton,
Olivia Silvers and Josephine Lawshe.

The pupils in the School of Music are to be congratulated, not only on the talent they evidently possess, but upon the opportunity they have of receiving thorough instruction from Dr. Aviragnet and his very able corps of assistants.

Personals.

'67. Rev. J. J. Kane, Chaplain U. S. N., is in England.

'70. Rev. C. T. Hallowell is at Park Rapids, Minn.

'72. W. O. Shaffer, Esq., was re-elected for the fourth time as Prothonotary of Union County on the Republican ticket. His last majority, 1106, was the largest he has ever received.

'79. E. M. Purdy is in Atlanta, Ga.

'87. Myron J. Sherwood, of Marquette, Mich., brought the body of his wife on to Northumberland, where she was buried. Mr. Sherwood later spent a few days in and around the University.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel has been re-elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers.

'89. W. E. Williams has been promoted to City Engineer of Huntington, W. Va.

'89. Prof. Milton G. Evans, of Crozer Seminary, has been invited to become a member of the Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society, of Great Britian.

'91. Mr. George Shorkley, second lieutenant of company A, has gone to Long Island, where he has secured a position in the capacity of civil engineer.

'92. John U. Wagner was recently elected an assistant in the Scranton High School.

'93. Mr. John B. Cressinger has been elected President of this year's graduating class of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

'93. A gradual improvement is apparent in the work of the football team at Ursinus. A greater amount of team work is emphasized and less of individual playing. The interference is formed quicker, and less fumbling is noticeable. The team has steadily improved in offensive playing, but lacks in defensive. All the men, both on the line and the backs, have shown a marked improvement. *Coach Cressinger* still comes several times each week to keep the men earnestly at work. Arthur Knipe has been unable to come and coach the team, as was expected. —*Pheonixville Republican.*

'94. Rev. Chas. F. McMan, in connection with his pastorate at Lancaster, Pa., is pursuing theological studies in the Reformed Theological Seminary in that city.

Ex-'95. Married, at Moore's, Delaware Co., Pa., Mr. W. C. Scotney, Ex-'95, and Miss Alice Black.

Ex-'95. Rev. P. E. Weithaase is now assistant pastor of the North Baptist Church of Camden, N. J. His address is 508 Pine St., Camden, N.J.

Ex-'95. Rev. C. F. Hall, pastor at Lehman, Pa., now rejoices over the birth of a son. The future student of Bucknell, who is called William Franklin Hall, was born November 13, 1895.

Ex-'97. F. L. Camp is studying law at the University of Michigan.

Rev. Isaac Bagley, at one time a student at Bucknell, now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Harrisburg, has been holding men's meetings in the Eden Musee for the past year and giving practical, straight from the shoulder talks to "his boys," as he calls his auditors. Recently these "boys" presented him with a handsome gold watch and chain, besides paying him a high tribute as a useful worker in the cause of the Master. These meetings have been the talk of the capital city and are largely attended.

Exchange.

Stanford University is the richest in America. —*Ex.*

Brown is the only college in America that offers a course in Dutch.—*Ex.*

The net receipts of the Yale–Princeton game were $29,538.—*Ex.*

Prof. Le Conte, of the University of California is engaged in revising his well known text-book on geology.—*Ex.*

The Cherry and White gives a very unbiased report of the game between The Bucknell Reserves and Williamsport High School on Thanksgiving Day.

A course of university extension lectures will be given at F. & M. this year, by Prof. Woodrow Wilson, on "The Great Political Leaders of History."

A good student is known by three things: He can begin to study when he doesn't like it; he can study when he would rather quit; he can quit when he ought to.—*Ex.*

Bobby: Our dog's name is Cicero, but since our brother's been to college he calls it *Kickero.*

Jonny: I 'spose that's the way they pronounce it at college. They're all crazy on football. *Ex.*

The Harvard Faculty have decided to prohibit the college dramatical and musical organizations from giving performances at any place to which the men cannot go and return in the same day. Great displeasure has consequently been caused among the students.—*Ex.*

"Life in a Lumber Camp," in the *Bowdoin Orient*, is a very interesting and instructive article. It describes a crew of Yankee lumbermen. While the main features are the same, yet there is much difference between a Maine and a Pennsylvania crew of lumbermen.

Don't fail to read the "Scotch Irish In American History" in *The Western University Courant.* Of "The Fathers," Henry, Jefferson, Hamilton, and John Wilson were Scotch Irish patriots. Of the early generals, were "Mad Anthony," Starke and Morgan, all of Scotch Irish blood. The Scotch Irish have furnished seven of our United States presidents and three of our great statesmen; Calhoun, Blaine and Webster, Chief Justice Marshall and Jeremiah S. Black were also of this illustrious stock.

Says the Exchange Editor of *The Antiochian*: "The human mind is educated by its environments solely; the mind wills according to its educated conceptions; therefore the mind wills as influenced by its environment: Will determins action; therefore a person can be no better than the best that he alone is capable of perceiving in his environment." If there be a God, who enlightens and inspires man, then the above conclusion is false. We are inclined to think that it is false.

In *The Normal Echoes* is an article on "Free Trade vs. Protection." The characteristic feature is a lack of logic. The article states that there were no monopolies before the Civil War. We all know better. In discussing the question for America, one should not draw conclusions from effects of English, French and Italian systems since the conditions are entirely different. On that point Blaine defeated Gladstone. Gladstone argued for England. Blaine argued for the United States. It states that wool fell in price under the McKinley tariff; it does not prove it. The fact that the Diston saw, which has been protected, is competing with the foreign in foreign markets is an argument in favor of protection in the United States.

The present session of Peirce School, 917 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, ushers in the thirty-first year under the management of its principal and founder, Dr. Thomas May Peirce. This long record has been one of progress and success. Thirty years ago there were seven colleges for business, and of these the Peirce School alone survives. Its roll to-day contains the names of students who are the sons and daughters of the pupils of thirty years ago. The School not only has secured a commanding position in the educational world, but its eminently practical curriculum has won the highest approval of the most distinguished men of this country. It affords a complete equipment for the manifold requirements of active business, and starts students in life with the capital of qualification, and that's everything.—*Ex.*

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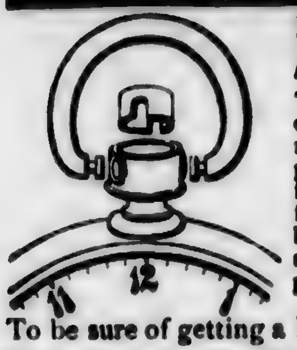

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1896

Woman's Edition of the
Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY 10, 1896. No. 6.

Woman's Edition of the
BUCKNELL MIRROR.
[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

JANUARY 10, 1896.

Editorial.

THE editors of the Woman's Edition wish to express their appreciation of the thoughtfulness and courtesy of the MIRROR Board. Through their kindness, too, we were permitted to peep into the sanctum sanctorum. Finding it too small, however, to accommodate the expansiveness of the Woman's Edition, the President's Office is being used in that capacity.

* * *

THERE has been an innovation at Cornell and Miss Smith of Bryn Mawr will henceforth be privileged to attend the Trustee meetings. Now that the Bucknell Alumni are considering members to represent them on the Board, the women who wear the blue ribbon are thinking of the time not far hence when their number will warrant representation in the same assembly.

But why wait for that time? Why can not some woman noted for interest in Bucknell affairs and support of Bucknell enterprises be made Trustee now? Surely such an one can be found. That would be one way of celebrating our Jubilee.

WHY do not the Literary Societies at the Hill change the time of their meetings, if, as was recently stated in this paper, "half of the meetings are broken up by entertainments and socials connected with the school." Friday is the evening *par excellence* for socials and receptions: there is but one class the following day and the gayety can be prolonged without infringing the Sabbath. It is not a question of precedence with the societies, for they once met Saturday morning after class; so the argument "It has always been so" can not be used against a change. Friday was appointed as the evening for literary work before social life had become so prominent here, before the myriad college organizations had come into existence. Let the Literary Societies adjust themselves to the developing conditions of the College. The youngest College Literary Society has done so; and, though it is rather early to speak too confidently of its future success, the suitability of the time has been proved. *Zeta* meets Thursday evening at half past six, thus allowing time to hold the meeting and yet attend any subsequent entertainment; or to prolong the society at the will of the members.

* * *

DID you observe the faculty bulletin-board last term? The board to the right as you enter the College is reserved for them, and no one but officials is supposed to use it. Notices of every character appeared there last term; foot-ball cartoons, pictures of the Swedish quartet, Lucia May Priest's Photos, College Girls' "N. Bs." etc. The faculty are in such a minority that they dare not protest, but the rights of even the minority ought to be regarded.

Speaking of bulletin-boards,—why do not more organizations imitate the good example of the Band, which supports a separate board? The athletic notices (e. g.) are numerous enough to deserve a spot that they may call their own. The crowd that gathers about the bulletin-boards would thus be dispersed. As it is now, there is such a crush about the stairs, that those who come from the library have to resort to foot-ball tactics to reach the class-rooms: even then, their hats are knocked askew, books jostled from their hands, not to mention the inconvenience caused by some bulletin-board-fiend backing unconciously on their toes, or projecting his own for a stumbling-block to all would-be passers-by.

◆

ONE criticism on College papers that is frequently heard, is that the literary department is too prominent. "No one," they say, "ever reads or cares to read essays and orations;" What the public wants is news. This may be partially true. But let it be remembered that the majority of the readers of College publications are the students then attending the college. They are interested in seeing their class-mates' ability in the literary line. By all means, have a literary department and let it be prominent, provided, of course, it does not crowd out the local news. But have the name of the writer signed to every literary contribution: interest in the department will thus be doubled. We shall then know to whom we may safely confide our criticisms and also whom to praise. Indiscriminate praise given in the hope of hitting the one who deserves it, is wearing: blind criticism is dangerous. Give us the safe guard of having the writer's name attached to every article in the Literary Department.

◆

THE tendency of colleges is toward conservatism. In them reason rules and the fitful changes of the times are scarcely perceptible. Not until a new order of things has given evidence that it is to be permanent and that it is an exponent of enlightened popular feeling, is it adopted by the colleges. College publications partake of the character of the institutions they represent, and are conservative also.

Far different the daily press: its function is to register instantly every change in moral, social, political and intellectual temperature.

So the first "Woman's Editions" were editions of the daily newspapers. The plan was given careful trial and its success was assured before it was publicly approved by the colleges.

What will be the result? Will it make women more proud and boastful of their prowess? Far be it! Rather, they will appreciate more highly the efforts expended in the editing of even a small paper; have more sympathy with attempts and be less severe in criticism of short-comings. The movement is a commendable one. Bucknell is to be congratulated on being one of the first institutions to take it up.

Literary.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

A song for hoary Winter, his icicles and snow,
A song for North Wind, bluffest of all the winds that blow.
A song for Father Christmas, with Yule-log at his back,
A song for old Kris Kingle, with well-nigh bursting pack.

A song for happy New Year, its prospects fresh and bright,
Of hopes that throng upon us, as dawns its first faint light,
A song of resolution, of good to do and be,
A song of ringing purpose, yet musical with glee.

A song of glad thanksgiving for blessings of the year,
Of praise for all the beauty, that comes our lives to cheer,
In song we'll join with angels, adoring Heaven's King;
For in His Word we read it, "Let all the people sing."

O. M. W.

◆

WOMAN AT BUCKNELL.

"Well, you girls have got push." These words were addressed to me in parting by one of my class-brothers to whom I had been talking of the various organizations, etc., which the college girls were supporting; and, as I turned away, the words rose to my lips, "Yes, the college girls have got push, and always have had." Then the thought came to me of the various conditions of the college women at Bucknell, and, as I walked slowly homeward, my mind took a reminiscent trend, I thought of the awe with which I, a "little Sem prep," had regarded those creatures so far above us Sem girls; that sometimes they were allowed to chaperon us in lieu of a teacher. I recalled the angry looks and words of these girls, which we ever present "enfants terribles" saw and heard at times when they returned from their classes at the hill. Then we did not understand them; but we have since found the cause to be the refusal of the college faculty to put the names of these women in the catalogue of the University as college students; and the signing of a petition by most of the college boys requesting that women should not be admitted to college; and the ungallant behavior of the students in forming two lines of men before the college door for the purpose of making the girls run a gauntlet of jibes and hisses, which act was frustrated by the girls in their turn taking their places in the line with the young men.

My mind then turned to the college woman of Bucknell to-day; to the equal treatment she receives with the boys; to the fact that not only does her name appear in the catalogue as a college student, but this year, for the first time, the college girls will have their literary society placed in the catalogue on the same footing as those of the young men. I wondered how many men in college now would sign a petition requesting that the doors of the college be closed to women. I thought, lastly, of the gallant Bucknell boys who two years ago formed two lines before the college door, not to greet the girls with jibes and hisses, but, with bared heads, to allow them with honor to pass through their ranks; because they had that morning donned the college cap. Does not this change speak well for co-education at Bucknell, and the "push" of the college girls?

The advent of woman at Bucknell is of comparatively recent origin,—the first woman graduated here being Mrs. John R. Beale, (nee Scott) Scranton, Pa., who received her degree in 1885. From the time of her graduation until 1887 no women received degrees here; but in 1887 not only did two women graduate but woman had her first triumph at Bucknell, in that two prizes were won by her;—the one a Senior prize in Psychology, the other a Sophomore prize in Mathematics. From 1887 until 1890 there was another interval in which no women were graduated; but since 1890 every year has seen at least one woman given a degree. The Class of '94 has the honor of having graduated with the largest number of women;—five having been graduated in that year; but, unless the ten girls of the present Freshman class dwindle wofully in numbers, '94 will be able to hold that distinction but a few years.

To-day there are in College over thirty women, most of whom are taking the classical course. Of these thirty women at least one-half stand in the first ten, or honor rank, of each of the various classes. They are good students; but with all that, there is not a more ready and willing set of girls any where when some frolic or social time is proposed, provided of course it does not infring on study time. Nor is their energy all expended on their mental and social education; their physical and moral natures are both well cared for; so that, at the present time, if a Bucknell woman is not an all round woman, it is her own fault.

Next we come to the honors of the women of Bucknell. These are not few. To-day Bucknell has eighteen women graduates and of these eighteen six took prizes at some time during their college course. In college now we have women also who have taken prizes, the ratio being about equal with that of the graduates. These honors have been won not only in the fields of writing, literature, and those branches in which woman is supposed to be equal with man; all branches—Psychology, Chemistry, Mathematics, Oratory, Essay and Declamation,—have given way to her power. One prize, so far, she has not been able to reach;—the gold watch given as a prize to the one who pronounces the best oration at the time of graduation; but there is still hope that one of these days some woman may win that prize, also.

When I look over the old Bucknell girls, my heart swells with pride to find so many true and noble women among them. Bucknell, up to the present time, has women graduates of whom she may be proud. Girls, let the good work go on.

MARY M. WOLFE.

◆

BUCKNELL ALUMNAE CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

The modern philosopher who, when asked what he thought of the New Woman, replied, "Woman is always new, that's her greatest attraction," expressed himself just as we would have done if asked what we thought of the present day Bucknell woman. What new things she has done during the term that has just closed! We have heard with surprise of a College Women's Glee Club, of a Literary Society, of a Basket-ball Team, and with still greater surprise of the proposed Woman's Edition of the MIRROR. Realizing that the object of the edition has been to give a fair representation of the work that occupies and interests Bucknell Women, we are glad to have been given an opportunity for a sketch of the Philadelphia Bucknell Alumnae Club.

This club has been in existence for about five years. During this time we have grown in numbers, though not so rapidly as would have liked, until now our list of regular active members numbers twenty with, the additional names of three honorary members. Two of these have just joined the club, and if the interest which our first honorary member, Mrs. M. E. R. Cobb, has manifested in us is any criterion, we are hoping for greater activity than ever. Not only are we indebted to Mrs. Cobb for the large share of herself which she has brought into our meetings, but also for the beautiful rooms in which we now meet. During the first two years of the Club's history, the ladies were entertained most royally on several occasions by, members of the Club. There was a strong desire on the part of the members that we should have a regular place of meeting and that the "feasts of good things" should be provided for by the Club. Consequently we met for two years at the Woman's Exchange. The rooms were scarcely large enough to accomodate us comfortably and we began to wish for some more desirable place. We were helped out of our difficulty in a most unexpected way. The fact that we have been enjoying the spacious rooms at the Foulke and Long Institute for the past year, is due entirely to the courtesy of Mrs. Cobb.

The last meeting of the Club in November was one of the best that we have had during the present year. The New Woman and The Old Time Lady were there in their happiest moods, and made the occasion an interesting one. When the invitations to this meeting announced that there would be a discussion of the question—"Is The New Woman any improvement over the Old Time Lady?"—it was natural to have expected differences of opinion in the matter. With marvellous unanimity, however, all agreed that the New Woman and The Old Time Lady are practically one. The wise, kindly Old Time Lady yielded to the New Woman the right to redeem the hours that she, herself, had lost in earlier days when opportunities were not so numerous. The strong, active, sensible New Woman acknowledged with pride that "she's just the Old Time Lady with a little larger sphere."

At the close of the year as we take a retrospect of our work as a Club, we feel that, in point of interest, at least, it has been one of the most successful of our existence.

If with this success there has come greater devotion to our Alma Mater, and an earnest desire for her advancement in coming days and years, then our aim has been accomplished, and we will still have bright hopes for the Bucknell Alumnae Club in Philadelphia.

NELLE W. CONARD, '93.

◆

COLLEGE LIFE.

Round the meadows, on the campus,
The kids romp and play.
When I was a college Freshman,
I played e'en as they.
But when I became a Soph'more
I grew more sedate;
I then learned a cane to carry,
And to walk with state.

Now that I am called a Junior,
Play I lay aside;
Intellect I've now developed,
Vision keen and wide.
When I shall, as solemn Senior,
Wear a cap and gown,
All will turn with awe, to watch me
As I go through town.

If I should grow very aged,
And become a "Post,"
I should always be lamenting
Pristine vigor lost.
And should such ill fate befall me,
Into *life* to go,
I would pass my time in weeping
Tears of bitt'rest woe.

K. G.

◆

THE NEW YEAR ON THE THRESHOLD.

'98. "What will the New Year bring to me, I wonder. O lovely New Year with thy fair, sweet face, you will be good and send to me a chaperon for skating!"

"Yes, child, yes."

"He must be handsome."

"Well!"

"And tall."

"Ye-es."

"And smart."

"Um!"

"And—and—good, and—and a Sophomore."

"Ah, childie, you ask too hard a thing. I will see what I can do, though."

'97. "Tell us, oh tell us, dear New Year, is there a balm within thy hidden treasures for the giggles?"

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  And to walk with state.

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  Play I lay aside ;
Intellect I've now developed,
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When I shall, as solemn Senior,
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'97. "Tell us, oh tell us, dear New Year,
there a balm within thy hidden treasures for
giggles ?"

"Yes, dear girls, yes. But wait! Not yet, not yet! When I bring the golden autumn I will bring to you an elixir that will cure all giggles."

"What is it called, dear Year?"

"It begins with a Psy, my children."

Seranaders: "Pitying New Year, look upon our bruised and bleeding hands. We sang of love and other things below the Seminary Windows, and they stoned us with rocks."

"I am heart sorry for you. The lover's road is a stony one at times. I will see if the powers that be cannot be more kind. Till then, my boys, behind the tennis nets 'meekly wait and murmur not.' "

'96. "Three Marys come to you, New Year. *We* want you to give us a *summa cum laude*. It is a very little thing for you to give, dear Year."

"Have you faithfully worked, children?"

1st Mary: "Well, I don't think nit! I've nearly worked my head off."

2nd Mary: "Well, I think so. I'm sure—I don't know—in fact, I'm afraid—others deserve it more; give it to them."

3rd Mary: "Well, I want a *summa cum laude* anyhow. It won't be fair if *I* don't get it."

'97. "Dear New Year, we are at your foot pleading for time. The old year has hurried us so. We have been behind him so long. He always got to chapel first; he always scurried up the hill to German and to French, and we never caught up. Dear Year, we're so tired of never 'getting there.' "

"Well, tired girlies, try and see if you cannot be less lackadaisical. *I* fly up the hill; you *ramble* over it. I take the wings of the morning to chapel; you wait for evening shadows. Try, my Junior girls to curl your hair and wash your faces less. Let a little dust stay on your coats, that less may be on your class-room chairs."

Mirror Subscribers: "Kindly New Year, '95 has made us wait for our news from dawn to dusk and dusk to dawn for many a weary day. We get so tired of waiting."

"Well, have you paid your subscriptions? Do you help the poor, overworked editors? Or, must they labor in thankless toil till day breaks to get the Mirror out at all? Do you ever say encouraging words to its editors? Tell me."

"No."

"You make me tired. Ask '95 to forgive you, and feel ashamed forevermore."

'98. "We're awful sorry we said we wouldn't fight, New Year. We want some fights."

'99. "And we are sorry, too, we said we wouldn't fight, New Year. Take away all else, love, Ex. and everything, but give, oh give us, a chance to fight."

New Year: "I will see what I can do. Fights are in great demand this year in the East and in the West. But you must have some *spirit*, children, and when I bring to you the great Birthday, for pity's sake, *do something*."

'99 Sextette: "Bring us freedom, dear, sweet New Year. Our hearts beat with painful longing to roam the fields and woods together. O New Year, please do not separate us."

"Children, 'does your mother know you're out?' "

Institute: "Surely you will open for us our prison house, you beautiful, bright New Year. The boys want to see us, and we, yes, we *must* see them."

"Poor little ones. I will see what I can do, but, ah, times are hard nowadays. Perhaps when Commencement comes you can sit on the porch a little while after tea. I will see."

Library: "Kindly New Year, bring me books, books of any kind. I am so hungry."

"Surely you can have books. I will have many, many thousands of books new and old."

Library: "But people are so selfish. They don't know what to do with their many books, still they keep them."

"Let us hope people will be less selfish and see and satisfy your need, dear old friend."

Athletic Association: "Dear New Year, please give to us money to buy votes. We need it so."

"Buy for you votes! *Buy* votes, children!"

Yes, oh we need them so!"
New Year, pressing her hands on her fair temples;
"Where, oh, where am I at?"

'98. "Dear New Year,—let us whisper it close in your ear—we want you to give us some more brains. We feel we must have them for our Literature and Physiology."

"I don't know, children. Would you mind if they were borrowed?"

"Oh, no; only that we can have them."

"Well, I'll ask '99. They may have some a little later on."

College Girls: "Gracious New Year, we're 'not in it;' we have no spot that is our own; we are so tired of our 'pillar to post' existence. We want a college girls' hall. If you cannot give this to us quite yet, surely you can give to us one little room that we can call our own."

"Oh, children, men's hearts are hard, hard, hard. But keep on pleading. It is the driblets that wear away the rock. Maybe the Board will thaw out soon, when the winter snows are over. There, I'm mixed in my metaphors, but never mind. I will try and bring you what you want."

Bells, interrupting: "We come to ring you in, New Year. Everything new, new, new! Bully for you! Bully for you ! A happy New Year to old B. U.!" ANON.

◆

THE COLLEGE GIRLS' ORGANIZATIONS.

Probably at no time since her entrance to Bucknell, has the College girl been so engaged in organized effort as at present. During the first years of her residence here, the fact that she was admitted to these classic halls seems to have been all-absorbing, and a large share of her ability was expended in maintaining her position in a College hitherto adverse to co-education.

Gradually, however, this barrier to her advancement was removed, until the college girl of today, quite untrammeled by former prejudices, is free to act in accordance with the promptings of higher education in all its departments.

For the purpose of promoting and fostering the spirit of sympathy and mutual understanding, no better means may be employed than that of definite organization. In this way the girls are brought into a relation one with another, which is well nigh impossible to be obtained, when no bond serves to unite the several segments of our girlish circle into one complete whole.

That the girls of Bucknell have become fully awakened to this fact, is clearly shown by the number of organizations now in existence among them.

Of these, the College Girls' Association may first be mentioned, which, as the oldest of our institutions, is able to boast a history of some years. The office of this body, sad to relate, has been gravely maligned. It is but a short time since the posting of a notice for a meeting called forth a knowing smile, while dame Rumor facetiously whispered "a reception." But in the light of the developments of last term surely the Association may be credited with broader aims, than simply to expend its entire effort upon an annual event, long designated as "the college girls' reception!"

The real duties of this organization are to transact all matters of business pertaining to the college girls as a body; such as the adoption of the scholastic style of head-dress now in vogue, the publication of the present edition of "THE MIRROR," and other matters of like importance.

The offices are usually held with reference to class precedence, that of president being filled by a Senior,of vice president by a Junior, of secretary by a Sophomore, and of treasurer by a Freshman. The present incumbents are Miss Wolfe, Miss Hanna, Miss Rodgers and Miss Fowler.

Following the College Girls' Association after the lapse of some years, the Beta Chapter of the Pi Beta Phi fraternity was formed at Bucknell in the early part of the year just closed, the Alpha Chapter having been established some time previous to this at Swarthmore. Many of our most energetic college girls have become affiliated with this organization, and find it a source of great pleasure and help in their college life. The appreciation with which the members of the fraternity are regarded by Mrs. Larison, was shown in a delightful manner, at the reception given by her in their honor in the early fall.

A few months later Zeta Literary Society was formed. Although the idea has so recently materialized it is by no means a new one, as an organization of this character had been a mooted question for some time. In May the preliminary steps were taken, and Misses Hartley and Hanna were appointed a committee to draft the constitution.

Upon the opening of school in September the report of the committee was adopted, subject to the approval of the faculty of the University, while Misses Gilchrist and Lillibridge were requested to formulate the by-laws of the society. The result of the first election of officers was: president, Miss Harris; vice president, Miss Hanna; Secretary, Miss Cotton; treasurer, Miss Gilchrist.

The name "Zeta" means, "seekers," which united with the motto "utile dulci" "the useful with agreeable," signifies that the purpose of the society consists of the search for that which shall benefit, together with that which shall please.

The results of the effort so far expended have been most gratifying. Nearly all the college girls are now members, and evince the heartiest interest in executing the various plans adopted. Four meetings have been held, one of these being an open session, in response to the interest manifested in the society by some of its masculine friends. Wishing to combine a feast of material blessings with one of reason, the "seekers" dispensed to their appreciative guests viands suggestive of Thanksgiving hospitalities.

The final meeting of last term was made especially interesting by the reading of a paper, prepared by several members, entitled the "Blue and Gold," from the colors of the society.

The reception of Zeta Literary Society among the faculty and students of the University has been fully equal to the most sanguine expectations, all of whom by their kindly interest have spurred the girls to greater undertakings.

The College Girls' Glee Club was organized in October, the result largely of an inspiration of Miss Hartley. Her suggestion was willingly adopted by several other members of the College Girls' Association, and after the formation of the club, Miss Harris and Miss Hartley were unanimously elected to the respective positions of leader and business manager. At present the part of first soprano is assigned to Misses Harris, Mary Stephens, Laura Allen and Hanna; that of second soprano to Misses Rodgers, Slifer, Gertrude Stephens and Henrietta Allen; of first alto to Misses Goddard and Fowler; of second alto to Misses Hartley and Taylor. Since the debût of the club on November first the members have faithfully continued their rehersals, and although far from satisfied with their attainments, the kind encouragement of friends lends inspiration to press on to the desired goal, even though it be far distant.

Nor has the enterprise of the Bucknell college girl been wholly directed in mental lines; the physical has also had its share of attention. Owing to a desire for a fully rounded college life, an Athletic Association was formed with Miss Rohrer, president, Miss Davenport, secretary, and Miss Chambers, treasurer. The privilege of voting is accorded in proportion to the amount of stock held, the shares being sold at fifty cents each. From this organization the basket-ball team emanated, of which Miss Wolfe is captain and Miss Gilchrist business manager, to whom the credit of forming the team is doubtless due.

The year eighteen hundred and ninety-five has surely been one of innovation in the world of the college girls of Bucknell! On every side the throb of increased life is manifest, while a feeling of the utmost cordiality exists between all the members of our college circle. As the present is full of energy and activity, so we trust that the future may reap lasting benefit from these initial efforts of the college girls of Bucknell.

M. E. H. '97.

RUMOR.

O she said that you said that he said
That *she* was a perfect fright,
And he said that they said that we said
That *he* was *never* polite.
Though neither speech was ever made,
And names are muddled quite,
There're no two ways—they're both big jays—
And now its come to light !

O. M. W.

TIME'S CHANGES.

'Twas while we were at College
I met the maiden fair,
And straightway I admired
Her sweet and gentle air.

I thought her blue eyes heavenly,
My eyes are dark, you see:
And when I learned she liked brunettes,
I was happy as could be.

We took long walks together
Those happy, happy days;
I know not whose joy was greater,—
Whether 'twas mine or May's.

When we came, then, to the class-room,
Eager each the first to be,
I confess I thought of May oft,
And I hoped she thought of me.

How I struggled with mathematics,—
Hard for me they always were:
Yet I worked and tugged the harder,
Not to seem so dull to her.

The devotion that began there,
Is far, far deeper now:
For when we left the college-halls,
We left them with a vow,

Always to love each other,
As long as life should last;
That promise still doth bind us
And hold us, each one, fast.

But that was years ago, my son;
Bless me, how time does fly!
And May is now a woman,
And so, my boy, *am I*.

GRACE SLIFER, '98.

◆

GROWTH OF COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Those who were acquainted with College life a decade ago detect a marked improvement in the spirit of to-day. The students seem to guard more jealously than before the honor of their Alma Mater and to expend the thought and time for her benefit purely, which was consumed in former days in the pursuit of private study or pleasure.

We naturally inquire immediately the reasons for this growth of College Spirit. The chief one is, perhaps, the growth and prosperity of the school itself. No man cares to own himself a graduate of an institution without repute; for his own mental acquirements are ranked accordingly. It is evident that the wider the name of his Alma Mater is spread, the greater pride will he take in being known as her son—the more interest will he have in the life of the school.

The satisfaction of our student with the course offered by his college, will have its influence personally upon other youth, while a year of peculiar prosperity in the school will draw many to its halls for the succeeding year.

Within the last ten years have arisen many organizations for the student body in which upper and lower classmen meet together on the same footing, whereas a Freshmen used to be regarded as quite below the recognition of the stately Senior.

The work which the Young Men's Christian Association has done in this line is inestimable, while the gentle power of music in the College Glee and Banjo Clubs has spanned the chasm between the classes. But perhaps the influence most potent to unite the students of the four years is that of athletics. The exhibition of Field Day compels the Senior, revered for his intellectual attainments, to admit with awe the superiority of a Freshmen, it may be, in physical prowess. And all the students, from whatever class, unite in giving a hearty welcome to the victorious foot-ball team as it returns from the game.

The elective courses form another bond of union among the student body, for they bring together members of the different classes and give them an interest in common; and they also cause greater contentment in the school, since they allow each student to follow, to a certain extent, his own bent.

We can trace a circle of influence bearing upon the students and their College. Her prosperity inspires them with enthusiasm. which soon extends to the alumni and friends; and when these become interested in her, there is at once insured to her an increase of prosperity.

KATE GODDARD.

◆

WAITING.

Scene, room in Seminary.

Four College girls: Minnie Henry and Mabel Graham, Seniors; Flossie Miles, a Sophomore, and Celia Thornton, a Freshman.

MARY: "Do you really think, then. Mabel, that all things come to those who wait ?"

MABEL: "Indeed I do. For instance, we have all seen how vacations and—"

MINNIE: "Vacations! Of course they come. Question is, do the people who don't wait get vacations. Say Mabel, what finally becomes of the people who don't wait ?"

MABEL: "I don't know. Let me finish what I was going to say. I will repeat—"

All in chorus: "Oh, don't!"

MABEL: "I *will* say what I was going to say. Besides, this is my room, and guests are supposed to have some manners, though the *majority* don't."

FLOSSIE: "Hush up, you girls there! Our *hostess*, august personage, wishes to discourse of the surety with which you get things if you wait and don't get them if you don't wait."

MINNIE: "I believe it. I waited two whole seasons for big sleeves and now I've got 'em whereas, if I hadn't waited—"

FLOSSIE: "I should think you had. We are simply 'out of sight' and so are you."

MABEL, (calmly): "And its true in other things besides vacations—"

FLOSSIE: "What is?"

MABEL: "You're an awful bother. Don't you know that *children* should be seen and not heard? And as for interrupting *me*—"

FLOSSIE: "Great Scott! I'm *squelched!*"

CELIA, (irrelevantly): "Do you know, girls, I think it must be perfectly lovely to be engaged while you're in college?"

MINNIE: "Preserve *me!*"

CELIA: "Well, I do now. I don't care if I do say it. Engaged people have lots better times!"

MINNIE: "Well, all I can say is that people's ideas of a good time differ, and if it is a good time to go to that graveyard every night after school and read epitaphs, *I'd* rather be excused, if you please."

CELIA: "Wait till you get in love, Min. Gee whiz! wouldn't I like to be around!"

MINNIE: "Oh, would you? Well, you will never have the chance, I can tell you that, though you wait till the Day of Doom."

CELIA: "But really, girls, *I'm* desperate. I've been here four months, and I'm not engaged yet. I think its *awful* mean."

MINNIE, (half sneeringly): "This is Leap-year. Why don't you help yourself?"

CELIA, (jumping up): "The very thing! What a darling you are, Min! Say, Mabel, won't it be a lark? And we won't have to wait."

MABEL: "Celia Thornton, I'm surprised at you."

MINNIE: "And I am more than surprised."

CELIA: "You're two old prigs! Of course I only mean some fun. You are in for it. aren't you Floss?"

FLOSSIE: "Yes indeed; it will be stacks of fun."

MABEL: "You foolish girls you'll be sorry."

MINNIE: "Yes, indeed; you had better wait a while."

CELIA: "Come on Floss; we're in for fun. Let them *wait* if they want to. *We won't.*"

II

Scene, Celia's room.

Celia and Flossie.

CELIA: "There! I think that will do. Listen, Floss." (Reading), "Misses Flossie Miles and Celia Thornton will be pleased to have Messrs. Robert Blake and Daniel Morris call upon them on Saturday evening, the 24th, at the Seminary."

FLOSSIE: "Yes; I think that will do. You don't think its perfectly awful for us to do this, do you, Celia?"

CELIA: "No, of course not; its only a lark. And sending the invitation from both of us, you see, makes a difference."

FLOSSIE: "Well, let it go. There's the bell, and I don't know one word of this Greek."

CELIA: "The gods go with us both!"

III

Scene, Reception Room.

Celia and Flossie, Morris and Blake.

Celia and Flossie rise as Morris and Blake enter.

CELIA, shaking hands gushingly: "So delighted to see you, Mr. Morris, and you, too, Mr. Blake."

FLOSSIE: "Delighted, I'm sure. It is a very great pleasure."

MORRIS: "Well, really—"

FLOSSIE: "I suppose you had a *delightful* vacation?

MORRIS: "Why—a—"

FLOSSIE; Of course you did. Did you pass the time in skating?

MORRIS: "Well—a, the fact is—"

FLOSSIE: "And what did you get for Christmas? I got a box of elegant writing paper, and a ring—not a diamond, though, but it was *perfectly dear*—and some skates—I'm sure you skate, Mr. Morris, don't you? and a tennis racquet. Don't you perfectly adore tennis, Mr. Morris?"

CELIA, (interrupting): "Flossie, I have just asked Mr. Blake if he wouldn't like to walk out to Turtle Creek with me and get some chestnut burrs. I think they are the dearest things. Won't you and Mr. Morris go, too? We will go Tuesday night after school."

FLOSSIE: "Oh, charming! What a *delightful* thought! You will surely go. Mr. Morris."

MORRIS, (aside): "Great Heavens! what are they up to?" (Aloud): "I should be delighted."

CELIA, rising: "Flossie, dear, I think we must go. The hour is late."

FLOSSIE: "Yes, we are sorry to go, but will hope to meet you again on Tuesday night. We will wait at the bridge."

IV.

Scene, path up the hill.

Morris and Blake.

Blake. "Say, Dan, what do you suppose they mean?"

Morris: "Hang it! I don't know. I suppose its some 'new woman' dodge, and I don't half like it."

Blake: "Neither do I, but I'm curious about the thing, and I believe I'll stick it out, and see what they are up to."

Morris: "Well, if you do, I will too. Is it a bargain?"

Blake: "Yes; lets see it out."

V.

Scene, College hall.

Blake and Morris, then Celia and Flossie.

Blake, at bulletin board: "Say, Dan, wouldn't it be a joke if those girls offered to take us to this lecture? They've taken us everywhere now that they could without paying for us?"

Morris: "I don't know about the joke of this thing, Blake. It isn't that I don't like the girls well enough, but I'd like to have the privilege of sending a note of invitation once in a while, and once in a while making a 'date' with them myself."

Blake: "Well, all I can say is that its awkward business for us, but—Great Jupiter! Here they come."

(Celia and Flossie approach.)

Celia: "O, Mr. Blake and Mr. Morris, you are just the ones we want to see! There is a lecture Friday night, which is to be given for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A., and we bought two extra tickets, just to 'help the cause along,' you know. Won't you please use them?"

Morris, (stammering): Why, of course, you must know, surely—you must know how—you must know surely our position in—a—"

Flossie: "We will not take 'no' for an answer. You must go with us."

Blake, (bowing low): "We shall be most delighted."

Celia: "Thank you. I know we shall all enjoy it. Good-bye for the present. We would linger, but duty calls in yonder class-room. Good-bye."

VI.

Scene, Mabel's room.

Mabel, Minnie, Celia and Flossie.

Celia, (with face buried in her handkerchief): "Oh, Mabel, I never can live through it! I never can!"

Flossie: "Oh, I wish, I wish we hadn't done it. What were we thinking of?"

Mabel: "I never dreamed you would carry the thing so far as really to ask for their hands."

Celia, "O Mabel! O Mabel! don't put it that way. Its horrible, horrible!"

Mabel, (soothingly): "Well, let that pass; but what did *they* say?"

Celia, (handing her note:) "Its there! The wretched thing is all there."

Flossie, (smiling a little): "You see we did it together, and they answered together. Horrid things!"

Celia, (moaning:) "Oh, I shall die! I shall die!"

Mabel, (beginning to read): "Messrs. Blake and Morris—"

Flossie: "That is what *we* said."

Mabel, (going on): "Regret they must decline—"

Celia: Oh, I can't bear it!"

Mebel: "Must decline the offer so kindly made to them, and trust their action will not bring great sorrow—"

Flossie: "Oh! Oh! Oh! Don't read any more. Its terrible."

Mabel: "There, there, girls! Don't feel so wretched. I really think they think of it as a joke. You have acted foolishly, and so have they. I think the only thing you can do now is to write a full explanation of the whole thing. how it began and everything about it. Maybe *that* will help."

Celia, (brightening): "Well, we will do that. They must surely see that it has all been a joke. Anyway we will write the note."

VII.

Scene, Mabel's room.

The four girls.

Celia, (twisting ring on finger): "Girls, its perfectly glorious to be engaged, and Dan is so lovely. Oh, to think those boys were so lovely, Floss, when we were so foolish!"

Flossie: "Yes, indeed; I thought we had disgraced ourselves forever."

Mabel: "What did they say?"

Celia: "Well, in the first place, they sent *individual* notes. I can't tell anything more. Let Flossie tell her part."

Flossie: "No, indeed; only this: Mr. Blake said *he* would *wait*. And that's all I am going to tell, so there!"

Mabel: "Well, I am glad you are out of that dreadful muddle; but neither of you girls know the most wonderful thing of all, and that is Min."

Celia: "Why, what about Min?"

Mabel: Why, only this: that while you have been paddling your own canoe, some one has taken hold of Minnie's and brought it safe to shore."

Flossie: "Why, Min! You Spinx!"

Celia: "But tell us all about it, and when did the epitaph walks begin?"

Minnie: "Never mind when they began. At any rate, *we* don't spend the time in reading epitaphs."

Mabel: "Well girls, doesn't it prove that all things come to those who wait?"

Celia, (archly): "But what about those who don't wait?"

Mabel: "Thank you, I think I prefer to wait."

R. L. H., '97.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

"Gallant one, accept devotion
From a sister's heart;
Crave no other deep emotion,
For 'twill grief impart.
Calmly may my presence greet thee,
Calmly see thee go;
For thy gently falling tear-drop,
Moves no chord of woe."

This he hears in silent sorrow,
Flushed he urges speed;
Lingers one embrace to borrow
Then he mounts his steed.
Sends to all his strong adorers,
Dwelling 'mid the Swiss;
Bids he holy tomb explorers,
Nor the red cross miss.

Mighty deeds of valor vying,
By their prowess strong,
While their helmet crests are flying
'Mid the hostile throng;
And the Togg'nburg name of terror
Daunts the Musselman.
Still the grief of love's sad error
Haunts like spectre wan.

For a year he bore the anguish,
Then his proud thoughts yield;
Cares he not the foe to vanquish,
Nor his good sword wield.
Joppa's vessel rides the billow,
Spreading all her sail;
Bears him swift to seek his pillow,
In his true love's vale.

Eager at her portal waiting,
Knocks the pilgrim swain;
Warder's voice like thunder grating
Answers him again—
"Thou art seeking not a maiden,
But a deep-veiled bride;
Ever unto God and Heaven,
Married to abide."

Then he leaves his hall forever,
Bids to arms adieu;
Bids good-bye to steed, which never
Proved to him untrue.
From the Togg'nburg heights descending,
Leaps he all unknown,
Wolf skins thick disguise are lending,
Round his shoulders thrown.

And he built himself a bower
In the sacred gloom,
Where the cloister turrets tower,
And the lindens bloom.
Waiting there from blush of morning,
Till the evening glow;
Quiet hope his face adorning,
Lone, but not in woe.

Mutely gazed he on that gable,
Sheltering her he loved,
Gazed upon her casement sable,
Till the window moved,
Till his darling's form appearing,
Till her image dear,
Bowing low and ever nearing
Seemed an angel's peer.

Then he gladly sought sweet comfort,
In the balm of sleep;
Yet rejoiced when morning's consort,
Chased the darkness deep.
Thus he sat for many a morrow,
Dead to love's sweet pang;
Waiting without pain or sorrow
Till the window clang,

Till his darling's form appearing,
Till her image dear,
Bending low and ever nearing
Seemed an angel's peer.
Daily thus his vigil kept he,
Till one fatal morn,
Cold in death's embraces slept he,
Slain by love forlorn.

Translated from the German of Schiller by

Maud E. Hanna.

Y. W. C. A.

The closing days of school life at the Institute in 'Ninety-five, were made pleasant by a visit from Miss Sara Carson of New York. Miss Carson was until of late the Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of the Harlem "Annex," New York, but is now engaged in evangelistic work in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania.

Although her stay at Bucknell was short, she endeared herself to all the girls, making the influence of her christian life felt by every one with whom she came in contact. Two gospel meetings were held in the parlors, but most of the time was devoted to receiving the girls informally in Miss Carson's own suite. Gathered here in little groups, they listened with riveted attention as she told them of her experiences in Association work in New York, and then applied the story to the opportunities of school life. Miss Carson's methods are simple and quiet, appealing directly to the heart, which, combined with her own pleasing personality, are sure to secure her a same welcome, should she ever visit us again.

Just before the holidays the Association sent Miss Eastman of Utah, a number of dolls tastefully dressed by the yonng ladies, to delight the heart of her pupils at the Xmas tide.

Athletics.

On December 7, at a meeting of the foot-ball team Cober, '99, was elected captain for next year.

The College Girl's Basket ball Team is quite an innovation at Bucknell, and one which so far has proved successful. Up to the present time, the team, a picture of which appears in this issue, has played but one match game,—that with the Institute girls; they hope to play more in the Spring when they are able to resume practice. It would be advantageous for the team if they were permitted to use the Tustin Gymnasium certain hours during the winter, as the Institute Gymnasium is too small for practice. The Team is as follows:—Mary Wolfe, (Capt.), Mary Harris, Nellie Taylor, Alice Thomas, Mary Chambers, Henrietta Allen, Alice Lillibridge, and Nan Gilchrist.

The election of the Athletic Association on December 14, brought to light the great interest felt by the Bucknell students in athletics. Up to that date there were but thirty or forty members of the Association; but that day over one hundred dollars was taken in in payment for membership tickets, at one dollar each. The large increase in members made the election rather unwieldy; so that it was not possible to finish electing the officers, though the meeting lasted three hours. After electing Hollinshead, '97, President of the Athletic Association; Grim, '97, Vice President; Lesher, '97, Secretary; Wilson, '97, Manager of foot ball team; and Eicholtz, '97, Manager of the base ball team, they adjourned to meet in January.

The work in the Gymnasium this term under the direction of Mr. Bunnell will be of exceptional interest. Upon entrance each student will undergo a physical examination, measurements will be taken and a graphic chart, such as used in the Yale Gymnasium, will be employed. The work will consist of progressive exercises aiming at the systematic development of the body, and is so arranged that it will be most advantageous for all to start with the first drill of the term. The light work will consist of class drills with wands, dumb-bells and clubs; the classes will also be drilled in plain and figure marching, attention being paid especially to form in all the drills. The heavy work will be mainly on the bar, buck-horse, parallel bars, and combinations of these. At the end of the term an exhibition will be given which, we have no doubt, will surpass all former ones. The student showing himself the most proficient gymnast at this exhibition will be granted a regulation B.

CHEMICAL ROMANCE.

Said Atom to Molly Cule,
  "Will you unite with me?"
And Molly Cule did quick retort,
  "There's no affinity."
Beneath electric light plants' shad,
  Poor Atom hoped he'd meet her,
But she eloped with a rascal Base,
  Her name is now Saltpetre.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

Mary Harris, Nellie Taylor, Alice Thomas, Alice Lillibridge,
Mary Chambers, Kate Goddard, Henrietta Allen, Mary Wolfe, Capt., Nan Gilchrist.

Local.

Ask the Anderson Club who Judas is.

Prof. Rockwood recently laughed in class!

Question in recent examinations: "Did you sign the pledge?"

J. T. Anderson, '98, recently addressed the Milton Y. M. C. A.

Messrs. Sheddan and Schuyler, both of '95, were at Bucknell during the holidays.

Heard in Livy Class: "The Saguntines used a spear with a fir handle." What fur?

The Pi Beta Phi's have secured a fraternity hall in the old Miller Mansion on Second Street.

A happy New Year to one and all, large and small, short and tall, and now, we're "all!"

A trade-last for the Freshman girls, recently heard on College Hill: "My! how *fresh* they look!"

The Greek *Instructor* received recently an invitation addressed to himself and wife. Congratulations!

Dr. Aviragnet assisted in a grand musical recital given at Carlisle under the direction of Father Ganss.

Bucknell will have a large Basket-ball team during the winter term. Hering will have charge of the players.

A '97 maiden is giving instructions in Chinese nursery rhymes. Miss Alice Lillibridge is her most apt pupil.

The most joyous Christmas music at Bucknell was the silence of the bells. "That's where the paradox comes in."

We were glad Dave Elliott, who was injured in the Thanksgiving game, was able to be among us before school closed.

"Actions speak louder than words." So do Mr. McKay's shoes as they crackle into German every bright morning.

A problem in Freshman Mathematics: The square root of 9, plus the cube root of 27, equals the square root of 36; but the answer may be found by the Rule of Three.

Prof. G. E. Fisher, S. R. Wood and T. L. Josephs were among the speakers at the Hartleton C. E. Convention.

Among familiar faces at Bucknell during the holidays were those of Misses Mary Bartol, Ruth Sprague and Alice Hartley.

W. T. Chase, Jr., who entered this year as Freshman, has gone to Haverford. He can get home more easily from there.

Dr. Perrine lectured recently before the Lycoming County Teachers' Institute on the subject, "What is an English Classic?"

Mr. Harvey Marsh, a former student of Bucknell, now of U. of P. Dental School, spent the Holidays with the President's family.

Dr. Groff delivered a course of lectures before the Wyoming County Teacher's Institute at Tunkhannock the early part of vacation.

Reasons given as to why Brady wasn't in class: he was having his hair cut, and was under the influence of ether. Who was the barber?

Dr. and Mrs. Harris spent part of the vacation at the Atlanta Exposition. They also visited Chatanooga and its neighboring battlefields.

Did "Doc" Brown oversleep that he had to declare so pathetically in Psychology, "I have just wokened up?" "Where were you, owl, last night?"

The University sermon for December was preached on December 15, by J. Sexton James, D. D., editor of the new Baptist paper, *The Commonwealth*, and a member of the Class of '68.

Miss Mary M. Wolfe has written a series of very interesting articles on "Women's College Fraternities," which appeared in the *Philadelphia Press* during the month of December.

From Rhetoric Class: "The beautiful and forcible sometimes clash: the fist of a burglar thrust at you at midnight might be forcible, but not beautiful,—unless lighted up by electric light."

A feature at the musicale given by Dr. Aviragnet on December 12, was the singing of the college song, the words of which were composed by Miss Mary Bartol, '94, and the music by Dr. Aviragnet. The music is infectious in its ring and "go," and well suits the spirited words.

Lost! A 5-cent pencil pad. Same had owner's name engraved thereon. It is thought that Mr. Rivenburg took it. Finder will be liberally rewarded and no questions asked, upon returning same to Johnnie Sinton.

Messrs. Judson and Arthur Hanna expected to spend their holidays with their brother Tom Hanna, '95, at Plantsville, Conn. Whether they did so or not we cannot tell, as they declined to be interviewed.

Dr. and Mrs. Hulley spent Christmas with Mrs. Hulley's parents, at Stamford, New York. Mrs. Hulley remained during the entire vacation, but Dr. Hulley spent the latter part of the time in filling his lecture engagements.

Among former Bucknellites who spent the vacation in Lewisburg were Charles Gundy, of U. of P.; Prof Joseph Wolfe of State College; Rev. Wm. Corson, pastor at Eagleville, Pa.; Dr. Elmer E. Wolfe of Fort Edward Collegiate Institute.

Misses Anna Rodgers and Mary Chambers have punctured their tires again! They have accordingly stored their wheels in the attic, and will give no further instruction in "biking" until the authorities clear the pebbles from the roads.

Though every young man when he starts for college is impressed with the fact that "Life hath quicksands, life hath snares," he has doubtless not been put on his guard against the "snare of the Fowler," into which he is most liable to fall.

The first preliminary debate of the Junior Class took place on December 6. All the debaters were appointed for the second preliminary. Those who took part in the debate were, Messrs. Rivenburg, Fisk, Collins, Kunkle, Grim, Barner, Sprague and Nelson.

Professor, showing how literature influences our conception of historical characters: "Our idea of Cleopatra we get from Shakespeare. Shakespeare has also given us Julius Caesar, Coriolanus;—Milton has given us the Devil.—" He wonders why the class laughs.

A number of Bucknell students have received a copy of "The Young Men of India," of which Mr. Raymond Davis, '94, is contributing editor. The issue contains an article by Mr. Davis on "The American Student." Though our University is not mentioned by name, Mr. Davis has done high honor to his Alma Mater in this article.

A case of sentiment, not meter:

"If you give it to Mr. Ware,
He will never, never care;
But will quick make bold to dare
This black mitten e'en to wear."

ANSWER.

"If I give it to Mr. Ware,
He will rave and tear his hair,
To think his love presumed to dare
Give him *one* mitten when he needs a *pair*."

Harold Perrine on December 10, cut his leg very severely with a penknife, and narrowly escaped severing an artery. This is only one of a series of mishaps. His previous record is as follows: fell from a loft and broke his arm; twice narrowly escaped drowning; ran a pair of scissors into his cheek, and a knife into his throat. These are all that come to mind now. There are others.

Seventeen electives are offered this term to the Seniors and Juniors. The choice of the two or three from these has been a perplexing thing to many a one who "wants them all." A Junior who was looking at the list of electives on the bulletin board was heard to say, with a despairing sigh: "Oh, I'm glad they don't give us electives earlier in our course; we don't even know our own minds now."

One fond mother, in attempting to tell her friends what a safe nest she had found for her daughter at Bucknell, said: "Why, you know its perfectly lovely! The boys *never* see the girls except at church. You know the Institute is at least a mile from the college building, and of course the boys and girls can have nothing whatever to do with one another." Surely a case of far-sightedness!

Apropos of the recent marriage of Dr. Leroy Stephens to Miss Nana Wilson, Bucknell Institute Class '87, it is interesting to note that four members of this class are married and settled in Lewisburg. They are: Mary Stoner Gretzinger, Anna Kaler Dreisbach, the Senior Scholarship prize; Mary Sober Grove and Nana Wilson Stephens a fifth member of the class, Mrs. Harriet Spratt Hulley, made her home in Lewisburg pervious to her death.

The following is quoted from one of our town papers: "While duck hunting along Long Island Sound the boat occupied by Lieutenant George Shorkley and companion, was carried out to sea, and information reached Lewisburg that they had been run down by a steamer during a heavy fog. A telegram from the Lieutenant to his mother, however, Tuesday evening, stating that he had reached the shore in safety, greatly relieved his friends. He has been working on a railroad on Long Island and was having a little Sunday sport when the tide headed him for Europe." We are indeed glad that the accident did not result fatally, and were glad, too, to see George back with us safe and sound.

The Band and Orchestra gave a delightful concert on the evening of December 6, under the leadership of Messrs. Bunnell and Martin. The selections were spirited, and evinced careful preliminary practice, the last one being particularly fine. In it the hunt was represented very vividly, and the frequent pistol reports added the finishing touch to its realty. The concert was enhanced by vocal solos, a duet and a quartette. Miss Irene Walls' exquisite rendering of "Madrienne" received a well-deserved, hearty encore. The young men are to be highly congratulated on the entertainment of the evening. The attendance was larger than Bucknell Hall has seen for some time at an affair of this kind.

The Athletic Association had a wild, enthusiastic time at their election on Dec. 14th. They also had a wild and enthusiastic time the night previous. The meeting was called to order at 10.30 o'clock Saturday morning, and lasted until half-past one. As numerous dinner bells rang, here and there, a starving athlete disappeared to return almost instantly with his dinner in his mouth and hands. The hill was flecked with "bread and butter boys" racing up and down between the balloting times. The Association was intensely athletic in more ways than one for three hours, but yet had to adjourn to finish the election this year. The fraternal spirit which prevailed was the cause of the Association's lingering so long together.

The Sophomore Declamation Contest held in Bucknell Hall on December 14, was a decided success, and though only one of the contestants can gain the prize, still all may have the satisfaction of work well done. The declamations showed study and honest effort, and the result was an enjoyable entertainment. The contestants were J. G. Lauderbaugh, Robert G. Slifer, Edward Flint, Harry C. Fithian, Benj. F. Thomas, Andrew H. Forrester, E. Herbert Dutton, James P. Stober, Rutlidge T. Wiltbank, Jr. and G. Morgan Davis. The music, which was exquisite, consisted of a vocal duet by Miss Gould and Mr. Bunnell, two selections by the String Quartette Club, a piano solo by Miss Aikin, and a violin duet by Miss Louise Lawshe and Mr. Brown Martin.

Those who attended Mr. Steck's reading of Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu" in Bucknell Hall on the evening of December 9, heard a good thing. In his prefatory remarks, Dr. Steck sought to correct the popular and erroneous opinion that Richelieu was, at the time of this play, decrepit and bowed with age. Assuming that Richelieu retained his erect carriage to the end of his life, Mr. Steck's impersonation of the character was excellent. Especially effective was the scene where the cardinal, opposing the emissaries of Louis, draws the circle of the church about his ward, whom he is defending. The chief criticisms on the performance were on Dr. Steck's treatment of his audience: the small size of an audience is no excuse for a speaker's antagonizing it, as was done on this occasion. The explanations, too, were of things that, for the most part, needed no explanation, and in the course of the evening became tedious.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Without:—the merry skaters fly
All gracefully to and fro.
Within:—the Institute maidens cry:
Their hearts are filled with woe.
With tear-dimmed eyes and blanched cheek
They scan the mail from home:
Above the wailing comes the shriek,
"Why don't *my* permit come?"

Miss M. Jones is very fond of "Honey".

How is it that Miss Raike is so charmed by Miller.

It seems that Mr. Gilchrist's favorite animal is the camel.

How about Miss O'Donnell's cutting stars on the ice?

The Senior class in Music now write an essay every month upon some musical subject.

We hope there will be no more bats in the main building for Miss Church's sake.

Miss Marguerite O'Donnell spent the Christmas vacation with Miss Mabel Williams at Ridgeway.

Miss Mabel Lovegrove left school before the term closed in order to visit New York with her parents.

The Misses Kate and Maud Goddard were at the home of their uncle, Rev. Wm. H. R. Corlies of West Philadelphia during the vacation.

Dr. Aviragnet gives a prize each term for excellence of work in Harmony and Theory. This term the prize was awarded to Miss Olivia Silvers.

Miss Laura Angle spent part of her vacation in Washington. She could probably tell us much about the Capitol as she visited very near it, on New Jersey Avenue.

About six new girls entered the Institute at the beginning of the winter term. The building is very full, and it is hard to find places for all the girls who wish to room there.

We are pleased to have with us Miss Grace Wales, class of '69. She spent a part of last term, and expects to spend the remainder of the school year at the Institute working in the Studio.

A little seven year old visitor at the Institute when asked why he liked to visit the Institute so well replied, "I don't know any reason unless its because I'm a boy." Could a philosopher have answered better!

Miss Armitage went to the city during vacation to have an operation performed on her eyes. On the way she visited Miss Angle at Stafford. While in the city she was entertained at the home of Rev. David P. Leas, Treasurer of the Board of Trustees.

We wonder why Miss Madden, the night of the Institute fire, hurriedly took off her shoes to throw them into the fire; and why Miss Grant stood on the bed, fanning the flames with a sheet; and why Miss Folmer threw an empty pitcher at the mirror. And yet they say, only the girls' presence of mind prevented the fire from being a serious one!

The work of the Music department of the University is becomming better and broader every year. The piano, pipe organ and vocal courses have been advanced, while the band with Mr. Bunnel as leader and the orchestra and mandolin club conducted by Mr. Brown Martin are watched over with great care by Dr. Aviragnet. Mr. Herbert Moyer has trained a large class of guitar students this term.

Tuesday evening, December 10, the Institute Alumnae held their annual banquet in the Institute parlors. A goodly number of guests were present as usual. The intellectual feast consisted of musical and literary features. The music was furnished by Dr. Aviragnet and was unusually fine. The quartette of violins rendered selections from Mendelsshon and Beethoven. The duets by Messrs. Moyer and Martin were warmly applauded as usual. Miss VanDyke gave the current news in a very spicy manner and Mrs. Larison's Christmas story was enjoyed by every one. Miss Mary Wilson gave a partial account of her summer's outing. After spending by no means the least enjoyable part of the evening in the dining room the members felt the annual banquet to be one of the most enjoyable events of the school year.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Prof. Fisher spent his vacation at his home in Salem.

We regret that Anthony had to return home recently on account of illness.

Shuhart has recently developed into a singer. Listen for his warbling voice in chapel.

The Academy was never of so much importantance as in the recent Athletic Association election.

B. H. Giffin, a member of the 'Cad in 93, is at present in the hospital corps at Washington, D. C.

Mitchell and Thomas Bower have both broken through the ice into deep water. There is nothing like keeping up with the times.

The Academy reading room has thus far proved a success, being well patronized by the 'preps.' Principal Edwards has the knack of supplying the wants of the boys.

Registrar W. C. Gretzinger and family spent Christmas in Sunbury, the guests of Mrs. Gretzinger's father, Dr. W. B. Stoner.

Once again has examination work justified the wisdom of two saws with sharp teeth, viz: "Work wins;" and "The race is not to the *fast.*"

Prof. and Mrs. Stewart entertained Principal Edwards' family and Mrs. Humphrey and son on Christmas Day at their cozy home on Sixth Street.

Prof. Phillips delivered a Christmas address before the Y. M. C. A. of Milton on Sunday afternoon December 22, He spent the rest of his vacation with his parents, at Plymouth.

A telegram received from John Jordon announces the sad news that Joe Jordon died of pneumonia at Meadeville Hospital, December 16. He was attending school at Allegheny College.

Principal Edwards and family, and Mrs. Black and daughter, remained at the Academy during the holidays. Mrs. M. A. Humphrey and son, of New York, were the guests of Mrs. Edwards for a part of the time.

Charles J. Pearse, Fourth Form, is to be congratulated on the timely gift which enabled him to make a two week's visit in Philadelphia, and to receive there needed treatment for his eyes. The assistance is most worthily given.

Our hearts were made glad on Thanksgiving eve. On being summoned into our neighbor's room, our eyes fell upon a real "Blair county" turkey, roasted to a pretty brown and delicately set on the table in the midst of other good things. Messrs. Bell were the hosts.

The evening reading hour and chapel services have become permanent features of the Academy routine. They give a wholeness to the Academy life that was wanting before Their influence upon the student body has been good, and hence they have won their place among the permanent institutions.

The Fourth Form Sunday School class spent a very enjoyable evening recently at the home of their teacher, Mrs. Hulley. The event of the evening was the review of the quarter's lessons, after which a social time was enjoyed. The boys say that Mrs. Hulley understands the art of entertaining.

The maximum enrollment of Academy students during the fall term was eighty-seven. Of these two withdrew early in the term. Of the eighty-four who took the regular work of the various forms, a fraction over 58% made an average grade, in each and all subjects taken, of above 8.5. A fraction over 14% of the whole number made an average grade in all subjects taken of above 9.5. A trifling fraction less than 24% of the whole made a general average in all subjects taken of 9.0—9.4. May their number speadily increase.

Professor Perrine's lecture, "The College Days of Daniel Webster," furnished a rare treat to the students of the Academy. So thoroughly and sympathetically has the Professor investigated the early years of the great stateman's life, that he is able to bring out with exceeding vividness, the leading events in Webster's early career, and also to show the formative influence which lay back of those events. By his graceful yet forceful expression, by his evident sympathy with every event portrayed, by his thorough appreciation of the worth of Webster, both as boy and man, Professor Perrine succeeded in bringing Daniel Webster very near to the hearts of the boys, nearer than he had ever been brought; and more than one went out from the room with a new courage to do and to perform. At the close of the lecture, the lecturer was given an enthusiastic vote of thanks. Professor Perrine will always be sure of a cordial welcome at the Academy.

Personals.

'52. Rev. A. J. Hay retired from his pastorate at Cramer Hill, N. J. on January 1, 1896.

'65. Rev. H. B. Garner has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Downington, Pa.

'68. Dr. J. Sexton James has assumed the editorship of the new Pennsylvania Baptist paper, *The Commonwealth.*

'68. Dr. Leroy Stophens was married December 25th to Miss Nana Wilson, Inst. '87. Miss Wilson has lately returned from Japan where she had been engaged in mission work.

'72. Aaron W. Eyer, M. D., died at Toledo, Ohio, while on his way from Lewisburg to his home in Denver, Col., where he had for some time past enjoyed great success as a physician.

'78, Inst. Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt has recently written a book "Christmas at Bigler's Mill," which is receiving favorable mention from the various book reviews.

'78, Inst. *The Atlantic Journal* of November 21, gives an interesting sketch of Miss Cara Reese as a journalist.

'83. Rev. Spencer B. Meeser has been called from Wilmington, Del., to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Worcester, Mass.

'84, Inst. Miss Carrie Purdy recently left her home in Sunbury for Guanajuata, Mexico, where she intends to remain five years connected with the Methodist Mission.

Ex-'88. Rev. A. M. Hendricks has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Zanesville, Ohio.

'90, Inst. Misses May and Edith Hull will this winter have charge of a Mission Kindergarten near their home.

'91. Mr. John T. Hyatt and Miss Margaret McLaughlin were married at the home of the bride, in Lewisburg, Monday, December 16.

'92. Elton S. Corson, M. D., U. of P. '95, is one of the attendant physicians in the Polyclinic Hospital, Phila.

'92. Mr. George Shorkley is at Elkhorn, W. Virginia, where he has accepted a position under Mr. Rolfe Gerhart.

'92, Inst. Miss Margaret Thompson is a successful nurse at the Polyclinic Hospital, Phila.

'93. Miss Carrie L. Geary is convalescing from a three weeks, illness of diphtheria at her home in Carbondale, Pa.

'93. Miss Carrie Lloyd is spending the winter at her home in Phœnixville, Pa.

'93. Miss Nelle W. Conard is at her home in Phila., carrying on a line of study with her Master's degree in view.

'93. Rev. Eugenio K. Thomas was recently ordained as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Montrose, Pa.

Ex-'93. Mr. Charles Dale Wolfe and Miss Margaret Dieffenderfer were married at the home of the bride on South Fourth street, the evening of December 19.

Ex-'94. Miss Mary Castle who graduated from University of Chicago last year with the degree Ph. B. is instructor in Latin at Shephardson College for women, Granville, Ohio.

Exchange.

There are two hundred college papers published in America.—*Ex.*

Yale has extended the course in medicine from three years to four.—*Ex.*

The University of Pennsylvania has sent a geological expedition to India.—*Ex.*

One-sixteenth of the college students in the country are studying for the ministry.—*Ex.*

The teacher asked "And what is space?"
  The trembling student said:
"I cannot tell at present,
  But I have it in my head."—*Ex.*

The colleges and universities of the United States are said to contain 140,000 students.

The first Ph. D. degree given by the University of Chicago was conferred on a Japanese.—*Ex.*

Twenty-five years ago colleges were first opened to women. Since then 40,000 have attended American institutions.—*Ex.*

Said A. to B. "I C U R inclined to B A J." Said B. "Your wit, my worthy friend, shows signs of sad D K."—*Ex.*

The report that the Chicago University intends to publish a magazine to rival the Century is denied on good authority.

Only recently has England realized the importance of the college journal. Her first college publication comes from the University of Edinburg.—*Ex.*

The Vassar Miscellany contains an interesting account of the champion basket-ball game played at Vassar college by the class teams of '97 and '98. When time was called, the score stood 10–11 in favor of '98. Each class showed good team work.

One of the requirements of a man seeking college honors at Amherst, is that his college expenses during the past year shall not have exceeded $500.—*Ex.*

The largest foot-ball scores on record were made as follows: Harvard against Exeter, in 1886. 158–0; Yale against Wesleyan, in 1886, 126–0; Princeton against Lafayette, in 1884, 140–0—*Ex.*

The students of Leland Stanford University have regard for their vocal apparatus. They subscribed five hundred dollars for a large steam whistle to be used at all games.—*Ex.*

The increase of colleges in America during the last hundred years has been wonderful. Before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, nine were in existence, and now the entire number is 451.—*Ex.*

Once a Freshman was wrecked on an African coast,
  Where a cannibal monarch held sway;
And they served up the Freshman in slices on toast,
  On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,
  And before the next moon was seen,
By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked,
  For that Freshman was dreadfully green.—*Ex.*

The Spectator for December contains an interesting article entitled "The Celestial World, as viewed from the Moon." The writer describes the appearance of the earth and of the heavenly bodies as seen from the moon, and in so doing opens up a line of thought which is at once pleasing and suggestive.

The Bryn Mawr Lantern is an excellent magazine and should be read by every one. Literature, science, and topics of the day, have all found their way into its pages. Among the most interesting articles is one entitled "Must the Entrance Examination Go?" The question is discussed from different standpoints and in a concise and logical manner. The writer evidently believes that the entrance examination should not go, but that certain changes should be made in the conditions now existing. The article cannot fail to interest all students.

The exchange journals for this month are especially bright and interesting. They are well written and arranged and show the high literary standard existing in the different colleges. Among those most worthy of mention are The College Student, The Sibyl, The Pharetra, The Red and Blue, and The Smith College Monthly.

CHEW, CHEW, CHEW!

Chew, chew, chew!
On your gum behind a book!
And I would that a mirror could show you
How silly your faces look.

Oh, well for the lovers of gum,
That they're blessed with tireless jaws!
Oh, well for the looks of our school
If we had some restrictive laws!

So a ceaseless trade goes on
At the stores down under the hill;
But oh, for the sight of a face in repose
Or the glimpse of a jaw that is still.

Chew, chew, chew!
Till your muscles are tired and sore,
But the tender grace of a rosebud mouth
Will be yours, ah, never more!—*Ex.*

MEN AS THEY PASS.

Inquirer '99. Yes, Kilts will still be worn by little boys; green plasds will be especially fashionable this year.

H. R. W. It is very ill-bred to neglect to recognize an acquaintance in passing. No gentleman would be guilty of such gross impoliteness.

Professor of Freshman Class: I have been unable to find the answer to your question. Probably if you would consult the book "Hints on Child Training," you would find some suggestions.

Tom. A lounging attitude in class is not considered the most charming.

'97. Boys and other folks who know what is proper ought always to walk in front of people, unless it is absolutely impossible. In that case, they may ignominiously bring up the rear.

Teddy 99. We cannot tell you when the Sophomore banquet will be held. We should judge, however, it would be some time this year.

Ned '97. Give your friend a shoe-polishing outfit for his birthday present, as it is a most needed as well as neglected article.

D. E. '98. We beg leave to decline giving advice in such a serious matter as getting your hair cut. Probably if you should consult a barber he could help you.

J. T. Bashfulness may be overcome by daily practice in turning somersaults.

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Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY 25, 1896. No. 7.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

JANUARY 25, 1896.

Editorial.

THE Woman's Edition of the MIRROR came out on scheduled time. The young ladies had but a limited time in which to prepare the material, and coming as it did during the examinations and vacation they were considerably handicapped. The subscribers have judged of its literary merits. As to the business side, in numbers the edition was increased one-half, and eight pages in size. The edition was quickly exhausted and some were unable to secure them. It has been proposed that the Woman's Edition be made an annual affair and that they be given ample time for its preparation.

◆

BOOKS alone cannot furnish a competent education. They may bring to the student the principles of philosophy, the laws of science and the beauties of classic literature; they may even give him a feeling of acquaintance and kinship with the authors who penned them. But they cannot furnish the development and inspiration which alone comes from vital association with one's fellows. This is an essential to a well-rounded education which is found only in the book of life—human life. Books are one of the mightiest factors in education, but of themselves they are not all-sufficient.

◆

THE Holiday Number reopened the Literary Society Question. Whether the boys will follow the lead of Zeta or not matters little. But something should be done. Anything that promotes the practice of speaking at Bucknell ought to prosper. The chief vocations entered from these halls are preaching, teaching, law and medicine. To the three former, ability to speak effectively is indispensable. A sort of languor, however, has come over the students in their attitude toward the societies and like Turks in a rain-storm, we sit calmly down murmuring—it is fate. The underclassmen exhibit the greatest unconcern imaginable. The Juniors show some interest because of the Junior Debate Prize. There is a remedy. Theta Alpha has possession of the old Literary Society Cup which has not been debated for within seven years. Let this be brought out and contested for by the underclassmen on the basis of excellence in debate. The cup, which is now only a source of comfort, would become an object of honor and emulation.

◆

MANY colleges have dispensed with the commencement orations of the graduating class, and have some famous speaker in their places. The advisability of this turns on the object of the orations. If it is a reward for close application during the course it is unnecessary. For the graduations *summa cum laude*, *magna*, etc., are sufficient and founded on a fairer basis. If the object is entertainment the famous speaker would certainly be more acceptable to all except the friends and relations of those graduating. Of this small group, two-thirds will feel disappointed because their favorites were not among the ten speakers. Nine-tenths of the remainder will be disappointed because their favorites failed to receive the gold watch. Seven years of toil rewarded in the end by a seat at graduation day on high, before an audience that is saying at every glance "you belong to the second rank" is rather bitter. Two-thirds of the class each year have this to undergo. If, however, the senior classes choose an orator, then the graduations, "*summa cum laude*," etc., would assume more prominence, and all would be honored according to actual standing.

◆

THE Library is for the benefit of *all* the students; it is intended to be a common blessing. Through the efficient labors of Prof. Martin and the kindness of many friends it is in a better position now than ever before to prove thus helpful to the student body. But it must fail to accomplish in the fullest measure the purpose for which it has been established so long as so large a number of students are forgetful of the claims of others. When a class, consisting of thirty-five or more members, is referred to a line of books, of which there is a limited number in the Library, the wisdom usually credited to a college student should dictate that some members of the class must be compromised, if the book be taken out instead of being read in the room. This is so often true that mention of it here seems almost imperative. The members of no one class are alone culpable, but some of every class are guilty of thoughtlessness in this respect. Let us recognize more clearly our mutual obligation and dependence.

Contributed.

THE VOICE OF THE CALENDAR.

My work is simple, only this,
To mark for you the passing days.
But yet 'tis all I'm giv'n to do;
In doing this I merit praise.

For *you* it is to use the days,
Employ the weeks, and months, and years,
And build of them a monument,
Approv'd of Him—above earth's seers.

'*Twas* yesterday, it *is* to day;
The morrow ever 'scapes our grasp.
I mark them all; you have but one;
Then sieze to day with firmest clasp.

B. B. W., '96.

◆

THE RIOT IN CHINA.

Our subject is one which needs no apology and no explanation. Those who became accustomed to watch with interest for fresh intelligence of the late war between China and Japan, have found that interest continued by the wide-spread riots dealing death and destruction throughout the "Middle Kingdom." "But," you say, "these are a mere outgrowth of the unsettled condition of the country, and will die out of themselves. Why, then need we give them our attention?" Why need we? Our own citizens are among those slain by the reckless mobs; people of our sister nations have been murdered in cold blood. Is this not reason enough to arouse our solicitious interest?

Do you know the story of the massacre at Wha-seng? Five unsuspecting missionaries at this sanitarium were suddenly seized, one morning, by a destructive band and hurried without. While the captives were standing in the broiling sun, a brave native undertook to plead for their release, but the ring leader of the ruffians rushed up flaunting his red flag and shouting "Remember the orders—Kill outright." Vain were prayers and entreaties! The cruel steel did its work, and the lifeless bodies were left strewn about the grounds.

Time fails me to tell of the further slaughters. Men, women, and children were hacked with demoniac pleasure, houses were burned before the inmates could escape, and not till the wretches were satisfied that they had slain every foreigner, did they depart. Two however had escaped, almost miraculously, to tell the sad tale.

As the mournful company stands about that one long grave containing the remains of those ten massacre victims, can we not feel the thick clouds of darkness and ignorance and superstition hanging like a pall above us? A *mission* buried in a day!

You know already how they mobbed the hospital in Sze-chwen, setting fire to that new expensive building, and compelling the foreigners to flee. You know how the officials feigned support, but in reality allowed the mob to carry out all its dread designs;—how the Yamen offered as protection, two small, vile rooms into which a dozen or more missionaries, were crowded;—how some died in the foul air and close confinement; how boats were finally granted the now destitute refugers for escape, but boats—with no boatmen, no provisions, no necessities, no money even, with which to hire help.

In war, we may count the number slain or wounded, the battles fought, the victories won, but we cannot reckon the long sad years which must drag by until the country recovers from the ravages of an army on the march,—until the great stream of life, disturbed as it were by a volcanic eruption, assumes again its original course. So in the case of these riots, we may count the number slain and the refugees, we may read of the hardships undergone, but who can estimate the shattered nerves, the weakened vitality which will cause many to leave the field?

Consider the action of the Chinese in this matter and the impulse which led to such dire results. Why is it they have thus risen with one accord against the foreigners of whatever nationality. Rumor has it that they take this means to wipe out the humiliation of defeat in the late war. What cowardice! Vainly hoping that an exhibition, *now*, of brute force, will win for them the respect which they lost *before*. O cowardly method and false! O civilization so uncivilized! In the face of such a people shall we flinch and flee? Shall we withdraw our entire force and confess ourselves vanquished? Ah no! Let us reinforce the men already there with fresh recruits. Let us stand ready to fill the gap when one brave comrade falls. Let us exhibit a bravery equal to that of the Spartans who counted it a disgrace to return from the battle unless *with* their shields or *on* them—victorious or slain!

KATE GODDARD, '97.

◆

THE CHARACTER OF LINCOLN.

It is well known who Lincoln was and what he did. There has been but one great Lincoln. He was the savior of our Republic and the emancipator of four millions of slaves. For this he stands with the great men of the world.

But it is not the intention here to describe what he did or what he was; these are purely historical questions. The question of most interest to us all is, "What was he?"—What were those elements which made Lincoln that powerful ruler of men, which enabled him to conquer all and yet be in peace with all?" This is the important question, in search for the answer of which we shall all become better men. We shall therefore take for our theme, The traits of Lincoln's character.

His style of expression was pure and simple, and his logic almost infallible. His speeches are like Bacon's essays; the more attentively they are read, the more striking do they appear. The *London Times*, a bitter enemy of Lincoln, said that Lincoln's Gettysburg speech was equal to the best ever delivered, while parts of his Second Inaugural have been compared to the lofty portions of the Old Testament. In his composition, the work is done with clear precision and no waste. He once said to a friend, "I do not seek applause, nor to amuse the people, but to convince." In no speech was there fervor or rhetoric as it is commonly used; he talked to the reason and conscience of his hearers.

He was not a quick thinker but a sure and almost infallible one. This faculty enabled him to grasp the great, main fact in every problem; he knew where the greatest fact lay and always took it and held to it. When slavery was rending the Union he opposed slavery, but when the states seceded he shifted to the new and greater issue, the preservation of the Union. Douglass said, "I found no man in the Senate whom I would not rather meet in debate than Lincoln." But above all he did his own thinking, nor did he tell anyone what that thinking was until he had reached what he considered the truth. When Greely was abusing him for not abolishing slavery, he already had the Emancipation Proclamation lying in his drawer. He had not yet reached his conclusion. He was looking at both sides of the question, and getting the greatest fact.

Born in the lowest state of society and elevated through his own worth to the highest, he was in close touch with all the people. And he trusted the people. He was never afraid to stake his chance upon the faith that what was intrinsically right would prove in the long run to be politically safe. So one of his most distinguished traits was his humanness of character or nature; he was the expression of his people. For this trait some people have called him the greatest man that ever lived. It was this trait which made him a real ruler—the real democratic president.

Lincoln had firmness of resolution. When his iron logic had once brought him to a conclusion, he held that conclusion with unyielding tenacity. Schuyler Colfax said that Lincoln's judgment, when once settled, was almost as immovable as the eternal hills. In those times which tried men's souls, his government was strong and his will made him a real ruler. But that will, through which the divine Spirit breathed, made him a virtuous ruler. When he entered upon the duties of the presidency people of all nations wondered who the back woodsman was. They were soon compelled to feel that he was a master and that it was as useless to attempt to resist him as a French Emperor or a Russian Czar.

It seems right at this point to note a fact concerning Mr. Lincoln which ought not to be overlooked and which can not be denied. This was his entire political unselfishness, the rarest moral quality among men in public life. While he was president there was one great idea in his mind, viz, not that *he* should save the Union but that the Union should *be* saved. He declined to give General Schurz leave of absecence to speak in his behalf. After his second election he said, "If I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any man. But I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

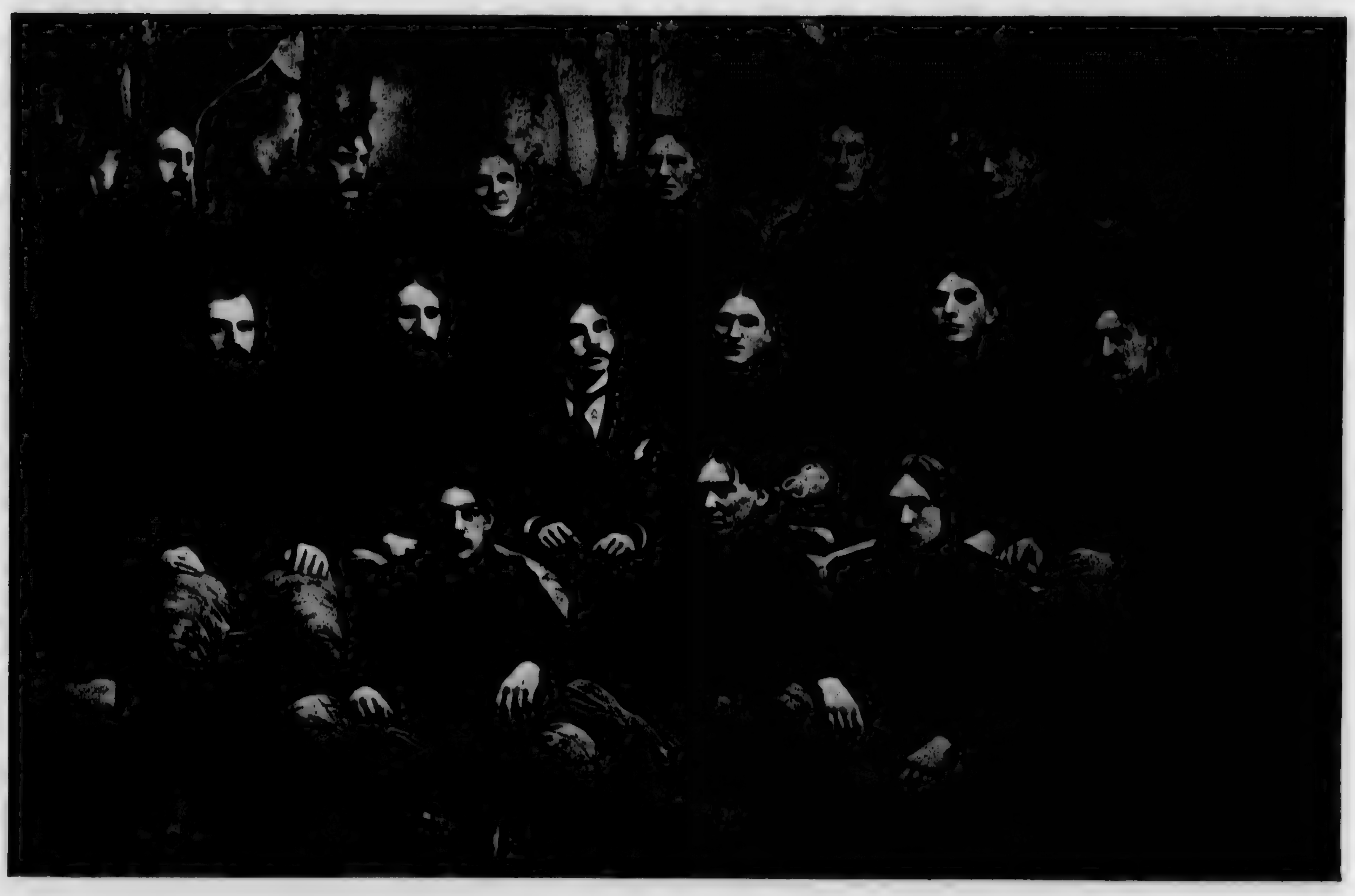
This distinguishing trait made Lincoln very liberal. This is shown by such examples as appointing Mr. Chase, his personal enemy, Chief Justice of the United States. He did not abuse his political opponents, but on the other hand he often appointed them to responsible positions. He had the faculty of estimating the abilities of men and his unselfishness and liberality caused him to put these men where they belonged. This he did, uninfluenced by party affiliations.

Now we have to mention his most familiar and abiding trait. This was his honesty. We all know Lincoln as "Honest Abe." This was the trait of his identity, which was with him from beginning to end. While other traits seemed changing, all the while the universal honesty was there. When he thought, he thought to get truth, not to follow the steps of another's logic and reproduce it like a machine. When he was once sure that he had truth he would tell the truth and all of it just as he found it. He was pre-eminently the honest lawyer, the one best fitted to defend him who justly deserved defense. In debate he never misstated his opponent. His honesty led him to choose the right "as God gave him to see the right," not as some instinctive evolution, or hereditary trait gave him to see the right but "as God gave him to see the right," to use his own words. His action was right action. He opposed slavery because he thought slavery wrong; and he abolished slavery because he thought it was right to do so. He was true to himself and his Maker.

Yet with all these attributes and without courage, Lincoln could not have become such a great leader of men. He possessed both physical and moral courage. His walking openly through the streets of Richmond shortly after its fall when the city was filled with drunken rebels was an example of the former, his maintaining his policy through the entire war without the least change in the face of almost overwhelming opposition was an example of the latter.

Lincoln was lonely and solitary. So have been all great men. Carlyle, "The great prose poet," Cromwell, "The martyr of English liberty," Milton, "The glory of English literature," were all lonely. It could not have been otherwise. They had more of what Emerson called "The divine inspiration." They had more of that divine spirit than their fellows. Hence they had few companions, few who could appreciate the glory of their undertakings. Lincoln was lonely because he alone arose to the sublimity of his undertaking; he alone seemed to bear the burden of the human race. "Silent as to matters of deep import, self sustained, facing alone all grave duties, solving alone all difficult problems, and enduring alone all consequences, he appears a man so isolated from his fellows amid such tests and trials that one is filled with a sense of awe almost beyond contemplation." At last the face and the form of the solitary man showed the

BUCKNELL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1895.



Davis, r. t. Catterall, r. e. Hollinshead, l. g. Lesher, r. g. Wilson, r. t. Gilchrist, l. e. Hering, Coach, q. b.
Thomas, l. h. b. Cober, r. t. Firth, M'g'r., q. b. Bunnell, l. h. b. Devall, l. t. Collins, r. h. b.
Brady, l. h. b. Jennings, c. Elliott, f. b.

wear of the times. "The eyes went deeper into their caverns, the furrows sank deeper into the sallow face, a stoop bent the shoulders as if the burden of the soul had a physical weight," yet he sought from no one, either counsel, or strength, or sympathy.

Such was the character of Lincoln; such was the nature of America's greatest statesman. But he was more than America's statesman, he was the statesman of all nations. His lofty character is a model for all men, his sayings are laws for all peoples, his deeds were done for humanity. He was a mighty man. I believe that the divine Spirit breathed into his intellect and he became a genius; into his will and he became truly virtuous; into his feelings and he became love. He stands with the great men of the world, with Moses, Alfred, Cromwell and Washington.

A. W. J., '96

Athletics.

Attendance at gymnaseum drills this term has been good, taking into account the quality of the skating. Physical examinations will be commenced this week. It is important that every man secure his measurements.

Few of the upper classmen who are not required to take physical culture, prefer the indoor work to skating. The second class numbers about forty and is being systematically drilled in light gymnastics and work on the bar by Hering. The heavy work is led by Bunnell.

Candidates for the baseball team will be coached alternate evenings with basket-ball candidates. Men capable of filling the various positions appear to be numerous, and the prospects are certainly good for a winning team. Captain Geary will soon take charge of the men and desires the hearty co-operation of every one.

Syracuse University wants to play us football next season at some neutral point. Their eleven is chosen from twelve hundred students but many candidates are excluded for low class standing. During the past season, Syracuse won the intercollegiate championship of New York state by defeating Colgate, 4–0, at Syracuse. By winning such a game, Bucknell would increase her splendid record, and we surely ought to win.

Arrangements are being made for the second annual indoor meet of the College athletes to be held in the gymnasium on February 22. A small admission fee will be asked from all who do not compete in the contests. The program will consist of running, pole-vaulting, high dive, wrestling, boxing, etc. Director Cober will be at the Gym. daily to instruct those who wish to contest. Other information can be had from Manager Dillon.

Our light-weight and agile athletes are now chasing the basket ball around the Gym. under the directions of Hering. The notice says, "Men of ability and merit will get on the team. Several trips are contemplated." This is the proper spirit. For small injuries this indoor game is more dangerous than football. It would be of the greatest local interest if, outside the regular team work, a series of inter-class games for the championship of the College were arranged, five players to be on each team. It is likely that an association will be formed independent of the Athletic Association. Games will be played with Williamsport, Danville and Bloomsburg. Quite an interest is being shown in this branch of sport.

Y. M. C. A.

The Danville District Convention will be held at Milton, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 14, 15, 16. Dr. Lincoln Hulley, S. R. Wood, '96, and C. W. Harvey, '99, are on the program. E. C. Kunkle, '97, is the University member of the Danville District Committee. Bucknell should send a large delegation to the Convention.

We desire to repeat an announcement made and invitation given in the issue of November 25 relative to the course of study now being pursued by the Volunteer Band. The text book used is The Cross in the Land of the Trident. The meetings are held in the Association rooms on alternate Thursday evenings. All are invited.

Dr. Harris addressed the meeting last Tuesday evening, giving a plain, practical talk bearing specifically upon the coming meetings under the charge of Rev. J W. Weddel. The meeting was very helpful to all present and formed a fitting preliminary to the meetings which are to follow.

The sermon on the Day of Prayer for Colleges, Thursday, January 30, will be preached by Rev. J. W. Weddell, of Phila. Mr. Weddell will come to Bucknell Monday, January 27, and will conduct special services in the Chapel on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings and Thursday afternoon, in addition to the regular sermon Thursday morning in the First Baptist Church. Special quartette music will be provided for these meetings under the direction of W. M. Bunnell, chairman of the Music Committee of the Association.

Local.

What pledges did you make for 1896?

Barner thinks there's brevity in a short sentence.

The new catalogues have arrived. A total enrollment of 428 is shown.

A translation: "And he fell from the water up to the bridge, but was not injured."

A question that has been occupying the minds of all the thinkers; "Where did Garner get that hat?"

Harry Chapman, of Union City, had a pleasant visit with his Bucknell friends on Monday, the 20th inst.

Tom Cooper, who was taking work with the Freshmen, has gone to Ohio Wesleyan, Delaware, Ohio.

Conclusion drawn from the Merchant of Venice: "Marriage is a serious affair, preceded by tragic circumstances."

Bucknell students unanimously agree in thanking the "old weather man" for so long a season of fine skating.

Purdy has a good position as assistant instructor in Sophomoric Physiology. My little man, what is an artificial skeleton?

NOTICE. All parties securing Mr. Fisk to act as chaperon will do well to give him full instructions. Signed—several who were campused.

Mr. Clement A. Wild, '99, has left Bucknell to continue his studies at Haverford. He made many friends while here, and will be greatly missed.

Several new students are enrolled this term. Let us welcome them to this bee hive of industry and learning with a true Bucknell feeling for their welfare.

The directors are trying to get the University to put electric lights in the Gym., a much needed improvement on the main floor, especially in basket-ball season.

A few Sophomores, who got only "V. G." in Chemistry but deserved (?) more, sat and raged in silence. Before June '98, they will learn that this world is full of unrealized expectations even for the wise.

Monday, January 13, Dr. Harris gave a lecture before the students of the College and Academy on "Habit." His stirring words of advice and caution have left an impression not to be forgotten by those who heard him.

Heard recently in the Physiology lecture room—

Mr. Katherman: What animals contain chlorophyl, Mr. Diggs?

Mr. Diggs: Frogs and Freshmen.

> When Sparta's youth went forth to fight,
> His mother yelled with all her might:
> "Don't forget to bring that shield,
> When you leave the battle-field!
> If they've sung your funeral sonnet,
> Tell the men to bring you on it."
>
> R. B.

The following are the new officers of Euepia Literary Society:—President, H. H. Bower, '96; Vice President, J. V. Lesher, '97; Secretary, L. B. Sinnette, '97; Treasurer, J. D. Frederick, '99; Critic, H. F. Harris, '96; Librarian, E. R. Powell, '96.

December 28 was Sigma Alpha Epsilon day at the Atlanta Exposition. The fraternity was represented on the board of managers by the President, Vice President. and eight others, including the Governor of Georgia. At the banquet in the evening toasts were responded to by eminent Sigma Alpha Epsilons from all over the country.

A long distance telephone has been added to the equipment of the Registrar's office. This will greatly facilitate the work of the office.

Two new scholarships have been established by Eben C. Jayne, Esq., of Philadelphia, for the benefit of young women in the College, the award to depend upon the standing and character of the students receiving them.

In Logic Class—after Sprague has just finished reciting.

Baker, slowly rising, "The next point is the one that has just been given, isn't it, Professor?" (aubible laugh by class).

Once upon a time, a Sem. girl went home for a vacation but too willingly took the advice of a noble college man and got off at ———well, it wasn't her destination. Space forbids further details but Miss Church will explain to interested parties.

A cut of the football team, which represented Bucknell on the gridiron last season, appears in this edition of the Mirror. This same team, with few exceptions, will defend the Bucknell goal next season, and we predict that they will guard well the sacred ground.

"Bob" Burdette recently revisited Lewisburg and many students went to hear him. All were pleased with the interesting and humorous "Story of Rollo" and we only await his next lecture to turn out *en masse* in order to show Bucknell's appreciation of a good attraction.

Only six or seven students remained in the college building during the long holiday vacation. The principal attraction for them was the Union County Teachers' Institute, held in the opera house, where Prof. Hulley delivered several interesting and instructive lectures on education.

The annual meeting of the Student's Publishing Association will be held Saturday, February 8, at 10 A. M. The following officers and editors will be elected: President, Vice President, Secretary, Business Manager, two Senior Editors, two Junior Editors, one Sophomore Editor, and one Freshman Editor.

On all sides, we hear approval of the excellent edition of the Mirror edited by the young ladies. Even those staid old thunderers of the editorial "we" down town appreciate feminine ability in their profession. Truly, the board did not make a mistake when they allowed the girls to pilot the Mirror into the new year.

Our printer, Mr. J. W. C. Shamp, has recently had a Shipman Oil Engine placed in his office, with which to run his presses.. This will greatly facilitate the work of printing the Mirror, as it was hard work to run the press by foot power, as formerly. Mr. Shamp invites the students and others to call and see it.

Theta Alpha Literary Society recently elected the following officers for the current term:—President, A. W. Johnson, '96; Vice President, R. B. McCay, '96; Secretary, A. M. Forrester, '98; Treasurer, B. F. Thomas, '98; Critic, S. R. Wood, '96; Censor, D. K. Laudenslager, '98; Curator, J. R. L. Diggs, '98.

Now that we are deprived of the presence of the fair Semites in Chapel it is said that several of the boys have lost interest in prayers. Perhaps it would be well to grant these an opportunity to attend the exercises at the Institute. We are certain they would be glad and perhaps there would be satisfaction all around.

Several thoughtless students who have lately destroyed property in trying to effect an entrance to the gymnasium outside of hours, have been notified to settle damages and obey the rules which are now more rigidly enforced. On Saturdays, the new hours are 9:30 to 12 o'clock and 1 to 6 p. m; other days as usual.

We are proud of our college girls, especially the Glee Club, whose charming selections were rendered several times last term. The young ladies ought to give a local entertainment and then appear in some neighboring cities during the next vacation. Success would surely attend the efforts of a properly managed club.

A lamp exploded in room number 12, East Wing of the College building, last Tuesday evening, causing considerable damage to the contents of the room and a large amount of excitement. Owing to the prompt action of a number of students the fire was extinguished before it spread outside the room. The room is occupied by Morris and Bevan.

Professor in Physics class:—"The reason that Mr. Collins heard the echo on the lake, while persons on the bank failed to hear the sound, is explained by the fact that the echo may have been caused by objects above the bank, such as trees, etc."

Sinton:—"In that case Mr. Collins was evidently talking over their heads."

The fiscal year of the BUCKNELL MIRROR will close Feb. 8. Allow us to call the attention of our friends to the fact that many subscriptions remain unpaid which should be paid before that date. A prompt settlement will materially aid the Business Manager in settling the liabilities of the MIRROR and in presenting an acceptable report to the Publishing Association at their next meeting.

A recent issue of *The Commonwealth*, edited by one of our college graduates of '68, Dr James, contains an excellent picture of President Harris and an interesting biographical sketch of his life and work done for Keyston Academy and Bucknell. The high esteem in which we all hold our President and the merit of the article will insure its preservation for many days in the hands of Bucknell's friends.

The Athletic Association completed its annual election, continued from last term, on Saturday morning, January 18. The following officers were elected:

Baseball Manager,
R. V. Rex, '98.

Manager of General Athletics,
F. W. Dillon, '98.

Finance Committee,
J. V. Lesher, '97,
B. F. Thomas, '98,
J. C. Hazen, '99.

Executive Committee,
Hon. H. M. McClure, '77,
Dr. W. L. Gerhart, Ex-'86,
Prof. F. E. Rockwood,
Dr. Lincoln Hulley.

This is the term for indoor sociability; but where are Bucknell's organizations? The Press Association is just living, and Natural History and Science is seldom heard of. Law ceased to exist before the organization was perfected, and both literary societies have managed to elect officers. The girls are infusing new life into such organizations by their recently displayed activity. Wake up Bucknell boys; drop your studies sometimes; and become more sociable.

This is nothing but a local
As it were a written vocal,
Just to tell you—well—to tell you—
To tell you we are plunged in deep despair;
For the printer calls for copy;
Oh, he calls and calls for copy,
And we've naught but naught to give him, spite
our care.

There is nothing literary
In this extraordinary
And peculiar composition,
That should give it rank with essays rich in art.
That is why you find it here,
With the locals over her,
Where all items strange and funny have a part.

Has'nt something happened to you,
Something strange? or if not, do you
Know some great and wondrous fellow,
Who'll make copy out of nothing?—shed no gore?
Then for goodness sake do tell us!
For our own dear sake do tell us!
And we'll bless you and extol you evermore.

W., '96.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Dr. Aviragnet will give the first musical of this term, Friday evening, January 31.

The Institute has welcomed eight new students this term, five boarders and three day pupils.

We are glad to enroll, as a boarder at the Institute, Miss Edith Bastress, of Sunbury, who was last term a day student.

The presence of a "Ouija board" in the Annex, is a cause of great wonderment to the young ladies. The truths it tells are to some "stranger than fiction."

A copy of the beautiful holiday edition of "Christmas Week at Bigler's Mill" has been presented to the Institute library by its author, Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt, of the class of '78. A review of the book will appear in our next issue.

Owing to the crowded condition of Bucknell Hall last term, it has been thought best for the members of the Institute to hold their chapel exercises in the Institute school room during this term. In our last edition many requests were made of New Year. We would like to add, "May '96 bring to us a larger chapel building."

The Kalomathia Literary Society held the first meeting of this term on Friday, January 10, and elected the following officers: President, Miss Bertha Watkins; Vice President, Miss Gertrude Kase; Secretary, Miss Mary Youngman; Treasurer, Miss Maud Goddard; First Critic, Miss Mame Williamson; Second Critic, Miss Minnie Morris. The girls are taking up the work with added interest, and since we have such a good staff of officers, we feel confident that the society will prove very entertaining and helpful this term.

Several of the girls are deprived, for three days, of the privilege of skating, because the poor little dears did not say "Good night" to their gentlemen friends and walk home by themselves, according to the code of laws duly made and prescribed for skating. The "gentlemen friends" will please take notice and in future keep at a respectful distance when the girls are leaving the ice.

The regular meeting of the Alumnae Club was held Tuesday evening, January 14. The general topic of discussion was "The Inaccuracies of Common Speech." Miss Grace Slifer read a thoroughly practical paper on "Incorrect Expressions in Common Use." In the absence of Miss Mary Baker, who was to have read a paper on "Incorrect Pronunciations," an open parliment was held, the various members giving instances of the incorrect expressions which they had either heard or been conscious of using themselves.

Miss Hattie Lewis opened a discussion of the "Use of Slang" by giving Professor Brander Matthew's classification of the various slang phrases of to-day. An animated discussion followed, in which many of the members cited their own pet phrases, which they would be loath to relinquish. It was decided by common consent that it was permissible to use slang when by its use the thought could more forcibly and tersely expressed and at the same time *not inelegantly*. Mrs. Hulley read, as an example of pure English style, a selection from Lowell's essay, entitled "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

Miss Alice Lillibridge in a most interesting manner recounted some of her father's reminiscences of his experiences in the Army of the Potomac. The program was closed by the reading of the current events,—political, educational and literary,—by Miss Mary Butler.

The skating season has returned and with it all the dangers attendant upon an unwelcome plunge in the chill waters of the Susquehanna. In order to avoid so dire a catastrophe among the maidens at Bucknell, a new style of life preserver has been provided, warranted not to fail. Unlike the regulation life preserver, these will not only prevent the fair one from sinking, but will draw her safely from the watery abyss and see that wise measures are taken for resuscitation. In other words, four young gentlemen, wise and brave, connected with the University, have been appointed to take turns in acting as "life guards" when the girls are skating.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Pearse visits Northumberland quite frequently since his mode of travel has been facilitated by skating.

Mr. Edward Bell received a severely sprained ankle in the gymnasium while going through the class drill.

Sherman says, "I tell you, fellows, it is a good thing that, under the Civil Service, Government officials do not lose their position on account of a change of administration."

Many of the boys are well pleased with the location of the water filter, one especially, whose brother is at present suffering with a sprained ankle. The boys say he engages in flirtation with one of the fair sex who partakes of her evening meal at the second table.

We do not doubt that the last edition of the MIRROR, namely the Woman's Edition, will call forth many words of appreciation for those who so ably displayed their ability, and so we will add for ourselves that the edition was eagerly sought for, and highly appreciated.

Is it not strange that young men while attending our school will praise another which does not compare with our school in any point? We think that in a free land no one ought to confine himself to any one place that is not agreeable to him. Don't you think so, R. H. K ?

"Main Hall Roomers," as one of the Prof's styles those who live in the above mentioned hall, were treated to an operatic performance on account of one of aforesaid roomers making a sad mistake, in that he did not know that his water pitcher was empty before he disrobed, including his absent-mindedness, for when he went for water he thoughtlessly closed the door. We might give a hint as to who the performer was by saying it was Shorty.

Personals.

'52. Rev. A. J. Hay has resigned the pastorate of Bethany Baptist Church, Cramer Hill, N. J. and will retire from the active ministery.

Ex-'63. Rev. David Spencer, D. D. is pastor of the Baptist Church in Drakesville, N. J.

'65. Rev. H. C. Garner is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Downingtown, Pa.

'83. Rev. S. F. Meeser of Wilmington, Del. has been called to the First Baptist Church of Worcester, Mass.

'88. Another daughter has come to bless the home of Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Clipman of Curwensville, Penna.

'88. Rev. Geo. W. Hatch is pastor of the Wynn Memorial Mission, Camden, N. J. and is pursuing Theological studies at Crozer Seminary.

Ex-'88. The Central Baptist Church of Riverton and Palmyra, N. J. have dedicated an enlarged house of worship. Rev. Isaac D. Moore is the successful pastor.

Ex-'91. Rev. Chas De Woody is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Waverly, N. Y.

'91. Rev. Paul Tustin has been called as assistant pastor of the Erie Avenue Baptist Church of Williamsport. He will have supervision of the East End and South Williamsport Missions, which are connected with the church.

'95. Mr. A. G. Loomis is in a critical condition from an attack of typhoid fever.

'95. W. H. Carey has a position in Baldwin's Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

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---

*Deceased.

The secretaries of the various clubs will greatly facilitate the work of the Personal Editors and add much to the interest of this department by sending to the MIRROR items concerning Alumni.

Exchange.

The Athenatum, published by the students of Virginia University is one of our best exchange papers.

The *Lewisburg Chronicle* contains an article by Judge Cramer on Our "National Credit." This will be of some interest to students of Economy.

Brown and Wellesley Universities will debate this month: "Resolved that the Powers of Europe should unite in the control of the Turkish Empire."

"The Revolutionists of Cuba have said," says *The Skirmisher*, "that they will never yield until the last cent is gone and the last regiment conquered."

The Messenger contains an article on Oratory: It is good. The author says the Orator is both borne and made. We remember our worthy President has told us the same thing.

Pierse School Alumni tells us something about "The Country Boy in The City," which may interest those studying political economy and sociology.

The American Association for the Advance of Science has located its library with the University of Cincinnati. There are over 9,000 volumes in the library, and the current exchange list numbers 248.—*Ex.*

The Princeton Gun Club won the triangular intercollegiate shoot at Monmouth Junction recently. Harvard was a close second, scoring only four birds behind Princeton. Yale came last with a score of eighteen birds less than Harvard—*Ex.*

A new course has been started at Yale, and will be carried on the first year as an experiment. It is the course in modern novels, the object of which is to teach students to read standard novels in a way to strengthen their mental powers instead of a mental debauch. At the end of the week each student is required to write a short review of the book.—*Ex.*

The *Temple Magazine* for Dec. 26 contains a sermon by Dr. Conwell on the strike in Philadelphia. Let every student of Bucknell read it. In it there is sound political and christian doctrine. It is the glory and salvation of our county, that we have men like Dr. Conwell, who have the manhood to defend the right as "God gives them to see the right."

The Antiochian contains an article on the subject: "Why I am opposed to woman's suffrage." The four following reasons are given: First, it simply means that the present vote cast will be doubled, the wife voting as her husband does; secondly, it has been tried in Kansas and pronounced a failure; thirdly, the majority of the women do not want it; and fourthly, the questionable methods by which this privilege has been obtained.

Here is a song from Wellesley which is sung with a right good will to the tune of "Comin' Through the Rye:"

Never broke a regulation,
  Never told a lie;
Never want to have vacation,
  When I don't know why.
Always love to go to sections,
  Love to go to bed;
Never nibble sweet confections—
  When I am not fed.

Never want to run or whistle,
  For 'tis not polite;
Never make a wretched fizzle—
  When I don't recite.
When I meet a Harvard student,
  Never stop to talk;
Never take a step imprudent—
  When I do not walk.

To my brothers once was tender,
  Will not be again.
Never name the other gender,
  Save to say, Amen.
You may gather from these data
  Just how good I be;
I'm as proud of Alma Mater
  As she is of me.

—New York "*Press.*"

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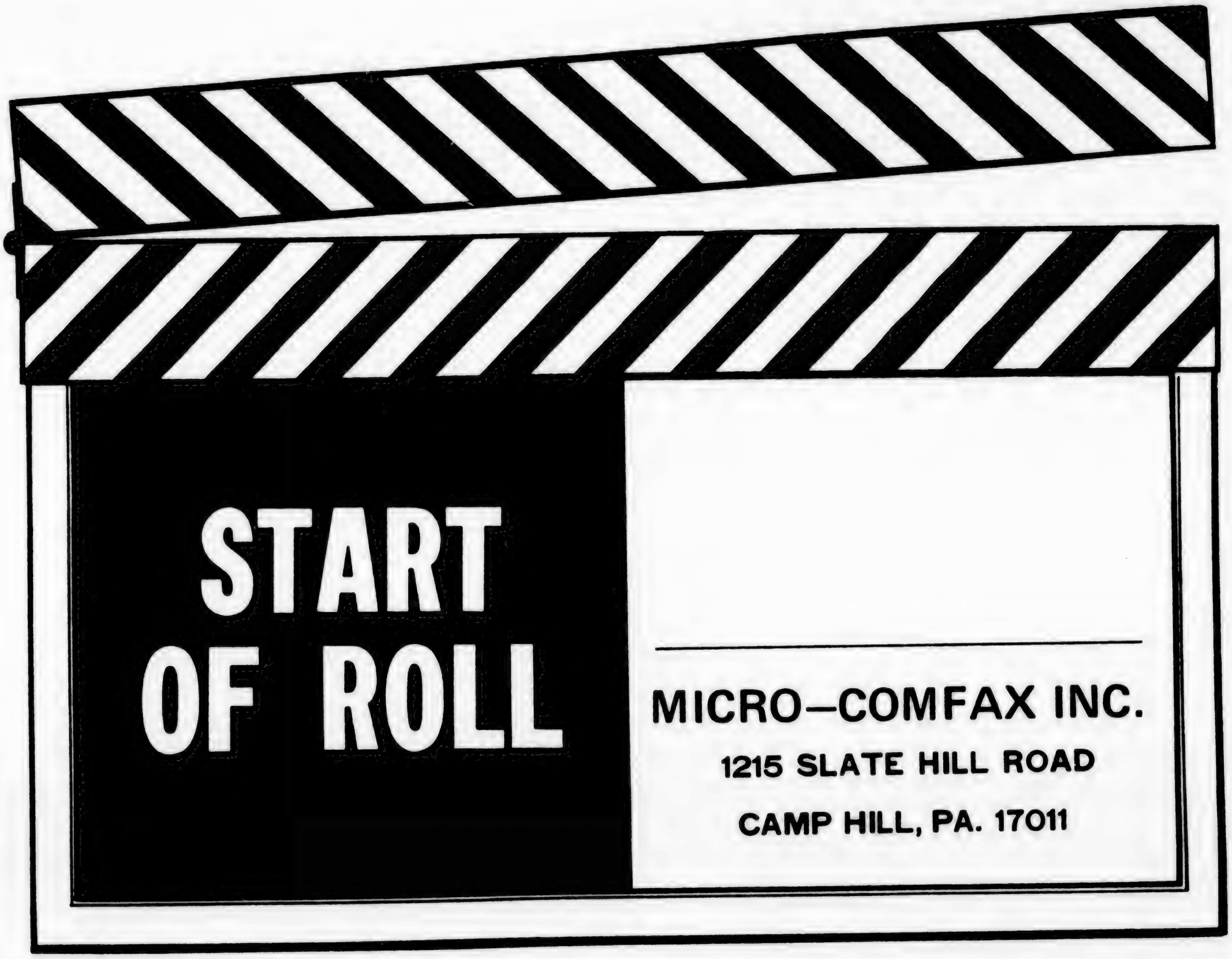

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Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY 10, 1896. No. 8.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

FEBRUARY 10, 1896.

Editorial.

WITH this issue, the present management of the MIRROR takes its leave of the public. One would scarcely recognize us now as the fair young staff with which the paper set out on its yearly pilgrimage. Scarred, bruised and rough-looking generally, our only conslation is that our pilgrim did not entirely fall by the wayside. Another support will soon be chosen and we trust that the MIRROR may then start off on a pace rapid enough to make up for lost time.

◆

THE Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed this year with special interest. Under the charge of Rev. J. W. Weddell, meetings continued throughout the week. The result was electrical and the effect of them will be felt for many years. The pressure of studies tends to make one selfish and ill-tempered and dull to spiritual things. If we learn to overcome that tendency in college there will be some hope for us amid the rush of business life. As an institution the Day of Prayer for Colleges is certainly productive of much good.

◆

COLLEGIATE education in America is a growth. A growth according to the nature and progress of our other institutions. Most of our colleges started low in requirements for admission and standards of graduation. The rise has been steady, and just as the German University is unlike that of either France or England, so ours is a new species. Let us hope that we shall incorporate what in them is best. Professional schools have doubled the length of their courses and give opportunities for special advanced work. Theological Seminaries are closing their courses to those who have not taken a college course, and Harvard has announced in her last Medical Bulletin that after the year 1897 a college degree from approved schools will be required of students entering that department. Evidently, people are awakening to the fact that a liberal training is the best foundation for special efficiency.

◆

BUCKNELL, in some sections, has the reputation of being a college of one game. Our football teams have always stood high in public estimation but our other athletics have attracted less favorable comment. This year we have a chance to redeem ourselves. Financially, the association, thanks to careful management in the Fall, is in good shape. A basket-ball team has been organized and some dates have been arranged in neighboring towns. Cober, trainer in track athleticsis ,drilling his men. After the inter-class indoor contest every man in college should offer his services. No one can tell who will prove an athlete. Using the argument of Captain Coats of Pennsylvania, men can be developed in remarkably short time. "Captain Brewer, champion low hurdler of the world, never had on a running shoe until he entered college." What is needed most, however, is a contest with some college in track athletics. How did we learn football? By playing colleges better than ourselves. The same must be done in track athletics. If a neighboring team is brought here the Brook Park Track would be as good a place as is needed, and in a few years we could secure a reputation in that line.

In baseball the material was never more plentiful. What is wanted is team-work. Individual players. we have had, and of a high class, but on account of dissensions of a petty nature our baseball for many years has been a disgrace.

Some years ago we had a contest in tennis with State and Franklin & Marshall. Tennis received a great impulse as a result of it. We were victorious, it happened, in both singles and doubles. But we have better players now than we had then, though not so many. The point is not in the winning. That has been the curse of American Athletics "If you can't win don't play" has been too long the motto. Let our motto this year be "Bucknell no longer the one-game college."

* * *

We wish to call attention to a typographical error in one of the contributed articles of the last issue. In the second paragraph of the article, *The Character of Lincoln*, the word "who" should be substituted for the word "what" as indicated by the following italicism: "But it is not the intention here to describe what he did or *who* he was; these are purely historical questions. The question of most interest to us all is, What was he?" We apologize to the writer for the confusion of thought occasioned by the error.

The foregoing correction leads us to comment on a few other minor typographical errors, which, however, did not affect the sense of sentences in which they occurred. It may not be the duty of the Editor-in-Chief to excuse himself for errors in his own department; but it is unquestionably his *privilege* to *vindicate* himself from charges of carelessness that may possibly have a place in the minds of the readers of the Mirror. Had he but his own editorial work to do, there would be, at the most, but little excuse for typographical errors; but when in addition to that work he has been obliged to *supply* much of the material of two, three, and even four other departments in almost every issue, he feels that some explanation is demanded. In this issue, the last to receive his oversight, he wishes to express his regret for any dissatisfaction he may have caused under the stress of added burdens. [Ed.-in-Ch.]

Contributed.

HONORE.

Tell me not that she is gone,
She the one hope of this barren life,
She it was who led me through this world
And could have led me heavenward too.
Nevermore shall my fond glance receive
Her smile divine--nevermore Honore.
Nevermore when sad and weary shall I
Rest upon her gentle breast and sleep.
Oh, that I should ever see this day!
Me she could have spared, but not I her.
O Honore! that I had passed before!
Then no one worse might be, but better all.
Alone, bereft, forlorn a piteous
Object I to wander through this earth.
Nevermore when sore and wounded by
The world's reproaches bitter shall I
Fly to her and in her shadow scoff
The world, the jeering, mocking world—
Take her not away! I will abide
By her, even now she may come back
And turn my sorrow into joy. Honore,
Return, oh, return, 'tis not too late.
Ope now thine eyes that I may truly
Know thou hast left me not, ah cruel,
Cruel thing; thrice cursed thing—forgive
The words, oh, I knew not what I said.
Thy hand is cold, thy brow is cold, yet
Scarcely colder can it be than mine.
Answer me, Honore, comest thou again?
If so in forcéd patience will I
Await thee. Have I done aught
That I deserve this grevious suffering?
Leave me not without one more embrace.
Again draw down my face and kiss me
On the lips, as thou hast done so oft.
No farewell word, no parting look thou
Gavest me—thing of marble. Perchance
Thou lovest me still. If so, take me
To thee. Methinks I see thee beckon.
The shadows close around me. The earth
Is dark about me. Naught see I but
Thine open arms. Ah! the mist is on
My eyes. Once more I kiss the clay and
Go to join the spirit. Honore! Honore!
Queen of my soul, I come, I come.

A MOUNTAIN TROLLEY RIDE.

In the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, the trolley car has superceded the stage and, in many parts, even the steam car for short distance travel. These thickly-populated districts, viewed from one of the dreary, grassless mountain ridges, exhibit little towns dotting each barren valley, the intervening distances spanned by the trolley wires. Every valley from its narrow, lofty beginning to its union with the broad lowlands, thus becomes the site of a long city,—a linear aggregation of houses.

The cars run thro the main streets of the towns, stopping at almost any point to let on passengers, then scurry by devious ways and circuitous winding under the black coal-breakers, over streams whose waters are as deeply dyed as those of the river Styx, wildly down hills, thro swamps wherein great leafless and often branchless tree-trunks stand knee-deep in black, oozy coal-mud and culm, reminding one of Doré's floors in the "Inferno," then with whiz and whir and jolt around a sudden curve, only to speed on again up a steep incline until we plunge into a dark wood; thence we dart unexpectedly upon another village, frightening numberless children and myriads of goats with our loud dong! ding! dong! On a cool summer morning the variety of scenery, the occasional really beautiful woodland dells standing out in exquisite relief because of the prevailing unloveliness, now and then far-distance glimpses thro a cleft in some ridge, inspire with each deep breath of the pure mountain air fresh thought and bright imaginings such as do not come in every-day routine.

A ride in winter affords experiences of another order, but none the less varied. Let us plan to leave one of the coal towns before daylight on a Monday morning in November. Unfortunately it is a little rainy, and we stand under our umbrellas and shiver in the cold air, waiting for the car. The darkness is lighted here and there by a flickering lamp on a miner's cap as he goes to the daily task. One up the street is flitting toward us like a gigantic fire-fly. Only the light is visible. As it comes nearer we discern dimly the outlines of a man, whose dark clothes and shaded face make the wierd effect more wierd. He passes by on the other side to join the number of Will-o'-the-wisps constantly reinforced by additions from unseen lanes and by-ways, and the fairy scene is rudely broken by the bright head-light and rumbling wheels of the car.

At first we are the only passengers save one miner, and we notice that his "fire-fly" is a miniature garden-sprinkler attached to the front of his cloth cap. The wick is inserted in the spout and burns like a torch. The safety-lamp, he informs us, is used in only a few mines in Pennsylvania, now-a-days, and is a triangular lantern which the workman holds in his teeth by the cain fastened on top of the frame.

Outside all is darkness, and we ride wrapped in our own meditations upon the incoming people, until the conductor announces, "All change!" We step out to the next car, which has drawn up close to ours, but on the platform halt because of the cloud of dust that meets us. The conductor is sweeping. A fellow passenger remarks:

"Why didn't you do that on Sunday ?"

The conductor replies between sweeps, with a somewhat tired color in the tone, not quite tinged with bitterness:

"Hadn't time; had to give the people a good time."

"Why don't you change your job?"

"Like some other people, I don't like it but have to keep it. If the company would give me what I make, I'd give them my wages."

By this time we are standing in one end of the car while he sweeps out the other, and quite a few passengers are interested listeners. The motor-man, round-faced and round-bodied, with the geniality that seems to accompany adipose tissue, has entered and volunteers a story, as he catches the last remark of the conductor. "That reminds me of the man who asked a conductor if he collected fares every five minutes. 'I go 'round only when it's necessary,' the conductor said sharply. To this the passenger replied: 'I thought it was necessary every five minutes.' "

The story-teller, encouraged by the laugh, is reminded of another conductor, who refused a Canadian piece of money. The passenger insisted on it, and the conductor finally said: "I don't want it." The passenger said: "If you don't want it, give it to the company."

The motor-man during the laugh that follows, plants his feet in a new position, slaps one fat leg, and is about to entertain us with another story, when the conductor spoils further treats by crying out: "It's time to start!" With a parting laugh and smile, the motor-man steps to the platform, and soon we are on our way again. A little conversation is started, but the influence of the motor-man's fun is soon exhausted, and after the conductor has pocketed and rung up our fares, we lapse into silence.

Daylight has cleared away the darkness so that we can see outside. Now we slip by a little hut, again skirt a wagon road, a terror to horse and driver alike, then, as the wagon road makes a long, deep curve, we cut straight thro the brush and meet again at the turn, cross and re-cross till we have descended the mountain and stop at the terminus of the trolley. The steam cars carry us back to green fields, fine farming acres, crystal streams and the broad waters of the Susquehanna. The contrast in physical features of the earth is marked in a very short distance, and the diversity of occupations because of external surroundings is equally noticeable. Yet one mankind operates each field. Man is the great unity. The farmer, the miner, the electrician and the capitalist are clasping hands because of mutual needs, and the power of God in the wires of Progress, caught by the arm of man, is steadily establishing better and better facilities for easy communication between all artisans. E. A.

◆

A BIT OF LIFE.

"Great Ned! Jack, what in the world am I going to do? I'm in the worst fix a fellow ever was in," said Dick Traveston, bursting into the room where Jack was studying Economics.

"What's up now, old man?" asked Jack, trying to be sympathetic; though he wanted to fire Dick for interrupting him twenty minutes before class time when he had not looked at his lesson and had flunked three times already that week. "What scrape have you tumbled into, and shall I pull you out by your heels or your ears?"

"I hope you will pull me out some way, I don't care how," answered Dick, settling himself on a trunk and elevating his feet to the book-case. "You know I told you that I've been engaged to Madge Moreland ever since I've been here, and—and—"

"Yes?"—from Jack in a not very encouraging tone,—he was thinking of his flunk.

"And—well, I'm engaged to another girl in Williamsport: I might as well out with it to *you*, old man, because we're chums, you know."

"Engaged to two girls at once? Well. I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Jack, shutting his Economics with a bang. He was interested now and did not care whether he failed or not.

"How did you ever happen to be such a fool? I'm surprised at you."

"Well, you see it was this way:—Madge and I were kids together and have always been with each other more or less; and I suppose I thought I loved her. At any rate I popped the qs. and she said "yes": so when I entered college I was a—"

"Doomed man," interrupted Jack.

"I was engaged," went on Dick, giving his chum a squelching look; "and all was lovely 'till I went to Williamsport this summer and became acquainted with Ruth Byron.—I tell you, Jack, she's a beauty; a little girl with the sweetest blue eyes, dimpled rosy cheeks and light wavy hair that looks like imprisoned sunbeams, and so shy and winsome that you—well, maybe you wouldn't want to, but I wanted to kiss her the first time I saw her." Dick paused a moment thinking of that sweet face, framed with sunbeams, and of the pretty, laughing eyes. He really loved the "little girl" and meant all he was saying.

"Well, to continue, after I had known Ruth better I forgot Madge except when I got her letters, and then I put them away thinking it would all come right someway, if I let it take care of itself, for I was so happy with Ruth. Before I came back to school, I had asked her to be my wife, and she had promised that she would. But since I've been here, I've had time to think what I've done. I tried by not writing, and in other ways, to show Madge that I did not love her any more, if I ever did. But she doesn't take it that way: she thinks I am "so busy" and I just received a letter from her saying I mustn't work so hard that I can't find time to write to her. Blame it! why can't she see what I'm trying to show her? Well, here I am, engaged to two girls at once, and what *shall* I do?" with a despairing sigh he stopped and looked at Jack, who after scratching his head said: "Deed, I'm sorry for you, chum: you *are* in a sticky place. Having had no experience in such things, though, I really don't know how to give you any advice."

"Don't laugh at me, Jack: honestly I'm worried about it. I hate to make Madge feel bad and I don't see how I can give up Ruth. But there's the bell, and I haven't opened my book since yesterday; so *au revoir*. Thanks for your sympathy."

The next morning Dick said goodbye to Jack: he was going to see Madge and ask for release from his engagement. He came back, feeling more at ease, and more in love with Ruth. "Its all right now, Jack," he said.

But alas! it is not all right: for a few days ago Dick received a letter from Ruth's father, telling of Ruth's brief illness, and how she had "slipped away" with her lover's name on her lips. Dick now goes around the college with a sad face; but no one there except Jack knows the reason.

L., '99.

◆

PROFESSOR KAUFFMAN.

Not the least distinguished among the educators of Pennsylvania is Prof. Warren L. Kauffman, who, for the past two years, has been at the head of the Physical Laboratory department of the Harrisburg, Pa., High School.

PROF. WARREN L. KAUFFMAN.

Prof. Kauffman was born September 15, 1869 in Dauphin County, Pa., at Paxton, where his father, Mr. Levi Kauffman, conducted the business of a merchant. After spending some time in the public schools, where he developed a love for the sciences, he entered Freeburg Academy, and, in 1886, began the scientific course at the Bloomsburg State Normal School, continuing his studies at Missionary Institute, now Susquehanna University, Selins Grove, Pa., where he was prepared for college. He entered Bucknell University, and was graduated with the degree of Ph. B. June, 1892.

He was principal of the Friends' Normal Institute, Rising Sun, Md., 1892–'93, and '93–'94 was in charge of the Mathematical Department of East Stroudsburg State Normal School, East Stroudsburg, Pa. He was elected a member of the Harrisburg High School faculty in 1894, and has remained in that position since his appointment, showing marked ability as a teacher. Prof. Kauffman was chosen one of the lecturers of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mount Gretna, Pa., summer session of 1895.

Prof. Kauffman became a teacher because he loves a teacher's work. He has a vigorous mind and a thirst for knowledge, and persists in adding to his own stores without neglecting the minds of those whom he is entrusted to teach. He may be described as a Christian, a gentleman, and a teacher who thoroughly understands boys and girls. His success as a disciplinarian is remarkable. He treats his students as ladies and gentlemen, and makes them respect themselves and others by the respect he exhibits towards them. Personally he is an agreeable gentleman, and is loved and respected by his pupils. He is courteous in manner, affable and kindly to all, and of course interested in everything that concerns education and the advancement of young people.

His labors in the important field that he has chosen are now thoroughly recognized, for Harrisburg, in common with the rest of the world, knows that there is no higher office than the directing of a good school, which in the words of Whittier, is:

> "Giving out year by year,
> Recruits of true manhood and womanhood dear."

Athletics.

Dr. Enoch Perrine, of the chair of English, will lecture Thursday evening, March 5, in Bucknell Hall, on "What is an English Classic?" Proceeds for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

The Executive Committee has decided that no man will be considered a candidate for the baseball team unless he takes some form of exercise in the gymnasium, either in the general classes or in the cage.

Interest in track athletics has been aroused by the invitation recently received from the University of Pennsylvania asking Bucknell to send a team to compete for the intercollegiate championship of America in a one mile relay race on Saturday, April 25, at Philadelphia. As soon as finances are subscribed the invitation will be accepted. Four colleges will be grouped, and prizes are offered for the winners of each group. Bucknell is classed with State, F. & M., and Dickinson. So far fourteen men have promised to train for the event. Out of this number, five will be chosen, four of whom will enter the race. This circumstance shows the necessity of a good cinder track on the campus to use for training and we hope that the Alumni will combine with the Athletic Association and students in putting in the track at an early date.

Entries for the second annual indoor meeting will be closed February 15. Academy students will be allowed to compete in the events of which the following is the program for the 22nd.

Twenty yards dash.
Running high jump. One-half mile run.
Boxing.
High-dive.
Bar vault (3 ways). One-quarter mile run.
Standing broad jump.
Fencing.
Climbing 18 foot pole. One-half mile walk.
High kick.
Wrestling.
Pole vault. One mile run.

The admission price will be fifteen cents and the proceeds will be used to outfit the field and track team. All students should turn out and encourage the young men who are training daily to give Bucknell a good team in general athletics.

A meeting was held January 29, to consider athletic plans for next year. Those present were Professors Rockwood and Hulley, of the Executive Board of the Athletic Association; Registrar Gretzinger, of the Finance Committee; F. H. Hollinshead, President; Football Manager Wilson, and Messrs. John V. Lesher and E. C. Kunkle, representing a special committee on a football league. The invitation from Washington and Jefferson to join a football league was very carefully discussed and action was deferred until more definite plans were presented by the promotors of the league. The football schedule for next year was laid out subject to the approval of the faculty, and Manager Rex, of the baseball team, was invited to sit with the Executive Board at its next meeting to map out the baseball schedule.

Y. M. C. A.

The two Associations (College and Academy) expect to send a large delegation to Milton to attend the District Convention, February 14-16. Many who cannot attend the entire session will be able to attend the sessions of Sunday, since the Convention is held so near.

A great increase in attendance and interest is observable in the weekly meetings of the Association. Every student should attend. Then we could secure the much needed Association building.

The meetings held during the Week of Prayer by Rev J. W. Weddell, of Philadelphia, were of great power and helpfulness. Much of their success was due to the earnest efforts of Dr. Harris. Ten or twelve services were held during the week and were attended by almost the entire student body of the University. They effected a great deepening of spiritual life while many conversions resulted. On Thursday, the Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges, four services were held, three in Bucknell Hall and the regular morning servicein the First Baptist Church. The power of the meetings will be felt for a long time at Bucknell, and in every place where the students shall locate.

It is not too early to begin planning to go to Northfield. The sooner one decides to go the easier it will be to go. If the Association has been and is a power for good at Bucknell—and both faculty and students recognize its helpfulness—its effectiveness is largely a result of power received at the Students' Conference. The Conference has infused new and fuller life into the Association. If you do not see "Northfield" stamped visibly on the various efforts of the members who have been there, do not at once conclude that sending delegates has been unfruitful. Few men can go to Northfield and not be broadened, or come back and not be greater powers in the work of the Association.

Local.

"Z-z-z-z-z-z! Buffalo!!" Are you "on to" it?

Prof. Hulley made a trip to Delaware recently to deliver lectures.

The annual meeting and election of the Union City Club will be held Tuesday evening February 18.

Principal Edwards, of the Academy, occupied the pulpit of the Baptist Church last Sunday morning, in the absence of Pastor Judd, who was assisting Rev. W. H. Ellis in protracted meetings at Jersey Shore.

Messrs. Allen, Bunnell, Fisk and Sprague, conducted a series of five successful mission and song services at Catawissa last Sunday.

Mr. Frank Miller, '96, will give a supper to the Senior Classes of the College and Institute, Friday evening, February 21, at his residence.

Barner in Logic: "A man may have a *collection* without having a *heap.*" Doubtless Barner recalls some of the collections his congregations have given him.

The editors of the Mirror are indebted to Mr. P. B. Gibson, of Harrisburg, for the excellent sketch of Prof. W. L. Kauffman which appears in this issue.

A lecture by Dr. Harris, "The Development of the Republic," in pamphlet form was distributed from the Registrar's office. Very many of the students availed themselves of the opportunity, and secured copies.

Rev. H. L. Wayland, D. D., of Philadelphia, will give lectures before the University on sociology in March. His topics will be "Compulsory Arbitration," "Organized Charity," and "The Armenian Question."

At the last meeting of the Chemical and Physical Society an interesting talk on Paper Manufacture was given by Mr. Enos. Baker. He illustrated his talk by a series of samples, representing the various stages of the process.

The officers of Zeta Literary Society for the present term are: President, Miss Harris; Vice President, Miss Wolfe; Secretary, Miss Rohrer; Treasurer, Miss Rodgers; Critics, Miss Goddard, Miss Hanna; Program Committee, Misses Cotton, Hartley, Sigel and Fowler; Executive Committee, Miss Lillibridge, Miss Sprague.

The Senior class has already taken definite steps toward Commencement arrangements. The contract for photographs has been closed. The class has decided to observe Class Day, and appointed a committee to arrange the exercises. The class is desirous of doing credit to the fiftieth anniversary of the University.

Orville Elias Bailey, of Washington, a former student at Bucknell, has established a prize in memory of his deceased brother, George Alexander Bailey, M. D., for the best work in the required Latin during the freshman year. Mr. Bailey thinks of making this memorial to his brother permanent by establishing a scholarship.

No Academy notes have been furnished the Editor for this issue.

The body for the use of the class in Human Anatomy (Laboratory Dissection) has arrived, and the class has begun its work.

Rev. Charles DeWoody, Ex-'91, Waverley N. Y., will lecture in Bucknell Hall, Thursday evening, February 27, on the subject, "Myself and that Other Man."

The game of basket-ball last Saturday evening between the Varsity and scrub team resulted in a score of 23–4, in favor of the Varsity. The receipts were sufficient to cover the cost of suits for the regular team.

The team of the Williamsport Y. M. C. A. cancelled the game scheduled for February 11.

At the last meeting of the Chemical and Physical Society a finely executed and nicely framed wood engraving of Pasteur, "the most eminent medical investigator of his time," was presented by Dr. Aviragnet. The picture will be hung in the main lecture room. It is hoped that pictures of other prominent men of science may be added to form a collection so well begun.

Under the efficient leadership of Mr. E. C. Kunkle, Editor-in-Chief, the board of editors of L'Agenda are busily engaged in preparing the material for the book. The Annual promises to be a most excellent one—one that will do credit not only to the class of '97, but to the University as well. The publication deserves the support of every student. Mr. Ernest Myers, Business Manager, is energetically pushing his department.

A. M. Devall, '99, has been appointed manager of the Basket-Ball Team. The following games have been scheduled:

Feb. 11. Williamsport Y. M. C. A., at Williamsport.

Feb. 21. Bloomsburg Normal, at Bloomsburg.

Feb. 22. Wilkesbarre Y. M. C. A., at Wilkesbarre.

Games will also be arranged with Lock Haven and Danville.

Last Saturday evening a breathless Freshman dashed up the hill, and excitedly imparted to every fellow-classman he met in a most heroic stage whisper: "The Sophs. have their banquet to-night," and then flew on to spread the interesting tidings. Soon groups of men gathered, all eagerly discussing the news. And even yet you can't convince some of them that the tale started in the fertile brain of a Prep.

But speaking of Sophomores, as one thing suggests another, we are led to wonder what has become of the famous class scrap. All is as quiet as—well, a funeral, for instance. Not that there's anything real in the funeral part, even though some of the upper classmen have been to the pains so to explain to the Freshmen, but we are really led to wonder whether this "innocuous dessuetude" of the higher class is a result of firm reliance in last year's laurels, or because they deem their opponents too insignificant, or that they are afraid. A kind friend, of Sophomore persuasion, tells us we will find out on Feb. 22. We pray we may.

We have heard your wail for copy.
Your insatiate greed for copy
Fills us all with sorrow and dispair.
Would that you might get your copy,
Have enough for once of copy;
Writing,—that's a different affair.

Still to those who furnish (?) copy,
Most of all the "Local" copy,
Comes a time when gladly copy they prepare.
That's when something haps for copy——
Makes a subject for the copy——
Of copy then we'd freely make our share.

But of subjects for the copy
Things that ought to go in copy
Our supply is often very spare,
While for what don't get in copy
Pardon, for our lack in copy,
Kind reader, pray bestow it at our prayer!

One who has "copied"

A universal topic of conversation is the recently organized "Pernicious Club" which has achieved an astounding popularity in the short space of a week or two. The club held a special meeting Monday evening, February 3, and proceeded to the room of one of the Freshmen who had gained admittance to the organization by trickery and fraud. The young man was so frightened by the incoming horde (nearly fifty in number) that he immediately paid up his dues. A Sophomore was next sent for, even being pulled out ot bed by the committee. His case was a similar one and received similar treatment. It is our impression that this will show to all who have been slandering the good name of the "Pernicious Club" that it is more than a mere empty name, and that candign punishment will be meted out to those who endeavor to evade the requirements for membership.

The Bucknell Publishing Association met Saturday morning, February 8, and elected the following editors:—President, E. C. Kunkle, '97; Vice President, J. T. Anderson, '98; Secretary, G. L. Bayard, '99; Business Manager, B. F. Thomas, '98; Senior editors, D. E. Lewis, B. Reynolds, Jr.; Junior editors, L. B. Sinnette, LeRoy Butler; Sophomore editor, F. W. Dillon; Freshman editor, Miss Alice Lillibridge. The Association voted twenty-five dollars to J. B. Suiter, '96, the retiring Business Manager for his faithful work. Mr. Suiter accepted the favor, but generously expressed himself as desirous of presenting the amount to the Association that the condition of the treasury might be strengthened by that amount. The matter of reducing the subscription price of the Mirror to one dollar was referred to a committee consisting of the Business Manager, the retiring Business Manager and the Editor-in-Chief.

Copies of the University catalogue for 1896, substantially bound in cloth, can be had from the Registrar for 20 cents each. This bound volume makes a handy reference catalogue, and should be in the hands of every student and graduate. The catalogue will be bound hereafter each year, and will be sold at a price to reach all.

Following are a few statements from the catalogue which show the advance of the present year: The total enrollment of students this year is 428 in the four departments. Of this number 202 are in the college, including 12 students in the graduate department recently established. The rolls contain 43 more students this year than last. New courses of study are offered in Higher Analytical Geometry, Advanced Algebra, Human Anatomy (Laboratory dissection), American Civics and nine new courses in the department of modern languages. The college now offers over 100 courses of study. Several changes in the instruction force have been made. L. G. C. Riemer, A. B., has been made instructor in Latin and German; Nelson F. Davis, Sc. B., is the new assistant in Organic Science and Ezra Allen, A. B., is proctor at the Academy. Misses Lidie Bell, Ph. B., and Jessie June Wheeler, A. B., are new teachers in the Institute for Young Ladies. In material equipment the University has received five hundred volumes for the W. J. Coxey Alcove in the Library, and the total number of volumes in the library was increased from 13,250 in 1894 to 16,000 volumes in 1895. Copies of the new catalogue may be had by addressing Registrar Wm. C. Gretzinger, Lewisburg, Pa.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Professor Aviragnet has been suffering from an attack of "Grippe," but we are glad to say that he is now able to resume his work.

Misses Nellie Suiter, Elizabeth Spettigue, Jennie Simpson and Marilla Jones, former students at the Institute, made visits during January.

We hear with delight, that Mrs. Lucia Mead Priest will be at Commencement and will read and recite at the Public Meeting of the Alumnae.

The time for holding the chapel exercises on Sunday, has been changed. The young ladies meet now in the school-room at 8 A. M. instead of the parlor at 4.30 P. M. as heretofore.

The ladies of the faculty attended the large and delightful reception given at the hospitable home of Professor Owens, Friday evening, January 24, by Professor and Mrs. Owens and Professor and Mrs. Stewart.

The Institute Seniors are well pleased with the addition of four "Fourth Formers" to their Literature Class; for the young men are enthusiastic students, and frequently give interesting and original criticisms.

Miss Jennie Jones had the misfortune to lose her watch recently on the walk between Lewisburg and the toll-gate. The watch was found by a Mr. Stahl, who, later, seeing notice of the loss in the Post Office, returned the watch to Miss Jones, much to her relief.

Some very interesting and helpful meetings were held in the Institute during the Week of Prayer. Tuesday evening, Rev. J. W. Weddell gave a talk on "What it means to be a Christian," and Wednesday evening Dr. Lincoln Hulley spoke on "The Hindrances to becoming a Christian."

The Athena Literary Society has elected the following officers for this term: President Miss Eliza Martin; Vice President, Miss Sarah Black; Secretary, Miss Mable Wells; Treasurer, Miss Annabel Hanna; First Critic, Miss Olivia Silvers; Second Critic, Miss Elizabeth Evans; Chaplain, Miss Emma Kunkle.

"Christmas Week at Bigler's Mill,"—is the latest, and by far the best work of our gifted Alumna, Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt of '78. It belongs to that class of books written by Louise Alcott, Kate Douglas Wiggin and Laura E. Richards for young people, yet which are sure to entertain and instruct mature minds. This story in black and white is far more wholesome and natural than Laura E. Richards' "Nautilus," which was published about the same time. We hope that Mrs. Spratt will continue to use her pen to the delight and edification of all her readers.

Personals.

'71. Dr. George M. Phillips, Principal of the West Chester State Normal School, lectured in Millersburg, Pa., Saturday evening, February 1, to a large and appreciative audience, taking his hearers on a six weeks' trip across the continent and back.

'72. Dr. Aaron Eyer, late of Denver, Colorado, died December 21, in Toledo, Ohio, and was buried in Lewisburg, December 23. At the time of his death Dr. Eyer was 44 years old. He began the study of medicine immediately after his graduation from the University, afterward spent a year in Europe, and then practiced in Lewisburg with Dr. Wm. Leiser until 1878, when he left for the West.

The Sigma Chi fraternity adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, On the 23rd day of December, 1895, the Almighty God did remove from us our esteemed friend and brother, Dr. Aaron Eyer; and

Whereas, We sustain by his death a heavy loss; be it

Resolved, That in his death the Sigma Chi fraternity has lost one of its best members and the Kappa Chapter a man of whom she was justly proud; be it

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives of the deceased; be it

Resolved, That we spread a copy of these resolutions on the minute book of the Chapter and that we send a copy to the bereaved family and publish them in the Sigma Chi *Quarterly* and BUCKNELL MIRROR.

A. C. ROHLAND,
J. A. GUIE, } Committee.
F. W. WAGNER,

'90. Ralph C. H. Catterall has been appointed Tutor in History in the University of Chicago. Mr. Catterall received the degree of A. B. from both Bucknell University and Harvard; he was in 1892–'93 Instructor at Bucknell, and in 1894 Reader in History at Chicago.

'92. Homer Dowlin, Esq., a former Bucknellian, who read law with Hon. George P. Wilson, an old Lewisburger, but now a prominent lawyer in Minneapolis, Minn., has opened a law office in Warren, Minn.

Ex-'94, Acad. Abbott G. Bucher has accepted a position on the Engineer corps of the Sunbury division P. R. R. Co., with headquarters at Nanticoke, Pa. He left for the latter place Tuesday.

'94. Mr. Harvey Smith, well known here as the best all-round athlete who ever attended Bucknell, has been elected captain of Sunbury's baseball club for the coming season. At present Mr. Smith is in his third year at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. Whether he will decide to play at Sunbury this summer is an open question. At present he is entertaining flattering offers from the Atlantic City club and a western league.

Ex-'97. Fred. L. Camp who was here last year and afterwards at University of Michigan is reported seriously ill at his home in Union City.

'—. Howard Bucknell, a son of the late William Bucknell, and formerly a student in the Academy, was married, in Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, to Miss Marie Ethel Harlan.

Exchange.

A SUGGESTION FOR '98.

"When all my thoughts in vain are thunk,
When all my winks in vain are wunk,
What saves me from a rocky flunk?
My pony."

—*Ex.*

The discussion of "A Plea for Education" in *The Reveille* is well worth reading.

We have just received an edition of the *School Gazette*. It is teeming with current topics, which are written in a literary style. Among the topics discussed are: "The Monroe Doctrine Confirmed," "The Red Cross Not to Enter Armenia," "The Rules of the Senate and House."

The Harrisburg High School publishes a monthly journal that does honor to the capital city. It is bright, newsy and wide awake as its name would indicate. The December number of the *Argus* has a Christmas story that would not be out of place in a more pretentious paper than a school journal.

All the good things that can be said in favor of examinations are clearly and concisely put forth in an editorial in the December number of the *Manitou Messenger*. Among other good points the writer makes the following: "If the result of an examination turns out to be a poor one in a whole class, or if most of the pupils fail on some particular point, it may be due to deficient instruction. This will perhaps help the teacher to find out where he may have failed, and if he does find it out he will adopt some better way of teaching, and will succeed better afterward."

The *Amulet*, West Chester, Pa., put into execution a good plan when they wrote to prominent men asking: "What qualities, in your opinion, contribute most to the success of young men just at the starting point of life?" Answers were received from the well known writer, J. F. Trowbridge; Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler; Col. A. K. McClure, editor *Phila. Times*; Thomas A. Edison; Edward W. Bok; Nelson A. Miles; Merril E. Gates, President of Amherst; and others. The replies are all helpful and suggestive and decidedly characteristic of the men who wrote them. Some suggest many qualities which harmonized make success; others pick out one exceedingly strong quality which include others, and if gained make success. Nothing better could fall into the hands of students.

The *College Mercury*, in discussing the subject of student self-government, states the plan, which originated at Amherst and is in operation there, to be as follows: "In addition to the faculty there is a student senate selected by the students, and consisting of four Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores and one Freshman, to which matters of decorum, and all others pertaining to the students are referred. The decisions of the senate are passed upon by the faculty and of course may be reversed by it if considered expedient, but such reversals would undoubtedly be infrequent." It advocates the adoption of this system in Pennsylvania colleges.

The following suggestive clipping from the *Youth's Companion* we insert without further comment:

"Last month two men were killed and several injured by the wrecking of a passenger train on the New York Central Railroad near Rome. Investigation showed that the rails had been removed for the purpose of ditching the train, and a hat found near the track led to the arrest of four young men of respectable families in the neighborhood. The leader confessed that they wrecked the train with a view to robbery, and that they waited by the track, disguised by masks and armed with revolvers, until the crash came, when they were frightened and ran away. It appeared that they had been reading sensational novels, and a history of the exploits of the James brothers, the notorious train robbers, was found in the pocket of one of them. The effect of pernicious literature was never more clearly traceable."

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY 25, 1896. No. 9.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

FEBRUARY 25, 1896.

Editorial.

THE mantle of our predecessors has fallen upon us. Will it fit? That question does not so greatly trouble us; we are more concerned to know whether there is in it enough material to enable us to "make it over" to better effect. This concern on our part does not arise from a feeling of superiority over the retiring Board of editors who have stepped aside for us; they had real and especially trying difficulties from which we believe we are free; and we rejoice, not in greater ability, but in our freedom from the difficulties which hampered them. We crave your sympathy, your forebearance, and your earnest coöperation.

THE MIRROR, by virtue of its birthright, is the representative of the student body, an expression of student thought, an epitome of student life. When it becomes the paper of the few it is through the fault of the many. It cannot well be made satisfactory to you without your aid. The editors are neither ubiquitous nor omniscient; their studies will not permit them to be the first, nor--notwithstanding popular opinion—do they make them the latter; some things necessarily escape them. They even stoop to employ the aid of the material, viz; the "MIRROR Box;" that is *your* editorial pigeon-hole; place in it items of interest to yourself and others, instead of complaining upon each issue that no mention was made of this item or that event. The MIRROR is your paper; it is our paper; let us not neglect our own.

THE newspapers are always bearers of news, but are not often so full of practical information as they are at present. It is true that they even now contain much that is far from edifying; but it is seldom they partake so much of the character of a text-book on topics of vital interest and value to the student. We shall do well to take "honor work" in current newspaper reading. Every number of our large city journals is teeming with questions of international relations and expositions of international law. Cuba, Venezuela, the Transvaal, with all their varied complications, furnish themes for most helpful study, substituting for the established history of the past, the unsettled and ever-changing conditions of the present day world. In the field of science the wonderful discovery of the Kathode, or "X ray" in photography, and the remarkable experiments with it now in progress are throwing new light upon existing theories of light. Do not neglect to familiarize yourself with these matters of so great importance and interest.

IF the MIRROR does not attain to a standard which shall satisfy both students and alumni, it is not because the editors do not wish it nor is its failure to do so proof positive of the inability of the editorial boards, chosen from time to time, to make it approach nearer that standard. That it often comes far short of what should be its character, we do not deny; none recognize the failure more than those upon whom the burden of its production rests. That it could be given a higher tone, we firmly believe; none desire such an advance more than we. It is true that it falls short of the desired standard, and likewise true that it can be improved upon; but there is lacking a condition which seems almost essential to the needed and desired improvement, viz., the acceptance of work done by the editors in lieu of required literary productions. We believe this to be the fundamental principle in the solution of the problem. The work done for the Mirror is entirely without compensation, except the immediate benefit of practice in writing, and is usually imposed upon those who are among the busiest of the students. Consequently, it must be done hastily, and sometimes, carelessly; whereas, if this work was credited as required work in composition, and the demand upon the student's time lessened, it would assume a higher intellectual tone, and the Mirror would reflect more truly the actual condition of our school.

Contributed.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAYS OF OLD.

Float the clouds in the west o'er the mountains,
Bathed in purple and crimson and gold,
Calling back by their rich fading splendor
Memories sweet of the fair days of old.
The beautiful forms that have perished,
The hopes that have withered away,
And visions more lovely than cloudland,
Than frost work more varied and gay.
The splendor will fade from the cloudland,
And the shadows will come over all;
But when morning returns in its beauty,
The night flees away with its pall:
The glory comes back to the cloudland,
And its wealth of purple and gold,
But never at man's call returneth
The beautiful days of old.

To open thy dim, voiceless mansions,
O Death, how oft our hearts burn,
But the Good that once cross thy dark portals,
Can never, O never return.
Spring comes in her eloquent beauty,
And calls in her passionate woe;
They sleep, all unheeding her music
Her beauty they never shall know.
The daisy comes back to the meadow,
And the primrose returns to the hill,
But dear hearts that once longed for their coming,
And rejoiced at the sight, are now still.
The buttercup answers the sunshine,
And opens its portals of gold,
But never at man's call returneth
The loved and the lost ones of old.

Float the clouds in the west o'er the mountains
As they call us to think of the day,
When cloud-dotted skies will not darken,
And the beautiful ever will stay.
When stilled will the voice be of mourning
And, past all of care and of strife,
Our eyes see the Sharon Rose blooming
On the banks of the River of Life.
Float, float, ye bright clouds o'er the mountains
In your wealth of purple and gold,
For soon will dawn days that are brighter
Than the beautiful days of old.

A PLEA FOR VIVISECTION.

There is, without a doubt as much of the *fin de siecle* sentimentalism seen in the attitude taken by some persons on the question of vivisection, as in any line in which this great over-tenderness of heart shows itself. Every little while one picks up a paper or a magazine containing a most pitiful article, pleading for the lives and comfort of the poor dumb-brutes; rehearsing all the wrongs of every form of animal life below man; and telling of the cruelties perpetrated upon these wretched animals by him who, being their master, should from the goodness of his heart leave them to live in peace to the end of their natural lives. When we read such a paper superficially, we admire the cream of the milk of human kindness that can, so easily, be skimmed from it; and, unless we give it thought, would agree that the author must be most humane; but, on mature consideration, other sides of the question arise which, if nothing else, make one feel the narrowness of the writer's horizon. One begins to compare the worth of the life of a man with that of one of the dumb brutes; to ponder in heart that saying of Christ, the source of our highest moral law, which estimates the value of men far above that of many sparrows ; and then one refuses to give full credence to the idea that vivisection is wrong.

In the case of a famine there is no one who would hesitate to kill any animal that he might satisfy his hunger. Nor are there many persons who would confine themselves to a purely vegetable diet in order that they might not be partakers in the murder of living things with that chief of executioners,—the butcher. They do not consider it wrong for themselves, or judge themselves harshly, for having these same dumb brutes killed for their every day sustenance. And yet, these very persons, who, to ward off the temporary and oft-recurring pain of hunger, slay numberless animals, would willingly spend a whole day in argument with you, trying to prove that vivisection is wrong.

Do you think that any amount of pain suffered or any number of soulless lives sacrificed—yea, even unto ten thousand—would be fruitlessly expended, if thereby one human being were in any way released from pain or freed from death? I contend that it would not; that man, is of so much more value in the sight of God than the soulless animals, that it is right that they should suffer, if thereby man may be benefited.

But take into consideration another side of the question. Should any one by the aid of vivisection make a discovery which would alleviate human suffering, would the good stop with one person? No; the knowledge thus gained, in the hands of a being endowed with reason and the power of articulate speech, whereby he could communicate with his fellows, would be disseminated over the earth; and handed from generation to generation, would have the power of aiding, not one human being, not a hundred, nor yet ten thousand, but many millions.

What do you consider the most important medical discoveries of this age? How were they made? How was the action of antitoxine on diphtheria discovered? How have some of the great cures among nervous and cerebral diseases been made? Ask yourselves these questions; and then answer as you undoubtedly must—vivisection. There is no one to-day that would not give praise to Pasteur for the great good he has done mankind by his marvelous discoveries; and there are many persons to rise up and call him blessed. Yet his very work was to a great extent accomplished by vivisection.

But there is an argument against vivisection and that not a groundless one. Some say that many times animals are made to suffer needlessly. Alas! this is true; and, for this reason, one agrees that vivisection should be, to a certain extent, limited. It is at the hands of the tyro in surgery that the animals are made to suffer; and so it is right that he should be deprived of the privilege of unskilfully butchering animate things, but that the master of the art should at the same time be deprived does not seem just.

Let us then have vivisection. Let us not consider it a human device brought to perfection through the machinations of the Evil One; but let us consider it as a providential way of alleviating the woes of the human race. Then let us act accordingly. Let us give this holy right into none but worthy hands; and, instead of having the evils of vivisection, we will reap the everlasting benefits of discoveries made through its agency.

M. M. W.

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USES OF NOVEL-READING.

A MOSAIC.

NOTE. The following essay was written by seven persons, none of whom knew what was being written by the other six, but knew merely the points in treatment of which the various paragraphs were written.

We are surprised every now and then with startling figures showing the increase in novel reading; and people are most apt to lay the blame for this increase upon an unhealthy mental condition. This is a wholesale condemnation of a valuable kind of literature. There are novels, and then again there are novels. It is not the poorer class of novels that we are to consider, for the effect of these is surely nothing but pernicious. But to what is the increase of the better class of novels due? Apart from mere relaxation and entertainment, there are other things which may be gained from a good novel. On looking into the matter, we may attribute the increase of novel-reading (taken in its good sense) to the fact that the novel possesses an intrinsic merit which relieves, influences, strengthens and informs its reader, stirs him to action and corrects his judgments. In fine, a good novel is an educator,—an educator which brings the reader into touch with life in many phases. Because men seek for knowledge given in an easily comprehended and interesting way, the novel has much of merit; and the increase of novel reading is doubtless due to this fact. R. L. H., '97.

Though perhaps not the highest purpose to which novel reading may be placed, yet certainly the most universal usage is for relaxing and entertaining the mind. It serves the same purpose that an hour of gossip and the theater does for a tired or frivolous person. When surrounded by real or imaginary trials, an easy escape is found in the pages of a book. Swiftly, as if on a magic carpet, the reader is borne into distant climes—there to live his or her ideal life;—the young boy fights Indians to his heart's content, the sentimental girl has suitors by the score, while the disappointed man or woman finds fulfillment of all they had hoped. Imagination is the element necessary for enjoying a novel. This, however, is about the only requirement, and as little mental exertion is called for, novel-reading affords a much needed relaxation.

A. M. G., '98.

Novel reading is also a valuable aid to the study of history and geography. A skillful writer will be accurate and minute in his descriptions of people and events. The times and customs of his characters will be faithfully portrayed. He will also be particular to truthfully represent the locality about which his story centers. Under the guise of pleasing language, customs, characters, localities and events grow in charms. Thus the reader develops a taste for the essential elements of history and geography.

V. B. F., '97.

Valuable as is the knowledge of history and geography derived from novel-reading, it is in many ways secondary to the information relative to the various classes of society which have been so large a factor in making this same history. Through the medium of a good novel, we are brought into a closer and more intimate relation with the forces which are dominating and moulding the world. Rich and poor, great and small, moral and immoral, wise and foolish, strong and weak, all are made to pass before us in the good novel, which must employ them all to be a true picture of human life. We are lifted out of our own actual world of associations and set down in a new world, which surrounds us with new and novel environment and thus broadens our sympathies. Sociological problems appeal to us with greater force as we are thus brought to see them from new points of view, and consequently in truer lights. We are too narrow if we live with only one class of society. Novel-reading lifts us out of our narrowness and gives us a feeling of kindness with all classes of society by giving us information concerning them. B. B. W., '96.

Through the medium of novels, many reforms have been brought about. Not a few novels have been written for a purpose, and are valued for their lessons in human nature as well as for their representations of actual life. These novels very often depict, in their characters, well known vices in such a way as to draw the attention of the authorities to them. Thus, novels arouse public sentiment against evils to a height that could not be reached in any other way. As a result of this, laws are passed, or—if the necessary laws exist—are enforced, and the evils are abolished. Most of Dickens' novels were written with such a purpose in view. J. Y. S , '97.

And furthermore, novels give the reader an insight into human character which enables him to better judge his fellow-men and his relations to them. The great trouble with many people is that they are independent and too apt to forget their obligations to society. The reading of novels will acquaint them with characters hitherto unknown to them,—characters which have the same trials and troubles, characters which have been trained under different environment, characters which will have a great part in the future destinies of man,—and all these will most likely produce in the reader a feeling of charity for sharing the grievances common both to himself and his fellow-men. L. C. W., '96.

Lastly, in conclusion, we will leave the reader to judge whether he has not derived great pleasure, besides an unknown amount of knowledge, from the novel, which he has stored away in his brain: whether he is not a better and a wiser man for having read the works of great thinkers: whether he has not had a few of the sealed and rusty burrs in his head unscrewed thereby allowing his brain to expand, to see more clearly that there are other and many things than the few that have entered his narrow brain. After all there is nothing that takes the place of books either among pursuits or men. W. F. E., '97.

THE COXEY ALCOVE OF THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

At the last Commencement Mr. William J. Coxey, of Camden, N. J., a student of the University in the early Fifties, announced his purpose to establish an Alcove in the Library to bear his name. He chose two lines of books to fill this Alcove, viz: Biblical and Religious Literature, and Works of General Reference.

During the current school-year he has been sending his contributions to our shelves as he gathered them, until he has now passed the five hundred volume mark, and he is expecting to reach six hundred by June 1896. He proposes to continue this good work for several years to come.

For this useful gift to the resources of our Library, the student body returns hearty thanks to Mr. Coxey. Every student is the richer by every book added to the Library, and in like degree is debtor to the generous donor. Books are the student's tools. In his apprenticeship he can attain the highest efficiency only by the constant use of a varied and comparatively complete outfit of such tools. Such an outfit, in the limits he has chosen, Mr. Coxey is anxious to put at the service of the present and future students of his Alma Mater.

There is not space in our columns for a complete catalogue of the Coxey Alcove: but we append a list of some of the more important titles, for the information of our friends who cannot easily step in and see for themselves.

Standard Dictionary, International Cyclopædia, 15 Vols, McClintock and Strong's Cyclopædia, 12, Encyclopædic Dictionary, 4, Hackett's Smith's Bible Dict. 4, Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia, 4, Schaff-Gilman Cycl. Religious Poetry, the Bibliotheca Sacra, complete 52, Homiletic Review, 30, Methodist Review, 78, Missionary Review of World, 8, Presbyterian Review, 21, American Commentary on N. T., 7, Parker's People's Bible, 27, Young's Concordance, Hoyt-Ward Quotations, and many of the works of Blake, Cowles, Edersheim, Edwards, Ely, Gordon, Lecky, Milman, Pierson, Rawlinson, Spurgeon, Taylor, Vincent, and others.

The suggestion of the like opportunity for others is upon the surface. Alcoves of Art, Classics, History, Literature and Science await similar generous patronage.

THE ROENTGEN RAYS.

By Prof. W. G. Owens.

No scientific discovery within the present century has demanded more attention than that announced by Prof. W. C. Roentgen of Wurtzburg, before the Berlin Physical Society at its semi-centennial meeting, January 4, 1896. This same interest is manifest here when I see almost half of the members of this University assembled to learn what experiments with these new rays we have been able to perform.

I will first show you a "Shadowgraph" which I have produced and then, as far as may be, explain it. Taking a dry plate, I placed above it this key, a cent and a silver quarter. They were then enclosed in a box in which dry plates had been packed and which, of cource, was light tight. Outside the box I placed this Geissler tube about two inches above the lid and then passed a current of electricity from a Ruhmkorff's coil through it for about one hour and a half. The plate was then developed in the usual manner, when this negative of the object appeared upon it. The key is especially distinct. Experiments with other objects and in different positions were tried but with less success. The failure was likely due to the inability to keep up the necessary atemation with the apparatus at hand.

Several have asked "Were not these rays known before?" It was known that there were rays given out from these tubes that were some longer and others shorter than those that affect the human eye; but it was not known that any would penetrate common objects and affect sensitive plates beyond them. Some of these rays have been carefully studied by Prof. Lenard of Bonn, and others; but the rays that are now being investigated seem to differ from any that have yet been studied. Many think they are longer than the light rays and for this reason can penetrate objects like ebonite, paper, wood, flesh, light metals: while they are more or less opaque to glass, bone, and heavy metals. Prof. Roentgen seems to incline to the opinion that they are shorter than light rays, and may produce the image by flourescence.

But a small part of the waves given off from the sun are visible. Those included between Red having 428,000,000,000,000 vibrations and

Violet having 739,000,000,000,000 vibrations per second are all we can see; while the shortest that has been measured has 1,622,000,000,000,000 (Cornu) and the longest 10,000,000,000,000 vibrations per second. Many of those too short to see can be made visible by passing them through a solution of quinine, eosin, fluorescein or uranium glass, as I will show you. When these rays pass in the dark, the substances glow, or fluoresce as it is called. This fluorescence was what Dr. Roentgen thought produced the change in the plate.

A writer who would detract from Prof. Roentgen's discovery states that "It has long been known that these rays would pass thro' ebonite" and "they are all found in the sun." To try this, I exposed several plates behind ebonite and some behind paper to the direct rays of the sun but got no results; while when these rays were first shown the discoverer passed them through 1000 sheets of printed paper and they produced fluorescence on barium platino cyanide on the other side.

The rays proceed only from one end of the tube known as the kathode or the one connected with the negative end of the battery and therefore they are called "Kathode (cathode) Rays" Prof. Roentgen called them "X rays" since he was not sure what they were and other Kathode rays are well known; the world has called them "Roentgen Rays" after the name of their discoverer.

The discovery is already beginning to bear fruit. From all over this country and Europe we hear of bullets, cysts, tumors, &c., being located by having the hand, or part where they are contained, subjected to these rays and the negative, which is placed beneath, developed.

What will be the final result of the study of these rays it is too early to predict. Such men as Edison and Tessla, than whom none have better chance to learn the truth, are working night and day upon them. That these rays will be of inestimable value to surgery can scarcely be doubted. Edison is reported to have discovered that a great change is produced in aluminum by passing the rays through it, suggesting that it may be a compound and not an element. He also suggests the possibility of sending photographs over a telegraph wire.

But while the prospects at present are very bright we must remember that many of the newspaper accounts are from the reporter's fertile brain and must be taken with a "grain of salt."

Athletics.

The following basket-ball games have been scheduled:

Feb. 21, Bloomsburg Normal, at Bloomsburg.

Feb. 22, Wilkesbarre Y. M. C. A. at Wilkesbarre.

Feb. 28, Lock Haven at Lock Haven.

Bucknell has accepted Pennsylvania's invitation to compete in the relay races to be held in Philadelphia on April 25th. State College has also formally accepted and Franklin and Marshall and Dickinson are expected to accept in a few days. Bucknell will send five men to the meet and should make a good showing against the teams of her class. This ought to give fresh impetus to track athletics and a good field-day will be the result if our sprinters meet with that success which usually follows hard, steady training. So far,about fifteen men are training for the April meet.

Tennis will probably receive a great deal of attention in the spring. Already there is some talk of an intercollegiate tournament and perhaps arrangements will be made to have some of the Pennsylvania colleges compete on our courts. The local tournament last June was a decided success and it brought our several strong players. '99 has some good tennis material and a successful tournament is assured. An indoor court will be placed in the gymnasium where the "tennis-fiends" can get a chance to show their ability with ball and racquet.

Baseball is not being neglected. Captain Geary has a squad of men practicing daily in the cage and on the main floor of the gymnasium. There are several promising ball-tossers in the Freshman class and just at present everything looks bright for a winning baseball team. Of last year's team there are in college, Capt. Geary, Mulkie, Brady, Jenkinson, Cutler, Bunnell, Parker, Grim, Reynolds and Clement. Among the new men are Catterall, Conover, Devall, Garner, Griffith, McQuistion and Gilchrist. Great interest is being shown in the game and by careful management we can certainly develop a team that will reflect credit on a college which, by the way, has never been very widely known through its baseball.

The Lock Haven Normal basket-ball team came down on the 14th and were defeated by the Bucknell team, eight goals to seven. Our team showed up remarkably well, considering the fact that it was their first game, and clearly outplayed the Normal boys in passing and dodging. Elliott and Smith played well for Bucknell while Loveland and Haviland carried off the honors for Lock Haven.

The teams lined up as follows:

LOCK HAVEN.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Fox	left forward	Mulkie.
Loveland	right forward	Devall.
Kintzing	center	Smith.
Worth	left guard	Catterall.
Love	right guard	Garner.
Weymouth	left center	Burge.
Haviland	right center	Elliott.

Goals: Fox, Haviland (3); Weymouth, Loveland (2); Mulkie (3); Devall (2); Elliott, Smith (2). Referee, Hering.

Y. M. C. A.

At the meeting on Tuesday evening, February 18, Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D., of New York City, was chosen to preach the Annual sermon before the Associations of the University on Sunday, March 12. The Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D., of Philadelphia, was chosen as alternate.

At this meeting, also, Douglas, Fithian and Thomas, were appointed as nominating committee to present to the Association names of members for election to the offices of the Association. The election will be held to-night, the 25 inst.

Local.

How about the annual Stag Dance?

Miss Laura Allen is a recently initiated member of Pi Beta Phi.

The student body is awaiting further announcements of the Junior ball decided to be held by '97.

Hall '99 is out with his camera again taking any and all kinds of photographs that the students may desire.

Professor Hulley will address the Pomona Grange of Union county on "Education," Saturday evening, February 29.

Prof. Hulley has been conducting a series of Bible Readings. The circle meets weekly at the homes of various members.

Sleigh-rides have lately been a source of enjoyment for those who managed to lay aside their studies for a few hours.

The Bucknell band had their annual photograph taken at Pross' gallery recently. Photographer still alive, but machine ruined.

A neat and convenient case for the magazines has been put in the library. This gives more room on the tables for daily and weekly papers.

A new basket-ball rule is suggested: after a minutes' continuous play without a foul being made, time shall be called and the contest ended.

The Pi Beta Phi's entertained their patronesses and friends at their rooms in the Miller Mansion on Second street on Saturday evening, February 15.

W. M. Bunnell '97 was visiting in Pittston on the 12th inst. During his absence, director Cober had charge of one of the gymnasium classes.

The basket-ball team presents a fitting appearance in their new suits. A photograph of the men was taken before the game with Lock Haven Normal.

Do not forget the meeting of the MIRROR association Saturday, February 29, to decide the matter of reducing the annual subscription price to one dollar.

A specimen of this year's baseball suits was on exhibition recently. The players think the new suits are right in style and all are anxious to wear one for Bucknell.

Ninety-six ahead! One of its members got his bachelor's degree from a western University at the end of the Junior year, by sending his reports and five dollars.

Our loyal friend, Joe Shultz, has now become a regular subscriber for the MIRROR with the understanding that his name shall frequently appear in the local column. This is a case where many would do well to follow Joe's example.

We are proud to introduce to our readers two of our boys who have lately proved themselves heroic by their manly services in assisting their college sisters to cross the sheet of glary ice at the main entrance. Warren and Slifer are the young men who kindly offered their services.

Overheard on the street: First little girl, "I have to read the *Saturday News* and the MIRROR, yet to-night. I do like the MIRROR, don't you?"

Second diminutive: "Yes, I like to read the—oh you know what I mean—the Y. M. C. A. items."

One of our popular young men seems to make little effort to get to chapel. He may be seen at about 8:15 coming up the hill past the Academy about the time several Institute girls go to classes in prepdom. He probably realizes that the young ladies need assistance in climbing the icy paths at this season of the year.

By changing the hour of meeting on Friday evenings from 8 to 6:45 o'clock, new life has been infused into the literary societies. If an arrangement were made by which those preparing for and participating in the programs could get credit for the time spent as in honor work, the halls would doubtless be crowded.

The Phi Kappa Psi sleighing party was the first of the season and accordingly enjoyed. A merry party, a ride to Mifflinburg, and a delicious supper made the evening one to be remembered. The only draw back was the wind but, that too had its advantages, as "It was so strong you could lean your back against it like a post."

The "Accidentals" composed of Messrs. Catterall, Collins, Davis, Hanna, Harris, Hutchinson, Jennings, McCay, and Miller, entertained some Seminary friends by a sleigh-ride to Vicksburg on Thursday evening, February 13. The fact that the rain accidentally poured down all the way out only added zest to the occasion.

The Philadelphia papers are giving attention to our rapidly developing athletic standing among Pennsylvania colleges. Since Bucknell accepted the proposition to enter the inter-collegiate relay race, the *Press* has requested its correspondent here to furnish a letter of several hundred words on athletics for each Sunday issue until the relay race.

In the February number of the *University Magazine*, the first production is contributed by Professor Perrine and is an article worthy of consideration on the part of all readers. The subject is "Denominational Colleges." These are viewed from the historical and ethical points of view, and compared in development with the colleges established and supported by the State.

On Monday afternoon, the 10th inst., the newly elected MIRROR board completed its organization by selecting for editor-in-chief, Herbert Harris, '96; editorials, B. B. Ware, '96; literary editors, Miss Rosa L. Hartley, '97 and D. E. Lewis, '96; athletics, Barclay Reynolds, Jr., '96; local editors, Miss A. J. Lillibridge, '99 and F. W. Dillon, '98; personal editors, L. T. Butler, '97 and L. B. Sinnette, '97; exchange editor, L. T. Fetzer, '98.

The literary societies are getting into a sphere of local and practical debating, if we may judge by the following questions recently discussed: In Zeta, Resolved that the system of marking should be abolished in college work; Theta Alpha, Resolved that there should be only one study required in the Freshman and Sophomore years; Euepia, Resolved that the Senate should be abolished and the House of Representatives assume its duties.

On Thursday afternoon, February 14, Professor Owens gave a very interesting lecture in the Laboratory, under the auspices of the Chemical and Physical Society, on the Roentgen Rays. That the students appreciated the Professor's explanation of this phenomena was shown by the close attention of the large audience during the whole of the discourse. Professor Owens has kindly contributed a synopsis of the lecture which can be seen in another column.

Some think the students ought to wear colors to indicate their class, but it is unnecessary. If you see a student reading Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy, or a kindred subject, for recreation, put him down as a Freshman. A Sophomore is the man who is always telling "How things used to be here." Not till a man is a Junior does he refer to "lower-classmen." The man who wears an ennuied air, wonders at nothing, laughs at nothing,—he is that essence of knowledge, a Senior.

A quadrangular contest has been waged this year for supremacy in the gymnasium between the athletes of the various teams and the directors. No traces of *otherism* were very plainly evident. The baseball men insisted on practising during the afternoon before four o'clock and also after four o'clock both on the main floor and in the cage. Men training for general athletics were satisfied to get an occasional hour's practice but when they were menaced by flying baseballs at these times, they kicked with good reason. Basket-ball players enjoyed many privileges unmolested until they appeared for practice every night regardless of regular class drills which are supposed to take the precedence of other athletics but have been carried on under the annoyance of noisy sprinters on the track and an atmosphere full of basket-balls. The three directors soon ought to make a satisfactory division of time and bring peace into the temple of Hercules.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Jessie Birkbeck spent Sunday, February 9, with her parents in Freeland, Pa.

Miss Sara Lillibridge has been visiting her sister Miss Alice Lillibridge.

We are glad now to have a bulletin board on which to post notices, instead of having to use the school-room doors.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. O'Donnell, of Texarkana, Ark., arrived last week on a visit to her daughter, Miss Marguerite O'Donnell.

The members of the Athena Literary Society spent a very pleasant evening on Friday, February 14, with "The Adelphia" of the Academy.

The Class of '96 of the Institute were delighted to accept a kind invitation, for Friday evening, February 21, to a class supper with the college Seniors at the home of Mr. Frank Miller.

The Y. W. C. A. gave a very interesting program at the meeting Sunday afternoon, February 9. The subject was a study of the sacred paintings in the Institute, and their Artists.

The large picture at the end of the parlor which was given to the art department by Mrs. Harry S. Hopper represents a scene from the Apochryphal story of Tobit and the Angel. The life of Tobit was most interestingly narrated by Mrs. Larison.

The last meeting of the Kalomathia Literary Society, held February 7, was both interesting and profitable. The program rendered was in the form of a paper, read by Miss Youngman.

The contributions were as follows:—

Editorial - - - - - - - - Miss Williamson.
Criticism of a Late Piece of Fiction, Miss Morris.
General Information, Misses Shires and Bender.
Original Story - - - - - - - Miss Watkins.
Jokes - - - - - - - - Misses Kase and Noyes.
Personals - - - Misses Rossiter and J. Jones.
Advertisements - Misses Kline and M. Goddard.
Original Poem - - - - - Miss Miriam Hanna.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Mr. R. N. Brady, the athlete, is a recent initiate of the Phi Epsilons.

John and Cameron Packer are pledged members of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.

A. D. Anstock, a former student at the "Cad," is pursuing a course in Pharmacy at Philadelphia.

Many of the Academy students attended the District Y. M. C. A. convention at Milton. A profitable time is reported.

The students of the Academy are taking more interest in indoor athletics since permission has been granted them to enter the meet on the twenty-second.

The Hermenia Literary society has decided to hold an open meeting and reception at Mrs. Helen C. Huth's parlors on Friday evening, February 28. A number of the Alumni members of the society will be present.

The Athena Literary Society of the Seminary and the Adelphia Literary Society held a joint meeting in the Adelphia Society rooms on Friday evening, February 14, which was enjoyable and profitable in every way. The musical part of the program was furnished by members of Athena and the literary part by members of Adelphia. We believe that this is the beginning of a new era for our literary societies, and that joint meetings will hereafter be of frequent occurrence.

Personals.

All Classes.—There is no doubt that the Alumni enjoy knowing what their classmates and college acquaintances are doing. If the Alumni will co-operate with the personal editor of the Mirror by sending items of interest, they will increase the mutual benefit of the paper.

Ex-'65. Mr. R. F. G. Kshinka is living near Berwick.

Ex-'69. Rev. D. R. Landis is chaplain of the State Senate, Dakotah.

'70. Hon. Lemuel Ammerman has been appointed trustee of the Judge Hanley estate valued at over $1,000,000 and will receive a fee of $25,000.

'71. Rev. John Humpstone, D. D., is delivering a course of lectures at Crozer on the following subjects: "The Preacher as a Man," "The Preacher as a Student," "The Preacher as a Man of Affairs," and "The Preacher as a Man of God."

'77. Hon. Eugene Emley of Passaic, N. J., has been appointed Prosecutor of the Pleas for Passaic county.

'78. Following the Week of Prayer for colleges, a series of meetings was conducted at Peddie Institute by the Prin., Rev. Joseph E. Perry, Ph. D., which resulted in profession of Christianity by all but two.

'78. Rev. James Fielding as financial agent of Keystone Academy has materially increased the endowment.

'79. Mr. A. J. Irey has returned to Pennsylvania.

'87. Mr. Edward Paul has been admitted to the bar and is practicing at Milton.

'—. Rev. I. W. Bagley has been very successful in Evangelistic work in Harrisburg for the past few years. His Sunday School class numbering 1200, composed largely of working men is known as "Bagley's Big Boys."

'89. Rev. C. A. Walker is president of the newly established Y. M. C. A. at Bellwood. This branch of the Association does considerable work among the railroad men of that place.

'90. Prof. R. L. Shroyer of Selinsgrove has been appointed on the State Board of Examiners for permanent teacher's certificates.

Ex-'90. Prof. W. W. Goodwin is President of Monongahela College.

'90. Rev. J. H. Haslam has recently been visiting his relatives in Lewisburg.

'91. Prof. F. H. Starkey formerly of South Jersey Institute is principal of the High School at Marquette, Mich.

'91. Hon. John T. Hyatt, Vice-consul to Cuba, had an article in a recent *Williamsport Sun* on "The Pearl of the Antilles."

Ex-'91. Doctor Medus M. Davis of Indiana, Pa., is candidate for the office of Coroner in Indiana county.

'92. Rev. Jas. M. Patterson has been called to the pastorate of the Evans City Baptist Church.

'93. The far away home of Rev. E. C. Pauling of Korea was recently made brighter by the arrival of a son.

'94-'95. Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Calvin in addition to their studies in the University of Chicago, have recently taken charge of a suburban mission.

'95. Mr. F. M. Simpson who is teaching science in Hall Institute is very successful in his work and we hear is universally liked.

'95. Mr. P. B. Cregar a student in the University of Pa. Medical Department is a candidate for the baseball team.

'95. Rev. P. J. Dickerson is the energetic pastor of the Baptist Church at Turtleville, Pa.

Ex-'96. Mr. A. H. Catterall is a member of the graduating class in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia.

Ex-'96. Mr. G. L. Megargee is a promising candidate for the U. of P. crew.

Ex-'96. Mr. Lewis C. Tinker, a student at Colgate is a recent initiate of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

Ex-'98. Mr. W. C. Purdy states that he is profitably engaged in a canvass of Jefferson county. He will return to Bucknell next fall.

Ex-'—(?). Mr. Howard L. Guss is about to matriculate as a student in Princeton College.

Exchange.

United States is the only country in the world that spends more money on education than on war equipments.

We find that the Woman's Edition of our Mirror has been most favorably commented upon by a number of our exchanges.

Irving's Sketch Book for January contains an article against the "Special Course System," which should be read by every student at Bucknell.

> We had a dream the other night,
> When everything was still;
> We dreamt that each subscriber came
> Right up and paid his bill."
> —*Ex.*

The only woman chemist in Paris is Miss Ida Welt. She has distinguished herself in the University of Geneva and at the University of Paris.—*Ex.*

Daily papers are published at Cornell, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, University of Michigan, Leland Stanford, Princeton, Brown and Wisconsin.—*Buchtelite.*

The smallest and also the largest university in the world is in Africa. The former has five students and fifteen instructors. The other in Cairo, Egypt, has ten thousand students.—*Ex.*

The University Record has this: "To cheat or not to cheat? that is the question. Whether to do the fair, square thing and maintain a strong character or to use a 'pony' and rob yourself of both mental and moral stability. 'Ay, there's the rub.' "

The football captains for '96 are: Yale, Murphy; Harvard, Writhington; Michigan, Senter; Princeton, Cochran; Chicago, Ewing; Cornell, Beacham; Wisconsin, Richards; Minnesota, Harrison; Brown, Colby; Amherst, Taylor; Western Reserve, Gaylord; Williams, Ryan.—*Ex.*

Indiana University has added to its curriculum a course in journalism. The studies in this proposed course include English history, constitutional law and political law. The department is in charge of an experienced newspaper man and the purpose is to give practical instruction by requiring the students to do work in every line pertaining to the publishing of a newspaper.—*Ex.*

> "Deep wisdom—swelled head,
> Brain fever—he's dead,
> A Senior."
>
> "False fair one—hope fled,
> Heart-broken—he's dead,
> A Junior."
>
> "Went skating—'tis said
> Floor hit him—he's dead,
> A Sophomore."
>
> "With famine—not fed,
> Starvation—he's dead,
> A Freshman."

The Wittenberger contains the following information which may be of interest to us:—Senator Garfield of the Ohio legislature, a son of the martyred president has introduced a bill to limit the number of colleges in the state; under the provisions of this bill all institutions of learning applying hereafter for charters must receive the approval of a University council of ten members and must have a yearly income of $15,000. The personel of the council will be the State Superintendent of Education, three presidents of undenominational colleges and three presidents of denominational colleges, and three superintendents of public Schools. Existing colleges will be required to show an income of $7,500 in order to insure their continued life. It is stated that the bill was prepared at the instigation of President Thwing of Adelbert, and President Canfield of O. S. U.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MARCH 10, 1896. **No. 10.**

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

MARCH 10, 1896.

Editorial.

CLASS spirit is a commendable possession for all students, when that spirit finds expression in legitimate efforts to excel. But class spirit does not give unrestricted license; it gives no privileges that set at defiance rights which honor is bound to respect. These limitations do not relegate class spirit to the realm of the prosaic and dull—under such conditions it would fail to accomplish that which is its principal object—nor do they exclude harmless and innocent fun. But class spirit is exercising itself in ways not its prerogative when it forgets the obligations which rest upon any one who claims to be a gentleman. There are jokes and efforts at fun which lend spice to the life of the student, but some of the perpetrations in connection with the recent difference between the Sophomore and Freshman classes no man who is just or fair minded can approve. In everything be fair! Don't do in another's room that which you would be unwilling to have done in your own when you have done no greater wrong than participate in a class banquet.

One other matter of the same nature calls for comment here. It would seem that a new division of the students into upper and lower classmen is necessary. There are other things than the mere bounds of class years that mark the proper division into the two bodies: more than these are needed to qualify a man to be an upper classman. It is generally considered in all colleges that the province of the upper classes is to act as a court of appeal in all cases of dispute between the lower classes. In the recent difference mentioned above members of both the Senior and Junior classes forfeited the right to sit in judgment by very marked indirect, if not by direct, participation. It is to be greatly lamented that all upper classmen do not appreciate the power given them, or recognize the obligations entailed upon them by their position. Some of the mightiest laws are unwritten.

"THOSE Juniors are a set of jays!" Yes; that's what '95 said of '94 when '95 was a Soph; what '94 said of '95 when '94 was a Senior; what '95 said of '96 when '95 was a Senior, and what '96 and some others are saying of '97 in these latter days. Strange! After all, the point of view has much to do with deciding one's own course of action and fully as much with his judgment of others' doings. Nevertheless, an evident lesson is at hand for the Junior class, be it '97 or some future year: Avoid undue eagerness to see your assailants of last year again engaged in scrapping. When classes vote to do away with such contests, it ought to be beneath the dignity of a Junior to incite an attempt on the part of the Freshmen to stir up the Sophomores. Class scraps at Bucknell will never come to an end unless the upper classmen use their influence in suppressing them.

E. A. '95.

Contributed.

WHILE BANQUETING.

Read by E. R. Powell, '96, at Mr. Miller's reception to the Senior class.

Though learning's road perchance may seem,
To be at times a little rough;
Though we o'er lessons nod and dream,
But wake to find them doubly tough
What though our energies we ply
From day to day our pates to cram
With wisdom sage, but vainly try
To resurrect it for "exam,"
Yet now and then a day may give
A passing gleam of Sportive Light,
Enough to make us glad we live,
And so—We'er glad we live to-night.

The Profs,—may all their tribes increase!—
In pity for our low estate,
Dole out their knowledge piece by piece,
With comments wise and intricate,
They take our little heads away,
And give us larger ones instead.
Our minds are lean, quite lean they say
And must be from their bounty fed,
Of course we take just as they give,
And take for granted they are right;
But since our bodies too must live,
Will eat corporeal food to-night.

They teach us to philosophize,
As all at once agree we should,
To strive to find and realize,
The goal of life, the highest good.
This good in knowledge some may see,
While others still may deem it meet
To live for wealth or fame, but we
At present live to laugh and eat.
Here rest we now, nor seek to climb
To any more pretentious height.
Whate'r we be another time,
We're *Epicureans* to-night.

◆

BYRON, THE VOICE.

The poet is not so much a great man, as a voice. Great men are founders of states, of religions—men of action; the philosopher and the poet are the voice of their age, the one of its thought, the other of its feeling.

So Byron is the voice of the revolution age on the side of its passion. Neither Scott nor Wordsworth was the voice of the revolution age—Scott was only negatively so: He was conservative, medieval, the glorifier of the past; Wordsworth was reflective, didactic, pantheistic. Nor had the voice of either of them, much less that of Moore, sufficient volume to utter the passion of the Demos awaking after chiliads of slumber to a consciousness of her power, of her rights, and of her wrongs.

She had tested her strength on the field and in the forum and found herself irresistible; but she had not yet found her voice. But when Byron landed in Europe, fitted as he was by heredity, and by training, the *Zeitgeist* seized his impressionable nature and uttered through him the passion that had stormed on a hundred battlefields, and the agony that had accumulated under the wrongs of a thousand years. It was the Time-Spirit rather than Byron which summoned "August Athena," and Rome, the "Niobe of Notions," and the East, "the clime of the sun," and of the new West with its unpruned forests and its roar of cataracts,—wherever, in fine, freedom had found a home or a grave, —as well as the stars, "the poetry of heaven," and "night and storm and darkness," and the mountains and the rivers and the seas all to join their voices in the mingled music of the voice through which Europe uttered her passion and her wrongs. This accounts for his sudden and unprecedented popularity. It was the Demos, hitherto voiceless, speaking through him; and in his, recognizing her own voice.

To understand Byron, we must remember that Byron is not an English but a Continental poet. He uses the English language, the language of Freedom, and so fittest for the Voice of Europe; but he is not an English poet. Yet his reception by the English was at first like that of the Demos of Europe. All the progressives and the youth hailed him as the new star of poesy, not half comprehending him; but the aristocracy, polished, polite, merciless,—as aristocracies always are,—understood, with the sure instinct of despotism, knew what the portent meant, and what the Voice was uttering,—better than the Voice himself yet understood. The aristocracy bided its time and it was not long in coming. Byron's marital difficulties were not the cause, but the opportune occasion only of the ferocious outburst, the real source of which lay deeper. Unfortunately the poet gave amply other occasions on which *privilege might seize.* Yet it was fortunate for Byron's mission that he was exiled from England; he could thus give voice to the age the better.

As the Voice of the age in one of its phases, he partook of the characteristics of the age. The age was destructive, rather than constructive; so Byron has no gospel for recreating Europe but can only utter passionate appeals for the breaking of every fetter that weighs upon the mind or heart or limbs of man; the Demos is just emerging into self-consciousness, and so its Voice is self-conscious, and egotistic.

Byron was pessimistic but not despairing. When "France got drunk with blood to vomit crime" in her revolution orgies, he felt the fatal blow which Freedom had received; still he sings with hope—

> "Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner torn but flying,
> Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.
> Thy tree hath lost its blossoms and its rind
> Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
> But the sap lasts."

These are brave words; yet it cannot be denied that the despair which settled on Europe when the Bourbons returned to the throne, and the Holy Alliance conspired to crush freedom, filled Byron's work during this time with an undertone of despair; as is seen in Don Juan, a Mephistopheles, "the spirit which denies," wandering over Europe mocking at everything and finding plenty at which to mock. But when Greece raised the standard of revolt against the Turk, and Europe, a giant with unshorn locks, began again to move, and earth to tremble, the Voice again sounded in the old strain. The hour of despair had passed and the hour of hope again had come before the Voice ceased its utterance forever.

◆

A STUDENT'S SEARCH FOR THE HOLY GRAIL.

> "Many a shot at random sent,
> Finds mark the archer little meant—
> The MIRROR Box.

One evening several years ago, my room door was opened by the last man in college that I expected when I heard the knock. Besides being something of a recluse and out of touch with the students in general he was an upper classman and ceremoniously observed class proprieties. He carried a monstrous white-leather volume under his arm, and with a formal salutation said; "I have a favor to ask of you in a matter that I feel will bring some reward. You doubtless think it strange for me, on such slight acquaintance to come here; but without any explanation I will simply say that I have considered the matter carefully."

Gratified by this distinction, I asked what I could do.

"For several weeks," he replied, "I have been tracing out some of Sir Walter Scott's stories in the original. This volume of Froissart's Chronicles was obscurely tucked away in the Library but really it is interesting. However, to the point. Here it is," and quickly leafing to the proper page, he read a prophecy of the magician Merlin, communicated when Arthur's great mission failed:

> "'No fret o'er Sangreal expend;
> 'Til Teuton will the Jew befriend.'

"To-night," he continued, "the big German on the third floor has invited me up to a feed, and said that I might bring some one with me. That couplet of Merlin's is a premonition that something will happen, and it haunts me."

"I was not aware that you knew of my Jewish extraction," said I, devining his scheme, "but, of course, that is nothing. His feeds are rare and select, I understand, I am delighted to go."

I became more and more impressed with the fact that I was a *deus ex machina* to work out my companion's conjuration.

The host as we entered at ten o'clock raised his brow inquiringly and said only too plainly by countenance, "How in the world did you happen to bring that Freshman." He was however friendly to me. There were only four of us: the one not yet mentioned was regarded as the brightest fellow in school, adding to vivid imagination and tenacious memory the greatest industry. Our host, the German, was a large man noted as an athlete; a man of violent temper and ferocious aspect. Underneath that rough exterior, though, was a loyalty that never deserted a cause. Of my companion, I am no more certain now than on that evening. He had a calculating turn of mind, was abnormally quiet and given to long abstraction. I have thought of him many times since, but without any solution.

After discussing the poetry of Goethe, Buddhistic Philosophy and what not—for I was unable to appreciate their conversation—our host drew out various articles of food from a heavily locked chest. There was more in that chest than food; for I remember hearing distinctly a clinking. The party was very lively, and gastronomically I kept with it.

At last the company disappeared. My companion as we parted said in an undertone: "The grail is beneath my coat, but do not dare to mention it."

Whether he really thought he had the grail and afterward learned his mistake, and how much deceit there lay beneath that taciturn countenance,—I never expect to know: but the next week I learned that the Literary Society Debate Cup was missing from its retreat and no man knows its resting place.

◆

A FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

M. R. COLLINS, '97.

The question should athletics be allowed in our Colleges. has ceased to be debated. The question now is, how shall we make them most beneficial. Certain considerations lead me to think that this will be accomplished in football by a league.

In the first place it would improve the game itself. The larger colleges are obliged each year jointly to make out a set of rules, by which each college may be governed individually and yet coincide in match games. But these rules do not meet the requirements where contesting teams are on different bases. If there is to be any comparison of teams they must come together on the same level, use the same rules, indulge in the same sport. If Pennsylvania colleges would form a league they could enact rules govering the contests and instead of the present jockeying for advantage there would be a fair, decisive contest.

From the player's standpoint it appears beneficial. It would purify athletics. Where amateur leagues exist professional men are turned down; with special, stringent rules professionalism could be almost eliminated. Purely college contests moreover would give football a better name. The town and professional players are those who bring upon it discredit and slurring remarks. Another reason is football requires constant practice and we all know how hard it is to get the men to train for our small games and the lack of it is demoralizing. They know they can win without regular practice and a big score is no incentive. Their attitude is decidedly different before a big game. Where the prize is highest the fight is hottest. Our present purpose is too small. We practice football during the entire year practically for one game, and when this is accomplished the result is trivial and unsatisfying. But with the greater prize in sight, standing in the league, every player would exert himself throughout the season and feel amply repaid for his labor.

Our intercollegiate position would be bettered. For while the student body thinks their team second in Pennsylvania, the players realize that they cannot schedule games that will allow any absolute reckoning to be made. Some of our most enthusiastic supporters, however, say that Bucknell should not go into a league of the first five because she might stand in a subordinate position. Should a league be formed and we not join we would sadly miss it. The Colleges in the league will be competitors; those outside will be forced to become spectators. If a league is composed confessedly of the five first teams, it can easily be deduced that a team out of the league will be unavoidably reckoned as not of the five best. It is better to be last in a first class than first in a second class.

As an advertisement it would be advantageous. The championship of the Pennsylvania Football league during the fall would be the engrossing subject of sporting interest for Pennsylvanians. Each team's supporters would become the supporters of the other four. Our league would command space in the news columns, for the press is always willing to print what the people want. It is a lamentable fact that a vast majority of the people cannot name over one or two colleges in the state, if they can name any. The league will bring all five before the public simultaneously, those who know of one will be interested in all; their attention will be held, sympathies aroused and support elicited.

For financial reasons some people object. They say that we tried a league once and could not defray expenses. But times are better now. Then football interest was confined to the few, it has widened wonderfully in the past five years. Our ordinary games are financially successful. The game at Williamsport with State, the Indian game, the Sunbury game brought in plenty of money. We lost on but one game last year and that was the poorest. The reason is not far to seek. Anyone is willing to pay to see a hard, manly contest but no one cares to witness a game when one side is in an easy lead from start to finish. All the league games would be big games and people would be sure of seeing real football when they paid the entrance fee. And the excitement of league game is two-fold as all baseball enthusiasts know. The part derived from the game itself already discussed and that arising from comparative competition. Both of these would be high if a football league were formed.

Let us by all means have a league. The players, the college, the rooters, the business manager, and the registrar should unite to encourage a football league for ninety-six.

◆

TWO BANQUETS.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Bright Miller gave a supper to the graduating classes of Institute and College in honor of their son Frank. The guests arrived at five-thirty and shortly afterwards repaird to the large dining hall. This room was elaborately decorated in Orange and Blue, bespangled with daisies—the class flower. After doing justice to an extensive number of courses, H. T. Colestock, the class president, in fitting remarks called for a toast from Mr. Rohland in honor of "Our Host." The subject of course filled the speaker with spontaneous eloquence. Mr. Walkinshaw was advisedly given the subject—"The Ladies." After he had told two jokes,—we have his word for it,—Miss Williamson made a touching response. The class poet read a poem on "Banqueting," given above, amid rounds of applause. Mr. Ware followed with a toast on the subject, "Of making of books there is no end and much study is weariness of the flesh." Inasmuch as he is a printer, the first part of the sentence is applicable and others think so of the whole text. Mr. Reynolds spoke authoritatively on the "Ultimate Ground of Obligation." This consists during the senior year in at least standing up when called on in Ethics. "That recitation is like a game of euchre; the Doctor orders you up, you give him your best, and he goes it alone." The toast master then introduced the last speaker, Mr. Wood, who spoke on that dearest of themes—"'96."

After leaving the hall, the guests enjoyed music, dancing, and recitations until the word came, all too soon, that the ladies must go. With rousing cheers for Host and Hostess the banqueters disappeared into the night.

For some time '99 slept with one eye open to find out when and where '98 intended to hold its banquet. But that eye might as well have been closed. On Thursday, February 27, as darkness was falling from the wings of night, the Sophs. stole away as silently as the Arabs and were safe and snug in a private car and well on their way to Sunbury before the Freshies awoke to the exasperating truth that they had been outwitted. Then in their delirium, led on by some gentlemanly Juniors who really ought to know better, the poor, deluded Freshies went through a number of childish performances; for all of which they now are duly sorry.

And all this time the Sophs., serenely ignorant of the pillaging going on at home, were chatting and joking, and smiling and nodding at each other in a very congenial way over familiar eatables with unfamiliar French names. After properly disposing of the numerous courses and taking a drink from the Mirror trophy cup and secretly committing to memory the French names, '98 heaved a contended sigh of fullness, leaned back in its chairs, and turned toward the Toast Master with that little self-satisfied, after dinner look of expectance that says as plain as novels would say it: "Now let's hear somebody say something."

Accordingly Mr. Flint rose. In a graceful little speech, replete with classic allusions and ending with the gallant statement that a woman always leads, he asked Miss Flora Siegel to respond to the toast, "Our Class Motto." Miss Siegel ably showed that woman rightly leads the way. She praised the wisdom of the class in choosing the business-like motto, "Virtus in Actione Consistit," and pointed out how zealously '98 has lived up to it.

In reply to "'98 and the Odd Numbers," Mr. Walter L. Hill made a bright, pleasant little speech, in spite of the disagreeableness of his subject.

He was followed by the class Quartette, Messrs. Dutton, Flint, Fithian and Thomas, who sang several wittingly worded and well rendered songs, written by them for the occasion.

Then the call for "Our Professors," gave Mr. George T. Ritter a chance to soar, and soar he did. A phalanx of phonographs could not reproduce his flights about "redecapitation in the impending struggle with the pendulum, the steam engine and the washing machine."

Mr. C. A. Lindeman was called upon to "toast co-education at Bucknell," but, as he himself put it, he seemed rather to "roast" it. His most striking statement was: "Surrounding it (co-education) there seems to be a subtle, indescribable something, perhaps analagous to a vortex ring, within which there is an influence highly inimical to the purpose of a man who is aiming for a worthy place as a student."

After Mr. Lindeman had resumed his seat Miss Grace Slifer contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by reading some original, well turned verses, full of life and fun and in perfect accord with the joyous spirit of the hour.

On "Class Athletics" Mr. Roy B. Mulkie recounted the achievements of '98 in the field of sport and made an earnest appeal to every man in the class to help with his "mite or might" to defend the "MIRROR Cup" in the coming contest.

Mr. B. F. Thomas gave the last toast "What we have not done." According to him '98 has left undone few of those things she ought to have done and has done absolutely none of those things she ought not to have done, and she is very well, thanks.

The evening was crowned by songs and cheers and a general good fellowship and each one came away more closely than ever before bound to his class-mates and to his class. And, although after a dreary trudge across the bridge from Montandon the terrible news of the devastated condition of their rooms was learned and a number of the fellows had to sleep on the floor, it will be many a day before '98 will forget the delightful evening and the brilliant success of its Sophomore Banquet.

Athletics.

On Friday, February 21, the basket-ball team journeyed to Bloomsburg where they played the Normal School team of that city. The score was 24 to 12 in favor of Bloomsburg. The next evening Bucknell tried conclusions with the Wilkesbarre Y. M. C. A. team and suffered another defeat, this time the score being 17 to 6. The men have only words of highest praise for their treatment and entertainment in that city, and are positive that the game was won on its merits,—Wilkesbarre clearly outclassing us in every point. On Friday evening, February 28, our team met with another defeat. This time the Williamsport Y. M. C. A. took the boys into camp, the score being 12 to 2. This game closed the season, the team disbanding in order to devote more time and attention to baseball.

On February 22, the second annual indoor track meet was held in Tustin gymnasium and proved to be a very successful affair. Five new indoor records were established. The meet was opened by an indoor tennis match, Profs. Phillips and Fisher against Williams and Reynolds. The playing was quite spirited, the Professors finally winning from the Senior team by superior all round work, 11 games to 6. Following is a summary of the events:

Twenty-yards' dash, Thomas, '98, 2 seconds.

Climbing 18 foot pole, Slifer, '98, 11½ seconds. New record.

Running high jump, Pearse, Academy., 5 ft. ½ in. New record.

One-quarter mile run, Dillon, '98, 1 min. 9 sec. New record.

One-half mile run, Slifer, '98, 2 min. 35 sec.

High dive, Meserve '99, 5 feet 1½ inches.

Pole Vault, Davis '98, 7 feet 7½ inches.

One-half mile walk, Thomas '98, 4 min. 18 sec. New Record.

One mile run, Slifer, '98, 5 min. 44 sec.

Sparring contest, Bartholomew and McQuistion '99. Points, 14–8, 12–9, 14–8, in favor of Bartholomew.

Standing broad jump, Conover '99, 9 ft. 1⅘ in. New record.

Bar Vault, Pearse, Academy., right 6 ft. 4 in. left, 6 ft. 3 in; through, 6 ft. 1 in.

Fencing, Allen, '95 and Gilchrist '97. Not for points.

Y. M. C. A.

The following have been elected officers of the Association for the year beginning April 2: President, E. C. Kunkle, '97; Vice President, H. C. Fithian, '98; Recording Secretary, J. R. L. Diggs, '98; Corresponding Secretary, G. L. Bayard, '99; Treasurer, E. R. Myers, '97.

The Volunteer Band for Foreign Missions held a public meeting in Bucknell Hall, Sunday, March 8. An interesting program was carried out.

The Band is doing aggressive work in visitation. Sunday, March 1, Ezra Allen, '95, addressed the students of State College, and B. B. Ware, '96, addressed two meetings at Gettysburg College. Several members of the Band conducted a Missionary service in the Baptist Church of Sunbury, Thursday evening, March 5. The ladies of the Band were also engaged in similar work.

The Academy Association last Tuesday evening elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, E. T. Shields; Vice President, G. W. Alexander; Rec. Secretary, C. B. Ayars; Cor. Secretary, H. B. C. Riemer; Treasurer, R. G. Pierson.

Local.

R. H. Rivenburg, '97 has been spending a couple of weeks away from college with friends.

Miss Rosa Hartley, the Literary Editor, has been confined to her home for some time by illness.

Misses Goddard and Taylor were in Milton on February 27, and addressed the Y. W. C. A. of that place.

Frank Hollinshead, '97, went home to Philadelphia to vote on election day. How Holly does enjoy voting.

We are glad to see Miss Davenport with us again and sympathize deeply with her in her sad bereavement!

The "Dutchman" has been kept busy with stray dogs, new shoes, and boisterous Freshmen during the past few weeks.

Prof. Hulley filled the pulpit of the Baptist church on Sunday, February 23, at Franklin, Pa. where he is well known.

Friday evening, March 13, the second Junior debate will be held, and from it men are to be selected for the prize contest.

Walter Hill, '98, slightly injured his ankle while jumping in the gymnasium a few days ago. He has recovered from the shock.

Macnab had a "date" on the evening of the twenty-fifth. These previous engagements always do interfere with our social happiness.

It would be a good idea for the relay team candidates to have a cross country run or an inter-class relay race, or both this month.

Local astronomers tell us that about forty sun spots were visible the last week in February. Attempts to photograph the largest ones failed.

We hear that Page and Hile, two new students who expect to come to Bucknell next term, are likely to try for battery positions on the base-ball nine.

Dr. Groff served up a lamb's head for the benefit of the Sophomore class in Physiology a short time ago. The brains were given to ———. Watch for effects.

We hear that our Freshman friend, LeVan, has received several flattering offers to fill the space in local papers until recently occupied by the late William Nye.

The library notices posted on the bulletin board are very entertaining as must also be the books kept out three or four weeks when they are needed daily by others.

A neatly arranged bargain counter made up of the contents of room 5 West Wing attracted much attention one Sunday afternoon. The inhabitant of that room was absent during the performance.

Saturday, March 21 will be held the annual class drills at the gymnasium. Several new features will be introduced in the program and all should attend to show their appreciation of the directors' work.

"Tales from Velleius Paterculus" recently published by an energetic Sophomore has caused that tired feeling to creep over the frames of several Freshmen who now look forward to next term with terror.

Candidates for the relay team should use the gymnasium track steadily until the end of this term and be in as good condition as possible for out door work. Next term the time for training will be very short.

Some one has suggested that we devote an evening to sparring, boxing, wrestling, and fencing contests in the Gymnasium. Undoubtedly such a meeting would prove a financial success if properly conducted.

The "Sheeneys" were given a delightful reception by Mrs. Hulley on February 27. After an elegant repast they were delighted by the Professor's inimitable renderings from Whitcomb Riley. Surely the Hebrews are not to be sniffed at.

In olden times college literary society men were wont occasionally to entertain their Seminary friends at the hill, but now the "preps" have almost monopolized the young ladies' attention When will the good old days return?

Our friend "Doc" Brown is engaged to deliver a lecture at the Pottsgrove Academy on the "Story of an Oil Barrel" soon. Several friends will go along to preserve order. Mr. Sheddan, '95, "Doc's old chum," has charge of this school.

The material for L'Agenda is fast coming in and the board is busy perfecting the many details. Artistically this will be a handsome book and it will be more convenient to handle than previous issues. It is expected to appear about May first.

Mr. Fred. L. Hayes as the guest of Prin. and Mrs. Edwards at the Academy, Thursday, February 20, had a pleasant visit with his friends of the Union City Club. Mr. Hayes is one of the traveling salesmen for the Keystone Chair Works of Union City.

Let the MIRROR suggest to our brainy readers that they spring a surprise on the students and have an inter-society or an inter-class debate some evening in Bucknell Hall. Some men like to talk considerably but when it comes down to talking for a purpose their power of speech vanishes.

A party of Institute girls came up on the hill to see the heavens from the observatory a few nights ago but in addition they saw the atmosphere full of water pails, tin horns, and masculine shouts. No doubt some one was getting even for like treatment under the ramparts of the Institute. Come again girls.

Five hundred invitations have been sent out for the Junior ball at the Armory, Friday evening, March 13. The committee has worked ceaselessly to make the affair a success, the Sunbury military band has been engaged to furnish music. '97 will make every effort to entertain their many friends in a becoming style.

The College Girls Glee Club made its debut in the Reitmeyer Benefit Concert held in the Opera House on February 28. They are to be congratulated upon bringing an unusually chilly audience to a hearty encore. At the close of this term they will give a concert in Bucknell Hall in conjunction with the University Band.

The following are settled features of the Commencement Program: Prof. E. H. Johnson, D. D., of Crozer, will deliver the sermon before the Educational Society on Sunday; Pres. Harper, of Chicago University, will address the Literary Societies on Monday Evening; Prof. Milton G. Evans, D. D. pronounces the oration before the Alumni on Tuesday.

To Alex. Douglas of the Senior class belongs considerable of the credit that the people of Lewisburg and the students of Bucknell are enabled to hear the excellent course of University Extension lectures being delivered Saturday evenings by Dr. W. Clarke Robinson, and that the proceeds go to the Christian organizations. These lectures are highly appreciated by our young people who attend each week.

Our ever popular and delightful ex-Bucknell student returned from Waverly, N. Y. in the person of Rev. Charles DeWoody and delivered another of his interesting humorous lectures in Bucknell Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 27. The audience could have been larger but not more appreciative. The young men of his fraternity, the Sigma Chi, pleasantly entertained the speaker after the lecture.

A meeting of the Executive committee on Athletics was held at the home of Prof. Hulley, Wednesday afternoon, February 26, when it was decided to close the basket-ball season at Williamsport the following Friday night, but an inter-class game was requested in order to balance the season financially. The finance committee was authorized to get H. F. Smith, '94, now of Universiy of Pennsylvania to coach the baseball players indoors this month.

It was a mean trick that the class in English History played on Professor Hulley a short time since when they left the class-room *en masse* at the expiration of the ten-minute limit, though they knew that the Professor was coming not far off. But it was a meaner trick for the man who was the first to instigate the ungentlemanly proceeding, when all his comrades had dispersed to their rooms, to sneak back to the recitation room. But that is probably the way they do it at Chicago.

The cup on the water tank has been causing unlimited trouble and pleasure. Some one walked off with the chain at the same time forgetting to detach the cup. Then the boys went thirsty until some kind person in the east wing started a subscription. They must have used up all their money because the next time we saw the filter there was a two quart dipper atached by a log chain and fastened with a large padlock. Even the Dutchman was surprised. Meanwhile the the original cup was found and returned; but the kindness of the east wingers will never be forgotten.

Two new clubs for upper classmen were recently form from the embryonic doctors and lawyers. The Alfred Taylor Law Club, named in honor of our late distinguished alumnus, adopted a constitution and elected for president, Rohland '96; vice president, Walkinshaw '96; secretary, Reynolds '96; treasurer, Sinnette '97. This club will meet every month for the study of law and transaction of business. Of the Dr. Carpenter Medical Club the officers are Williams '96, President; Fisher '96, Vice President;Brown '96, Secretary, and Grim '97, Treasurer. It meets at the call of the President.

As usual all regular work was suspended on Washington's Birthday, but coming on Saturday it was not observed by collegeate exercises. The Freshmen and Juniors were mad because Macnab put up the American flag in place of ninety-nine's colors so cleverly lowered by the Sophs. Two Sophomore girls battled nobly to keep the Freshmen colors down at the Institute. The loyal girls of '99 attended the indoor meeting wearing their color and sorrowfully viewing the superiority of Sophomore athletes. Upper classmen wasted their breath trying to provoke a class rush. This, in a nut shell, is the history of an uneventful day such as was Saturday, February 22., 1896.

The Union City club finished its first year of social existence on Tuesday, February 18, and on that evening the members were entertained in the Academy parlors by Prof. and Mrs. Edwards, where the annual election was held. R. N. Brady was initiated after which impressive ceremony, officers were chosen as follows: President, Roy B. Mulkie; Vice President, John W. Cottrell; Secretary and Treasurer, LeRoy Hall; Reception Committee, Gertrude E. Church, R. N. Brady, F. W. Dillon. Installation followed and then it was decided to tender a reception to commencement visitors from Union City. A proposition from several other students to change the organization to an Erie county club was laid on the table for future action.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Mrs. Larison recently spent three days at her former home in Ringoes, New Jersey.

All who were awake at the time the Phi Gamma Delta boys gave their serenade, Monday evening, February 24, were greatly pleased by their fine singing and gentlemanly conduct.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Nana Stephens nee Wilson, of the class of '87 has promised to write an article for the MIRROR on the Habits and Manners of the Japanese.

Very fortunate do the Senior girls consider themselves in graduating in '96, an unusually eventful year, the jubilee year of the University and the last leap year for eight years. Nor are these the only causes for tne years being memorable. One of the brightest recollections of their Senior year will be the delightful way in which they were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Bright Miller in honor of their son Frank.

The kind remembrance of the music Seniors by Prof. Aviragnet is truly worthy of appreciation. Professor delights in giving the girls a pleasant surprise occasionally. On Saturday, February 22, he entertained the following party at the "Haag House," Milton: Misses Aikin, Gertrude Morgan, Olivia Silvers, Elizabeth Walker and Sue Jones. The party left Lewisburg on the morning train, returning at 4 o'clock. In connection with rich treat, Professor presented each girl with a dainty little band finger ring, with her initials and '96 engraved within.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Douglass had the misfortune to lose a curtain by fire at his room in the west wing a short time ago. Otherwise his room was not damaged.

New hymn books entitled "Sermons in Songs" have been introduced in the evening devotional services, containg a choice selection of hymns appropriate for such meetings.

The members of the Third Form are busily engaged preparing for the Declamation Contest which is rapidly drawing near. The members of the class mean to make this a memorable event.

The Academy boarding department will close down on March 28 and open April 2. The boys think that the notice has been a little previous but there is nothing like giving them lots of time to think the matter over.

Shuhart has been granted the privilege of talking over the telephone to the girl at the central office and the "preps" do say that his recitations are showing the evil results of the change. He never misses a call though.

One of the servant girls left last Saturday in company with her intended husband and it was a signal departure. Proctor Allen played a Wedding March, and the Roomers wept aloud from their windows. We wish them many years of happiness.

The Hermenia Literary Society held their open meeting including a banquet at Huth's parlors, February 28, which was a very enjoyable affair. The Hermenians, so long noted for their delightful receptions, certainly outdid themselves on this occasion. Principal Edwards and wife and Miss Armitage—honorary members, Messrs. Hayes, Leiser and Hutchinson—Alumni, added much to the evening's pleasure.

Personals.

'53. Gen. Lewis Merrill U. S. A. died in Philadelphia, Pa., February 27, 1896. He was born in New Berlin, Pa., October 28, 1834, and after studying in the common schools of his native town, entered the University at Lewisburg, which he left in 1852 to become a cadet at West Point. He graduated there in 1855 and in the same year was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of Dragoons. He served at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. Forts Leavenworth and Riley, and Carlisle Barracks, and assumed command of the Second Dragoons in December, 1855. He was at Fort Riley, Kas. and took an important part in quelling the disturbances in 1856–58. In 1861 he was promoted First Lieutenant, and later in the same year assumed command of the Second Cavalry. In the War of the Rebellion he distinguished himself by his bravery. In 1861 he was Chief of Cavalry on General Fremont's staff. In 1862, he was Commander of a brigade in the Army of the Southwest, and in 1863 had Command of a brigade of Cavalry in the Army of the Arkansas, serving in the campaign that resulted in the capture of Little Rock. For gallant and meritorious services at Little Rock he was brevetted Lieutenant Colonel. In 1865 he was transferred to the Army of the Cumberland, and was brevetted Brigadier General of Volunteers. At the close of the war he returned to his regiment, and in 1868 rendered signal service in breaking up the Ku Klux in South Carolina. In 1876 he was in command of the troops in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exposition. In 1877, he served in the campaign against the Nez Perces Indians. During the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad he was in Command of the troops guarding the road. In 1891, he was made Lieutenant Colonel in the regular army and later was brevetted Major General. Since being upon the retired list, he has lived in Philadelpiha, where he was an active member of the Bucknell Alumni Club. *R. B. McDanel.*

ALL CLASSES.—The personal editor of the MIRROR invites all alumni and those interested in the MIRROR to send personal items. It is important that we should have your co-operation in increasing the mutual benefit of the paper.

'56. Mr. John A. Gundy was recently elected First Vice President of the Mount Gretna Exposition Association.

'64–'93. Votes for the alumni representative on the Board of Trustees to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Alfred Taylor were received from Shaw Loo, M. D., Maulmein, Burma; and Rev. E. C. Pauling, Seoul, Corea.

'72. Rev. S. F. Forgeuso in addition to his work as chaplain of the Pa. Industrial Reformatory, is editing a weekly paper.

'73. Mr. N. P. Mervine met with a very serious accident by a runaway in the Autumn but has so far recovered as to be able to go away from home (Altoona) for his health. He is a leading member of the Blair county bar.

'74. According to the *Lewisburg Journal*, Hon. Ward R. Bliss of Chester county will be a candidate for Speaker of the House.

'75. J. W. Higbee who became insane from an accident and has been several years at Dixmond Insane Asylum is now home at Castle Shannon and reported entirely recovered.

'77. Ex-Senator Eugene Emley of Paterson, N. J., has been appointed Prosecutor of the Pleas for Passaic county.

Ex.'79–'87. The Northumberland county bar gave a banquet at the City Hotel, February 20 to Voris Auten of Mt. Carmel, the retiring District Attorney and to D. W. Shipman of Shamokin, his successor. Fifty lawyers were present.

'85. Hon. C. W. Herman was re-nominated for State Assemblyman for Snyder county at the late Republican primary election, with no opposition.

Ex-'87. Mr. T. H. Purdy, of Sunbury was on the hill recently.

'87. M. M. Shreve, Esq., has recently been admitted to practice law in the several courts of Erie county, and has opened an office in Union City.

'87. Mr. Howard L. Calder, a prominent Harrisburg attorney, has announced his candidacy for the Republican legislative nomination for the Harrisburg District.

'89. Rev. C. A. Walker, of Bellwood, Blair county, has had a series of excellent meetings within his church this season, which have resulted in many additions.

'90. Miss Eva J. Stanton is in Edinboro, Pa., lady principal of the Edinboro S. N. S.

'91. Rev. Paul Tustin is the assistant pastor of the Erie Avenue Baptist Church, Williamsport.

Ex-'91. Rev. Charles DeWoodey delivered his lecture, "Myself and that other Man" in Bucknell Hall on February 27.

'92. George Shorkley is with the Crozer Coal and Coke Co., Elkhorn, W. Va.

'93, Inst. Miss Louise Lane is a successful teacher in the Huntingdon High School.

'93. Rev. E. K. Thomas is the successful pastor of the Baptist Church at Montrose, Pa.

'93. Mr. E. M. Heim has been granted the privilege of the residence and library of the celebrated Constitutional historian Edward Hermann Von Holst of Chicago University during the latter's absence in Germany next year.

'94. During February, fourteen baptisms took place in Grace Church, Washington, D. C., of which Rev. A. F. Anderson is pastor.

'94. Mr. J. R. Wood, of the Crozer Theological Seminary, was visiting gentleman friends—and others.

Ex-'95. Mr. Vastine of State College was seen around Bucknell lately.

'95. Mr. B. Meade Wagenseller, who is teaching in the Milton High School, visited Bucknell recently.

'95. Mr. Ezra Allen will become a member of the teaching force in Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, during the Spring term.

Ex-'95. Mr. R. H. Simpson, having attained the highest rank in the Engineering course at Cornell, has been appointed Department Librarian.

'95. Rev. C. F. Hall who has recently been visiting in this vicinity has resigned his pastorship at Lehman and is now located at Centremoreland.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MARCH 25, 1896. No. 11.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

MARCH 25, 1896.

THE chapel singing—how beautiful! How like some of the choruses that have stirred the hearts of thousands! How the strains of the *Gloria Patri* rise and swell in immeasurable volume! Nay! this is as we would like it; but not as it is. While it might not rival the world-stirring choruses, we yet believe it might be very greatly improved. That three hundred young men and twenty five young ladies can produce agreeable music needs no demonstration. It has been so frequently demonstrated that no one questions it. But why they do not is open to question; and the question is being asked. When the members of the Institute ceased to meet with us in chapel service, we discovered how great a part they contributed. Let us prove that we are not entirely dependent upon them.

EVERY friend of the University will rejoice because the increased attendance upon the schools demands larger accommodations; and there is confidence that the increased demands will be met. In this connection a suggestion may not be amiss. The work of the Young Men's Christian Association has grown to such proportions as a factor in the development of the University that better accommodations are almost a necessity. We believe that a building devoted primarily to the work of the Association should be erected. Such a building might contain rooms for the general use of the University, viz., a parlor or reception room, a hall for commencement and other public exercises, and several offices. With such a building the work with new students would be greatly facilitated and would become much more efficient. This work among the new students tends to elevate the moral tone of the school, and contributes much to the success which is now so marked.

THE efforts to arrange for an inter-collegiate debate between State College, Franklin and Marshall, Dickinson, and Bucknell are well directed. The plan has many good features. It will serve to foster and increase the fraternal feeling that exists between these colleges. Friendly rivalry, displayed in debates, athletics and contests of other forms will contribute more to the growth of all the institutions, than will any unfriendly or uncharitable relations. Such a debate would bring all the colleges concerned before the public, and would secure greater interest in the schools from the public at large. Athletics serve to secure such an interest; but there is a class of people who do not see the relation of athletic contests to education, who would readily see the relation existing between debate and education, and the interest of this class would also be secured. A third result would be the increased interest in debate and general literary work in each college. Everything that secures a wider recognition and a more favorable interest in a college is to be welcomed and warmly supported by its students. Success to the inter-collegiate debate!

TO THE RIVER.

Fair river! in thy bright, clear flow
Of crystal, wandering water
Thou art an emblem of the glow
Of beauty—the unhidden heart—
The playful maziness of art
In old Alberto's Daughter;

But when within thy wave she looks—
Which glistens then, and trembles—
Why, then, the prettiest of brooks
Her worshipper resembles;
For in his heart as in a stream,
Her image deeply lies—
His heart which trembles at the beam
Of her soul-searching eyes.

E. P.

SOMETHING OF JAPANESE.

Mrs. Dr. Leroy Stephens, Inst., '87.

It is well said that the chief sight of a Japanese city to a new comer is the city itself,—with its quaint wooden houses which foreign structures have only partially replaced, the native dress which western style has not yet supplanted, the clatter of the clogs, the dainty children, many of them playing shuttle cock with babies tied on their backs, some laughing, some crying, others sleeping, all make up a spectacle not soon forgotten.

Mr. Lowell said that, "To stroll down the Broadway of Tokyo of an evening is a liberal education in every day art, for, whatever these people fashion, from the toy of an hour to the triumphs of all time, is touched by a taste unknown elsewhere." Dr. Chamberland said that Mr. Lowell as an artist in words, does not add what we simple recorders of facts are bound to do, that with so much appeal to the eye, Tokyo also has much that appeals to the nose.

The people have a sallow complexion, oblique eyes, and a short stature. Though we may consider ourselves a handsome race, yet in the eyes of many of the Japanese we are only "big red-haired barbarians with green eyes." The Japanese are very industrious, accustomed to hardships, heroic, desirous of fame. They are not noted for purity, temperance or love of truth for its own sake.

The ordinary costume of a gentleman looks much like that of the ladies. His gown of four widths of thirteen inch goods is lapped over in front, and held in place by means of a large belt. The ladies use for the same purpose a wadded sash thirteen inches wide and four and a half yards long. On occasion of ceremony a garment is worn, similar to the divided skirt called *hakama*, and a coat called *hoari*, both of these are invariably made of silk, and the coat is adorned with the individuals' crest between the shoulders and on each sleeve. The head is usually bare, while on the feet is a kind of sock called *tabi* reaching only to the ankle and having a separate compartment for the big toe. This is all that is worn on the feet on matted floors, but straw sandals are worn on the verandas and halls, and for out doors wooden sandals are used with soles from two to three inches thick, very different from the Chinese slipper. Most of the men wear a tobacco pouch and pipe in their belts and some also wear at their belts a portable inkstand with pen inside.

In feudal times the Somurai men (those of the gentry class) wore two swords at their belts and had long hair saturated with oil, and drawn from the back over the middle of the shaven pate. The wearing of swords in public was prohibited by law in 1876.

The Japanese women bestow lavish care on the dressing of their hair. This is worn in different styles at the various periods of life so that it is easy to distinguish the woman's age, and whether she is single, engaged or married. They sleep on a narrow wooden pillow, only touching the head below the ear, so that their hair may remain undisturbed. To arrange their hair in native style, the service of a hair dresser is always required, whose fees range from two cents to whatever they choose to offer. When these women become Christians they arrange their hair themselves in English style and give the money, which they would have paid the hair dresser, to benevolent purposes.

The artistic native dress is slowly being supplanted by the costume of the West, especially among the men, as almost all officials are now obliged to wear the European dress on duty.

A gentleman of high rank once told the writer, that he felt his western costume oppressive in warm weather on account of the overcoat. He was amazed when told that the overcoat was only for cold weather, for, he supposed that as he, in Japanese clothes would not be well dressed without the *haori*, neither would he be in European clothes without the overcoat.

It is the custom for a Japanese lady to walk behind her husband, never by his side or before him, but if both husband and wife wore the Western dress, they would also try to act as foreigners do, and the husband would have his wife then, preceed him in passing through a door. If she were to change to her native garb the same day and would pass before him she must apologize, begging his pardon, and confessing that she is very rude.

Children never wear swaddling clothes, but miniatures of their elders' dresses, except that they wear a bib, and at their sides hangs a charm bag containing a charm supposed to protect them from being run over or washed away. They also wear a metal ticket having on it their address, as a precaution against their getting lost. They are very interesting with their dainty little ways, conforming so perfectly to rules of etiquette, which they are taught rigidly as soon as it is possible for them to learn. They kneel, place their hands on the floor, and bow their heads on their hands with charming grace. This they do to greet visitors, to thank for favors just as their elders do. As soon as they begin to wear heavy wood soled sandals, they learn that they must always leave them at the door on entering their own or any other house. It would be thought as rude to wear a shoe on their floor, as we would think it rude to walk on the table with our boots. When the Japanese reprove their children for being rude, they find no stronger expression than to say, "you are as rude as a foreigner." They have so very many rules of etiquette, it requires a long time of closest attention before a foreigner can learn them. When introducing themselves the polite and common phrase is used as follows: "My name is (O Taku.) I am from (Tokyo) this is the first time I have had the honor to hang my eyes upon you." They then invariably comment upon the weather. A number of bows are given by both parties during the introduction.

When a speaker addressed an audience for the first time, he says "This is the first time I have had the honor to be hung up before your eyes." On entering an audience room, each one feels that he ought to take the lowest seat, which is by the door, so he gently elbows his neighbor to sit over and permit him to have his place. This occasions each one to move over, until the one who sat by the door first, will be half way around the room, or near the speaker, before they begin to form a new row, and no one of lower rank will sit in front of one of higher rank.

In calling, tea is always served the guests as soon as possible, and is made in their presence, with graceful movements, learned by rule. If any one crosses a room in the presence of others, he walks in a stooped manner with the right hand held out, in dipper shape before him. At each question or answer, both questioner and listeners bow to each other. When departing from the house, the guests must wrap up the cakes that have been given them, and take them along. They must bow to the host and hostess and each say "For the great feast which I have enjoyed I thank you much," at this the host and hostess say "Don't mention it. Please come again." After the guests have put on their shoes at the door, all bow again and say "*Sayonara*" (good bye.)

SHELLEY.

Shelley, like Scott, is a poet of the past. While Scott glorifies medieval life and manners, Shelley turns to the childhood of the race, a state of naive simplicity, of innocence, of sensuous delight. He is a disciple of Rousseau, but immeasurably above Rousseau in genius. His paradise is Mohammedan, except that it is not sensual. In his majestic drama, Prometheus turns out, when released, to be a jolly school-boy, who with Asia, Ione, Panthea, all of whom are children, will take an eternal holiday, in a grot "All overgrown with trailing odorous plants, and paved with veined emerald," where they "will entangle buds and flowers and beams," "like human babes in their brief innocence." Shelley wearied of the present, uses all his marvelous power of fancy, a power unequaled among poets, in painting a future which is a retrogression to a fabulous golden age, "a return to nature," in which men, become children again, shall passively drink in delight from beauty, light and love. Shelley knows nothing of the joy of action, the transport of creating, still less of the dignity of work, and the divineness of sacrifice. The reason that Shelley is not read by this age is that the age has risen far above him and every other who place the goal or glory of man in enjoyment, however refined, and a static condition however pleasingly described. The watchword of the ages is not a return to Eden, but an advance toward God.

THE BIBLE IN COLLEGE.

No other religious movement of modern times is destined, in time, to produce such far reaching result as the study of the Bible in College. It means that the trained intellect of the age is invited to investigate the Bible and its claims. There have always been scholars in this work, but they have always been a special class without a scholastic sympathy from others of the craft. Now the college is to have the Bible. This means of course, that it will be studied by means of the methods of science, reasoning from the facts up to principles, not starting with preconceived principles and reasoning down to the facts, which is sure to result in forcing the facts to support the principle. The most recent step toward extending Bible study was taken but a few months ago. Every one who reads has heard of the American Institute of Sacred Literature. Its work has been a power. Thousands have been helped by it to a better knowledge of the Bible. This work is now to be conducted on a new basis. A Council of Seventy or Sanhedrin of the best Biblical scholars of this country has been formed at the suggestion of President W. R. Harper. This Council will organize the efforts of all Biblical teachers in the country and will direct Biblical work in all lines, through summer schools, city institutes, college classes, Y. M. C. A.'s and other agencies. It will give unity, sympathy, power to the workers. Nearly half the members of the Council are already chosen and are as follows:

NEW TESTAMENT CHAMBER.

Prof. R. R. Lloyd, Pacific Theo. Sem., Cal.
" Rush Rhees, Newton Theo. Inst., Mass.
" W. F. Steel, Denver Univ., Colo.
Dr. J. H. Ropes, Harvard Univ., Mass.
Prof. J. S. Riggs, Auburn Theo. Sem., N. Y.
" J. F. Rriggs, New Brunswick Theo. Sem., N. J.
" G. H. Gilbert, Chicago Theo. Sem., Ills.
" Shailer Mathews, Univ. of Chicago, Ills.
Mr. Clyde W. Votaw, Univ. of Chicago, Ills.
Prof. C. F. Bradley, Garrett Bib. Inst., Ills.

OLD TESTAMENT CHAMBER.

Prof. F. K. Sanders, Yale, Conn.
" D. A. McClenahan, U. P. Theo. Sem., Pa.
" E. L. Curtis, Yale, Conn.
" A. H. Hinzinga, McCormick Theo. Sem., Ills.
" Lincoln Hulley, Bucknell Univ., Pa.
" Chas. Horswell, Garrett Bib. Inst., Evanston.
" A. S. Carrier, McCormick Sem., Chicago.
" W. R. Harper, Univ. of Chicago, Ills.
Dr. H. L. Willett, Univ. of Chicago, Ills.
Prof. F. B. Denio, Bangor Theo. Sem., Me.

GENERAL CHAMBER.

Prof. Geo. B. Foster, Univ. of Chicago, Ills.
" D. B. McDonald, Hartford Theo. Sem., Conn.
" E. T. Harper, Chicago Cong. Theo. Sem., Ills.
" W. D. MacKenzie, " Cong. Theo. Sem., Ills.
" A. C. Zenos, McCormick Theo. Sem., Ills.
" G. S. Goodspeed, Univ. of Chicago, Ills.
Dr. J. S. Breasted, Univ. of Chicago, Ills.
Pres. G. S. Burroughs, Wabash College, Ind.
Pres. C. J. Little, Garrett Bib. Inst., Ills.
Dr. J. H. Barrows, Univ. of Chicago, Ills.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

The evening express slowed up as it neared the little red station, and the baggage-man threw the mail-bag on the front porch of the post-office. Then an unusual thing happened. The train stopped altogether and a man stepped down on the platform. As he stood beneath the dim station lamp, the group of loungers noticed that he was a gentleman of perhaps thirty years, although he might have been more. The train had moved around the far curve and was whistling for the next hamlet, before the stranger left the platform. He then walked rapidly up the main street until he had left the saloon, the post-office, and the general store far behind, and paused before a large mansion—one of those grand old plantation residences. It was the only thing that had changed in his absence—so changed in fact that he feared it had passed into new hands. For a moment he paused as if debating his course, and then passed up the drive to the house. As he reached the broad veranda, a light flared up in the hall. He waited a moment and then rang. Old Pete answered the bell. For a moment he peered into the twilight and then recognizing the stranger bowed again and again and ushered him into the cozy little reception room. Although the outside was changed, the interior remained the same. As he glanced around the familiar room it seemed to him as though it were last night he had said good-bye to Bess, ten years before.

When Bess entered, he noticed how she had changed. She was a woman now. The years had told on her spirits but not on her face. She was far more beautiful than when he left her, but there was a sad, depressed look in her great blue eyes that touched his heart. No doubt the recent death of her mother had affected her. She also noted the changes in him. From a wild impetuous youth he had been transformed into a sober man of the world. That he had prospered in life, she was able to tell at a glance; and yet there seemed to be something lacking to make his life altogether happy. In youth they had not been able to understand each other. She had told him in fits of jealousy that he fell in love with every pretty face. He had accused her of being too cold and unfeeling. Both had lived to see their mistakes.

They greeted each other quietly, and for a while conversed on the changes that had taken place. Then the conversation ended abruptly. He had noticed that something agitated her—probably her mother's death. After some moments of silence he said, "What troubles you, Bess?" calling her by the old name.

"Why do you ask?" she replied.

He rose, and crossing the room stood before her. "Because I love you," he answered. "I have loved you all these years, and have been faithful to you." He paused and raised her hand.

"I heard that you were married," she said.

"Nonsense, Bess," he replied, "But I will be within a week if you will consent."

"Receiving no reply he stooped down and gently kissed a tear from her cheek; and the ten years of waiting were rewarded.

A. J. HANNA, '99.

KODAKS.

C. A. LINDEMAN, '98.

He was the cynosure of all eyes; men about him breathlessly awaited any word he might let drop; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; the room began to swim about his head and he felt as though he must fall to the floor; he sank to his seat—he had flunked.

Dressed in his best he wandered down the street to *her* home, as every lamp post smiled its beams upon him he beamed his smiles upon it, he ascended the steps, he rang the bell, a moment's delay, the door was opened, a pair of slender arms were flung around his neck and between sobs and briney kisses he was told the baby had the measles—*her* home was two doors below.

"Confound your crooked ways; it tires me. Haven't I done all I could for you? Now you are not a particle of service to me. The money I have spent upon you is absolutely wasted. O yes! you are all right in appearance and my male friends do admire you when I take you out in public. But in private you drive me to desperation. The end has come, out you go." The window was raised and out was hurled his briar wood pipe, with crooked stem hopelessly clogged.

The time had come; he dreaded it, but it was inevitable; there was a trace of something more than sadness in his voice: "We must part; circumstances beyond my control ordain it, but before we separate I want to say that you have been my constant friend for a long time, my life has been largely in you, you have made me happy, and oblivious to the world's cold shoulder; your warming influence has pervaded my whole being and I can only hope that we may come together again as the closest of friends in some future time. The overcoat was a good one, and his "uncle" gave him a fair raise.

Some strong emotion seemed to be struggling within him; he opened his arms, stepped forward as one in a daze, clasped them around the frail form and was too full for utterance.—Two policeman persuaded him to believe that the lamp post would be able to stand without his assistance.

THE JUNIOR BALL.

Notwithstanding the fact that Friday, March 13,—that unluckiest of all days and all numbers,—was the date appointed for the Junior dance, it was a brilliant success in every particular and a fitting climax to Lewisburg's social season. The committee in charge of this happy event was composed of the following young men from the Junior class: F. W. Wagner, J. V. Lesher, Ed. Gilchrist, P. L. Williams, J. M. Wilson, J. A. Guie, H. C. Stanton and W. F. Eichholtz.

The patronesses who lent dignity to the affair are among the leading society ladies of Lewisburg and neighboring towns. They were Mesdames J. C. Bucher, J. T. Baker, J. E. Colt, Carl Seiler, E. M. Hummel, Wm. Leiser, W. C. Walls, R. F. Halfpenny, W. H. Hackenburg, A. A. Leiser, J. M. Linn, H. P. Glover, N. C. Marsh, J. F. Duncan, P. B. Wolfe and H. M. McClure.

Guests were present from Lewisburg, Milton, Muncy, Watsontown, Williamsport, Buffalo, Mifflinburg, Middleburg, Northumberland, Sunbury, Shamokin, Danville, Bloomsburg and Philadelphia. The energetic committee had spent much time in decorating the hall and it was the universal expression that "the Lewisburg Armory never appeared prettier." There was orange and blue bunting galore and while ninety-seven was making herself prominent on the floor below, "Bucknell '97" in orange and blue letters shone forth in all its brilliancy around the electric lights on the ceiling above. Truly it was a brilliant scene and one long to be remembered by that merry throng of dancers! The Sunbury Military Band made its first appearance in Lewisburg and furnished delightful music for the occasion. Dancing began at nine o'clock and continued until the wee sma' hours. At twelve a bountiful collation was served and at three "The Gondolier,"—that most beautiful of all waltz-songs,—was played and the Junior ball was a thing of the past. With "Moonlight on the Hudson" and "Land of my Dreams" still ringing in their ears the guests prepared to depart and as "the morn, in russet mantle clad, walked o'er the snow of yon eastern hill," groups of tired and weary waltzers could be seen slowly wending their way homeward, each one vowing to always look back with the fondest recollections on the night they spent at the Junior ball.

ATHLETICS.

A meeting of the relay runners was held in the Athletic room on the afternoon of March 10. Manager Dillon presided. About ten candidates were present. Trainer Cober gave the men some good sound advice in regard to training and urged upon them the necessity of faithful and conscientious work. Capt. Slifer of the track team made a few remarks, in which he told the men that the future of our track athletics depends to a great extent on our showing at Philadelphia on April 25.

An interesting game of basket-ball was played in the gymnasium on Saturday, March 14, between the classes of '98 and '99. From a scientific standpoint it was the best game that has been played here during the winter. The Sophomores were victorious, 12 goals to 5.

We had three or four fine spring days and the baseball men took advantage of them by getting in some out-door work. The infield was coached by Hering and several of the men showed considerable form. Smith, '94 is expected soon to take the men in hand for a week or ten days. He will coach the men in fielding and batting, at the same time giving some attention to the pitching squad. Harvey Smith will be remembered as one of the best baseball players that Bucknell has ever had.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Something of present importance—examinations.

The MIRROR board has decided to have their pictures in L'Agenda this year.

A. J. Hanna, '99 has a short sketch in *The Commonwealth* of March 14, on *Dr. Hendrick as a Wit.*

Dr. Perrine filled the pulpit of the Baptist Church in Muncy during several Sundays this month.

E. W. Cober '99 has been making his annual maple sugar trip among the boys. We will all be sweet next term.

During baseball practice recently, a large plate glass window in the front of the gymnasium was broken.

What next? Seniors—Commencement; Juniors—L'Agenda; Sophomores—MIRROR Cup; Freshmen—Mamma.

The Sunbury Military band that played for the Junior Ball gave a street concert when they arrived in Lewisburg.

Ellery Page, of Port Alleghany, Pa., has entered the Academy. He will be a candidate for baseball pitcher next term.

The March snow storm put an end to outdoor practice in athletics. It was the heaviest fall of snow during this winter.

Several of the boys fired with a zeal for the independence of the island republic have decorated their rooms with flags of Cuba.

Berger, '96, acted as attendant nurse for Sam Wittenmeyer of the Academy who was confined to the Infirmary for several days.

All students should bear in mind that vacation begins this week on Friday and lasts until Thursday, April 2. Many will stay in Lewisburg.

Carl Summerbell, '97, was a contributor to the educational number of the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*. The subject of this interesting article is "Mary."

R. B. Mulkie, '98, went to Hazelton Friday, March 6, to visit his sister, Mrs. Dr. Humphrey, and his mother. He returned on the following Monday.

In ordering their spring suits, students are requested to glance at the advertising columns of the MIRROR and find out who sells the best goods at popular prices.

Another vacation approaches and we have no glee club. Bucknell students have no good reason for not having a successful organization of their male vocalists.

Graduates of Keystone Academy met on Wednesday afternoon, March 11, and elected officers for this year: Rivenburg, '97, president; Thomas, '98, secretary; and Bunnell, '97, treasurer. The other members are: F. D. Finn, F. B. Hunt, '96; Miss Taylor, H. C. Stanton, '97; and G. H. Catterall, and Miss Myra Sprague, '99.

Pi Beta Phi entertained Miss Harris at the fraternity rooms on Friday evening, March 13.

Dr. Wayland Hoyt of Philadelphia has accepted the invitation to preach the annual sermon before the Y. M. C. A. on April 12.

When Dr. Wayland insisted that elocutionists should teach their pupils to say "No" with great force he doubtless forgot that 1896 is the last leap year for eight years.

Business manager E. R. Myers says, "L'Agenda will be out early in May." Alumni and students should have their orders in before the end of April.

In Milton, on Thursday evening, March 12, Prof. Hulley delivered his interesting and popular lecture, "An evening with Burns," before the Y. M. C. A. and friends.

The college men boarding at the Academy passed the following resolution unanimously one day recently: "Resolved that we send Macnab to Cuba—to get rid of him."

If the weather permits, the interclass relay race will be held at Brook Park track on Saturday, April 11. The Sophomores, Freshmen, and Academy will be represented.

"A Wreath of Hops," a continued story by Mrs. Katherine B. Larison, commenced in the *Commonwealth* of March 14, and is furnishing interesting reading for the College boys.

"Sectarianism in the Public Schools," by President Harris in the *Commonwealth*, can be read with interest and profit by those desiring to know the doctor's views on that important question.

Two thousand dollars received by our corporation for the general uses of the University, from the estate of Chauncey B. Ripley of New York City, have been added to the productive funds.

One of the large plate glass windows in the post office was accidently broken by a crowd of the fellows waiting for their mail one evening not very long ago. They were very sorry *post facto*. The glass was an old thing put in some forty years ago but cost over one hundred dollars.

If there is any one on the hill who has not introduced the pneumatic—gas pipe—telephone system let him come around to the MIRROR office and get a medal or his name in the paper which is just as good.

Tuesday afternoon, March 10, the editorial board of the MIRROR met in Euepia Hall. After accepting the resignation of D. E. Lewis as Senior editor, H. Harris Bower was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy.

Persons in the observatory on Monday evening, March 9, saw an unexpected sight. One of Jupiter's moons approached near enough to cast a shadow on that planet and appeared about to make a transit. Saturn is also in a fine position these evenings.

The Pittsburg Alumni will hold their annual banquet Monday evening, March 30. Alumni and former students residing in Western Pennsylvania should send their names and addresses at once to the secretary of the Pittsburg Club, W. M. Woodward, M. D., 520 Walnut St., McKeesport, Pa.

Registrar W. C. Gretzinger gave a fine gold medal, appropriately engraved, to Perkiomen Seminary at Pennsburg, Pa, which he attended several years before entering Bucknell. The medal will be presented to the winner of the prize contest in declamation at Perkiomen on March 20.

The Sophs. were not arraigned for Literature on Thursday, March 5. Gradually the news of an increase in the doctor's family was spread among the boys and when Professor Perrine arrived a little later at the hill with a countenance beaming with pleasant smiles, everybody wanted to congratulate him because of the young lady.

The second Junior debate was held in Bucknell Hall, Friday, March 13, and was attended by an appreciative audience. The subject—"Resolved, that in Time of Distress, either the States or the Municipalities should directly furnish Employment to the Unemployed Members of the Community," was ably debated by Kunkle, Sprague, Nelson, Grim, Fisk, Rivenburg, Collins and Barner. The first four were chosen to debate for the prize during commencement week.

Friend, who suddenly appears and finds "Doc" Brown attaching a jet to the gas pipe in his room:—"What is the matter, 'Doc', what are you doing now?" "Well you see I am tired of burning oil and I thought before the charm wears away, I might utilize some of the natural gas that McCay and his friends are wasting on their pneumatic 'phones."

The Bucknell Pedestrian Club has been organized with the following excellent membership: President, H. F. Harris '96; Secretary, H. H. Bower '96; Manager of tours, F. W. Dillon '98; Coach, B. F. Thomas '98; Honorary member, L. G. C. Riemer '95. The first tour was to Middleburg and return on March 13; distance 56½ miles; time, two days.

"Tomorrow, I have eighty pages to read in connection with the regular lesson in Ethics, contemporaneous events in France covering twenty years and 120 pages, for English History, and my thesis in Economics is almost due," said the pressed Senior, "yet I hear the Juniors continually talking of 'what a snap we will have next year.' Time will tell."

As announced in a recent MIRROR, Professor Hulley delighted a large audience by his address before the Pomona Grange of Union County on "Mistaken Views of Education." The lecture complete was published in the local papers of March 7, and to these, we refer the students. Lack of space forbids an enumeration of even the principal points in this able address.

Editor W. L. Kurtz of the *Lewisburg Journal*, has moved his establishment across Market Street to much better quarters on the first floor. This rising young newspaper man, who graduated from Bucknell in '85, is having deserved success both as a journalist and as a man of influence in local affairs. He always takes great pride in mentioning Bucknell's increased growth and prosperity.

Dr. Perrine's lecture for the Athletic Association in Bucknell Hall Thursday, the fifth, came too late for mention in the last issue. The attendance was large and all were interested and instructed concerning what really constitutes an English classic. Seldom has a subject been more thoroughly and pleasingly developed.

On Thursday evening, March 12, Zeta Literary Society entertained the Euepians in the Institute parlors. An interesting program was presented showing the results of the interest the ladies take in their society. After the program refreshments were served and a social hour only too soon passed away. The society was honored by the presence of President Harris and Doctor Wayland.

There was another class contest between Sophomores and Freshmen last Friday evg., March 24. This time it was one conducted by the ladies who showed what they could do in declaiming before a critical Bucknell audience. The contestants were: Sophomores—Misses Gilchrist, Slifer, Rodgers, and Siegel; Freshmen—Misses Gertrude Stephens, Thomas, Sprague, Mary Stephens, and Sharpless. The preliminary was held on March 4.

Once more the "special" fiend has appeared and this time Bucknell suffered. Shortly after the Ettlinger murder sensation in Centre county, a United Press report was sent out from Bellefonte stating how some medical students from Lewisburg were supposed to have carried away the murderer's body from its hastily made grave on the following Sunday. A party of reporters drove over to the scene of the shooting on that day; and without investigating, the frightened inhabitants took it for granted that the body was stolen. In other regards, the sensational telegram was entirely false.

Dr. H. L. Wayland, Editor of the *Examiner*, was at Bucknell on Thursday and addressed the students on sociological subjects. On Wednesday evening he lectured on the Armenian Question in the chapel of the Baptist Church before a large general audience. On Thursday morning in Bucknell Hall, he ably addressed the students on Compulsory Arbitration; at eleven o'clock, he spoke on a Scientific Basis of Charity; in the afternoon at two, he spoke on Wages and Wage Earners. The lectures awakened much interest among his hearers and at the Informal Conference held at three, many took part, discussing the situation in some of its practical and theoretical aspects. President Harris spoke on False Mythology of the Wage Question; Prof. Hulley on the Political Economy of the Prophets; Prof. Perrine on the Position of the Employer; Prof. Phillips, Messrs. Rohland, Douglas, Taggart and Miss Wheeler, on the Wage Question in Pennsylvania.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

A number of the Institute girls were invited to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon banquet, given Monday evening, March 9, at the Baker House. The fortunate ones report a more than splendid time.

The last meeting of the Athena Literary Society was especially interesting. The visitors present testify to the wide awake and enterprising spirit of Athena's young ladies. After the program the business of the society was discussed in a most exemplary and decorous manner, only one fair member being allowed to talk at a time.

A very interesting subject was debated in the Kalomathia Literary Society, Monday evening, March 9, the question being,—Resolved: that the new woman is not an improvement on the old. The speakers on the affirmative—Minnie Morris, Gertrude Kase, Ruth Bower, on the negative—Ella Bender, Edith Hartley. The negative side won.

A very entertaining number on the program was the reading of the society paper. In one of the " smile corners" was a series of conundrums, bringing in the names of all the members of the society, for example: "Cupid's sporting ground —Love-grove." The society bids fair to become a useful factor in the improvement of the "young ideas" marksmanship.

The snow, which fell several days ago, was very welcome for it afforded an opportunity for the young ladies of the Institute to take advantage of "Leap Year" and invite the boys to a sleighing party. Accordingly the young ladies met their guests at the Institute, Friday afternoon and proceeded to Mifflinburg where supper was served. Those composing the party were: Misses Armitage, Bates, Probasco, Angle, Bastress, Folmer, Jones and Dunham; Messrs. Purdy, Bayard, Clement, Elliot, Nesbit, Brady, Garner and H. B. C. Riemer.

Despite the stormy evening, the Alumnae meeting held on Tuesday the third was well attended the subject for the evening was Eugene Field. A solo by Miss Gould was the first number on the program. The members of the club then gave quotations from Eugene Field. Mrs. Seiler read a very interesting account of his life. A piano solo by Miss Aikin was followed by a recitation of one of Eugéne Field's poems for children by Miss Ruth Bower. At the request of the club, Miss Gould sang "Little Boy Blue" one of Field's prettiest poems. After some informal readings and conversation, the club adjourned.

The Institute girls were exceedingly delighted upon receiving the invitation to the "Brownie Party" given by Mrs. Edwards, in the Academy parlors, Friday evening, March 6; for they had partaken of Mrs. Edwards' hospitality before and anticipated the rich treat which was in store for them. Immediately after the reception by the host and hostess the girls began searching for "Brownies" which they found concealed in every nook and corner imaginable. The young men did likewise and then came that all important crises—it comes in every one's life—mating the "brownies." The anxiety on the part of the girls was just as marked as that of the other sex. By 10 o'clock every "Jack had found his Jill" and with her had partaken of refreshments, which were most delicious.

ACADEMY NEWS.

A translation in Virgil class: *has equitibus distribuit*—these he distributed to the calvary.

Quoth Anthony, "Fellows don't you think I can clap louder since I washed my hands?"

Double is going to lecture in the Opera House in the near future. He has announced his subject which is "Tools."

We are glad to welcome within our walls Mr. Page the prospective twirler of the sphere, whom we earnestly hope will fill his position with credit.

Mr. Samuel Wittenmyer being ill was removed to the college infirmary where we trust with quiet and careful attention he will soon return to his studies.

The Third Form Preliminary Declamation Contest was held March 14. The members of the class rendered their selections in a very able manner, and we feel safe to say that there will be a treat in store for those who attend the Contest which will be held April 25.

Friday evening, March 6, Principal and Mrs. Edwards again proved their ability to entertain their friends when the Academy boys and the young women of the Seminary assembled according to invitation at a Brownie Party. The evening was pleasantly spent in a social manner.

PERSONALS.

All Classes.—Graduates and friends from all departments of the university are requested to send items for this column. We hope through your co-operation to make the paper a more perfect means of communication between the friends of the institution.

'62. Rev. W. H. Conard gave an interesting address before Crozer Theological Seminary on March 6.

'62. D. Bright Miller was elected president of the Lewisburg and Mifflinburg Turnpike Co. at a recent meeting.

'64. Rev. E. C. Romine is holding evangelistic services at Kelleysburg.

'65. Rev. Thomas A. Gill, D. D., U. S. N. Chaplain, has moved to Hackensack, N. J.

'66. On Sunday, March 8, Rev. J. S. Hutson, pastor of the Nixon Street Baptist Church, gave the hand of fellowship to forty-two new members as the result of special meetings which are still in continuance. His salary has been raised and the church has asked him to take a vacation.

'68. Dr. Leroy Stephens visited Keystone Academy recently and made an address which was enthusiastically received.

'71. Rev. John Humpstone, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been elected president of the Minister's Conference of New York City.

Ex-'71, Ex-'78. Rev. C. H. Thomas, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, Philadelphia, has been holding special meetings, assisted by Rev. W. H. Humphrey, which has resulted in baptisms.

'71. Herbert Ashton Mace was called from earth on Tuesday, February 12. Mr. Mace is remembered by his school-mates as a man of superior mind, large heart, and right principles. Upon leaving Lewisburg, he was given a position as train despatcher in the Scranton office of the Delaware and Hudson railroad. This position he retained till he was appointed, some twelve years ago, superintendent of the Erie and Wyoming railroad. Mr. Mace in manhood fulfilled the promises of his youth, winning and holding the confidence and love of his superiors, and his subordinates. He was elected and re-elected by his associates President of the Train Despatchers' Association of America.

Ex-'73. Rev. George G. Craft is at present in Philadelphia.

'74. Pres. David J. Hill has announced to the trustees of Rochester University that he will positively resign next June.

'83. Rev. W. G. Watkins, pastor of the North Main Avenue Baptist Church, Scranton, Pa., recently presented an able paper before the Ministerial Conference at that place. His subject was, "The Idea of Brotherhood."

'83. Rev. M. J. Watkins, the immediate successor of Pres. Harris as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Factoryville, Pa., has now labored with the church for nearly seven years, during which time his work has been very successful.

Ex-'83. The Ardmore Baptist Church, of which Rev. C. M. Reed is pastor, held its first anniversary on Sunday, March 8. There were thirty-one additions during the year.

'84. Rev M. G. Smith is pastor of the Baptist Church of Towanda, Pa. On March 1, the church held its fourteenth aniversary. It was celebrated by a converts' meeting to which were invited the one hundred who had been baptized during the past four years.

'85. Carl C. Law is a deputy bank examiner and resides at 113 South 37th Street, Philadelphia.

'85. S. Z. Batten, who is pastor of the Baptist Church, Norristown, N. J., has recently entered a new church building.

'86. Rev. F. M. Goodchild has another instructive paper in the current number of the *Arena* on a phase of criminology in Philadelphia.

'87. Howard L. Calder has become a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Assembly from Harrisburg.

'88. We are indebted to Mr. H. M. Kelly for a contribution to this column. Mr. Kelly has charge of the Biological Department of Cornell College at Mount Vernon, Iowa.

'88. Rev. W. H. Clipman of Curwensville, Pa. has been called to the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Harrisburg, Pa.

Ex-'88. The Baptist Church of Sydney, N.Y., Rev. H. J. Roberts pastor, has dedicated a new house of worship.

'89. E. H. Guie was recently elected secretary of a Republican Club in Seattle, Washington.

'89. Rev. T. W. Booth, who has recently gone to Columbus, Ohio, has been very successful as pastor of the Russell Street Church.

Ex-'89. Rev. J. W. Neyman of Akron, Iowa has accepted a call to Walla Walla, Washington.

'91. Hon. John T. Hyatt, Vice-Consul to Cuba, has been furnishing the United States Government with nearly all the official information concerning the Cuban War.

'92. Rev. John S. Thomas has resigned the pastorate of the English Baptist Church at Nanticoke, Pa., and is now located in Wilkesbarre.

'92. Mr. Charles G. Shaffer of Opelousas La. was one of the participants in a Grand Concert given at that place for the benefit of the High School.

'94. Miss Mary B. Harris, at the beginning of the next quarter, will enter upon a graduate course in comparative Philology at the University of Chicago.

'94. Mr. A. E. Finn, while pursuing his studies at Crozer Seminary has charge of a newly organized Baptist Church at Mount Ephraim, N.J.

'94. Rev. Thomas S. Fretz, pastor of the Baptist Church at Beverly, Pa., was visiting the hill recently.

'95, Inst. Miss Laura Fague, of Hughesville, has been visiting Miss Mary Owens.

Ex-'95. Harry S. Bourne has a position as Civil Engineer with the Electric Traction Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

'95. Mr. Wm. B. Sheddan came over from Pottsgrove Academy to attend the Junior debate on the 13th and visit his old chum "Doc" Brown and numerous other Bucknell friends.

Ex-'96. Mr. W. J. Lewis, who is in business near Shenandoah, Pa., lately spent a few hours among his fraternity friends at the hill, the Sigma Alpha Epsilons.

Ex-'96. Mr. G. L. Megargee, now attending the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, is often mentioned by the papers as one of the most promising athletes in the university.

'—. Mr. J. Frank Mackelduff, a former academy student, is employed in the Market Street National Bank, Philadelphia.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., APRIL 10, 1896. No. 12.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

APRIL 10, 1896.

THE Vassar girls have revolted! Following the example of several other colleges, Bucknell among the number, they have requested the college authorities to substitute for commencement day essays an address by some speaker of note. The request opens several questions relative to commencement exercises. First, it is a question whether the attendants at these exercises (for whom the exercises are really arranged) prefer to hear one *more* noted and able speaker, or to listen to ten or more productions of lesser talent, but which have the attraction of being flavored with youthful effort and youthful imperfection. The fact that in our own institution Commencement Hall always contains far larger audiences upon the occasion of the actual commencement exercises, than during any of the other exercises of the week, would seem to indicate that the preference was for the productions of the students. We know that by such statements we are laying ourselves open to the charge of wishing to figure as an adornment of the commencement stage; but the fact that the classes of both '95 and '96 submitted the same request to the Faculty ought to secure the admission from all that we are but seeking to be impartial.

THE honor system of examinations is being adopted more and more generally, and it demands the attention and consideration of all our colleges. The essence of the honor system is contained in a pledge to be signed by each student affirming that he has "neither given nor received assistance during the examination." In detail the adoption of the honor system removes the necessity of Faculty surveillance, provides for a committee to be elected by the class which shall sit in judgment in all cases of alleged cheating, and obligates each member of the class to report any breaches of the system that may come under his notice. The adoption of the honor system implies that the present method of conducting examinations is at least, inadequate to prevent cheating. Still the question is open whether the transference of the duty of detecting and dealing with such cases from the Faculty to the students is the real remedy. It is a question whether it is an advantage to secure honor in one instance by offering an opportunity to transgress in another; for all students feel a repugnance against reporting an offence of this kind on the part of their fellows, and, if they bind themselves so to do and afterward fail to make such report, their word is broken and honor is violated—and most likely by those who would be last to personally act dishonorably in examinations. The progress of the system in actual working order will be watched with interest.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. ROBINSON.

When the University of Chicago opened, seven ex-presidents of colleges were enrolled among its faculty. The greatest of these was Dr. Robinson of Rochester Seminary and Brown University. In the list of faculty his name immediately followed that of President Harper, and to it was appended a list of the scholastic positions he had held:

Ezekiel Gilman Robinson, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ethics and Apologetics. A. B., Brown University, 1838, and A. M., 1841; Graduate, Newton Theological Institution, 1842; D. D., Brown University,1853, and LL.D., 1872; LL.D., Harvard University, 1886; Chaplain, University of Virginia, 1843–4; Professor ot Hebrew, Theological Seminary, Covington, Ky., 1846–8; Professor of Theology, Rochester Theological Seminary, 1852–60; President of the same, 1860–72; President, Brown University, 1872–89; Lecturer on Apologetics and Evidences of Christianity, Crozer Theological Seminary, Pa., 1889; Editor of *Christian Review*, 1859–64.

One of the first glimpses his students had of him was as he stood in prayer in his class room before he began his lecture in ethics. He was an old man, past eighty it was said. His hair and beard were perfectly white; his figure very tall and only slightly stooped; his features strong; and his clear blue eyes remarkable for searching keenness. His old age and vigor inevitably recalled the words: "Yet was his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated." His prayer before his class that first morning was a remarkable one. There seemed to be no effort in it to voice the petition of his students. The voice was so low that it could be heard only by the most attentive ear. It was for himself, not for others that he asked enlightenment,—"For Thou O Lord, knowest our ignorance, our superstition, and prejudice." He seemed to be unconscious of the presence of the class and to be alone with the Infinite. The sunlight came through a half-open shutter and fell on his white head, and one would not have been surprised to see a halo there. That was the picture of the patriarch and saint.

Both of these he always was. But in lecturing his manner was so business-like and alert, and his statements so clear-cut and discriminating, that he appeared pre-eminently the scholar and logician. At the end of a lecture, opportunity was always given for questions; and his readiness and directness of reply were noteworthy. Students sometimes ventured away from the subject-matter of the lecture and asked irrelevant questions. One young man prone to do this was a southerner of the narrowest possible orthodoxy, and bent on probing his professor's straightness of tenet. He asked one day: "Dr. Robinson, do you think that Carlyle was a Christian?" The Doctor answered with a patient good nature but rather evasively. He was surprisingly patient with well meaning stupidity. The young man pressed his point: "Well, but do you think he was a Christian?" Then the old man's eye kindled. He flashed back at his questioner, "Thank God, I'm not his judge. If there's one thing that makes me choke up sooner than another, it's to hear any man pronounce that another is not a Christian. What right have I to say? He may not be a Christian according to my little pattern, but there are other ways beside mine. What authority have I to be his judge?"

Another thing that "rubbed his fur the wrong way"—to use a favorite expression of his own was to hears scienc disparaged. Thank God for science, he used to say emphatically. "It has cleared away a greatdeal of rubbish for us and has got to clear away a great deal more. It is impossible that there should be any conflict between true science and true religion, for they are both parts of truth. Men who talk and who write books about the 'Conflict of Religion and Science' make the great mistake of not understanding their terms."

Few souls have ever been more eager for truth than he, more fearless of new light, or more urgent of the pursuit of truth. With what vim he used to quote the sayings of Lessing!—"If the Almighty stood before me, with Truth in the one hand and the Pursuit of Truth in the other, and offered me the choice, I would choose Pursuit of Truth." His willingness to adopt a new idea prevailed in regard to religious truth as well as in regard to lesser things, and it prevailed to the last. Not that he was unstable or wont to be carried about with every wind. Far from it. But he realized, as few even among great men do, the idea of Emerson, "To prefer truth rather than one's past perception of the truth.'' He could even go so far as to say, ''If this faith of mine is a mistake, the sooner I have done with it the better. Let me have the truth and thank God for it wherever I find it.'' This saying may seem trite; but the openness of mind behind it is by no means common. Compare with it the following:—At a great demoninational gathering where the wisdom of a certain scholarly investigation was being discussed, a leader of the denomination, himself a famous teacher, was asked his opinion concerning it. He said very impressively: We want nothing that will change our opinion of Christ. If there is any likelihood that this investigation may do so, let us have none of it. Such a saying would have been impossible to Dr. Robinson. He would have said, ''By all means investigate; and when the results are *established* let them modify our present views as they may. The thing we most want is truth.''

Students sometimes remarked that Dr. Robinson had no interest in individuals. Many incicidents seemed to confirm this. Once the daughter of an old friend and former colleague of his came to the University and heard Dr. Robinson lecture. After the discourse she went to pay her respects to him; and, fearing that he might not recognize her at once, said, ''I am Dr. B's daughter.'' Without a word of inquiry as to her father or others of his friends whom she had recently seen, he remarked, ''Well, you see what we are getting at in this class; we have''—and he reviewed the argument for her and told her what would follow.

Yet it was not true that Dr. Robinson took no interest in his students personally. One who had sat at his feet for a year came up for examination for one of the higher degrees. These examinations are anticipated as trying ordeals. They are oral and are conducted with the utmost formality. Student and professors all appear in cap and gown, and any visitors who may choose to come are similarly arrayed. The candidate for degree takes the professor's chair, and the examiners sit below where they take turns in questioning and keeping the student on the rack for such time as they see fit,—the entire time, however, never being less than two hours. It was in such an ordeal as this, the student shivering with nervousness and the six examining professors looking most formidable in their black gowns, that Dr. Robinson came to the rescue with a kindliness which his student can never forget. As the oldest of the professors, he was asked to take his turn first in questioning. Before asking anything, he talked for a few minutes in such a manner as to put the student at ease and quiet the quaking nerves. Then when his questions did begin, they were found to be very answerable; and the student got up a courage which held out for the ordeal. When the catechising was finished, the other examiners shook hands and offered congratulations on the successful work done. Not so Dr. Robinson. He did not say a word in that class room to the now happy candidate; but he managed to leave the room at the same time, and as they went up the corridor together, he made the kindest inquiries as to the student's plans for future work; and on shaking hands for goodby he said, ''I think you have earned your degree.'' How those words were prized. They were precious above every formal expression of congratulation on success.

A short time after leaving the University in the spring of '95, Dr. Robinson passed away after only a brief illness. Memorial services were held for him at Rochester, Brown, and Chicago; and testimonials were made by multitudes whose lives he had uplifted, that it had been one of the greatest privileges they had ever known to sit at his feet and receive his teaching. Surely the two immortalities are his,—the one unknown to us, and the one vouchsafed to those noble souls who live again in lives made better by their presence.

Mrs. Lincoln Hulley.

THE NEW ELOCUTION.

The new elocution, which is destined in a short time to make the old elocution a thing of history, owes to a great extent its rapid advancement and development to Professor S. S. Curry, Ph. D., Dean of the School of Expression, Instructor of Elocution in Yale Divinity School and Newton Theological Institute, and formerly in Boston University and Harvard University. This new method has been used and developed at Bucknell for the past two years or more by our Instructor in Elocution, Professor L. Phillips, who has studied under Doctor Curry in the Summer School of the University of Chicago.

The distinctive character of this new method as compared with the old can best be shown by a brief summary of Doctor Currey's *Lessons in Vocal Expression*. The basis of the whole system is the study of Nature. The student is taught to understand thoroughly the selection and to express it in the most natural way. Impression preceeds expression. The old elocution taught the pupil arbitrary rules governing emphasis, inflection, and gesture, made the man an automaton going through the routine laid down by the teacher, all individuality being surrendered; whereas in the new elocution the pupil becomes a man, presenting his own interpretation of literature, natural in his mode of expression, responding by his words, voice, and pantomime to his own conception of the meaning of the author.

The effect of the introduction of this method at Bucknell has been very marked. One of our trustees said last spring that the orations at commencement were by far the best heard at Bucknell for a number of years. They had "less of the ear marks of the elocution teacher about them." In the Junior Exhibition and the Junior Debate last year more individuality was displayed by the speakers than in the same contests of any previous year. Another excellent example of the good results of this method was seen in the Contest in Declamation by the young women of the Freshman and Sophomore classes which was held in Bucknell Hall on Thursday evening, March 19. The exhibition was not characterized by the sameness which usually attends such events. Each speaker arose and delivered *her* selection and not that of the instructor.

What will be the result of this method on the world at large? It is hard to tell, but judging by the past it is possible to predict for it a wonderful influence. People will desire no longer the elocutionist with her un-called-for though graceful gesture, and the Delsarte class prettily mimicing their teacher; and place will be given to the true elocution, whose representatives will present to us a correct interpretation of the thought embodied in our glorious literature.

STUDY IN FOREIGN UNIVERSITIES

The Standard, in its issue of March 28, says: "A number of the professors of Colgate University are either now sojourning and studying in foreign countries, or will soon leave to go abroad. Prof. Sylvester Burnham is in Leipzig, Prof. N. L. Andrews is in the Orient, and Prof. E. F. Nichols is in Berlin. Prof. J. F. McGregory will soon leave for Chemical research in Herdelberg and Gottingen and Prof. T. F. Harvard will prosecute advanced study in Germany.

This is as it should be. The highest training is none too good for those who make teaching their life work. No institution suffers in thus granting leave of absence to the faithful men who prize greatly such an opportunity for further study. Yale, Harvard and other institutions grant a sabbatical year (every seventh year) to each professor, and in nearly every case it is spent in travel or in studying the methods of other universities.

How proud we are that the members of our own faculty have thus had the opportunities afforded by extensive travel and study in the great universities both at home and abroad. Prof Loomis traveled and studied in Germany and France; Prof. Groff in Germany and other countries; Prof. Rockwood in Italy and Germany; Prof. Owens specialized in chemistry at Berlin; Prof. Hamblin travelled in Europe; Prof Hulley took graduate courses at Harvard and Chicago; Mr. Phillips has specialized at Chicago; and Mr. Riemer will go abroad this summer.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

"Say Jack, what do you think of that new man Wrightsey? Sort of a harmless greeny isn't he?" Jack, "Well he does seem green enough, that's certain. We ought to have some fun with him. Besides he's a Sophomore, you know."

The scene of the above conversation was a student's room in old ——— University. The speaker, Fred Haines was a confident Junior who sat conversing with his friend Jack Johnson, the first evening after college had opened. The subject of the conversation, Frank Wrights, was a new student, tall, ungainly and awkward. That he was a farmer and the son of a farmer, his movements and speech quickly betrayed. But despite all this he satisfied the Faculty that his preparation fitted him to enter the Sophomore Class.

"I say Jack, lets stir up the Freshmen to bump Wrightsey. We can all enjoy the fun, for he's such a farmer that his own fellows won't stand by him." "That's a go, Fred."

The next morning found Frank Wrights (whom we will call simply Frank, from this point on) at Chapel early. His rather course, ill-fitting clothes and his embarrassed awkwardness were the objects of some jesting and he was painfully conscious that he was under discussion. Now and then he overheard ominous words and caught significant glances. "Wrightsey ought to furnish some rare sport, fellows,—lets give him a taste of college life to-night," said Haines. "He looks rather formidable," said Harry Smith, a puny, sickly looking fellow, who always cautioned conservatism before a battle, but shouted louder than the most courageous hero after a victory had been won. Frank caught enough of such sentences as these to judge that trouble was in store for him; but he was no coward and determined to prove it if necessary.

As the boys, in groups, passed up the hill from Chapel, Frank was the only one walking alone. Several times the crowd behind him pushed one of their number against him, while those in front, with feigned indifference to immediate surroundings, stopped on the path, now and then, to remark about the farms in the distance and the farmers who lived there.

In Latin class Frank translated the passage assigned him very well for he was a thorough student. However, when the professor asked him if such a noun were ablative absolute, and he answered—"I reckon"—a general burst of laughter followed. He was hardly prepared for such an isolation of himself from the rest of the class and he became very much confused. Then, his answers to the simplest questions of construction were inaccurate and blundering, to the great amusement of the class. The girls thought his discomfiture inexpressibly funny, and after Frank sat down, their hysterical titter continued to the close of the recitation, with only now and then a few seconds of cessation to catch breath or write a note to a neighbor.

After class the girls were each eager to express an opinion about "Farmer Wrights" as they called him. As the little bevy walked along together, Kit Kelly turned and said—"He'd better be home thrashing pumpkins than to be here in College. Isn't he clumsy?—and that 'I reckon' ha, ha." Each one passed some pleasantry at Franks expense, except Blanche Avery. "What do you think of our dear, new class brother, Blanche? said several in concert, when they noticed that she alone had not ridiculed him. "I don't wish to say anything about him said Blanche, but I think we girls were mean to keep laughing after we saw how it confused him." "Well if he can't stand that, he's not much of a man," said Kit, straightening herself up as though she thought she looked manly, but she appeared only manish. The girls paid little attention to Kit, but still looked inquiringly at Blanche to hear what more she would say. "Don't you suppose it would be interesting to imagine what Mr. Wrights thinks of us? I wonder if he finds our courtesy able to stand comparison with that of country girls?" "Well I hope because we're college girls we don't have to be poky and solemn all the time" said Kit. "No indeed" said Blanche, "I like to laugh at funny things in class just as well as you; my risibles are easily aroused. It's hard to draw the line, I know, but I think that a laugh which we are sure will hurt some one ought to be restrained. This cuts out only a few of our laughs. There are many ludicrous happenings in any class and we all rightly enjoy laughing at them." "What a philosopher you are, Blanche. The Bible says there's a time to laugh and a time to weep. Is it the proper time to weep now?" said Kit. "Blanche is right" said May Fields who had been one of the first to make sport of the new student only a few moments before. "She laughs merrier than anyone of us, but she doesn't laugh at all, if she feels she might have reason to be ashamed of it afterward." Just then the girls came into their hall, and separated, going to their rooms.

During the day the boys got together and planned to surprise Frank. That evening he sat alone in his room, for his chum Jay Dickinson had been out all the evening. About ten o'clock Jay unlocked the door and walked in followed by thirty or forty fellows. "Frank, these fellows want to see you," said Jay. At that the light was blown out and Frank was hurried into the hall and down the stairs. He offered some resistance at first, but soon found it useless among so many. But he managed to keep his temper very well and exclaimed—"I reckon you, fellers have got the best of this bargain but I wouldn't care to swop places with any one of you to-night." The boys did not enjoy this honest expression and Frank got a little harder treatment because of it, but after a while the hazing fiend grew weary.

Several weeks passed by, during which Frank often found himself laughed at for his awkwardness and peculiar, provincial speech. After the first laugh, he often became confused and was scored down for his mixed, blundering answers. The professor told him that he could not pass without extra work in construction and grammar.

One day, during a practice game of foot-ball, one of the linemen was seriously hurt, and had to be carried off the field. There was no hope that he would be able to talk his place on the team again that season. Some one hinted that Wrightsey was surely heavy enough for a foot-ball player. A few days later Frank was given a suit and asked to come out and practice. He had a keen eye, good judgment and plenty of muscle to back them and soon he was given a place on the team. It was not long before he was a better man in his position than his predecessor had been. The first real game in which Frank played was a hard one but he held his man, and played a steady game. Once he broke through the line, seized a fumbled ball, and carried it twenty five yards for a touch down.

How opinions did change then! How the fellows gathered round after the game and shook his hand and vied with each other in their congeatulations. "You're all right?" "Wrightsey!" "Who's all right?" "Wrightsey!". "I propose three cheers for Wrightsey, are you all ready? hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" The girls too, who had made fun of him before, now lionized him as their hero. He was surprised at this sudden wave of popularity, which bore him along.

A few days after this game, the college girls gave a reception to the foot-ball team. Of course the hero was invited. His class sisters were standing in a little knot, together, as he entered the parlor and there for the first time he was formally introduced to them. He had incidentally and informally met two of them before—Kit Kelly and May Fields. He had offered them some courtesy which they had at first seemed grateful to accept, but afterward they had turned in into a proctical joke at his expense. They had never apologized and so now were very much embarrassed after the introduction. They tried to conceal their confusion by overwhelming Frank with praise for his fine foot-ball playing. "Didn't you hear us shouting for you last Saturday, Mr. Wrights? They could not have played at all if you had not been there. We girls just watched you all the time," said Kit, as soon as she had acknowledged him. Each girl as he bowed to her tried to out do the others in her admiring flattery. Only Blanche was modest, and evidently sincere as she said "We are proud to have you belong to our class Mr. Wrights, for you have brought credit to us as well as to yourself." Frank was not elegant in his movements nor brilliant in conversation, but he had a kindly and agreeable reserve that found the favor of all who met him.

No longer did any one laugh at his "I reckon," "its all" etc., nor at his "fud" (for food), and so he began to recite every part of his lessons well. "Nothing succeeds like success." Being encouraged by the kindly feeling of all, so constantly expressed to him, his awkwardness gradually disappeared and a distinguished dignity and strength of bearing, which graceful men never possess, took its place. His provincial and rustic expressions were lost in a clear forceful Anglo-Saxon style of speech.

* * * * * * *

Space forbids my telling of the rest of his college days except this. He graduated *summa cum laude*, and took a $200 prize for the best oration delivered on Commencement Day. His college course was supplemented by that of a professional school from which he graduated last June with high honors. But he had won another prize in a more quiet way and I hold in my hand to-day the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Avery
request your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Blanche
to
Mr. Frank Wrights,
Hazelwood, Pittsburg,
August twentieth,
Eighteen hundred and ninety-five.

Vincent B. Fisk, '97.

THE PITTSBURG BANQUET.

The Bucknell Alumni Association of Pittsburg, held its annual banquet at the Hotel Duquesne in that city on March 30.

Rev. Leroy Stephens, D. D., presided and spoke of the beneficial influence that the admission of women to the College classes has had upon the school. C. H. Hunter, Esq. of Greensburg, represented the Legal Profession; Rev. J. S. Hutson, '66, of Allegheny City spoke for the Clerical Profession; W. W. Woodman, M. D., '88, of McKeesport, for the Medical; Rev. J. W. Moody for the Journalistic; Mr. James B. Stevenson for the Mercantile; Rev. L. C. Barnes, D. D., for Sister Colleges. President Harris spoke in recognition of the valuable service rendered to Bucknell by graduates of other colleges residing in the state. He also referred to the change in the personnel of the College; formerly three-fifths of the collegiates were candidates for the ministry, now only one-fourth, tho' the number of such students is greater than in former years. There is need of increased accommodation for the students, and he is now seeking for one thousand persons who will furnish the funds—Rev. J. S. Hutson was elected President of the Club; W. M. Woodward, M. D., Secretary and Mr. James B. Stevenson, Treasurer.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miller, '96, spent his vacation in Philadelphia.

Bunnell, '97, was at Watsontown, socially inclined, on March 27.

Professor Rockwood and wife visited in Milton on Wednesday, April 1.

Miss Goddard, '97, has taken the place of Ezra Allen, '95, as chapel organist.

Doctor Groff has an article in the *Lewisburg Journal* for April 3, on "The Water Supply for Farms."

Professor Hulley was at the University of Chicago paying a visit to President Harper during vacation.

The Sigma Alpha Epsilon's are hard at work on the lot connected with their chapter house. Whether the result will be a corn-patch or the much-desired tennis court remains to be seen.

The Seniors will be especially interested in Mrs. Hulley's article on Dr. Robinson; having studied his book on Ethics last term.

Miss Mary Bartol, of Michigan and Mr. John B. Cressinger, of U. of P. have promised letters on University Life in the near future.

Messrs. Barner, '97, Flint, '98, Thomas, '98, and Meserve, '99, held a week's revival services in Dauphin, and were very successful in their work.

Warren, '99, and Rawlinson, '99, have been assisting Rev. Frank H. Farley, pastor of the Baptist Church at Milton, in a series of very successful evangelical meetings.

Miss Mary B. Harris, who has been pursuing graduate courses at Bucknell during this year, left for the University of Chicago on Monday morning, March 30, where she will study in the department of Comparative Philology.

Professor Martin is giving an honor course in Inductive Logic this term. The course consists in a comparative study of Ballentine's, Davis', Mills', and Minto's treatises on Inductive Logic, and a thesis giving the result of the study.

Mr. Dillon, the local editor of the MIRROR, spent vacation at Erie and has not yet returned. In his default the present column was scratched up at the eleventh hour by the Editor-in-Chief and the Devil. Mr. Sherman kindly furnished Academy Notes in lieu of Mr. Rowe.

Prof. Perrine delivered a lecture at Wyoming, Saturday, "On What Constitutes an English Classic." Other lectures in this course will be delivered on Pope and on Wordsworth. This is the third course Dr. Perrine has given at that place. His audiences have been larger and more enthusiastic with each lecture.

Doctor Enoch Perrine had charge of the last meeting of the Shikellimo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution which will be held at the home of Mrs. William C. Walls. He lead a discussion of the life and times of Col. James Potter, who was prominent in this section during the Revolution.

Mr. Harvey B. Marsh, a former member of the class of '97 in this University, is visiting at his uncle's, Pres. Harris. Mr. Marsh is studying in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania and holds a prominent place in track athletics there. While at Bucknell he was a member of the Varsity Baseball and Football teams.

The College Girls' Glee Club, assisted by Doctor Aviragnet and musical talent from the Seminary, held its first annual concert in Bucknell Hall on Monday evening, March 23. This is the first organization of the kind made up entirely of ladies which has existed at Bucknell, and they outdid themselves and all the Glee Clubs in the program which was presented.

On Friday evening, March 20, the members of the School of Music under the Direction of Doctor Aviragnet, gave a concert in Bucknell Hall. The instrumental music by Misses McClure, Jones, Aikin, Silvers, and Mr. J. Brown Martin, and the vocal music by Miss Riah Heinen, and Mr. Graham Marr, to say nothing of the excellent violin solo by Master William Bartol, all reflected great credit on the able Director of the musical department.

The residents of Franklin, Pa., have recently been enjoying, in sermon and lecture, the discourses of our popular professor, Dr. Lincoln Hulley. For the past six weeks he has been supplying for Dr. Brown who went there April 1, the pulpit of the Baptist Church, of which the Hon. Chas. Miller, a trustee of our University, is a prominent member. His excellent lecture readings on Riley and Burns were delivered before appreciative audiences on two successive Saturday evenings, March 21 and 28.

The Euepia Literary Society held its first meeting for this term on Friday evening, April 3. The following officers were elected: President, John V. Lesher, '97; Vice President, D. S. Grim, '97; Critic, E. C. Kunkle, '97; Secretary, G. M. Davis, '98; Treasurer, A. A. Smith, '98; Librarian, H. Harris Bower, '96. The following question was decided upon for the preliminary debate on April 10: Resolved that the presidential term should be lengthened to six years, and the President made ineligible to re-election.

On Sunday afternoon, April 5, the Baptist chapel at Pine Grove was dedicated with appropriate exercises. The choir rendered several appropriate selections, and Rev. J. T. Judd preached the dedication sermon. Dr. Harris offered the prayer of dedication. Among the others from the University who took part were Prof. A. B. Stewart, S. R. Wood, G. M. Davis, and J. C. Hazen. The building and grounds cost about $1,275 and has all been paid for except about $250. It was erected under the supervision of the Lewisburg Baptist Church.

Arrangements have been almost completed by the joint committee from Euepia and Theta Alpha for a debate against Dickinson. The debate will be held on May 29, in Lewisburg, each college being represented by three men. The Bucknell debaters will decide on the question and the Dickinson men will choose the side. Dickinson has already chosen her representatives and Bucknell will choose hers by a preliminary contest on Friday evening, April 17, which will probably be held in Bucknell Hall. The President Judges of the courts of Lancaster, Union and Northumberland counties will decide the contest. Every society man at Bucknell should work with a will during the next two weeks so we will be represented by the best debaters in the school.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Blanche Campbell, of Williamsport, has been visiting Miss Emma Kunkle.

The Institute has, thus far, welcomed four new students: Misses Taggart, McCaslin, Getz, and Sidler.

The two recitation rooms, A and B, have been greatly improved by changing the arrangement of the seats and treating them to fresh paint.

Mrs. Larison spent the vacation in Washington, D. C. The amount of sight-seeing she did in one week was remarkable, an account of which may appear in a later edition.

The attraction of Easter Sunday at home has proved too much for the faithfulness of some of our students, for they have at this date, April 4, not put in an appearance.

The Essay Contest, to which the Seniors and Fourth-years have been looking forward with much interest and anxiety, took place Friday morning, April 2, the subject of the Seniors being taken from "The Essay of Elia," and that of the Fourth-years being "The Vision of Sir Launfal." And now all members of both classes are waiting, with mingled hope and dread, for June when they will know the result of this contest.

A most delightful innovation in our social life is promised this term. The faculty and young ladies who live at the Institute intend to give on the thirteenth and twenty-seventh of April, and the eleventh and twenty-fifth of May "At Homes" in the parlors, from 4 until 6 p. m. All their friends and the friends and patrons of the school are most cordially invited. Please remember this invitation, the first date being April thirteenth from 4 until 6 p. m.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Sherman spent Sunday and Monday with Wenck, at Northumberland.

Pearse spent part of his vacation at Washingtonville with his chum, Hoffa.

Shorty took care of the Gym. fires (that they did not get too hot) during vacation.

Dickinson says he will take no more contracts to furnish the Sem. girls with cats—at night.

August Shuhart, who completed his course in the Academy last term, has returned home but will be back to enter college next September.

We rejoice with Principal and Mrs. Edwards that Rodger is improving rapidly from his recent, severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

We regret that Reed of the Fourth Form and Anthony of the Third have left school for the rest of the year. The former has accepted a position as teacher in the Muncy Normal School.

The Williamsport High School has invited the Academy to join in a series of athletic contests. The other contestants are to be: High School, Dickinson Seminary, and Bellefonte Academy. The invitation will doubtless be accepted.

During the last snow, Wenck brought to town a sleighing party of girls, from Northumberland. The College and Academy furnished the boys. All enjoyed themselves. It was given in honor of the Fourth Form.

The Adelphia Literary Society elected officers on Friday, April 3, as follows: Pres., E. Johnson; Vice Pres., Alexander; Sec., Shields; Treasurer, R. Harris; First Critic, Skinner; Critic at Large, E. Bell; Chaplin, Wolfe; Curator, Edwards; Sargent-at-arms, Groff.

The Hermenians have elected the following as their officers for this term: Pres., Pearse; V. Pres., Ayers; Sec., Marcus; First Critic, Sherman, Second Critic, B. Bower; Treas., Wager; Censor, H. B. C.' Riemer; Chaplain, Ayers; Librarian, Culp; Sargent-at-arms, Fleming Bower.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

The Registrar of the University will be grateful for the present addresses of the following Alumni and Former Students of the College:

(In case of death kindly give the year.)

ALUMNI.

1854, W. A. Anderson. 1863, W. W. Winter. 1876, Rev. L. H. Copeland. 1873, Rev. E. B. Walts. 1878, Rev. W. K. Lord. 1886, Rev E. A. Johnson. 1891, Rev. R. B. Dunmire, Rev. C. G. Langford, Rev. A. O. Stevens. 1892, Rev. C. W. Allen, Rev. W. B. Pimm.

FORMER STUDENTS.

1854, Francis P. Beck, D. K. Sterrett, A. B. Stewart, M. D., J. C. Warner. 1855, S. S. Blackwell, Job Browning, Isaiah Clowes, Jacob M. Funs, C. F. Henderson, D. Heron, Jr. 1856, H. B. Brisbin, S. D. Beecroft, Charles Cook, Nathan Fowler, R. G. Henderson, M. R. Lair, B. F. Newlin, J. B. Norton, S. U. Pott, Platt Wicks, J. E. Wilson. 1857, W. S. Allen, J. A. Barton, Alfred Delaney, Martin Guyer. 1858, C. G. M. Griffith, Samuel Stille. 1859, H. B. Johnson, I. C. Jones, W. F. Lippincott, J. M. Reynolds, C. B. Thompson. 1861, B. H. Fish, T. J. Slaughter. 1862, G. M. DePui, J. W. Greenawalt, C. H. Gunter, M. W. McHenry, J. R. Solts. 1863, T. B. Bott, H. A. Cleveland, W. L. Griffin, D. Menigy, J. H. Myser, H. A. Smith, L. C. Waid. 1864, B. L. Bowen, Thos. Collings, Thomas Evans. 1867, J. B. Ritner. 1868, J. L. A. Garber, C. A. Meylert. 1869, J. W. Atkinson, G. K. Baker, S. M. Brown, John S. Evans, J. L. Marks, J. D. Wilson. 1870, J. D. Clark, G. L. Groff, John Lynn, T. C. McHenry, W. R. Rend, M. E. Reagan. 1871, Albert Rorke. 1872, T. E. McMullin, G. G. Patrick, G. S. Rhoads, H. M. Russell. 1873, C. B. Fink. 1874, Charles Frederick, William Krider, H. H. Marr, C. F. Overholt, W. L. Wilson, C. F. Zimmerman. 1875, W. J. Dauby, Henry Lewallen, Moung Pho Sanwin. 1876, W. H. Christy, N. H. Moore, W. W. Streeter, M. D. 1877, D. B. Marr. 1879, M. F. Briggs, J. K. Maus, W. H. S. Scott. 1880, J. F. Henderson, E. W. Drinker, A. T. Moyer, J. L. Say. 1881, W. G. Keys. 1882, H. O. Noecker. 1884, G. F. McRae. 1886, William Jenkins. 1887, J. C. Eccleston, J. L. Merriman, E. A. Watrous, A. T. Wells. 1888, C. D. Clingan, P. F. DeLancey, W. D. Groff. 1889, S. C. Harry. 1891. H. Hanson, O. F. Hershey, C. K. Newell. 1892, J. W. Ivins, B. A. Baldwin, James McInnis, T. S. Morgan, Edwin Morgan.

PERSONALS.

All Classes.—Graduates from all departments of the University and friends of the institution are requested to send items for this column. With your co-operation, we hope to increase the mutual benefit of the paper.

Inst. Mrs. Katharine B. Larison has been visiting Mrs. Matlack, in Washington, D. C., during the Easter vacation.

'53. J. Spencer Kennard, D. D., is now engaged with the pastor of the Blakley Baptist Church, Philadelphia in holding special meetings.

'55. Alfred Hayes and wife have been visiting in Washington, D. C.

'56. J. A. Gundy recently attended a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Mt. Gretna Agricultural and Industrial Exposition at Lebanon.

'59. Rev. A. J. Furman has entered on the fifth year of his pastorate of the Brandywine Church at Chadd's Ford, Pa.

'61. J. K. Weaver, M. D. has just celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of his superintendency of the First Baptist Sunday School of Norristown, Pa.

'61. On March 23, a reception was given to Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Weaver by the teachers and officers of the First Norristown Baptist Church Sunday School in honor of the fourteenth anniversary of the Doctor's superintency of the school. He was presented with Thomas Hovendin's famous painting "Breaking Home Ties." During his superintendency three colonies (Bridgeport Second Baptist and East End Mission) have been sent out and there are now over twelve hundred pupils and workers in the four schools.

'68. Dr. Leroy Stephens, Financial Agent of Pennsylvania Baptist Education Society, has been attending the Scranton Baptist Conference.

'69. E. M. Beale has been in Pittsburg attending to legal business.

'69. Rev. D. R. Landis has removed from Jefferson, to Algona, Iowa.

'73. G. G. Craft, formerly of Worchester Mass., preached in the Second Baptist Church, Philadelphia, on March 22.

'73. N. P. Mervin, attorney at Altoona, has returned from his trip to the Bahama Islands. He has entirely recovered from the injuries he received last summer in an accident and is now ready again to enter upon his work.

'75. J. F. Duncan, Esq. went to Washington, D. C. on Monday, March 16.

'— Rev. David Spencer, D. D., has partially been restored to health and from his temporary residence at Dover, N. J., is conducting the Celandar of Baptist Events in the *New Jersey Baptist Bulletin*.

Ex-'77. W. H. Eldredge is pastor of the Balligomingo Baptist Church, West Conshohocken, Pa.

'77. Judge McClure has accepted the invitation extended by the Bucknell Band to act as president of that musical organization.

'83. W. G. Watkins recently addressed the Scranton Baptist Conference on the "Idea of Brotherhood."

'84. The address of Rev. F. W. Overhiser is changed from Eatontown to Garwood, N. J.

'84. Rev. M. G. Smith has celebrated the fourth anniversary of his pastorate at Towanda, Pa.

'85. R. M. Strawbridge of this place will practice law in Pittsburg.

'85. Rev. S. Z. Batten, pastor at Morristown, N. J., has raised a debt of $1000 on the Baptist Church.

'87. H. L. Calder, attorney at Harrisburg, spent Wednesday, March 25, in town.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel of Philadelphia, has several times favored this department with contributions, and has greatly aided the editors of the personal column. Thanks.

Ex-'89. The address of Rev. H. B. Rankin of Philadelphia is changed to 1513 Brown St.

'89. Mr. Jos. M. Wolfe, who is teaching Mathematics at the Pennsylvania State College, was in town for a few days.

'89. The Lehigh Avenue Baptist Church, Philadelphia has had great prosperity during the pastorate of the Rev. R. M. West. The mortgage on the Church Edifice has been paid, the pastor's salary increased and plans are being made looking to the enlargement and improvement of the present building.

'91. Mr. Paul Tustin, of Bloomsburg, Pa., was in town on Tuesday, March 31.

'91. Rev. R. B. Dunmire has a lucrative governmental position in Alaska where he is also doing missionary work.

'91. Rev. A. Lincoln Moore has resigned the pastorate of the Allegheny Avenue Baptist Church, Philadelphia, and will soon occupy permanently the pulpit of the Spruce Street Church in the same city.

'92, Ins. Miss Sarah Merriman has been visiting friends in Manayunk.

'92, Inst. Miss Katherine Baker who is attending the Woman's College at Baltimore, returned to Lewisburg to spend the Easter vacation.

'92, Inst. Miss Margaret Baker, who is taking a course in vocal training at New York City, is spending her vacation at home.

'—. Mr. H. Burns Smith, a former student in the Academy, is employed in the First National Bank at Middleburg, Pa.

'94. Mr. Joseph R. Wood, who is attending Crozer Theological Seminary was in town over Easter.

'95, Inst. Miss Florence Stoner is visiting her sister, Mrs. William C. Gretzinger, at the Academy.

'95, Inst. Miss Mary Matlack returned from Washington, D. C., and will remain in Lewisburg for a short time.

'95. Rev. T. C. Hanna, pastor of the Baptist Church at Plantsville, Connecticut, visited friends and relatives in town and on the hill a few days at the close of last term.

'96. George Megargee is a member of the Freshman crew at the University of Pennsylvania.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., APRIL 25, 1896. No. 13.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University.
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

APRIL 25, 1896.

ALL of the articles appearing in the MIRROR within the last too months were written by special request and it is necessary that such a policy in general be carried out. The editor must arrange for most of the material several numbers ahead. But that does not relieve the students from the obligation of contributing to their college paper. Poems, stories, articles on features of school-life are at present deemed most desirable and for such your humble servant will be very much obliged. *Ed-in-Ch.*

THE new departure in the social life at Bucknell, introduced in the form of the recent "At Home" given by the College Girls to all the students of the University, is most commendable. That this thoroughly enjoyable event is to be followed by others of like nature is a matter of congratulation to the young men at "The Hill." No one of the students can afford to disregard these opportunities for self-culture. It will not always be our lot to live in a world of books; we shall soon find ourselves in a world of living men and women, all of whom will have claims upon us, and a neglect of present opportunities to develop our social faculties means that we shall fail to meet and properly discharge our obligations to them. "None of us liveth to himself," is a truth universal. Books and recitations cannot furnish all the equipments necessary to a complete education; social intercourse is an essential element in such an equipment, and no student is just to himself who fails to take advantage of these opportunities for social culture. Mrs. Larison and the College Girls are to be congratulated upon their eminently successful reception of the thirteenth inst.

WE feel that any discussion of base ball interests will seem trite to many students, especially to those who are now in their third or fourth year at Bucknell, and yet there are some things connected with this branch of our athletics which deserve comment. We have reasons to congratulate ourselves upon having more and better material than we have had for at least five years. Under such circumstances to experience a losing season will be the greater disgrace. The abundance of material is not of itself sufficient to insure a winning team. Wise management, careful planning and an intelligent distribution and disposition of the men, supplemented by an entire absence of favoritism are essential to a successful and satisfactory season in base ball. When, after careful consideration, the Advisory Board has planned a course of procedure for the game, it is both unwise and illegitimate for an individual to disregard these plans. If the game is won, it is in all probability not because of this disregard for plans, but in spite of it, and such a victory is too hazardous. With this little admonition the editorial-writer extends best wishes to the Baseball team of '96 for a winning season.

MY TIME.

It aint no use to talk to me
'Bout kentry joys in Summer time;
Nor 'bout the Fall, with bush and tree
Rigged out in colors so sublime.

Of course some folks may think it nice,
With snow a kiverin' all the groun',
To slide, an' skeet upon the ice,
An hear the sleigh bells jinglin' roun'.

But I'll jest tell you, boys, right here.
You're welcome to what fun there be
In any other time o' year,
But Spring's the time that just strikes me.

No zero wind a howlin' roun',
Nor snow a blowin' in yer face;
No boilin' sun a peltin' down,
With skeeters buzzin' every place.

But jest the softest, mildest breeze,
A kind o' sight that nature heaves
On wakin', blowin' through the trees.
An' sort o' coaxin' out the leaves.

You don't feel now like goin' south
To hunt a warmer atmosphere,
But jest like openin' up yer mouth
An' drinkin' down what we have here.

Uv course you'r liable to git
The "fever," Ha, the very thing
To make you willin' jest to sit
An' take in all there be of Spring.

E. R. Powell, '96.

LARRY.

Larry arose tired and unrefreshed; he sat upon the edge of his bed in the "doss house" and moralized while awaiting his turn at the tin basin on a soap-box in the corner; if he had been five cents richer the night before, he could have secured a fifteen cent bed and a decent rest, now he was wretched in body and mind with nothing in the world but two bananas which were to be his breakfast. And all this came from trying to be good. Some kind people at a Mission had taught him that it was wrong to sleep upon a grocer's coal box where he could have cool, fresh air and be in nobody's way. As he drew on his shoes and walked across the room, he wondered whether "being good" paid.

He took a wash, and getting his bananas from the one legged keeper, he went out of the house and across the street into Franklin Square—one of the City's prettiest little local Parks—he walked under the trees to the fountain playing in the centre of the square and sat down there upon a bench. As the sunlight showed up his features one could easily see that the boy was no gamin by birth, and, rather than one by profession, he was a victim of circumstances. His head was well formed, his eyes were bright, his ears and hands were well shaped; all went to show that he and his clothes were misfits.

Larry ate his bananas without apparent relish or disrelish, sharing one of them with a group of dirty, old-*faced* children who had left off play around the fountain and gathered in front of him. The bananas were finished, the children went back to their play, and Larry's breakfast was over. Now he draws a necktie from his pocket and arranges it with a skill which might have been born from an inherited refinement of taste. He is now ready to work—to work a certain down town Doctor who had become interested in him the day before at St. M—'s Hospital, where he was visiting a sick friend. The Doctor had been in a hurry, and, and asking Larry a few strange questions about his mother and his early life, had given him an address, requesting him to call the next morning.

As the boy walked along the street, he tried to think of all he knew about his mother; she had died when he was about five years old, leaving him in the care of a man supposed to be his father, yet whom he called "Jake" just as his mother had done. Jake was harmless, but his harmlessness coupled with a spree of drunkenness got him six months in jail almost before the funeral of his wife was over. The day after Jake's arrest, Larry went to the same little park in which he had eaten his breakfast this morning, and there he had played with the children; he remembered how an old lady going by had laid her hand upon his head and said to a young man with her:—"This child may some day become President of the United States." And the young man replied:—"It is possible, yet I would wager that he will ruin his chances by being sent to jail." His words were prophetic, for on the next day Larry was arrested for stealing something to eat and sent to the House of Correction for two years. "Oh yes! it would be dead easy to tell the Doctor all about it."

Around the Bulletin in front of the *Times* office had gathered the usual morning crowd, and

Larry had to go out into the street to get around it, a trolley car was just passing and for some reason the crowd surged from the pavement at that moment, a cry was heard, a body was seen between the car wheels. it was drawn out by tender hands, and the boy as he was carried to the pavement whispered:—"Take me to St. M—'s Hospital."

In his down town office the Doctor anxiously awaited the arrival of the lad in whom he had become so deeply interested.

The Doctor had hardly come into the prime of life yet he had already made his reputation as a specialist and was looked up to as an authority in his profession. He had also made his practice pay, and he occupied his modest mansion with what his friends called a "royal batchelor style." The time had now come when he must make his visit to the Hospital where he was one of the head physicians; he left a note with his housekeeper for a boy who might come, and departed quite dissatisfied.

As soon as he had entered the Hospital, a Sister from the Accident ward came and asked him to come in haste to a dying man who in his moments of consciousness had repeatedly called for him. The Doctor lost no time in making his way to the Accident ward, but he was too late; the patient was living his last moments; in his hand was clutched the string of a locket which had been hanging from his neck. The Doctor opened the locket, a glance was sufficient, and as Larry gasped out his last breath the Doctor kissed his cheek and murmured:—"This for your mother."

Noli Spe.

STUDENT LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr Editor:—Student life at the University of Pennsylvania as a result of environment, is, of necessity, quite different from that within the halls of Bucknell. The large number of students and absence of dormitories are two factors which in the past have made our life here a unique one.

Each man, be he athlete or book-worm, or be he that ideal combination of athlete *and* scholar, has his own coterie of friends, and moves in a circle whose limits are often more constricted than they would be at a much smaller institution. Here also one comes much less closely in contact with his teacher and must be more independent, more self-reliant than at good old Bucknell, where every professor was a personal friend, ready to counsel and advise as well as instruct.

The advent of the dormitory system will bring a closer relationship of student to student; but from the large student body and the lecture system of instruction, personal contact with professors is to a great extent impracticable.

Of societies, we have a large number, covering a large field. Of social import, we have the college fraternity and in addition medical, legal and dental fraternities. A pleasant feature of the professional courses is the society for work and research in especial lines. In the medical school, some ten such societies exist and do a great work in maintaining a lively interest in medical progress. One of the most prominent organizations in the University is the "Mask and Wig" club whose annual performance during the week following Easter is always an event of the season.

In athletics, we are represented in every branch of college sport save basket-ball, which for some unexplained reason is left to the schools and athletic associations of the Y. M. C. A. All sports at the University are controlled by graduate committees, and the sound judgment of maturer years has undoubtedly a beneficial influence on the selection and management of our teams. Ability and stick-to-it-iveness will invariably win a place for the athlete on any of Penn's teams or crews. Our success in athletics for the past few years has unmistakably demonstrated that merit, pluck, perseverance and a oneness of purpose are the essentials of true sportsmanship and winning teams, the prime requisites for success.

As to amusements, our opportunities are unlimited; likewise our temptations. The theatre is generally well patronized by our students, and be it said to their credit, none but the best receive their approval. The opera and concert, lecture and recital, exhibits of paintings and sculpture are all available to cultivate and entertain. Many are the wild rumors that float about as to the wild midnight orgies of the student, and particularly the *medical* student. Let me say to the prospective "Med," do not expect to find us so bad as we are pictured. We *do* go to church; we *do* take off our hats at meals; we *do* retain at least a trace of civilization.

But amid all these attractions one's mind will wander back betimes to the old brick building on the hill, and many a sigh of regret escapes one, thinking of "old Bucknell" and the days there that passed, and passed but too swiftly by.

John B. Cressinger, '93.

BUCKNELL STUDENTS AT CHICAGO.

How are the boys doing at Chicago? That question has been asked me many times this week. They are all doing well, and all seem to think the opportunities of study at Chicago are unsurpassed anywhere in the United States.

Dr. Clarence Castle. The first I saw of Dr. Castle was on the platform of the auditorium where the "Convocation" exercises were held. It is well known that during this past year he has been advanced to the rank of Associate Professor at a salary of $2500.00. The Professor's recent trip to Greece was a great pleasure to him.

J. W. A. Young. He is the same man of "massive eye, and eagle brain" that he was here at Bucknell. His daily food is logarithms, and *n* dimensions of space. He has done distinguished work in his department, has had a promotion, and is scheduled for a new and valuable course next summer quarter in the pedagogy of Mathematics.

Mr. Ralph Catterall. At the opening of the Spring quarter the members of Catterall's class spent a good portion of their time in a vain search for the teacher. An apparently new man had his chair. It was Catterall himself but what a change! He too has had a promotion to "Tutor." His advancement has been very marked, having gone in three steps from Fellow, Assistant, Reader, Docent, to Tutor. The members of the University have all heard of the fame of Catterall's work, and speak of him as a very able man.

Mr. A. R. E. Wyant. I met Wyant at the Auditorium. He is now the pastor of the church at Morgan Park. Within six months, under his care, the membership of the church has been increased by 73 new members. A recent action of the Y. M. C. A. has placed Wyant on the "Supervisory Committee of the Y. M. C. A. athletic league of the U. S. for the Central States. The Ministers Association of Chicago has made him its treasurer, and he has been asked also to assume charge of athletics at Pine Lake Assembly, a Baptist resort in Indiana.

E. M. Heim. Heim is regarded in high favor. Dr. VonHolst who recently went to Germany for six months, turned his house over to Heim, and as a mark of special confidence, the latter is the inmate of the great historian's study. Heim expects now to begin his Doctor's thesis, and to do the bulk of his work in Prof. VonHolsts' library. Heim and Catterall are members of a select club which meets to discuss history subjects. Professor Judson and friend speak warmly of Heim's work in Political Science, and History and the boys talk of Heim's German research powers.

R. B. Davidson. Davidson has achieved a gratifying popularity as a singer. During the Winter at the great concert, in the Auditorium, given by the University glee club, Davidson sang no less than seven solos. He was repeatedly encored. He is Assistant Superintendent of the Hyde Park Baptist S. S. and will be the Precentor of the new choir, organized in the new University. He has been doing special work in Hebrew and Arabic under Pres. Harper. His other Professors have been Dr. Galusha Anderson, Dr. Breasted, Dr. Hulbert, Dr. Northrup, Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Burton.

Ralph Snow. Snow is working hard, and making a fine reord. Dr. Hewitt told me he was one of the best men in the Divinity School, and gives promise of a great preacher. Others spoke of him as one of the most acceptable preachers out there. He is out every Sunday, and goes to some of the best pulpits of Illinois, and Indiana.

Miss Mary B. Harris. I saw Miss Harris on the day of her arrival. The next day I found her in the classical library, deep in the pages of Lucretius. On the table lay her copy of Roman Tragedy. Its fierce looking cover suggested its difficult contents, but, *mirabile dictu*, the climax was reached when she informed me that her third course was to be Latin Epigraphy. She likes her work, surroundings, professors, and House. Profs. Miller, Abbot and Chandler teach these subjects and have great reputations, but it is the writer's humble opinion that our own Professor Frank E. Rockwood is equal, if not superior, to any of these men both in his knowledge of Latin, and his teaching ability.

David Philips. Mr. Philips likes Chicago. He speaks warmly of the opportunities there. He rooms in middle dormitory, and the students there speak of Philips' midnight oil, and his great faithfulness to duty.

The spirit of Allen still haunts the place, though he is not there any longer. Mr. Calvin and his wife are there, and like the place very much. Unfortunately I did not see enough of them to inquire particularly into their welfare. They all said "remember me to the boys at Bucknell." President Harper spoke enthusiastically of the good work our boys are doing there and have done, and spoke with pleasure of his visit to Bucknell in June. *Lincoln Hulley.*

THE RELAY RACE.

When about the middle of last term, Bucknell received an invitation from the University of Pennsylvania to send a team to the annual intercollegiate relay races, it did not take athletic director Cober and Captain Slifer and a few other interested parties long to decide that we could enter a pretty strong quartette of sprinters and at least make a favorable showing in the contests which take place on Franklin Field, Philadelphia this afternoon, April 25. Fourteen young men who take interest in track sports, immediately volunteered their services and started individual training until the beginning of this term since which time they have all been carefully working under trainer Cober. But the question of finances came up and the Executive Committee on Athletics refused to sanction the race until this matter was straightened which was easily done by the Finance Committee authorizing captain Slifer to receive subscriptions. He found the students almost unanimously in favor of the team and soon the necessary funds were raised.

Outdoor training began as soon as the snow was off of the ground and then the team met its only hindrance—because we have no track near at hand to practice upon and this is one of the most striking necessities in our college athletics. Still the candidates worked with vigor and an interclass relay race was arranged for April 11, at Brook Park track. The condition of the track did not permit of the quarter-mile relays being run so a 280 yards dash was held on the back stretch. The candidates were divided into groups and Prof. Bartol who takes especial interest in these sprinting contests, held the official time while Mr. Bunnell acted as starter. Considering the poor track, the time made was very good and the finish was as follows:

First group—Pearse, Slifer, Young, and Barrett; time 34 seconds.

Second group—Conover, Dillon, Riemer, and Fithian; time 34 seconds.

Third group—Meeker, Smith, Pierson, Mulkie, and Rowe; time 34¾ seconds.

From the nine best candidates in this race, the Bucknell team was chosen on the following Saturday.

In Philadelphia, F. B. Ellis, Esq., manager for Pennsylvania, did every thing possible to insure a successful intercollegiate meeting. All the leading colleges in the United States and Canada were invited to send teams and these were divided into groups as nearly equal in ability as possible. Any college that felt strong enough to enter the contest for the championship of America was permitted to do so. The race was designated as being for one mile divided into quarter mile relays withfour colleges in each contest for trophy prizes. Bucknell is classed with State College, Dickinson, and Franklin and Marshall. Later an invitation was extended to Bucknell to enter a five mile race of one mile relays on the same day but was not accepted. To get the public interested, the picture of the captain and other information concerning each team was published in the Philadelphia papers. Then the best seats were reserved for the college men and arranged so that the supporters of each team might sit together. And lastly, to make the visit to Philadelphia more pleasant, committees of students from the University of Pennsylvania were appointed to meet each team and show them any points of interest they might wish to see. Through the kind efforts of W. Norman Morris, Esq., one of our successful graduates, good rates and a comfortable location was secured for the Bucknell boys at the Hotel Hanover in the heart of the city.

Throughout the trial contests, the spirit shown has been everybody for the success of the college and those who failed to be one of the five successful candidates to wear the orange and blue at the races to-day, feel that they were given a fair chance to prove their ability as sprinters. The team has been given a neat, regulation outfit suitable for track contests. *Frank W. Dillon.*

THE UNIVERSITY'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The next commencement, which takes place June 19–24, is the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the institution. In order that the occasion may be appropriately celebrated and that the semi-centennial may become a prominent part in the history of the university, large efforts have been put forth to make the occasion one of great interest to all the friends of the university.

On Sunday morning of commencement week President Harris will deliver the historical address in the Baptist church. Rev. E. H. Johnson, D. D., of Crozer Theological Seminary, will preach the sermon before the Pennsylvania Baptist Education Society, in the evening, The oration before the literary societies will be pronounced by President William R. Harper, LL. D., of the University of Chicago. The address to the Alumni will be delivered by Professor Milton Evans, D. D., of Crozer Theological Seminary: The Alumni poem will be read by Mr. Charles J. Wolfe, of Lewisburg. Kerr B. Tupper, D. D., of Philadelphia, will deliver the address to the College graduating class, and H. L. Wayland, D. D., of the New York *Examiner*, will be the principal speaker at the corporation dinner. Miss Lucia Meade Priest, of Boston, will be the speaker before the Alumnae of the Institute, on Monday afternoon.

A history of the University will be published in honor of the occasion. This work is now rapidly going forward under the direction of the President of the university. Among other features it will contain excellent engravings and half-tones of the following who were prominent in the founding of the university or who at one time taught here:

William Bucknell, John P. Crozer, Benjamin Griffith, David Jayne, Eugenio Kincaid, George M. Spratt, Henry G. Weston, Thomas Watson, S. W. Taylor, Howard Malcom, Justin R. Loomis, G. R. Bliss, C. S. James, and Francis W. Tustin.

The history will also contain the historical address of President Harris, extracts from the charter, list of trustees and other officers, professors, instructors, alumni, matriculates, alumnae and other matter of historical importance, besides principal events year by year including the attendance, etc.

The history will be gotten up in substantial style and will be printed on heavy plate paper. It will make a souvenir worthy of the occasion and every friend of the university should be provided with a copy. Copies of the history may be subscribed for in advance by addressing the Registrar of the university.

The music will be in charge of Dr. Aviragnet whose success in bringing together musicians of great ability insures all commencement visitors that the music at the coming anniversary will be of a high order.

Special railroad rates will be secured and arrangement will be made with the hotels and boarding houses for the accommodation of the many visitors expected.

The college graduating class this year numbers 35 members. The graduates from the Institute School of Music number twenty. Large classes usually mean a large commencement. The large classes graduating this year and the commencement being the half-way mark in the university's century will attract a large crowd here next June.

ATHLETICS.

Following is the schedule of games as arranged by the Business Manager of the baseball team:

April 18, Watsontown at Lewisburg.
April 25, Bloomsburg at Lewisburg.
April 27, Watsontown at Watsontown.
May 2, Indians at Lewisburg.
May 9, Lock Haven Normal at Lock Haven.
May 16, Dickinson at Lewisburg.
May 23, Bloomsburg at Bloomsburg.
May 30, Gettysburg at Lewisburg.
June 6, Dickinson at Carlisle.
June 13, Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
June 20, Lock Haven at Lewisburg.
June 24, Open at Lewisburg.

On April 11th, the baseball team played its opening game with the Milton team on the Bucknell campus. As this was the first appearance of the team everybody was anxious to "get a line" on the work. Considering the weakness of the Milton team it would be unfair to judge the team by its performance on Saturday. However, several of the men showed considerable form and improvement. Brady caught and batted much better than ever before, while among the new men, Conover showed up the best. The Peddie man fielded well and batted hard—hitting safely every time he came up. All the pitchers were tried and all showed up well, Page especially doing good work. Team play seemed to be the greatest weakness. Following is the score:

BUCKNELL.

	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Devall, lf, & p	4	5	1	0	1
Mulkie, ss......	2	6	1	2	2
Hering, cf.....	2	1	0	0	0
Reynolds, 1 b.	5	4	7	0	0
Brady, c........	5	2	7	0	0
Geary, p........	3	1	0	3	1
Grimm, 2b.....	3	5	3	1	1
Conover, rf...	8	5	0	0	0
Catterall, c....	3	3	2	2	1
Page, p. & lf..	2	2	0	1	0
Cutler, cf......	1	1	0	0	0
McQuistion c	2	1	6	0	0
Total......	37	36	27	9	6

MILTON.

	H.	R.	O.	A.	E.
Townsend, lf.	1	1	4	0	2
Shay, 1b........	0	0	9	0	3
Heckert, p....	2	1	0	4	0
Kauffman, ss	1	1	0	2	2
Phieger, rf....	0	0	0	0	0
Tate, 2b........	2	2	1	2	2
Wolfinger, cf.	0	0	3	0	0
Crotzer, 3b....	0	1	5	0	2
Teufel, c........	0	0	4	1	0
Total......	6	6	*26	9	11

*Mulkie out on infield fly.

Summary: Home Runs, Devall, Conover, (2); 3-base hits Reynolds; 2-base hits, McQuistion, Mulkie, Hering. Reynolds, Brady, (2); Conover, Catterall (2), Page (2). Heckert, struck out, Bucknell 3, Milton 12. Umpire, Parker.

Y. M. C. A.

The annual sermon before the Christian Associations of the University was delivered on Sunday morning, April 12, by Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D. In the evening Dr. Hoyt gave one of his characteristic, and instructive addresses before the Christian Endeavor Society.

On Tuesday evening, April 28, Dr. Hoyt will deliver his lecture entitled: "Lessons From a Noble Life," based on the life of Arnold of Rugby. It is very gratifying that we can announce to the public that Dr. Hoyt will so soon again appear before the students and patrons of the University. The lecture will be given in Bucknell Hall under the auspices of the college Y. M. C. A. for the benefit of the Northfield Fund. Admission 25 cents. Tickets on sale at the usual places.

During the Easter Vacation the Y. M. C. A. Band, composed of Messrs. Barner, Flint, Thomas and Meserve held a series of very successful evangelistic services at Dauphin, Pa. About 25 conversions are reported.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Trailing arbutus parties have been in season during the month.

The baseball crank, the bicycle freak, and the tennis girls are on the turf again.

Mr. Josephs reciting in Theism: "Science is the observation of scientific scientists."

Already the work of clearing up the campus for commencement is being pushed forward.

The Juniors have decided to wear the regulation cap and gown at their commencement exercises in June, 1897.

This warm weather makes us long for that pure, filtered ice water again. Call up the ice man, please, Mr. Registrar.

A local paper says that Lewisburg ladies have formed a class for the pursuit of literary study under the direction of Prof. Perrine.

Messrs. Fisk, Hall, Hunt, and Martin assisted in the production of "Little Women" by the Institute Y. W. C. A. a short time ago.

Co. A. of the N. G. P. located in Lewisburg was inspected recently. Macnab, Collins, Cober and several others are our college "sojer" boys.

Field Day will be some Saturday next month at Brook Park track. All the classes should enter teams in these contests for the "Mirror" Cup.

The College Girls' Glee Club has disbanded for the year but will reorganize in the Fall. The MIRROR congratulates them on their very successful season.

H. C. Fithian, '98, was confined to his room several days as a result of exposure and overexertion at the preliminary contests in sprinting on the 18th ult.

All who attended the Y. P. S. C. E. free social at the Baptist Church, Saturday evening, April 11, report a delightful time and the formation of many acquaintanceships.

"College Prizes" was the subject of President Harris' lecture at the opening of the term on Monday, April 6. He said that the greatest prize was found in the formation of a true, strong character.

Robert B. McCay was chosen floor manager of the annual "stag" dance at the gymnasium, April 24. The "professor" takes great pleasure in this style of pedal exercise.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. Hile who has come to take a course at Bucknell. He has a good record in athletics and will be found on the 'Varsity baseball team this term.

The next important event in our social existence is the pleasant literary exercises of the Institute, otherwise called the "Soiree" which will be held next Saturday evening, May 2.

The tennis courts have been put into good shape by the admirers of the game and interesting contests are of daily occurrence. As usual the annual tournament will begin in May.

Last Saturday evening, the Freshman contest in declamation for the young men was held in Bucknell Hall. The contestants were Bayard, Cober, Deibler, Devall, Hanna, Jenkinson, Keen, Meeker, and Morris.

W. M. Bunnell, '97, has organized a choir of our best male voices to lead chapel singing hereafter. This is a most agreeable improvement and may be the means of getting a college glee club in shape for next year.

Friday evening, May 22, is the date of the Junior "Ex." Those chosen to be the orators on this occasion are: Misses Goddard, Hartley, Hanna, and Taylor, and Messrs. Barner, Fisk, Rivenburg, Sinton, and Summerbell.

The Juniors are having their turn at star gazing this term. When one young man learns where to look for the moon and another finds out that the surrounding stars are not Jupiter's moons, then we will further record their observations.

Prof. Lincoln Hulley gave his lecture on "Burns" in Bucknell Hall, Friday evening, April 17. The fact that our popular young orator gave the readings was an assurance of a pleased audience and considerable proceeds for the baseball team.

In the last issue, the MIRROR unintentionally omitted mention of Theta Alpha's reception to its friends and the members of Zeta Society in the society hall, Friday evening, March 20. The literary program and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

The Seniors have decided to invite the ex-members of ninety-six to the annual class banquet which will be held sometime during the week before commencement at the Hotel Updegraff in Williamsport.

These warm evenings, the Bucknell band has been giving a few outdoor concerts and at the same time getting some needed practice in drilling and marching on the campus in anticipation of attending a big parade of the Odd Fellows reunion at Watsontown, on April 27.

Theta Alpha Literary Society recently elected the following officers for this term. President, J. W. Davis,'96; Vice President, R. T. Wiltbank, Jr., '95; Critic, F. Hollinshead, '97; Secretary, A. L. Hanna, '99; Treasurer, D. K. Laudenslager, '98; Censor, M. R. Collins, '97; and Curator, J. R. L. Diggs, '98.

At the Grand Arch Council of the Phi Kappa Psi college fraternity held at Cleveland, Ohio this month. Bucknell was represented by Charles Koonce, E. M. Green, W. C. Gretzinger, and L. C. Walkinshaw. Mr. Gretzinger responded to the toast on "Pan Hellenism" and was elected editor of the fraternity's official organ, the *Shield*.

At the preliminary debates on April 10, the following were chosen to represent their literary organizations in the inter-society debate. The contest was held Friday evening, April 24, when the affirmative side was handled by Harris, Grim, Bower, Hering, and Wiltbank of Euepia, and the negative by Johnson, Kunkle, Fithian, Diggs, and Carringer of Theta Alpha.

The Zeta Literary Lociety elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, Miss Mary Rohrer; Vice President, Miss Kate Goddard; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Wilson; Treasurer, Miss Mary Stephens; Critics, Miss Nellie Taylor, Miss Anna Rodgers; Program Committee, Miss Wolfe, Miss Hanna, Miss Chambers, and Miss Thomas; Executive Committee, Miss DeWolfe, and Miss H. Allen.

A rather queer accident that luckily did not result fatally occurred on the athletic field one afternoon recently. Devall was playing centre field and Grim second-base when a fly ball was sent between them. Both rushed for it at full speed and as neither coacher nor captain yelled in time, a collision resulted. It was hard enough to throw both players to the ground and prevent them from farther practice that day.

Will some one please tell us why it is that several young men have the habit of sprinting at break-neck speed for over half a square to beat a few fast freight of six or seven cars past the crossing?

An increased number of students is taking the honor course in Sociology this year. The work consists of

I. Study and written review of Maccun's "Ethics of Citizenship."

II. Thesis of not less than two thousand words on

1. Compulsory Arbitration,
2. The Old Charity and the New, or
3. Wages.

Mr. Christian Van Gundy who lives near the Institute, Prof. Owens, Rev. Judd, and Judge McClure were visited by one or more burglars, Saturday night, April 18. The financial losses amount to something less than $100. The boro authorities have offered a reward of $300 for the apprehension of the parties. Some of our braver friends on the hill are telling how they would handle the burglar if he should come into the college.

We are informed that very few of the college boys took advantage of the kind invitation to attend the first "At Home" at the Institute, Monday afternoon, April 13. The fact that this is something new at Bucknell ought not to keep away those who would otherwise attend. If the young men would only show their appreciation of the social gatherings now arranged, we are sure that the number of these would be carrespondingly increased. Boys, don't be backward but let us all attend the next "At Home."

The article by John B. Cressinger, B. U. '93, U. of P., '96, is the first of a series. Next edition will contain a delightful description of Yale Life by Jas. M. Kendall, '94. He describes the spirit of the place and doings of the students in a way that will be of interest and should be of profit to every Bucknell student. In the edition of May 15. Alfred Hayes, Jr., Ex-'95, will write of Princeton Life with a special reference to the intercollegiate debates in which he was a representative of Princeton. Miss Mary Bartol '94, will follow with "Student Life at the University of Michigan."

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Hibbard a graduate of Pratt Institute is the guest of our principal.

During part of Dr. Hoyt's stay in Lewisburg he was entertained at the Institute.

We regret that only four of the five Seniors in the music department will be able to graduate this year, Miss Gertrude Morgan being unable to return on account of ill health.

Friday evening, April 10, in the school-room, the Fourth Year class in Elocution gave a delightful entertainment, consisting of the reading of choice selections from "Little Women" illustrated by tableau. Messers. Fisk, Hunt, Martin and LeRoy Hall kindly assisted in representing the masculine characters of the story. A gift of five cents was made by each one present for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A.

The first of the series of "At Homes" at the Institute was most successfully inaugurated on Monday afternoon, April 13. We had the pleasure of seeing a great many of our friends, both from the town and the University. Music contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion and light refreshments were served. The next receiving day will be Monday, afternoon *April 27*, from four to six when we hope to meet many more of our friends.

On Saturday afternoon April 11, Mr. J. Brown Martin gave a recital in the music store of J. R. Smith & Co., at Milton. He was assisted by Miss Aikin, and Mr. Graham Marr of Shamokin, who is a vocal pupil of Dr. Aviragnet's. Mr. Martin played solos upon the violin, violincello, and mandolin. The people of Milton were highly pleased with the recital and extended a hearty invitation to the participants to repeat the performance.

A proverbial precaution for the saving of property resorted to in the case of a burning house is carrying the feather bed carefully down stairs and throwing the china out of the window. After the recent burglaries in the neighborhood, two girls were known to shut and lock hall windows, the approach to which, would present serious difficulties, but to leave wide open certain other windows, access to which was easy had the burglars been inclined to enter.

On April 9, Mrs. Larison gave a reception to the Institute class of '96 and the resident members of the class of '95. A large number of guests were entertained, including a number of prominent people of the town, members of the faculty and students of the college. The amusement of the evening, consisted in matching different parts of quotations which were printed on slips of paper and pinned in various parts of the rooms. The contest was entered into with a great deal of zest, prizes being awarded to the one who succeeded in matching the largest number of parts of quotations and also to the one who, out of the parts in his possession, produced the best mis-matched quotation. All present agreed that this reception was one of the pleasantest social events of this year.

ACADEMY NEWS.

We notice the victim of supposed LaGrippe again in our midst.

Kress has found a new term for the grammar namely direct incourse.

Sweet music swells the breeze since the Third Form has begun to scan Virgil.

The fine span of horses belonging to Mr. Peck became frightened at a passing train along the river road, and ran away however doing little damage. The horses after having freed themselves ran into a farm yard near by.

Apparently some of the students are preparing for a fast, for it is said that during vacation last, several of them dieted on cheese, crackers and bologna purchased by them, and some apples kindly distributed by Mr. Reese Harris.

The social which was given at the Baptist Church proved an enjoyable affair, but not a success, we regret that an innocent amusement cannot be indulged in by some persons without introducing unfairness, on account of which the full program could not be carried out successfully.

PERSONALS.

'62. J. G. Walker, D. D., pastor of the Mantua Baptist Church, Philadelphia, gave the hand of fellowship to fifteen last communion and six were received by baptism in the evening.

'65. H. B. Garner, pastor of the Downington Baptist Church was given a surprise visit on April 2, by about fifty of his congregation.

Ex-'66. G. B. Miller was in Philadelphia recently.

'68. Dr. LeRoy Stephens made visits to Mt. Pleasant and Washington, Pa.

'68. J. W. Plannett has accepted a call to Stoneboro, Pa., where he has been supplying. He moves from Cambrigeboro.

'69. Pres. J. H. Harris attended the banquet of the Pittsburg Alumni Association during the vacation.

'69. Hon. Thos. Phillips of Chester County, was in town recently. He is state representative from that county.

'74. Hon. Ward R. Bliss, of Chester, Pa., has been renominated by the Republicans as a candidate for the Legislature.

'76. Rev. L. C. Davis and family have moved to Allenwood, Pa.

'80. F. L. Lewis, pastor of the Bethlehem Baptist Church, Philadelphia, gave the hand of fellowship to twenty-one, last communion.

'81. Rev. F. H. Shermer, of Jeannette, Pa. has declined a call to Connellsville, Pa.

'85. Attorney Ralph M. Strawbridge is visiting in Pittsburg.

'86. Howard S. Calder, attorney at Harrisburg, is a candidate for the Republican nomination for the legislature from his district.

'88. W. H. Clipman began his pastorate of the Harrisburg Temple, April 5. His address is 1116 Green St., Harrisburg, Pa.

'88. The address of Rev. D. M. Jones is 1601 Passyunk Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

'89. W. C. Gretzinger has been visiting in Sunbury, Pa.

'89. C. A. Walker, pastor of the Baptist Church at Bellwood, Pa., and wife were given a reception by the church upon their return from a visit to Philadelphia.

EXCHANGE.

Now the timid, doubting suitor,
By Professor Roentgen's art,
May, before he speaks, discover
If she has a marble heart.—*Ex.*

Cornell will resume the examination system this year, as a result of last years experience.

There are over two hundred college papers published in America while Great Britain publishes but one.—*Ex.*

From this time on, no discrimination as to sex shall be made in choosing the members of the faculty at the U. of Michigan.—*Ex.*

Indiana University has added to its curriculum a course in journalism. The studies in this proposed course include English history, constitutional law and political law. The department is in charge of an experienced newspaper man and the purpose is to give practical instruction by requiring the students to do work in every line pertaining to the publishing of a newspaper.—*Ex.*

TO THE FRESHMAN.

Blessings on the, little man—
Verdant boy with cheeks of tan!
With thy patched up pantaloons
Worn for many many moons:
With thy greenness and thy gall,
With thy crudeness plain to all;
Thou art but a freshman now
And to senior thou must bow;
But despite thy lowly name
Thou wilt get there just the same.
—*Ex.*

The late Hart A. Massey of Toronto has left the following bequests:—Victoria College, Toronto, $200,000; Wesley College Montreal, $50,000; American University Washington, D. C., $50,000, to erect a building to represent Canadian Methodism in that University. The Rev. D. L. Moody's schools, Northfield, Mass., $10,000; and the Methodist Deaconesses Home Training School and Hospital Toronto, $100,000.—*Critic.*

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Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MAY 11, 1896. No. 14.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,

LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

MAY 11, 1896.

THE Editor is pleased to announce six notable articles to appear in the last two numbers of this volume. One on "Student Travels Abroad" by Professor Hamblin, dwelling on the possibilities of such travels for other students. An article by Dr. Perrine, subject to be announced later. Mrs Larison will write of "Sight-seeing at the Capitol." Dr. Lincoln Hulley has consented to describe Student Life at Harvard, completing the series in which will appear, as announced, articles on "Life at Princeton" by Alfred Hayes, Jr., Ex.'95, and "Life at Michigan" by Miss Mary Bartol, A. M., '95.

BUCKNELL is not absolutely free from that class of individuals who have a remarkable facility and readiness for contracting monetary obligations, but who show a marked disinclination to meet their obligations with a settlement. The man, who, by adverse circumstances, disappointment, and such causes, is prevented temporarily from meeting his obligations, is not a member of this class. Would it not be advisable to gather these men (the first-mentioned) into a class for recitation, and make economics a required study for them? True, such a procedure would necessitate considerable change in the course from the method now followed, but what a vast fund of information would be secured by Dr. Perrine, which might prove invaluable to future classes, with reference to methods employed and ethical principles justifying such practice. The man who chances to buy these people at fifty cents, seventy-five cents, or a dollar per head purchases experience at a low rate, and yet he is "stuck" for just the amount of the purchase.

WITHIN a short period we have had twice presented to us—first, by Dr. Robinson, and again by Dr. Hulley—Burn's famous poem, "a man's a man for a' that," in such form as to force its truth and significance upon us with greater power. If a man has never learned that truth before coming to college, his college course can scarcely be said to have been very effective if he completes it with that lesson still unlearned. Yet there are some in college who would maintain with warmth the principle in Burn's lines, who act directly contrary to it in their treatment of one of the employes of the University. To serve in the capacity of janitor, or even "man-of-all-work," does not lessen one's manhood. Even though one is not qualified to occupy a superior position, this does not of necessity prevent his being "a man for a' that." To select as the object of sport one who is at a disadvantage, bebecause of position or otherwise, and to take unfair advantage of positions in which he is placed in the discharge of his duty, by "ducking" and deluging, and by other methods equally prep-like, would establish the opposition of the principle, viz., "a man's" *not* "a man for [because of] *a'* that." Some of our students have yet to learn—and ought to learn at once—that Joe Shultz has a right to his clothes, and a right to himself. Don't forget to be, above all things, a man.

STUDENT LIFE AT YALE.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

In reply to your request for a brief article upon the athletics, amusements and societies of Yale, I may say it is with reluctance I enter upon the task; for, having been connected with the University but two years, and that too, in the capacity of an observer rather than a participant in the many phases of college activity here represented, naturally my picture of Yalensian life will lack, in some degree, the true blue tint; and my words fail to ring with a genuinely patriotic sound.

However, even a passive observer must become aroused more or less with a spirit of enthusiasm, caught from the echo of victories on many fields. Indeed, these are so well known to the general college world, that it seems unnecessary to linger on the status of athletics at Yale. But yet, the long process of training preparatory to the successful issues on the arena, while carried on in the background, is no less interesting as being means to the end. As one enters the gymnasium gates on a March afternoon at four o'clock, he will be forced to stand aside to allow a troop of twenty or thirty men rush by, clad only in linen trunks and jerseys, setting out on their daily run through the streets of the city. It is the track athletic team. Advancing into the extreme end of the gymnasium yard, one finds himself at the baseball cage, where several scores of men await their turn before the bat, to receive, as gracefully as possible, the observations of the coachers--complimentary and otherwise.

Entering the gymnasium from the rear, and threading one's way through the dressing rooms of the football team, where the stained and gory armors of many a bloody conflict hang, one hastens to reach the rowing tanks, where the Freshmen and 'Varsity crews bend beneath the lash of the coachers. Ascending to the second floor, masters of fencing, wrestling, boxing, etc., are putting their pupils through lessons of self-defense; while on the third floor, the celebrated Mike Murphy is timing the runners around the track or giving points in hurdling, pole-vaulting, sprinting, etc.

It is an invigorating scene, and one that contrasts well with that to be witnessed at the same time across the street in "The Chamber of Horrors," where scores of unfortunates are bending over their examination papers, with throbbing heads and haggard eyes, that cast occasional sidelong glances toward the glowering faces of supervisors.

But there are moments of relaxation from physical strain and mental terrors. And while all classmen may participate therein, it is the Senior, who, with over-stocked brain and weight of dignity, is alone privileged to indulge in such games as marbles, spinning tops, rolling hoops and "nigger baby." To be sure, one is apt at first to look with contempt and disdain upon such innocent pastimes, but let no one be too summary in passing his disapproval upon them, until he himself has enjoyed the delight of a premature return to childishness, without fear of being scoffed at.

But it is in the twilight hours of spring time, when the day's recitations are over, and when the heralds of summer vacation begin to greet the weary plodder, and when the air itself seems burdened with a soft refrain of sentimentality and romance—it is then that the Yale men gather around "The Fence," and burst forth in rich melodies of praise to "Alma Mater"—a most fitting type of the steadfast unity and democratic kinship so characteristic of the Yale spirit. It is this that is transcendent; and to this all society connections and fraternity zeal are subservient. Indeed, fraternity spirit at Yale is not characterized by the enthusiasm prevalent among them in smaller colleges. It is true the Dekes sing their song, and the Psi U's answer in quite as fervent strains, but that there should be discord or anything but friendly rivalry would be discountenanced as a menace to the revered customs of "Yale Democracy." All things are means to a single end—the preservation of Yale's prestige. Undoubtedly, the strongest social advocates of this end are the Senior societies. These —"Skull and Bones," "Scroll and Key" and "Wolf's Head"—ranking superior to fraternities, and powerful in the prestige of the past form an oligarchy, which keeps in check, by its very existence, factional strife among societies of a lower order and influence.

The first and final observation to be made upon life at Yale may find expression in the homely adage—"in union there is strength."

Jas. Malcolm Kendall, '94.

SECTIONAL OBSERVANCES OF A HOLIDAY.

The greatest day of celebration is not one and the same through out this land of enthusiasts.

Thanksgiving and Easter are observed more in the East than in the West. Fourth of July is of secondary importance to the Texan whose liberty was won rather at the Alamo than at Yorktown—. In fact the Glorious Fourth is scarcely noticed unless it be by a tiny flag in front of the P. O. But Christmas, that is the time when their exuberance bursts forth. If you spend that day in some small Texas town the sights you see will not soon be forgotten. Owing probably to the large number of English in this state, many English ideas as regards the observance of X'mas have been transplanted. So the urban X'mas is almost identical with the Northern, though not quite the same, especially with the children, for although they may have their X'mas tree, no stockings are hung by the chimney. They do not know Santa Claus the rolicking, jovial dispenser of gifts, whom we always look for, never see, but who seldom fails to leave some evidence, however slight, of his having visited us on that eventful evening. There is no snow for his sledge. Texas weather, even at X'mas, does not admit of the wearing of fur overcoats.

But the characteristic X'mas the X'mas of the cow-boy, negro, and poor planter, does not catalogue even the X'mas tree, yule log nor plum-pudding; but rather fire works, drinking; and the observances which we associate with the Fourth of July. Torpedoes are exploded beneath your door in the morning to arouse you, while your greeting, from all, is "Christmas Gifts," instead of our time-honored Merry Christmas!

The more well-to-do Texan goes to town, which is excitement in itself, and when aided by the requsite "Christmas drunk" his happiness is complete.

The negro takes a week off. In past no work can be done duriug this time, for men will not labor. In the grand hubbub of fire works and pistols, the Texans chase the negroes out of town, nor dare they return until all the festivities are passed.

With what gaudy colors do the cow boys bedeck themselves. Whole troops of them come galloping, racing, tearing into town. Their heavy buckskin leggings and high heeled boots, to which are attached clanking spurs, are more picturesque than comfortable. Their brown faces, shaddowed by dark sombreros, are relieved by bright scarlet or green neck ties with gloves to match.

A contest in lassoing wild steers is always gone through with. It is marvelous with what speed these men ride down the beast, larriet and tie him. And it takes no little skill. The little broncho tugs at the rope, after the steer is thrown, to keep him down while his master does the tieing. All betting is done on these matches rather than on the horse racing, which is a clumsy affair. But the noise! Oh! the shooting, the yelling and the fire works are maddening. So they keep it up all day, and night too—"celebrating."

The trained bands of militia find this a convenient time to show off their skill at arms. They drill in the public square and add their share of noise to the general confusion.

Early in the evening flocks of children, barefooted many of them, troop to the churches and hold the entertainments common to all sunday-schools. But this is soon over and the children find much greater delight in the minstrels that promenade the streets.

The poor plodding planters, their wives and being unable to attend the festivities in town, meet at the country "church-houses," and hold exercises. Debating is a prominent feature on these occasions, at a certain one the question to be decided was—"Who was the greater man, Columbus or Washington?"

Columbus defendant declared with vehemence that his hero "had crossed the trackless ocean, where there never had been no track." But he was worsted in the debate. His opponent capped the climax by shouting "Why Washington is the greatest man that ever lived. He is greater than Napoleon or Ceasar or Columbus—Yes he was the greatest man that ever lived save one!" And from the posture assumed he left his hearers very much in doubt as to whether or not he meant himself.

Outside the "church-house" the varied conveyances and conveyors are lined up:—great blue carts, hauled by long horned oxen; bronchos with heavy leadded saddles on their backs and rawboned horses attached to ram-shackled carryalls.

Some of the trees near the "church house" have been bored into, the holes filled with dynamite ready to be fired.

The audience streams out and amid the yells of victory from Washingtons admirors, the fuses are ignited. Thus ending the day with a fierce cannonading—more terrible than all that has gone before.

And what is all this commotion about? Why, they are celebrating Christ's birthday, the day when the Prince of Peace was born.

Ann M. Gilchrist, '98.

THE DENTIST.

(A MONAGRAM.)

An old-fashioned house it is, with front window made up of those small panes we now so seldom see, they attract our attention, we count them, twenty-five in all. On either side of the window is folded back an ancient heavy shutter. Standing stiffly out from the doorway is a rusted old sign with its inscription as plain as that on a visiting card. Above the heavy door is a transom made by narrow panes of glass radiating from the house numeral like the rays of a setting sun. Painful necessity says we must enter here: the antique iron knocker is raised, and then dropped with a bang that causes our heart to pound in anticipation of the pounding our teeth are to suffer later on. A voice bids us enter; we obey. Our strength seems to diffuse itself through thin air, we sink upon a horse hair sofa whose length seems to invite us to lie down and die—we wish we were home. This sofa is a large one, and we feel that we are sitting with the miserable ghosts of many erstwhile anxieties. A screen prevents our seeing the "chair of torture," and in hopeless dispair we allow our gaze to wander around the room; the paper on the walls is plain and hidden by but few pictures; in one corner a desk is heaped high with piles of papers, an old iron strong-box glares at a new, brightly varnished safe which has usurped its predecessor's office. On the mantel, and partly hidden by the stove pipe, is the statute of a defiant cavalier whose broken sword bespeaks a disastrous combat with the huge black monster before him. Inside the window is a Venetian blind, which may have been swayed in bygone time by breezes from another clime.

The doctor is back in his workshop, and while in suspense we await him, a boy with frightened face comes in and falling by our side, nestles up to us like a babe to its mother. We quickly look at his cheeks, but the swelling we wanted to see is not there; with hypocritical tenderness, while we really hope the child has come to have four teeth extracted, we ask whether he is going to have anything done; with charming simplicity he tells us he has just come to see whether mamma's teeth are mended yet—we are disappointed almost enough to curse him.

The doctor comes in now and invites us into the "chair." It takes a mighty effort to rise and stagger over; we mount the steps of the foot rest—they seem like steps of a sacrificial altar—and drop back, our body stops when it reaches the chair, but our stomach seems to continue its downward motion into subterranean depths. Our head falls back on the head rest. Ah! *her* head has been there, we are ready to die now if the worst should come. But *his* head has been there, now our head is uneasy. The doctor begins to explore for cavities, and we wonder what kind of soap it was with which he so carefully washed his hands. There is a scale of plaster hanging loosely from the ceiling and directly over face, we wonder whether it would fall into our mouth of its suspending filament should break. A butcher's boy goes whistling merrily by, we would like to exchange places; we heard his step approaching, we look out to catch a glimpse of him, but he has passed and all we see is: "Terms cash" scratched upon the little pane of glass through which we looked. The inside blinds of a window in the house opposite open and for a moment a fair face is seen, we present a ludicrous appearance to be sure, but we wish she had lingered. We gaze into the doctor's eyes so near ours, and try to read our fate, they seem cold, cruel, and we anticipate a struggle with that supreme instrument of torture—the dental engine, but we are mistaken; the doctor straightens up with a long breath and says: "No, I can't find any cavities this time."

Noli Spe.

WHEN WILL L'AGENDA BE OUT.

"When will L'Agenda be out?" This question is becoming very popular as we gradually near the time when L'Agenda is looked for. The editorial answer to this question is, usually, "Next week," *i. e.*, it is not definitely known.

In order that the Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager may not be bored to death with this foolish question, we would say that L'Agenda can be expected about the 20th of May. There are many factors which enter into the publishing of a book, and some of these being unknown, it is impossible to state definitely the exact date when L'Agenda will be ready for delivery.

And then there are many other idle questions which come to our ears concerning L'Agenda: "What will it be like?" "Will it be as good as last year's?" These questions and others like them must await answering until the questioners can answer them themselves.

"But how about the price?" says one. Well, the price is $1.00. "That means," says some one, "a corresponding advance over previous volumes in the make-up of the book." Yes, that is what it means. And we feel no hesitancy in assuring all beforehand that the advance in price will be fully compensated by various features which are a mark of the forth-coming volume. Of course there will be errors in the book, and no doubt many features will be subject to just criticism. But, what of that? All the class of '97 asks is recognition of the merits of its book as well as adverse criticism.

Several days ago a certain individual sauntered into the editorial sanctum and asked the following question: "Of what good is the L'Agenda, anyway?" This same question has often come into the mind of the editor as he has plodded away at his manuscripts, vexed because his assistants did not "come to time." Many a time he "to himself hath said," "of what use is all this toil and 'vexation of spirit?' How many will appreciate my labors when completed?" But then, all this does not necessarily prove that L'Agenda is useless. But of what good is it?

Well, some think its only mission is to bring glory (!) upon the class publishing it. Others think its only good lies in the experience and honor which accrue to the Board of Editors. But there is a wider sphere of usefulness which may be attributed to L'Agenda: In a measure, it is an index of the University, whose life and doings it expresses in brief. As such, it serves as an advertising medium. It therefore is deserving of the hearty support of every student. It may be asked right here, Do not the University authorities owe their hearty support also? We say, Yes! In many universities and colleges the authorities use as high as 100 copies of their college annual as an advertising medium, thus greatly assisting the publishers.

Well, as has been said, L'Agenda will make its bow sometime in May. Meanwhile, let each subscriber prepare to meet his obligation to the business manager when he shall appear with much-looked-for L'Agenda. *E. C. Kunkle, Editor.*

THE RELAY RACES.

Bucknell's Relay racing team consisting of Captain R. N. Brady, C. J. Pearse, E. C. Conover, F. W. Dillon, and C. P. Meeker left Lewisburg on Friday morning. At Philadelphia, they put up at the Hanover Hotel with the Lafayette and State teams and here several ex-Bucknell men called among whom were W. Norman Morris, Esq.; I. N. Portser and F. S. Rodgers of U. of P.; and G. O. Barclay of Lafayette.

Franklin Field held over five thousand people Saturday afternoon, April 25, at the relay carnival. The fifth college race was called at three o'clock when the sprinters from State, Dickinson, Bucknell, and Franklin and Marshall took their positions. The day was too chilly for fast sprinting and there was a stiff breeze blowing in the faces of the runners as they finished the last handred yards. State had a big advantage in having the pole position.

In the first quarter mile, Pearse, gained the pole and led until the stretch when he was running shoulder to shoulder with Kaiser of State. Realizing that by trying to cross the track in front of Kaiser to the second Bucknell man's position, he would foul his opponent and be ruled out of the race, he hesitated so as to allow the State sprinter to take the pole. This momentary stop gave McKibben a lead of ten yards for State. Brandenburgh, for F. &. M., came in third, twenty yards behind Kaiser, and Holliger (Dickinson) was last. McKibben led in the second quarter but Dillon gained several yards on State and gave Conover second place. Burgh (F. & M.) was several yards back and Keeler. Dickinson) fifty yards in the rear. Conover had been sick the day before and was unable to run in his usual form, so, at the finish of the third quarter, Price had increased State's lead to thirty yards, Rich (F. & M.) second, Conover third, and Wingert (Dickinson) last. Espenshade held State's good lead and won easily in 3m. 43 4–5s., the fastest time of the meeting outside of the championship race. Brady sprinted hard and ran a long distance beside Bean (F. & M.) but when they met the strong breeze at the finish, he played out and gave up the race, permitting the Dickinson Indian Ralson who was then fifty yards behind to finish third.

After the races, the boys enjoyed a lunch in company with four or five hundred visiting college men in Houston Hall, a lecture on foot-ball by Walter Camp of Yale; and later, refreshments and social pleasures at the Mask and Wig club house. Former Bucknell men now at Pennsylvania who helped to make our visit a pleasant one were H. B. Marsh and J. B. Cressinger who participated in the local events of the U. P. A. A., R. F. Trainer, I. N. Portser, and F. S. Rodgers. Sunday the team was entertained at the homes of friends—Pearse and Dillon at Mr. Pierson's, Conover and Meeker at the latter's home, while Brady went with Firth and Douglass who arrived on Saturday, to Chester.

All were sorry that the team was defeated because several good authorities said the men showed the ability of winners had they been in proper condition and well trained. With no training table and no place to get steady practice it is no wonder that the men showed such a lack of training. They might have walked about three miles each day to use a track where no greater distance than 300 yards could be found fit to run upon, but this would be worse than the poorest training. The defeat is certainly due to not having a campus track on which to get experience in relay racing and endurance for the full distance. If the same team or a better one is given a good quarter-mile cinder track and just a little favor from the base-ball committee, it will win the race next year. The result of this race is the best argument which can be found for a cinder track and a training table for all athletes.

F. W. Dillom.

FIELD DAY.

Field Day with the annual inter-class contests for the "Mirror" cup will be held at Brook Park track on Saturday afternoon, May 23, although by poor management the Executive Board proposes to send several of the best men away with the baseball team. This will be the only contest in field and track sports this year and every effort will be to make it record breaking in each event. Besides the eleven events designated by the constitution for the class contests and in only two of which a contestant may participate, there will be special events as the mile walk, bicycle races, 220 yard hurdles, 50 yards dash, hop, step and jump, a one-half mile inter-class relay race of four 220 yard relays and other events. In order to establish a much needed standard at Bucknell only those qualifying according to the constitution will be considered as members of the '96 Field and Track team. Every class should put a team in these events and permit their men to wear the class colors. Entries will close on Saturday, May 16 and positions on the track designated at a drawing that evening. Hacks will run to the grounds. Admission price will be—gentlemen 25 cents, ladies 15 cents; no extra charge for the grand stand. All new contestants for these events should enter, report to Captain Slifer, and immediately go into training under director Cober. Judging from present appearances, Pearse will break the record in the 190 yards dash and high jumping, Cober in shot putting and hammer throwing, Smith in 220 yards dash, Conover in the 440 yards dash, Meeker in the mile and Slifer in the half-mile runs, Bunnell in the hurdles and Elliot in the broad jump. The co-operation of the students will make this meeting a big success. Entries and information can be obtained of the manager.

Frank W. Dillon.

ATHLETICS.

Dr. Lincoln Hulley has offered a prize, in the shape of a watch charm, to the member of the team who makes the greatest number of sacrifice hits during the season of '96. The handsome little souvenir will be suitably engraved and will be a fitting testimonial of having served the team in a manner much needed at present.

Saturday May 9, the team plays Lock Haven Normal at Lock Haven. The following Saturday the strong Dickinson team will be on the College

Campus and on May 23, the boys go to State College.

Bucknell won its second victory of the season Saturday, April 18, the victim this time being the Watsontown team. The game was played on the college campus before a small crowd. The game was devoid of any special interest, Bucknell taking the lead and keeping it throughout the entire nine innings. Weidenhammer started in to pitch for Watsontown but soon retired in favor of Roup. Hering's home-run hit to the cinder path was the feature of the game.

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Conover, lf	2	2	1	0	0
Devall, cf	3	3	1	0	0
Hering, 2b	2	1	0	1	1
Gilchrist, 2b	0	0	0	1	2
Hile, 3b	2	3	0	1	4
Page, p	0	1	0	9	0
Brady, c. & b.	1	2	9	1	0
Reynolds, 1 b.	1	2	9	0	0
Stanton, c	0	0	2	0	0
Geary, p. & 2b	2	1	0	2	0
Cutler, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Jenkinson, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Mulkie, ss	2	1	3	2	1
Total	15	17	*26	*17	8

WATSONTOWN.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sanders, ss	0	1	0	3	1
Roup, 2b & p.	1	1	6	3	0
Sommers, lf	0	2	0	0	0
Diehl, 2b	0	0	5	3	4
Champlain, 1b	2	0	11	1	1
Tyson, c	2	1	5	8	0
Huther, cf	1	0	0	0	0
Wertman, rf	0	2	0	0	0
Weidenhammer, p. & 3 b.	0	0	0	6	2
Total	6	7	27	19	8

Summary; Earned runs, Bucknell 9, Watsontown 1; home runs, Hering; two base hits, Conover 2, Devall, Mulkie, Sanders, Roup, Wertman; struck out by Page 8, Weidenhammer 2, Roup 4; Bases on Balls, Roup 2, Geary 2, Page 5; double play, Diehl to Chaplain; passed balls, Brady 2, Stanton 1, Tyson 5. Umpire, Rohland.

Saturday afternoon, April 25, Bucknell crossed bats with the Bloomsburg Normal team, the game being played on the college campus. The game was very unsatisfactory from every point of view. The visitors telegraphed Manager Rex in the morning that they would come for seven innings, after which they would have to leave in order to catch the train. At the end of the sixth inning the Bloomsburg boys were one run in the lead, thereupon they left the field claiming that they must catch the train, while, as a matter of fact, they had twenty-eight minutes to finish the game. However, Bucknell played a very listless game. Unless the team gets more life and "snap" into it, we can never hope to win games. Jenkinson played a consistently good game while Devall did some very clever fielding. The diamond was slippery and muddy owing to the recent rains, making fast infield work impossible. Following is the score:

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Mulkie, ss	0	0	1	2	1
Devall, cf	1	2	4	0	0
Hering, 2b	2	1	1	2	1
Reynolds, 1b.	1	1	6	0	1
Catterall, 2b, c	1	1	3	1	1
Geary, p. 3b.	1	0	0	2	0
Page, rf, p	1	1	2	2	0
Jenkinson, lf	1	1	1	0	0
Stanton, c. rf.	0	1	0	0	1
Total	8	8	18	9	5

BLOOMSBURG.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Jones, ss	1	1	3	3	1
Aldin'er, c	2	0	5	3	0
Spl'n, E. 1b	2	0	4	0	1
Davis, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Wort'n, cf	1	1	2	0	2
Hum'r, 3b	0	0	1	0	0
Riley, rf	1	1	0	0	0
Spl'n, G. 2b	2	1	2	0	1
Willia's, p	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	9	4	19	6	4

Bloomsburg.................... 1 2 1 5 0 0—9
Bucknell....................... 2 1 3 0 0 2—8

Struck out by Williams 2, by Page 3. Base on balls, by Williams 4, by Page 1. Three-base hit, G. Splain; two-base hit. Page. Umpire, Mr. Harrar, Bloomsburg.

The return game was played at Watsontown on Monday, April 27, and resulted in a victory for the Bucknell team. It being Odd Fellows Day a large crowd was present to witness the game, many of the college "rooters" being along with the team. Bucknell's fielding was very ragged in the first and fourth innings. With the exception of these two innings our boys put up a very steady game and won by superior stick work. Page pitched exceedingly well, striking out nine men in four innings. Geary also did well in the box and put up a good game while he was in right garden which happened to be an apple orchard in this instance. The features of the game were Hering and Wagner's hard batting and a neat double play in the eighth inning from Hering to Reynolds. Following is the score:

WATSONTOWN.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sanders, ss	0	0	1	4	0
Diehl, cf	0	0	0	0	1
McCollins, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Wagner, 2b	1	2	2	2	2
Roup, p	1	2	1	9	1
Champlain, 1b	0	1	13	0	1
McNeely, lf&p	1	0	0	0	1
Batdorf, 3d	2	1	2	2	4
Tyson, c	1	1	6	1	0
Weidn'hr, rf&p	0	0	0	1	0
	6	7	24	19	10

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Devall, cf	3	4	0	0	0
Brady, c	1	2	9	1	0
Hering, 2b	1	3	2	1	0
Jenkinson, lf	0	0	0	1	1
Reynolds, 1b.	1	2	8	0	0
Mulkie, ss	2	1	0	4	2
Page, p & rf	1	0	0	10	1
Geary, rf & p.	2	1	1	4	0
Catterall, 3b.	1	2	2	1	3
	14	16	27	23	7

Watsontown.... 2 1 0 3 0 0 0 0 0— 6
Bucknell......... 0 6 4 1 0 0 3 0 x—14

Summary: Earned runs, Bucknell, 8; Watsontown, 3; home run, Hering; two base hits, Devall, Brady, Catterall, Wagner; stolen bases, Bucknell 5, Watsontown 2; double play, Hering Reynolds; base on balls, by Page 1, by Geary 4, by Roup 5; hit by pitched ball, by Page 1; struck out, by Roup 4, Page 9, Geary 4; passed balls, Brady 2, Tyson 2; wild pitches, Page, McNeely; time 2:20; unpire, Ira Clement.

Our first important game of the season was played Saturday, May 2, on the college campus and a better game of baseball is seldom seen on the college grounds. The college team knew they had no snap so started in right in to play ball. It was soon evident that the white men had their batting garments on, and at the ending of the third inning the score was Bucknell 10, Indians 1. From this time on the Indians were never in the race except their half of the ninth, when Bucknell nearly lost the game. "Honey" Geary had been pitching a great game until the eighth inning when he weakened and the "redskins" began to find the ball. When the Indians came to the bat in the last half of the ninth the score was twelve five against them. By a remarkably brilliant batting streak they succeeded in knocking out five runs before their three men were retired, thus making the score Bucknell 12, Indians 10.

The game was the most interesting one seen on the college campus for many years, being replete with brilliant plays in the field and enough batting on both sides to make it exceedingly exciting. Devall, Brady, Hering and Geary batted well for the collegians, while Archiquette carried of the honors for the Indians. Hile again appeared in a Bucknell uniform and covered first base in a very creditable manner.

Following is the score:

INDIANS.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
S'elafo, 2d	1	2	2	1	1
Ja'ison, p	1	1	0	8	1
Rogers, cf	1	0	1	0	1
Ye'R'he, ss	1	0	1	3	1
Achi'e, lf	2	3	1	0	2
Pierce, 1b	2	1	12	0	1
Jackson, rf	1	2	2	0	0
Suis, 3b	1	2	2	2	1
Spencer, c	0	2	6	0	0
	10	13	27	14	8

BUCKNELL.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Devall, cf	4	4	0	0	2
Brady, c	2	3	11	1	0
Hering, 2b	0	2	1	5	1
Con'er, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Hile, 1b	0	0	9	0	1
Geary, p	2	3	0	10	0
Mulkie, ss	1	0	4	2	0
Catterall, 3b	1	0	1	2	1
Cutler, lf	2	1	0	0	0
	12	14	27	20	5

Indians	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	2	5—10
Bucknell	1	3	6	0	1	0	0	0	1—12

Struck out, by Jamison 5, by Geary 6; base on balls, Jamison 3, Geary 3; home runs, Pierce and Jamison; three base hits, Jackson and Brady, Geary, Archie. Umpire, Prof. Hulley.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Prof. Lincoln Hulley was in Philadelphia Friday, the first of May.

E. R. Powell, '96, has been acting as assistant librarian during the absence of F. B. Hunt.

Dr. Wayland Hoyt of Philadelphia led the chapel services on Wednesday morning, April 29.

Mrs. Fowler of Olean, N. Y. spent a week with her daughter Miss Clarissa Fowler of the Freshman class.

Since his collision with Devall, second baseman Grim has been unable to play on the nine on account of the injury to his arm.

Mr. Jackson who played right field for the Indians gave an excellent Sunday afternoon talk before the Milton Y. M. C. A. before returning to Carlisle.

W. M. Bunnell has been making daily trips to Milton where he practiced a part in a dramatic production rendered by the ladies of Christ Episcopal Church of that city.

James Demorest Macnab has been exceedingly happy for some time. He is now a full fledged corporal of company A, twelfth regiment, N. G. P. as indicated by the stripes on his coat sleeves.

Miss Alice Lillibridge, '99, the local editor of the Mirror was called home suddenly a few days ago on account of the illness of her mother. All extend regrets and hope that she will soon be able to return to her studies.

The semi-centennial year will be properly closed in athletics by commencing the new quarter mile cinder track on the campus. A lack of funds should not delay the work when the use and necessity of a track is so plainly evident.

The Soiree proved a bigger social event than the Junior ball in point of attendance and in the chances afforded to college boys to meet their seminary friends. Our illustrated account has been handed to the '98 L'Agenda board for publication.

The college girls' Glee Club, at the very earnest solicitation of Dr. Aviragnet has consented to render a sacred cantata, "The Galilean" before long. Ten or a dozen singers from the hill will assist the young ladies in this concert which will be given early in June.

Dr. Wayland Hoyt of Philadelphia delivered a lecture on "Lessons from the life of Dr. Arnold of Rugby" for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. The audience made up of the most cultured people from town and college went away highly pleased with the address.

Founders' Day was celebrated by the Pi Beta Phi fraternity girls on Monday, April 27. A delightful evening was spent at Mrs. Huth's parlors on Market street where the banquet was served. Many young ladies in the college belong to this local chapter.

A local paper has the following: "What next! Sunbury has been converted. They yelled for Bucknell at Watsontown on Monday. Will wonders never cease?" It appears to us that Sunbury sports will always cheer for the team which is a sure winner or when in doubt, where they stake their cash.

The preliminary debate was held in Bucknell Hall, Friday evening, April 24. From the ten contestants, A. W. Johnson and J. R. L. Diggs of Theta Alpha and F. E. Hering of Euepia were chosen to meet Dickinson College men in the big intercollegiate debate here on May 29. M. A. Carringer of Euepia was chosen alternate.

While playing in an exciting practice game recently, first baseman Reynolds severely wrenched his knee. He started to run from first to second base and turned suddenly to get back to first. The knee had been injured before so this new accident may lay him up for some time. We hope that he will be able to defend the tennis championship in the approaching tournament.

All our students will unite with the MIRROR board in extending congratulations to William Young, Esq., of Williamsport who was recently elected Chairman of the Republican County Committee in Lycoming county. Will Young is a Cornell graduate and is the man who has coached Bucknell's football teams to their high standing. His presence on the athletic field meant victory for the orange and blue, as his management of so important a position will doubtless bring success to the Republican party.

Whereunto will the 4th Form heads grow? Instance the following: In accordance with the time honored custom, the Third Formers recently invited the Fourth Form to furnish ushers for their declamation contest. In response the Fourth Form, after grave deliberation, sent a carefully executed document stating, with skill enough to startle a philologist, that an "invitation" would not be considered but that a "request" would be promptly acted upon. No doubt the great schools of philology will gobble up these brilliant, imperious scholars soon. Did they receive a "request"? No!

Recently the Sophomore class elected their L'Agenda staff for producing the college annual next year by choosing the following class members: editor-in-chief, E. H. Dutton, Lewisburg; business manager, H. L. Purdy, Sunbury; artist, F. C. Katherman, Lewisburg; associates, L. T. Fetzer, Montandon; Edward Flint, Philadelphia; F. W. Dillon, Union City; Ann M. Gilchrist, Wade, Flad.; R. B. Mulkie, Union City; G. T. Ritter, Williamsport; and Flora A. Siegel, Watsontown. This selection of the best literary talent in the class gives assurance that '98's L'Agenda will surpass all previous volumes.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Emma Kunkle spent Sunday, April 19 at her home in Newberry.

The Class of '96 has contributed to the library a number of choice books.

A number of the girls are having "flash-light" pictures of their sitting-rooms taken.

Miss Maude Goddard fell on the stairs Friday, April 24 and slightly injured her knee.

We were sorry to hear on Friday May 1, of the sudden death of a sister of Miss Mary Koonce, of the class of '92.

Miss Mabel Wells after a two weeks' illness left with her father for her home in Wilcox, Pa. April 22. She will return next term.

There can be no doubt that the Third Form boys appreciate the thorough and devoted work of our popular teacher of elocution. This is just as it should be (!).

On April twentieth Miss Wheeler was called to her home in Erie on account of the sudden death of her sister. We extend to her our heartfelt sympathy in this bereavement.

The botany class enjoyed its first botanical excursion, Wednesday April 29, to Slifer's meadow.

Miss Marion Hibbard, of Rondout, N. Y. a graduate of Pratt Institute Brooklyn has been with us as Mrs. Larison's guest, and having made many friends, left for her home Friday May 1.

Mrs. Larison, Miss Wood, Miss Wales, Miss Hibbard, Miss Davenport, and the Senior girls went on a picnic excursion for arbutus and violets to Turtle Creek, on the afternoon of Thursday, April 23.

Mrs. Emma Deane Anderson, class of '65, died at the home of her father in Scranton, April 24. Her Lewisburg friends will remember that she was present at our last commencement, and greatly enjoyed seeing her old friends.

We regret that more of the girls did not attend Dr. Hoyt's lecture, on Tuesday evening, April 28. Good lectures and concerts are an importent part of a liberal education and every student ought to so arrange her work and save her spending money as to be able to attend.

The Kalomathia Literary Society elected the following officers for this term: President, Miss Ella Bender; Vice President, Miss Mary Youngman; Secretary, Miss Miriam Hanna; Treasurer, Miss Ruth Bower; Critics, Misses Gertrude Kase and Mabel Batten; Chaplain, Miss Mary Williamson.

The reception given by Mrs. Harris the evening of April 30 to the senior classes of the College and Institute was in every respect a success. A delightful informality added much to the enjoyment of the evening. The College Seniors appeared for the first time in caps and gowns, the sombre appearance of which, however, did not cast a shade upon the mirthful spirit of the company.

On Monday afternoon, April 22, the second of the series of "At Home," for which Mrs. Larison has so kindly arranged, took place under the charge of the college girls living in the Institute. A large number of friends of the young ladies were present and all seemed to enjoy themselves very much. On May 11, the Institute Seniors will receive and will be glad to see a goodly number of their acquaintances on that occasion which they will earnestly strive to make a pleasant one for all. Don't forget this, readers of the MIRROR, but come and bring your friends with you. Remember, May 11, 4 to 6 p. m.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

In addition to the addresses asked for in MIRROR of April 10, the Registrar would be grateful for the addresses of the following. In case of death, kindly give year:

GRADUATES

'64, John B. Hutton. '65, Theophilus E. Clapp, D. D. '71, T. R. Evans, J. J. Nicholas. '72, Rolandus Kocher. '75, G. H. McClelland. '78, G. E. Nichols. '79, J. H. Groff. '80, W. J. Hunter. '81, F. W. Cramer. '82, J. A. Jenkins. '83, J. F. Carey, Jr. '84, F. W. Overheiser. '94, F. O. Schub.

MATRICULATE

'54, F. P. Beck, D. K. Sterrett, A. B. Stewart, M. D., J. C. Warner. '55, S. S. Blackwell, Job Brown. '56, Robert Atkinson, Gen. H. B. Brisbin. '57, T. C. Gessford. '61, Clarence Geddes. '63, J. H. Miller. Also addresses of P. R. Tucker, Clifford Blackburn, Eli Slifer, Jr., and C. M. Turner.

PERSONALS.

Ex-'46. Rev. J. Dayton Merrill has moved from Wilson, N. Y. to Merion, N. Y.

'52. Rev. A. J. Hay who has retired from the active ministry, is now living in Germantown, Phila.

'62. G. B. Miller of this place has been chosen as a Republican Elector in the coming Presidential Campaign.

Ex'63. Rev. David Spencer. D. D. is pastor at Dover. N. J.

'67. W.C.Grier is now residing at Milford, Mch.

'69. President Harris will deliver the Decoration Day address at Norristown, Pa.

Ex-'70. M. E. Reagans is located at Tank, Luzerne Co., Pa.

'73. Rev. E. B. Waltz is now at Williamsport, Pa.

'76. Rev. L. S. Copeland's address is Skowhegan, Maine.

'77. Rev. E. T. Trimble is located at Colfax, Wash.

'79. Died at her home near Smithfield, Fayette Co. Pa. on April 1, Mrs. Margaret F. wife of of Morgan J. Sturgis and mother of O. J. Sturgis, '79 editor of the *Uniontown Daily News Standard.*

'91. Rev. C. G. Langford, late of North Wales, Pa., has been called to the pastorate of the Hilltown, Pa. Baptist Church.

'81. Rev. F. H. Shermer, late pastor of the Baptist Church of Sunbury, and at present located at the city of Jeannette, Pa. has accepted a call from the Baptist Church at Cape May.

'83. Rev. S. B. Moser has been but two months pastor of the First Baptist Church, Worcester, Mass, yet 33 new members have been added, and the revenue subscribed for the coming year double that of last.

'84. Rev. M. G. Smith of Towanda, Pa. has had his salary increased $100.

'85. J. W. VanValzah, E. M. Beale and R. M. Strawbridge of Lewisburg, have been admitted to the bar of Centre County.

'87. J. L. Merriman is in the Electric Business at Brattleboro, Vt.

Ex-'87. E. A. Watrous is with the Charles Gillespie Co., New York City. His address is 257 West End Avenue.

Ex-'87. Arthur T. Wells, who at present is with the Western Electric Company, with headquarters at Chicago, was recently married.

'89. At the National Convention of Phi Kappa Psi at Hallenden House Cleveland, Ohio, Registrar Gretzinger was elected editor of the "Shield."

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Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., MAY 25, 1896. No. 15.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

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J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

MAY 25, 1896.

ON the twenty-ninth, the debaters from Dickinson will arrive for the contest in Bucknell Hall. The subject, "Resolved that despotism is the best form of government for Russia," is not a trite one, and the audience will go away with certain new ideas of Russia and of government in general. The victory will be awarded by a set of judges impartial as mortals run but of course not infallible. If this new departure prove successful, along with the Junior Debate Prize, it ought to create a much needed stimulation.

AN audible sigh of relief passed over hall and campus as a result of the victory in baseball over the Dickinson team. Those transcendental sportsmen who would impose on the credulous reader their theory that sport should be enjoyed for its own sake regardless of victory may think Bucknell a despicable college for it, but the plain truth is that we did enjoy the first college victory with a relish possible only to an appetite sharpened by nearly a decade of dissappointments.

Never before this year has our team made so good a use of their batting. Perhaps part of the success is due to the special encouragement lately given to sacrifice hitting. Coach Hering deserves a great deal of credit for the spirit with which the men ran bases, and the whole team deserves the hearty congratulations of the student body.

"I DON'T have a ticket, and I'm not going to buy any," was the statement of one student, at the recent game with Dickinson, to a member of the committee who approached him with reference to purchasing a ticket. The remark has at least the element of clearness and frankness, qualities usually commendable, but which in this instance may be questioned. To be sure every student has a right to refuse to purchase a ticket, but when he exercises this right he ought at least to remain off the grounds. To take a favorable position on the Hill for viewing the game, and then to treat with contempt the ticket-seller, and through him the student body which he represents, can scarcely be called honorable, no matter what may be said in defence of such a course. We are not discussing the legal right to view the games from the Hill without paying for the privilege; but we do affirm that no man has a moral right to do so. The aforementioned student is not alone in this practice. There are several others who habitually "joke" their way into the games. Little respect as we have for the "dead-heads" who line the railroad, it is even greater than that which we entertain for the *deader-heads* upon the Hill. Perhaps such an experience is worth twenty-five cents, and yet one would almost call a man extravagant who pays even that amount for the privilege of feeling mean. Doubtless an investigation would reveal a large number of sardonic grins in the coat sleeves of these gentlemen of honor, for it is most probable that they "laugh up their sleeve" at their keenness.

A MUSICAL FAMILY.

My brother has a banjo,
My sister owns a harp,
My father plays a violin
Of tone exceeding sharp.

My ma has a piano,—
And all the world agree
That when our baby cries his best
His limit is high C.

So when my dauntless brother strums,
And sis the harp strings strokes,
And father tunes his violin,
Unheeding other folks,

And ma on the piano bangs,
Then baby cries with fear,—
And a more astounding orchestra
You'd travel far to hear!

O. M. W.

STUDENT LIFE AT PRINCETON.

Princeton is a little town, somewhat smaller than Lewisburg, lying about midway between New York and Philadelphia. Without entering on a discussion of the question debated by every literary society, as to the relative advantages of city and country college, it is almost indisputable that, other things being equal, the college located in a small town will be more democratic, will have a stronger college spirit, and will have a more distinctive college life. Princetonians are so convinced of the truth of this position, that the student body was almost unanimous in opposing the building of a trolley line, lest the change in the quiet college town should in any way alter Princeton's time-honored customs.

Princeton is an extremely conservative college. Conservatism permeates trustees, faculty, alumni, and undergraduates. Three-fourths of the students pursue a rigid Greek-Latin course, which, considering the fact that only twenty-five of the one hundred and fifty-one Academic (i. e. Classical) members of the class of '95 expected to be ministers, is rather remarkable. The faculty rules with a rod of iron, as though the college were a preparatory school. Permission must be obtained to leave town, chapel is compulsory, on Sunday twice; the object of any proposed class-meeting must be stated to the Dean and his permission to hold it must be obtained, in at least one instance such permission was refused to the class of '95; any boys out late at night are apt to be sent home by the proctors. There is no thought of co-education. In the answers to questions sent to the class of '95 for the annual *Nassau Herald*, one man out of two hundred and fourteen was in favor of co-education. It is fortunate that there was one, for the fair friends of each member of the class will imagine him the chivalrous knight.

Scholarship is little sought or admired. While the high rank men of the class work very hard, the average amount of work done is far below the average of Bucknell. The First Group "pollers" are regarded as freaks by the college in general, and the honors of college life do not come to them.

There is more interest in the work of the Halls than in purely scholastic effort. Clio, established in 1765, and Whig, established in 1769, have had a continuous existence. So proud are their alumni that they have erected magnificent marble Halls for them costing $60,000 each, and hither a large number of the students go every Wednesday afternoon to the business meetings, which are conducted in a strictly parliamentary manner. Fraternities are not allowed at Princeton but the growth of the social clubs, which are practically fraternities without the intercollegiate feature, has been injurious to the Halls. Nevertheless sufficient interest is taken to necessitate three literary meetings each week in each Hall. In debate at Princeton but little attention is paid to form or delivery, and every effort is directed to the logical presentation of points in a pile-driving style. Each debater has a second speech of six minutes, and while in a single set speech the Princeton method is not particularly advantageous, in the second speech, which must be largely extemporaneous, the Princeton training counts powerfully, as has been seen in the Intercollegiate Debates. The question of this second speech was the bone of contention for two years of diplomatic wrangling, before a compromise was effected and the existing arrangement between Harvard, Yale, and Princeton made. The intercollegiate debates have been most helpful in arousing interest in debate, as the hope of winning honor for the college stirs many into activity.

Princeton is genuinely democratic. Every man stands on his merits. The Editors of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, of the *Princetonian*, and of the *Tiger*, and the members of the

Dramatic Association, Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo Clubs are selected by means of competitive tests. For weeks before the trials nothing, not even the Trenton Fair, can allure the aspirants from the path of duty.

The college is intensely interested in athletics. The teams Princeton sends out, year after year, from a body of one thousand undergraduates, the footballs and baseballs and the six championship football banners displayed in the trophy room tell the story of college loyalty, and of the practice of the teams attended day after day by a large part of the college, who by the "Tiger and Siss Boom Ah" tell their representatives to strain every nerve for all Nassau is looking on.

The lines between the classes are sharply drawn and the class spirit is very strong, as is witnessed by the interest in the Interclass games, the Rush, the Cane spree, Hazing, which was never brutal at Princeton save in the newspapers, the Washington's birthday "horse-play," the snow-balling, the compelling of the Freshmen to take off their hats to Sophomores, and to refrain from smoking pipes, going to the pool room, and wearing college colors.

The horse-play, which goes on at Princeton, does not demonstrate that the average age of the class of '95 was less than twenty-one years and two months, as was the official report. It merely indicates an exuberant spirit, which displays itself on all occasions. The Seniors diligently spin tops, the Juniors shoot marbles, a crowd fly a kite, another crowd in gorgeous apparel parade with a drum, bonfires are built to distress the proctors, everyone's peculiarities are mercilessly and unsparingly ridiculed, and the man who gets through Princeton without having his most prominent eccentricities rubbed away, will have learned at least to rule his spirit under the most tantalizing provocation.

With the advent of Spring the Seniors take possession of the steps of Old North, and the undergraduates scattered about beneath the elms listen in the twilight to the singing of the old College songs.

Commencement comes only too soon and the Seniors perform the last sad ceremonies of college life. They have planted their ivy and cheered each of the buildings, class day exercises are over, the diplomas have been received, and on the evening of Commencement day the class sitting in a circle in front of Old North sings to each member as he raises to sip the loving cup, "Here's to you, Christy Payne," etc. When the cup has passed around, the class gathers at the steps of Old North and for the last time sings Old Nassau, and then, surrendering the steps to the new Seniors, with locked arms they dance around the cannon singing Auld Lang Syne. Slowly they march off the campus, and then the oncoming class, to whom the guidance of undergraduate life is intrusted, sing.

> "Where, Oh, where are the stately Seniors?
> Safe now, in the wide wide world."

The next day with a song and a cheer, each man is put on his train through the car window; the tears trickle down the cheek of many a brawny man, who went on the football field without a tremor; and life at Princeton is only a memory.

Alfred Hayes, Jr.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

At the capital of any country, one expects to find the typical representatives of the nation outnumbering the other citizens, but more than half the people seen in Washington are of African descent. This fact must convince the foreign visitor that the United States of America exists not alone for the Anglo-Saxon race.

The most magnificent building in the city is the National Library. The work of carving, frescoing and otherwise decorating the interior is still in progress and is lively beyond comparison. The symbolic designs of Discovery, Enterprise, Courage, Liberty, as well as the notable events in our national history are appropriately and artistically represented. The eyes are delighted with the beautiful varieties of onyx, agate, marble and granite which are used in the fluted pillars, panels, and in the mosaic and tessellated floors. With consummate skill the architect has succeeded in admitting the sunlight to all parts of the building, and in making the structure absolutely fire-proof.

The dome of the National Capitol may be seen from all points of the city,—somewhat as the wooded height of "Montour" looms up to the gaze from every part of Lewisburg. But, should you fancy from the apparent distance that a brisk walk would soon bring you to the foot of

Montour, you would be mistaken; neither should you trust to appearances in the City of "magnificent distances," but take a "trolley," when you go to the Capitol.

Having entered the Capitol, if you have plenty of time and are curious, you will test the singular acoustic properties of the Whispering Gallery, and give your guide a quarter for the delight he has had in astonishing you with the strange effects. If you are interested in one of the chief objects for which the Capitol exists, you will secure a seat in the Assembly Hall of the Supreme Court, and will witness, at high noon, the entrance of the Chief Justice and his Associates in sable robes and with measured pace. Precisely at twelve o'clock on March 26, as the solemn tones of the crier broke the stillness, Chief Justice Fuller entered the court; though long past his prime, his step was firm and his bearing stately. All honor to Illinois, whose son fills this highest judicial position! We remember also, that more than thirty years ago, she gave to the nation the grandest man of the age. The Associate Justices followed in order, grave of countenance and dignified of mien. There was Justice Shires of Pennsylvania, prepossessing in appearance, with a face betokening decision and uprightness. Justice Peckham of New York, younger perhaps than his colleagues, with the indescribable *savoir-faire* of the typical New Yorker. Justice White, of Louisiana with an ample double chin, and ecclesiastical port, suggested Chancer's Friar Huberd. Justice Brown of Michigan, if divested of his official robe, would have looked, Cincinnatus like, as ready to guide the plow as to interpret the law. Justice Gray of Massachussetts resembled rather a New York alderman than a descendant of the puritans. Justices Brewer of Kansas and Harlan of Kentucky were both absent. Justice Field of California, hoary-headed and sedate, seemed well fitted to give "sage counsel in cumber."

Passing on you enter the gallery of the House of Representatives. An unwonted din salutes your ears, and you look down upon three or four hundred people, moving about or lounging in a free and easy manner. Various clerks at the central desk announce in stentorian tones the question before the house, and the resounding blows of the gavel make frequent demands for order. You take it for granted that these statesmen know what they are doing and, that, in spite of the confusion, they do make new laws and mend old ones. So you leave them in this peaceable (!) occupation and go into the Senate Chamber, just in time to hear a lively tilt between Senators Chandler and Hill, concerning the appointment of a successor to General Casey, whose death left vacant the position of Superintendent of Construction. The Senator from New Hampshire, with the scholar's clear cut logic and the orator's pithy sentences, finds a foeman worthy of his steel in the impetuous, determined, ready witted Senator from New York. Senator Chandler looks not unlike that bluest blooded Bostonian, Oliver Wendell Holmes, while Senator Hill might be first cousin to "Douglass the Shoeman," so much does he resemble him.

But we have lingered too long in legislative halls. That cosmopolitan vehicle, the trolley, will take you out to quaint old Georgetown. Near the Potomac bridge, you will see a large shabby house, once the home of Francis Scott Key, but now used as a third-rate restaurant. As the distance from Plymouth Rock increases, the spirit of reverence decreases. 'Tis strange that the citizens of the District of Columbia should care so little for the home of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." Georgetown College with its fine Observatory crowns the heights above the river.

Having crossed the bridge into Virginia, a short ride brings you to the foot of a declivity up which you pass by winding stairs. On the summit, you find newly-erected buildings and barracks and grounds laid out with a view to military evolutions. This is Fort Myers, the head-quarters of the cavalry of the United States. You soon reach the building in which today the last cavalry drill of the season is to take place. Visitors with cards signed by the proper officers are permitted to enter. You find yourself in an enclosure large enough to allow thirty horsemen to ride abreast. The ground is covered deep with tan bark, the sides are studded about six feet high with plank sloping upward, abundance of light comes from the numerous windows placed above the plank sides. At either end are a few tiers of seats rising one above the other admitting a limited number of visitors. A finely-uniformed brass band enters playing a most inspiriting march; the large doors are rolled back and, greeted with enthusiastic cheering, thirty cavalrymen, riding bareback, dash at full speed into the enclosure. It is impossible to express in words the effect produced by the skillful and wonderful evolutions of these perfectly trained soldiers. Five different detachments were drilled in turn, each one going through more difficult feats than the one preceding. The horses entered into the spirit of the performance and showed as much pride in a particularly successful leap as their riders. At one time fifteen of the men, with their horses, lay flat upon the ground and a number of cavalrymen rode over them at full speed, yet so carefully that not even a hair of their recumbent comrades was ruffled. A man must have nerve and courage to belong to the cavalry. *Mrs. Katharine B. Larison.*

HER ONLY CHILD.

It was Memorial Day, and as the afternoon train stopped at the little village station two passengers alighted, a man and a woman; they both might have been about the same age, but the woman appeared the older by several years; sorrow had borne heavily upon both but the woman's brow was more deeply wrinkled than the man's, the man was well dressed and had the general appearance of opulence; in his hand he carried an expensive boquet of beautiful roses; the woman was plainly dressed and in places her gown was worn almost threadbare, on her hands were faded silken mitts and she carried a simple bunch of wild flowers, which she often raised to scent their fragrance. The man and the woman looked at each other and that was all,—no word, not even another glance. They stepped down from the station platform together and then the man took the lead, as though he were acting a part he had played many times before.

The road along which they walked was a solitary one leading to the village burying-ground. On this road they met no one, but they would not have been recognized if they had, although this was their birth place. Yes, here they had both been born, and here they had played together as children, but that was many years ago.

At the cemetery gate the man did not wait for the woman to pass but continued right through; it had been this way each year and the woman expected nothing else. On in the narrow aisles between the crowded graves the man and the woman went until they came to a little mound in a far corner. At the head of this mound was a little graven image of an angel upon a plain block of marble, its hands were clasped in prayer and its eyes were heavenward as though it were awaiting the coming of the Lord. Up to this little grave the man went and placed upon it his costly flowers, saying as he laid them gently down:—"My child." He bowed his head in meditation, or perhaps prayer, then arose from his knees and stepped aside. Now the woman came up with her tribute and as she placed her simple flowers beside the costley ones already there, she cried out between her sobs:—"My child." She arose and kissed the cold, pure cheek of the guardian angel. The man had now started away, but the woman before departing pulled aside the long grass, which had grown up in front of the tomb-stone, and read, as she had often done before, the plain inscription:—"Laura L. the only child of Sarah Long. Died May 30, 1874. Aged 11 years."

With bowed heads the man and the woman walked back to the station, the train soon came and they departed.

That night as the lonely woman sat by her kitchen window she looked out upon the rich man's mansion not far away and though of her village girlhood days. That night did the rich man think of his village boyhood days, as he sat in his drawing room with a child on either knee and his wife at his side. *Noli Spe.*

LIBRARY NOTES.

Recent Helpers, deserving the thanks of all interested in the Library, are Mr. Wm. J. Coxey for 212 vols. just received bringing up his gifts in nine months to 920 vols; State Librarian W. H. Egle, for 26 vols. State Reports; Hon. Thad. M. Mahon, 145 vols. Gov't Doc's; Hon. S. P. Wolverton, 85 vols. do.; Jay G. Weiser, Esq., a Commissioner's set of the Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania; Rev. W. H. Schuyler and Rev. W. F. Gibbons, back numbers of Magazines; Miss M. M. Crotzer, 20 vols. Eclectic Mag. well bound.

Noteworthy Additions include the American Whig Review, 16 vols., Annals of Amer. Academy of Social and Political Science 5, Christian Examiner 65, Congregational Rev. 5., Education 4, Hartford Seminary Record 6, Journal of Political Economy 4, Magazine of American History 1878-1884, Nation 9 vols., New Englander 59., Old and New 11, Old Testament Student 6, Presbyterian Review 1880–1889, Putnam's Magazine 16, and many separate volumes of important books.

We Need; History,—Local, State and National; Civil, Military, Political, Relgions, Industrial, and Social. State Archives and Reports: Minutes and proceedings of all organizations,—churches, Associations, Conventions, &c. County Histories, War books, Narratives of early American life and early Pennsylvania life in particuliar. State Reports on Education, Labor, and all Historical data. We wish to provide material for the student of the growth of the American people. Do not destroy, or permit to be destroyed, any publication by the Government, until you have learned that it is not needed by some new or growing library somewhere.

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Why should we not receive 1000 vols. of these by Commencement Jubilee, June 24, 1896?

Academy, London; Academy, Syracuse; All the Year Round; American; American Geologist; American Journal of Archaeology; American Journal of Politics; American Journal of Science; American Law Review; American Magazine of Civics; American Naturalist; Appleton's Journal, First Series; Athenaeum; Barnard's Journal of Education; Belgravia; Blackwood's Edinb. Mag.; British Quarterly Review, 1–52; Chamber's Journal; Christian Literature; Christian Thought; Cornhill Mag; Contemporary Rev. 1–20; and Jan. 1882; Critic; Democratic Rev.; Dial, (Chicago) 1–13; Dublin Review; Eclectic Magazine 1–43; Economic Journal; Education 5–8: 12–16; Expositor, I. and II. Series; Folk Lore, Am. Journ; Fortnightly Rev. 1–14, and single Nos.; Foster's Reference Lists; Fraser's Mag.; Harper's (Duplicate set.); International Journal of Ethics, I, II; Johns Hopkins Univ. Studies; Journal of Biblical Literature; Journal of Speculative Philos 8–22; Journal of Franklin Institute; Knickerbocker; Knowledge; Lend a Hand; Lippincott; London Quarterly; Longman's Mag.; Lutheran Quarterly; MacMillan's Mag.; Magazine of Art; Magazine of Western History; Nation, Nationalist; National Quarterly Review; Nature 1–26, and Nos. 999, 1000, 1002; New Review; New York Review; Niles' Register; Nineteenth Century 1882 N. 1884 Ja; North British 1–5; Our Day; Overland Monthly; Outing 1–10; Philosophical Rev. vol. I; Penn Monthly; Pennsylvania School Journal; Poet Lore; Popular Science Mo. (Duplicate); Portfolio; Potter's American Monthly 10–19; Quarterly Journal of Economics; Reformed Quarterly; Saturday Review; Scottish Review; Scribner's Monthly 1–6; Shakespeariana; Siderial Messenger 1–4; Southern Literary Messenger; Southern Historical Soc. Publications; Spectator; Temple Bar; Thinker; University Magazine 1–4.

In a little over a year we have added more than one thousand vols. of bound Magazines and Reviews. Yet we need another thousand vols. An old custom in an old country is suggestive of a new application. The friends of a dead man of mark would each carry a stone to throw upon the heap that formed his cairn. Let each alumnus and friend of Bucknell coming to the Jubilee Commencement bring a book to add to Alma Mater's resources for making better living men and women; and let everyone who would like to come and is prevented, send the book token of his or her good will.

We need nothing so much as books, or the money to buy them. We hope you may find the furnishing of them a pleasant reminder of old school days and a bond of union with the new generations of students.

Address all inquiries or packages to the Librarian Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.

ATHLETICS.

By June, 6, the annual field and track meet will have taken place and one of the four college classes be the proud possessor of the "Mirror Trophy Cup." Perhaps before another year has passed away Bucknell campus will have laid upon it a fine cinder track. It is to be hoped that the Athletic Association will take steps in this direction. Track and field sports have become a great factor in inter-collegiate athletics, but without a suitable track we can never hope to cope with other colleges of our class. As it is now track athletics are poorly arranged, conflicting with baseball and causing general dissatisfaction. However, the material is in the college and in the next issue we hope to reach several new records made at Brook Park on Saturday, May 22. In a few days the preliminary games of the annual tennis match will begin. The choice of the two —tournaments scratch or handicap—has been left to the contestants. In case of a handicap tournament a committee will likely be appointed to arrange the men into classes and give each class its proper handicap. No doubt this is the kind of a tournament which gives to all an equal showing in the games and would do very well for the preliminary match. However, in the finals it would hardly be considered the fair thing to handicap men who in all probability would be very evenly matched.

The class doubles have always been *the* event of the tournament. Therefore let every class enter its strongest team and help to make the match on commencement morning the best and most closely contested that we have ever had.

For the first time in many years the Bucknell team played horse with the Dickinson aggregation and won handily the annual baseball game by the score of sixteen to ten. Saturday, May 16, was an ideal day for baseball and it is to be regretted that a larger crowd did not take advantage of the opportunity to witness a fine game of ball. Dickinson arrived on the 9 a. m. train from State where she was defeated on Friday. Dickinson's long string of victories over us made her slightly the favorite although it was known that Bucknell was considerably stronger than in previous years. The game was called promptly at 2:45 with Bucknell at the bat. Devall was hit by a pitched ball, Geary reached first on an error, Hering drew a base on balls and the bases were filled with no one out. Conover hit to pitcher and Devall was nicely retired at the plate but the bases were still full and with Hile at the bat it looked very much as though we would score. But luck was against us. Hile made a sharp line hit to short, who made a very pretty catch and threw to third doubling Geary and thus retiring the side. Dickinson was playing fast ball in the field and came to the bat with a great determination to get some runs. Determination is certainly a great factor in baseball and before three Dickinson men had been retired five had crossed the home plate and Bucknell was in the receivers' hands. But there is such a thing as playing an up-hill game and this Bucknell started to do, having imbibed from the Dickinson warriors some of that determination which has made her so mighty on the diamond. At the opening of the fourth inning the score was six to one in favor of Dickinson but the fourth was destined to be our "lucky one." The first man up hit safely and that started the batting and before three men had been declared out, seven Bucknell men had trotted across the plate and the fans were once more happy and hopeful. In this inning, in which Bucknell practically won the game, the hitting was hard, timely and the base-running fast and daring. Dickinson began to lose heart and from this time up to the ninth played a listless fielding game but batted hard—especially in the ninth when two home runs were cut off her score by the brilliant fielding of Conover in center. Dickinson scored two in the fifth and two in the eighth. Bucknell scored two in the fifth, four in the seventh, and two in the eighth. Final score, 16 to 10.

For Dickinson Owings batted in fine form while Gilroy, West and Kramer played their positions in good style. It would be hard to make a fair criticism of our team's work, as every man did his duty, but a single error being made. However, much of the credit is due to the steady battery work of Devall and Brady, the brilliant work of the outfield, and the magnificent way in which Hering held the men together and inspired them with that enthusiasm which wins. Following is the score:

BUCKNELL.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Devall, p.	3	3	0	6	0
Geary, rf.	1	1	4	0	0
Hering, 2b.	2	0	2	1	0
Conover, cf.	2	3	3	0	0
Hile, 3b.	0	0	0	4	1
Brady, c.	2	2	6	0	0
Mulkie, ss.	1	3	1	3	0
Grim, 1b.	3	3	9	0	0
Cutler, lf.	2	2	2	1	0
Total	16	17	27	15	2

DICKINSON.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Shearer, cf.	1	1	4	0	0
Gilroy, 2b.	3	2	1	3	0
West, lf.	2	2	1	0	0
Owings, c.	1	5	5	1	1
McNeal, ss.	2	1	2	4	0
Kramer, 3b.	1	1	4	1	1
Runkle, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Bow'an, 1b.	0	1	9	0	2
Willia's, p.	0	0	0	5	1
Totals	10	13	*26	15	5

Earned runs, 5 and 7. Home runs, Devall, Gilroy. Two-base hit, Conover, West. Sacrificed, Cutler, Runkle. Double play, McNeal to Kramer. Struck out, by Williams 2, Devall 5. Base on balls, off Williams 6, off Devall 1. Hit by Williams, 3, by Devall, 2. Passed balls, Owings 3, Brady 1. Umpire, Professor Lincoln Hulley.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

Brady's catching was not fully appreciated. He was not making any brilliant plays but his stops of Devall's wild throws were fine.

"All things come to those that wait," Verily, it came at last. Professor Rockwood says he has been waiting ten years for Bucknell to beat Dickinson.

Professor Hulley umpired a fine game and the Dickinson men were high in their praises of his fairness to both sides.

"Jack" Cutler and "Honey" Geary did excellent work in left and right. Jack's running catch was one of the features.

"Mitch" Carter says the Baltimore outfield is not "in it" with ours. And Mitch knows.

Devall and Gilroy each made home runs when there was one man on base.

The Dickinson team left on the 7:40 train and as he stepped aboard Captain West said: "When you people come to play in our yard we will endeavor to give you all we have."

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Relay team had its photo taken at Pross' gallery on May 12.

Sophomore and Freshman prize essays are due next Monday, June 1.

Summerbell and Barner have turned the agency of the Danville Steam Laundry over to John Sherman of the Academy.

Mrs. Chambers of West Chester was visiting her daughter Miss Mary Chambers of the Sophomore class for a few days recently.

The Academy boarders club would like to play any other boarding club to a finish. Our players are: Bunnell, p; Cober, c; Reynolds, 1b; Eichholtz, 2b; Hering, ss; Bayard, cf; Brown, 3b; Davis, lf; Hunt, rf.

Dr. Perrine has an elaborately illustrated discription of Bucknell University in the *University Magazine* for May. More on the subject is to follow.

Instructor Stewart has been surveying a course on the Campus for the new quarter mile cinder track which we hope to see laid down during the summer vacation.

The historical sketch of Bucknell, finely illustrated, can be ordered only through Registrar W. C. Gretzinger. Two styles of binding, cloth and paper, are being issued.

The college boarding club at the Academy have made a departure in the way of finger bowls. From the looks of their envious companions we judge there will be others.

Many contemplated improvements in the campus are being pushed forward daily. New paths, new terraces and a general cleaning up indicate that Commencement is approaching.

Ninety-seven's L'Agenda is now in press and will be out in a few days. The proofs have all been corrected and returned. Everyone should order a copy of Manager Myers before it is too late.

Euepia gave a return reception to the Zeta girls at Pontius' ice cream parlors on Market street, Friday evening, May 8. Several pleasant hours were spent in amusement, intellectual and otherwise.

At last, the college Seniors have decided on commencement music. The best orchestra in Williamsport will play for the graduation exercises of the several departments and for the Senior Assembly.

The Sigma Alpha Epsilon chapter house is being remodeled, painted and newly furnished inside. Outdoors the grounds have been improved until their home is one of the most pleasant places in town.

A local production of the opera "Pinafore" was given in Milton recently. W. M. Bunnell took the part of Ralph and B. M. Wagenseller, '95, was in the cast. J. Brown Martin led the orchestra and Dr. Aviragnet played first violin.

A band of Italian street musicians discoursed sweet music on the green-sward in front of the college building recently. This was the last and surest sign of spring. They were engaged by several young men to play for a select dance in the evening.

Prohibition orators held their preliminary contest in Bucknell Hall on April 27. George Morgan Davis, Atlantic Highlands, N. J. of the Sophomore class was chosen to represent Bucknell in Philadelphia, May 5. Mr. Davis received third place.

One of the pleasantest events of the season was a boating party given March 15, by the Pi Beta Phi Fraternity. After a delightful moonlight row, the ladies with their gentleman friends repaired to Mrs. Huth's Ice Cream parlors where refreshments were served.

The Junior exhibition in oratory was held in Bucknell Hall last Friday evening, May 22. Misses Hanna, Hartley, Goddard, and Taylor and Messers. Barner, Fisk, Summerbell, Sinton and Rivenburg were the contestants. Music was furnished by the Bucknell band.

The Reserve baseball nine coached and captained by Prof. Hulley surprised the people by defeating the 'Varsity team. Second team men were: Garner, p; McQuistion, c; Gilchrist, 1b; Hulley, 2b; Purdy, ss; Griffith, 3b; Cutler, lf; Jeremiah, cf; Eichholtz, rf. Score 9–8.

The annual tennis tournament will begin as soon as the lists of contestants and dates can be arranged. All those wishing to enter singles or doubles should immediately notify the manager of general athletics, F. W. Dillon. Let all take a hand and make the tournament a big success.

Saturday morning, May 16, the annual boarding club baseball season for the championship of Bucknell and vicinity opened with a hot contest between the Angstadt and Summers clubs. The Cyclone and Metropolitan clubs have a game scheduled for some evening when it is cool.

The band presented a neat appearance in their new duck suits at the I. O. O. F. parade in Watsontown, April 27. They played well, marched in good order, and were pleasantly entertained by the ladies. On Wednesday, the 29th, the band played at a reception to the Hon. Benjamin K. Focht given at the Pennsylvania station.

Fred W. Brown of the Senior Class recently interested a select audience which attended the last lecture of the Pottsgrove Academy course on Saturday evening. His old chum, Professor Sheddan introduced the speaker. He spoke on the "History of an Oil Barrel" giving all a knowledge of the mysteries of the greasy liquid as it is shot from the earth and refined for the use of man.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Daisy Noyes has been visiting her sister Virginia Noyes.

Mrs. Larison attended the convention at Williamsport on May 6 and 7.

Miss Jeanette Ashton, of Bloomsburg, spent Sunday, May 9, with Miss Edith Phillips.

The new tar walks are certainly a great improvement, and add much to the beauty of the Campus.

Mrs. F. W. Tustin of Phila. and Mrs. M. N. Waterbury of Newton Center, Mass. were recently entertained at the Institute.

Tuesday evening, May 5, Mrs. Waterbury gave a most inspiring talk, addressed especially to the Volunteer girls, taking as her subject "Co-workers with God."

The elocutionary contest Saturday evening, May 9, was well attended, and the eight contestants rendered their declamations in a manner which showed talent, as well as careful training.

The program meeting of the Y. W. C. A. held in the Institute parlors, Sunday afternoon, May 10, was a very helpful one. The subject was, "God in Nature." Readings on this topic, classic authors and appropriate music formed the program.

The reception given in honor of the Fourth Form, by Mrs. Edwards was very much enjoyed by all the young ladies who were so fortunate as to be present. Mrs. Edwards is a most entertaining hostess, and her delightful receptions are not soon forgotten.

The Literary Exhibition of the Class of '97, of Bucknell Institute, took place May 2. The platform, which was furnished like a room, was beautifully decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. The program, which consisted of the reading of Colonial letters and patriotic music was very much enjoyed, as was shown by the interest manifested by the audience.

On Monday afternoon, May 11, the Institute Seniors acted as the hostesses of their numerous friends who came to the third "At Home" which are now proving such a popular part of life at Bucknell. The young ladies received over a hundred and fifty guests. Time flew merrily, until the ringing of the bell announced the supper hour of the Institute. Let all remember that there is still another of these social afternoons to look forward to and be sure to give the Fourth Year girls a chance to make them welcome on May 25, from 4 to 6 o'clock.

PERSONALS.

Ex-'54. Dr. O. S. Wood is a noted physician in Omaha, Nebraska, where he has been practicing for twenty-eight years.

'59. H. L. Atkinson, A. M., is principal of the Camden Academy of Temple College, his address is Penn. Street.

'59. Rev. A. D. Hawn, D. D., Delaware, Ohio, is a delegate to the Council of the Presbyterian Churches of the World to be held in Glasgow, Scotland. He represents the general assembly and will be abroad all summer.

Ex-59. Theodore Richmond, Esq., is a member of the firm of Richmond, Chambers & Head, general attorneys for the Cincinnatti, New Orleans and Texas Railroad Company. His office is at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

'61. Rev. F. M. Shanafelt is Superintendent of Baptist Missions for South Dakotah, his address is Huron, South Dakotah.

'64. John B. Hutton's address is Normal Park.

'65. Theophilus E. Clapp, D. D., is located at Portland, Oregon.

'67. Wm. C. Grier is a member of the Grier & Clark hardware firm of Milford, Mich.

'69. J. S. Wrightnour, of Lincoln, Ill., recently sent some locals for these columns. Many thanks.

'72. Readers of the *Examiner* have noticed that the removal of Rev. Geo. M. Righter from Roxborough to Mansfield, Pa., was chronicled some months ago. That however was a mistake, he is still located at Roxborough.

'75. G. H. McClelland is in Duluth, Minn.

'80. Rev. Wilmot J. Hunter is located at Quakertown, Bucks County, Pa.

'81. Mr. F. W. Cramer is living at Cleveland, O.

'85. Rev. S. Z. Batten is located at Norristown, N. J.

Ex-'88. C. D. Clingan is with a prominent law firm, Corner of Ninth and Walnut Street, Kansas City.

Ex-'90. Rev. J. A. Knowlton of Lebanon, Indiana, sailed recently for a trip through Europe, Egypt and Palestine.

'91. Rev. A. O. Stevens' address is Rochester, Minn.

'91. Clarence E. Shuster has entered into a co-partnership under name of Thistlethwaite & Shuster, for the practice of law, with offices at 611 and 612 Ellwanger and Barry Buildings, Rochester, N. Y.

'92. Rev. C. W. Allen is located at St. Anns, Ill.

'92. Lt. George Shorkley is home on a brief visit.

Ex-'92. Claton Bennett's address is 509 Jersey Street, San Francisco, Col.

'92. Rev. A. Lincoln Moore pastor of the Spruce St. Baptist Church celebrated the 150th anniversary of his church. Noted pastors of various denominations joined in the event.

'93. J. B. Cressinger is mentioned as one of the members who will represent the U. of P. in the Shot and Hammer events in her athletic contests this spring.

'94. Harvey Smith is playing third base for the Orange Athletic club.

Ex-'94. Rev. B. A. Baldwin is located at Thayetings, Burmah.

'94. Prof. Warren Martz who is completing his second year at Perkiomen Seminary, has been invited to remain another year.

Ex-'94. A. M. Dieffenderfer of Kelly Cross Roads has accepted a position in the State Hospital at Wernersville.

'94, Acad. C. C. Sandels of Greensburg recently graduated from the Pennsylvania Medical College at Pittsburg, and is now a full fledged disciple of Aesculapius.

'95. Prof. Ezra Allen, who entered Perkiomen this spring, will probably stay through the year.

'95. Prof. Bromley Smith, who when here was director of general athletics and established nearly every record in track athletics, is an instructor at Keystone Academy. A track team from that place took high standing in a recent athletic meet of High Schools and Academies at Binghamton.

'97, Acad. Mr. Ralph Koser, of Williamsport, was in Lewisburg visiting friends recently.

Ex-'99. Mr. Thomas E. Cooper has moved with his parents to Meadville, Pa.

'—. Rev. A. J. Hughes, a former student, has entered upon the fourth year of his pastorate at Phoenixville, Pa. 127 have been added to the church in the three years.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XV. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JUNE 10, 1896. No. 16.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

JUNE 10, 1896.

IF ever we have been glad to welcome our friends to Bucknell, we should be at this time. An atmosphere of prosperity and of progress is all about us. There is so much to call forth rejoicing that we need our friends here to rejoice with us. Since June 19, 1895, we have passed through what doubtless has been the most prosperous year in the history of Bucknell. This prosperity is marked by increased numbers and facilities; by improved curricula; by an advanced spirit; and by a steady, constant growth, indicative of healthy vigorous life. Bucknell is in no need of a doctor's care; but she does need an abundance of healthful, nourishing food to sustain and increase her vitality. To her many friends the MIRROR, as the representative of the entire student body extends a most cordial invitation, and insures a most hearty welcome to the celebration of her semi-centennial.

As a Board of Editors, we, who now represent the Publishing Association in that capacity, have no desire to depart from that time honored custom of making a retiring bow. If you will search your file for the "concluding remarks" of other retiring Boards, you will find our work summarized, for we have been much like them. To be sure we have tried to improve—both ourselves and THE MIRROR—to you we leave judgment upon our efforts. Have we not pleased all? We scarcely expected to accomplish the proverbial impossible. In the line of editorials we have endeavored to treat fairly, honestly, and plainly questions of school sociology, regarding this as the proper function of this department. If we have been severe, it has been always the severity of kindness. We hope, at least, that you are not glad to have us retire.

THIS, our fiftieth anniversary, is fraught with great significance. We stand within the ever-fleeting, never-constant present and glance back over a half-century of life and growth in the history of our institution. The retrospect is very gratifying, but only so because the present unites with the past in the promise of a still more satisfying future. We should in all probability rejoice but little in the past history if we thought this to be the end; the bright prospect of still more rapid strides forward is the spice for our feast. The life and growth, the expansion and development, of the past fifty years impose great responsibility with reference to the immediate future. This responsibility very properly rests upon the children of our *Alma Mater*. The future of our University is almost entirely in the hands of her graduates. What Bucknell shall become must be determined by her alumni. To be connected with an institution which is advancing so rapidly and so surely, and to hold in one's hand the power to place her in the very front rank of our colleges, is a privilege and a duty which may not be lightly disregarded. This fiftieth anniversary should awaken the determination that the advance in the past shall be but a foreshadowing of the rapid progress of the years just before us. "Bucknell to the front!" Nothing less than this can be our watch-cry.

A VACATION TRIP FOR STUDENTS.

The question is sometimes asked; "Can a student take a vacation trip in Europe?" "Of course he can, if he has enough money." If he wishes to travel first class he may do so for eight or ten dollars a day. If this is beyond his means, he can take a trip of six weeks with some excursion agency for about $400, or a trip of three months for about $700, seeing a good deal of interest in Western and Central Europe. "But," I am told, "in the colleges very few students can afford $400 for a vacation trip." "Cannot a student take the trip with less expenditure of money?" "Yes: providing he is willing to rough it."

Lee Merriweather some years ago made an extended trip through Southern Europe at a cost of about fifty cents a day. But probably few men could travel so cheaply, or would be disposed to do so if they could. Having had a little experience in tramp trips on the continent I shall state what I believe to be about the lowest cost of a three month's trip in Europe, a part of which is to be taken on foot.

Let us suppose that a party of three or four wish to take the trip, and that number is probbly best for a party. They can procure round trip tickets from New York to the continent for about $60 second-class, or $110 first-class. But if possible they should avoid second-class travel on board the steamer, they had better travel fourth-class on the continent than second-class on the ship. Furthermore; one cannot see the British Isles and the Continent on one trip except at a rather high cost: besides, it will be more satisfactory, probably, to take the continent leisurely. Before returning home one can run over to London and see in that city what is most interesting on the Island at little expense. Undoubtedly, there is much pretty rural scenery in England. So, too, there are a great many thousand cow-pastures in America that one can see for nothing.

For a comfortable passage at moderate rates, the Netherlands-American line may be commended, or one can go over by the Red Star line to Antwerp, and in returning ship from Southampton by the American line; the first-class rate being about $110. It would be much better to land on the continent first, and visit London last, because one could purchase his free trade clothing in London and then come directly home.

The party, then, will land in Holland or Belgium. They should by all means spend about a week in Holland. It is one of the most quaint, interesting countries in Europe. Distances are short and railroad rates low. One should also have a copy of Baedeker's Guide Book for each country visited. With this book an intelligent American can travel anywhere in Central Europe, walking over even footpaths in the mountains, without a guide, even if he does not know a word of any language but English. A guide is worse than a mangy cur, he brands the party at once and forever.

Baedeker gives a list of hotels, their class and prices. This information can, perhaps, always be relied on. One can go to the hotels marked second or third-class, and be sure of finding clean, respectable houses. In most cities, at such hotels one can find comfortable, little rooms with breakfast of rolls and coffee (the continental breakfast) for fifty or sixty cents a day, while if he stops a week or longer in the city he can secure the same accommodations for about thirty or forty cents a day. At such a restaurant as the Y. M. C. A's at Exeter Hall, London, one can get a good substantial dinner or supper for from thirty to forty cents. Besides there are other clean restaurants which give meals at even lower prices. I believe that one can live much more economically in most European cities. For a stay of a week or more, then, one can live in a city, provided he does not want too much pastry, for from $1.00 to $1.50 a day. When tramping through rural districts one can stop at the best hotel in the village for about $1.25 a day. In Switzerland the cost may be a little more, but $1.50 ought to cover the average daily expense, except when one goes to solitary hotels on the summit of mountains; then he must expect to find bills as high as the mountain. When one is continually moving, stopping at one hotel for only a meal or two, not having time to look up the more moderate inns, he must expect his expenses to run somewhat above $2.00 a day.

"What would be a good trip for three months?" Every one who has been abroad would suggest a different route. Therefore I suggest the following with much diffidence, keeping in mind the fact that the party wish to practice rigid economy. Five or six days in Holland and two days in

Belgium, then by rail to Cologne for two days. Then take deck passage on a Rhine boat, up the river, stopping off over night at some interesting town. Then after spending three or four days at Wiesbaden and Frankfort go direct to Nürnberg, said to be the finest specimen of a walled Mediaeval city in Europe. Thence to Munich. From Munich go to the Tyrol and commence the tramp trip. During these tramps one will often go through the less interesting portions by boat or rail, riding, perhaps, only ten or fifteen miles at a time. Thus by riding and walking at intervals he can skirt entire Switzerland in twenty or thirty days. It is most interesting to walk up or down the valleys, and go by conveyance from valley to valley. For instance after one passes through the Tyrol he will walk over the Splugen pass to Lake Como, Italy, thence by boat over the lake to Como, from Como by rail to the lower part of lake Maggiore, then by boat the length of the lake, then walk over the St. Gothard Pass to Lake Lucerne; and thus he may proceed till he reaches Geneva. From there one may go to the Rhine at Basel, then down the Rhine stopping at Freiburg, Baden, and Strassburg, thence to Paris. Regarding length of time at various places, I should suppose, Holland and Belgium a week, the Rhine a week, on the road to the Tyrol a week, about Switzerland thirty days, on the road to Paris a week, Paris a week, London a week or ten days. This allows ten weeks actual travel. A party of young men by practicing rigid economy, and stopping at the moderate inns can do so easily at an average of $1.50 a day, or even less. The railroad fare, third-class, for such a trip would amount to about $30. Thus a three months trip might be taken from New York for $250 or less. A college friend took just about the trip indicated, and was absent the entire summer, at a cost of about $225. *H.*

STUDENT LIFE AT HARVARD.

"Is this the way? Ay marry is it"—*Shakspeare.*

A student entering Harvard for the first time is made a hero worshipper on the spot. He feels that the men who planted those elms of over a hundred years, who gave those beautiful buildings, who directed the work of so great an institution, must certainly have been made of different clay from most of us.

To think that one is studying in the oldest college in America, in the most largely attended and the wealthiest, and in the very heart of historic ancient Cambridge brings with it almost an excess of joy. To dine with several hundreds of students in beautiful Memorial Hall, to sit at the feet of such distinguished professors, is a great uplift.

Part of the student's life at Harvard is the surrounding country. He feels that Harvard is part of Lexington, Concord, Boston, Charlestown, and Dorchester Heights. It was beneath an old elm under the shadow of Harvard that Washington took command of the Colonial Army. It was on these streets his ragged unpayed soldiers showed such patriotism. Going out from Boston to Concord the British soldiers passed by Harvard college, and selected two of its buildings, old "Harvard" and "Massachusetts" as a barracks on their return. They came back, however, in too big a hurry to stop. Not three miles away are the Old South Church, the old State House, Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill Monument, Boston Common, Boston Harbor, and many other places of national interest. One walks or rides to Boston over the "River Charles" on the "Bridge" and thinks of "Paul Revere's Ride" all so beautifully told by Longfellow. Auburn Cemetery, the first in beauty in the United States, is less than a mile from Harvard. Here Longfellow, Agassiz, Choate, Sumner, Everett, Channing, Willis, Charlotte Cushman, Margaret Fuller, Edwin Booth, Phillips Brooks are buried, and the spot is dear to every college man.

Near Harvard are many other fine institutions of learning, Tufts College three miles away, Boston University three miles away, Newton Theological Institute and Wellesley College less than twelve miles away.

I mention these things in order to suggest simply a few of the historic and other associations that cluster about Harvard and have a large share in forming the heart and mind of the student. No picture of student life there should leave them out. They are part of the atmosphere of culture in which the student lives, and are a constant inspiration to him.

Within the institution the same influences exist to a still larger degree. No student can pursue more than a few courses of study outlined in the catalogue. But he touches all other departments of work. At the tables and clubs, and other meeting places he interchanges ideas with men in other lines of work. He hears their professors lecture occasionally, or visits their class rooms. While my own line of work was limited to Philosophy under Profssors Bowen, James, Peabody, and Royce, I paid visits to the class rooms of Goodwin and White in Greek, Greenough in Latin, Trancke in German, Sumichrast and Cohn in French, Hill in English, Taussig in political economy, Norton in Art, and many others in various lines of work.

The museums at Harvard are excelled by none in this country. These are all used and prized by the students. The Agassiz Museum of Zoölogy, the Peabody Museum of Ethnology and Archeology, the botanical gardens, and the observatories are famous the world over for the value of their collections and their work; and these are favorite places for sight seeing.

The student community of over three thousand is a world in itself. There are so many diversified interests that it is impossible for any one man to keep pace with every thing going on. The clubs are centres of an active social life; various organizations cultivate music, languages, debate, and have frequent open meetings. Harvard owns a theatre on her own grounds. I saw the Electra of Sophocles performed there by the Dramatic Art Club of New York. The Symphony Orchestra of Boston gives five concerts during each winter in this same building. The greatest preachers of the East are engaged for brief terms of residence to preach here, lead chapel, and hold religious conference with the students. In this way such men as Phillips Brooks, Drs. Gordon, MacKenzie, and Lyman Abbott are brought into close touch with the students. The chapel and vesper services at Harvard were always very impressive to me. There was always a brief helpful word from the preacher, and good singing. The chorister is a salaried officer of the college. Twenty-five boys of about ten years of age sing alto and soprano; and sixteen college men, all receiving pay, sing base and tenor and assist in all chapel and vesper services. This is the regular music; but aside from this every great singer who comes to Boston is secured, if possible, for these services. The glee clubs, mandolin and guitar clubs, and other musical organizations give midwinter entertainments preparatory to their long western trip; and in the spring, out in the quadrangle, many an extemporaneous concert draws hundreds of students together to yell for "Harvard."

So much has been said of late years of Harvard athletics that a word may be expected here. Harvard has declined in her athletic prestige, but she still has much to be proud of. We of Pennsylvania think that Philadelphia has a fine ball team, even though it stands in fifth or sixth place, and has never won the championship. Harvard has been beaten for years by Yale and often by other colleges, and yet Harvard had some great athletes and has done some noble work in late years. Our own Phil Linn led them to victory over Yale in baseball in '90; and other recent victories show that though Harvard is not first she is alive. Student enthusiasm runs high over the contest on "Holmes" and "Jarvis" and "Soldiers" fields.

It is curious to know in what ways many of the students pay their expenses. Harvard gives away in scholarships and other helps about $75,000 each year. But great as that is, many have to work hard to get along. Some of the students tutor during term time or the summer, or coach at the examination periods. More than one bright fellow collects a dollar an hour from each of a dozen or more students for coaching them for two or three weeks toward the end of the term; and some make large profits at it. One student, an Israelite, bought up large quantities of furniture from outgoing classes, and sold it in the fall making enough on one such venture to pay the expense of his whole college course. Another published his own notes on Chas. Eliott Norton's art lectures, and cleared $300 on them. Some with previous hotel experience manage restaurants, some play in theatre orchestras, some pay their expenses lecturing or correcting examination papers, or writing on city papers, or playing on athletic teams, or in advertising schemes, or clerking, or working at trades such as barbering. A few have gambled their way through. In a great many other ways this army of students raise funds to pay their expenses, and lose few of the advantages of the University in doing it.

The Commencement at Harvard is a great event. Its festivities last over a week. The various professional schools have special days, exercises, and visitors; but the college is the centre of attraction. Class Day nearly a week before the close is the great day. Around the old elm, in a large enclosure, the students and their friends assemble. The students cheer one or two favorite professors, one or two favorite athletes, the apple man and the classes, and then begins a scramble for the flowers tacked high up on the old elm. No other event at Commencement brings out more enthusiastic admiration, or packs the benches so full, or is so interesting as Class Day. The evening is spent in dancing at the gymnasium, Sanders Theatre, Memorial Hall and other places. During the evenings of Commencement week, the hotels are busy all over Boston giving dinners and spreads to old classes. It is a week of constant festivity closing with the Commencement of the college and the corporation dinner.

There is not at Harvard the same personal interest in one another among the students as at Yale. The boys at Harvard wait for one another to make the advance in getting acquainted. But the enthusiasm for the college is akin to worship. It seems as though their love for Harvard should make the students feel an intenser personal interest in one another; the clubs, however, take the place of that. But it brings tears to one's eyes to hear Harvard sing

" Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy jubilee throng."

Lincoln Hulley.

"THEY ARE SOULLESS."

At my friend's invitation I had gone with him to his medical School to see some vivisection. The demonstration was to be in the operation theatre, so thither we made our way. Seated on tiers of benches were a hundred or more students, some smoking an after dinner cigar and some reading the daily paper. In the arena several assistants were preparing the operating table and getting out the instruments. I observed that there was much less care taken now than when the regular surgical clinics were to be held.

While we waited for the demonstrator to come on my friend gave expression to his views on vivisection by saying that the suffering saved to man by it was not really worth that which was inflicted physically upon animals and morally upon a large proportion of the public. I was ready to believe this; for I remembered that Magendie, that prince of vivisectionists, sacrificed 4000 dogs to prove the correctness of Sir Charles Bell's views with regard to the destruction of the sensitive and motor nerves; then sacrificed 4000 more to prove these views erroneous. Our conversation was broken into here by the applause which greeted the demonstrator as he entered the arena; a crusty looking old fellow he was, who had to empty his mouth of tobacco juice before addressing the students. He briefly explained the nature of the operation to be performed, then called for the dog to be brought in. While the subject was being dragged in my friend turned to me and said:—"Remember while you view this operation that Sir William Ferguson, one of England's most eminent surgeons said when before the Royal Commission:—'I may speak more confidently regarding surgery than any other department of my profession, and in surgery I am not aware of any experiment on the lower animals having led to the mitigation of pain or to any improvement as regards surgical detail.' "

The dog was now being strapped to the table and its howls of fear and anguish were almost distracting, until its tongue was caught with a pair of tongue forceps and extended from its mouth; but still there were the agonizing cries of a beast thoroughly terrorized. The Doctor had his scalpel in hand ready to cut when he looked up to command silence and said:—"You may wonder, gentlemen, that I do not anaesthetize the animal before operating, but if you will look in your textbook by Flint you will see that he says there: 'It is much more satisfactory to divide the nerve without etherizing the animal as the evidence of pain is an important guide.' " He began the operation by making an incision over the skull at the base of the brain. While he marked, one of the Seniors on the first tier of benches asked whether the knowledge of the pain he was inflicting did not effect him; he worked on and said with a laugh that it used to but did not now, "for you know," he added, "they are soulless."

The animal's pitiful cries, now much intensified, had become most distressing, and I had seen about enough, I enjoy a good surgical clinic but this was worse than butchery. The Doctor upon coming to the skull had laid back the flaps of the incision preparatory to crushing the skull at this point with a pair of bone forceps. I could stand it no longer, so I arose and left the amphitheatre. When once outside I turned and looked back at the College, and remembered that in this one New York School during the previous year there had been more vivisection than in the whole of Great Britian and my heart was about to misgive me, but then I remembered that "animals are soulless" and I was reassured.

Noli Spe.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

It is with considerable diffidence that I accede to your request, Mr. Editor, to "contribute a letter concerning the societies, athletics, amusements, etc., at the U. of M.," for my acquaintance with Michigan and Michigan life is limited to the past year. I will attempt, however, to speak of what seem to me to be the most salient features.

Broadly speaking there are some general characteristics of the U. of M. which to me are striking. Briefly they are these: The size of the University. A school containing 3014 students and having a Faculty numbering 166 men necessarily impresses a student with a sense of the University's immensity and his own insignificance. Again there is an entire absence of rules and restrictions. A student is free to come and go as he pleases, attendance at recitations and lectures alone being compulsory. Indeed there is a tradition to the effect that there are only two rules at Michigan. First, no student shall set fire to the University buildings; and second, no student shall shoot a professor. But, seriously, to an eastern girl this freedom at Ann Arbor seems almost incredible. A girl can go up to the Library or the Seminary rooms to study in the evening at seven o'clock and return to her rooms at ten without exciting any unfavorable criticism whatever,—but she can't wear bloomers on the street. And again the students literally own the town. There is no dormitory system connected with the University; every other house in town contains "roomers." This of course gives rise to a social life peculiarly favorable to the student.

Fraternites.

According to the Palladium, the annual published by the various fraternities represented at the U. of M., there are at present twenty-two men's fraternities at Michigan. All of the seven literary women's fraternities have chapters here; here also is the only collegiate chapter of Sorosis, and the Alpha chapter of a local Greek letter organization established by some "heno-medics" of Ann Arbor. About one-half of the men's and about two-thirds of the women's fraternities live in chapter houses, which are either owned or rented by the various chapters. But if the University of Michigan is a paradise for fraternities, it is far from paradise to the fraternity pledgelings. In the fall when the annual initiations of the various fraternities take place, many laughable incidents occur. On the roof of a fraternity house a poor pledged man sat in the sun, protected however by a huge blue umbrella, equipped with tackle, and fishing over the edge of that porch roof. At the boarding houses one sees girls who have suddenly developed the habit of eating with their left hands, etc. At night walking along the street you meet a girl who is blindfolded, whose head is enveloped in an immense bag, who, led by her unmasked companions, is compelled to perform all sorts of ridiculous feats; three or four fraternity men pass you at the corner, carrying a suspiciously heavy and lively coffin. But initiation doesn't last all year. This spring two fraternities—Alpha Delta Phi and Psi Upsilon have held their national conventions with the local chapters at Ann Arbor.

The Women's League.

Within the last few years an institution purely social in its nature has grown up among the women of the University. The purpose of the Women's League is two-fold: to cultivate friendly intercourse between the college women irrespective of departments, and to afford opportunities for social pleasures. The League is especially active at the beginning of the fall semester. The Welcome committee helps the new girls in room-hunting and leads them through the labyrinthine mazes of registration, matriculation, etc. Then there is the Chum Committee which some one has well said, "despite the sagacity of Solomon and the patience of Job which it must exercise in judging of compatibility of tastes, it must nevertheless bear the blame of some ill-advised matches." There is need of and work for the Chum Committee too. For as the University abolished the dormitory system many years ago, all the students room in Ann Arbor town and—what is strange—all the houses in the town seem built on the suite plan, so that a chum is an indispensable evil. During the year different Faculty ladies entertain the Woman's League girls in groups of twenty-five. The crowning event of the social side of the Woman's League is the lawn fête in June by Mrs. Angell, to which all eagerly looked forward with anticipations of pleasure.

Athletics.

As to Athletics, in football as you know, Michigan ranks first in the West; you remember too her score with Harvard last fall. In baseball the season has just begun. The first game with Chicago resulted in a defeat for Michigan. I wish you could have seen the campus the other night. The telegram had come: "Chicago shut out. Michigan 9." The campus was alight with bonfires and re-echoing with the

U. of M.! Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah!
U. of M.! Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah!
Rah, Roo! Rah, Roo!
Michigan, Michigan! Rah, Rah, Rah!

all in celebration and exultation of Michigan's victory over Chicago. On the campus are the tennis courts where the annual spring and fall tournaments are held. As the winner in the singles is henceforth to be allowed to wear the sweater with the Varsity M on it, the interest in tennis will doubtless be redoubled.

Music.

University organizations making for culture are the Choral Union and the University Musical Society, under whose auspices each year a series of ten fine concerts is arranged. This year the concerts have included the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, M. Archilla Riveande violinist, and Handel's Elijah. The grande finale is the May Festival. For three days the whole University gives itself up to music. The program this year includes a Wagner night, a Symphony concert, and Samson and Delilah; among the artists are Frau Kathrina Lohse-Klafsky and Max Heinrich, who will be assisted by the Choral Union of 300 voices and the Boston Festival Orchestra of 50 men. But this music is not so sweet to the ear of the loyal Michigan man as

"Sing to the colors that float in the light;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!
Yellow the stars as they ride through the night,
And reel in a rollicking crew:
Yellow the fields where ripens the grain,
And yellow the moon on the harvest wain;—
Hail!
Hail to the colors that float in the light;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!"

Mary Bartol, '94.

Y. M. C. A.

Report of President for year ending March 27, 1896.

It is not always pleasant to look back; a retrospective view is not always agreeable. It is a matter of congratulation, however, that in looking back over the past year in the history of the Association we find so much to please, and so much that is agreeable. The past year has been one of both material and spiritual prosperity.

Before proceeding further with details of this prosperity, it is my desire to place a large portion of the credit where I feel it rightly belongs. During all the progress of the work throughout the year I feel that we were building upon a foundation that was laid by the preceding President, and were building a structure that was only possible because of the patient, generous, and exceedingly wise efforts of Mr. Ezra Allen, who so efficiently served as President of this Association during the year 94–95. I desire here to officially acknowledge my indebtedness to him and to all who served with him.

You are all familiar, through repeated association, with the improvements in our rooms which add very materially to their attractiveness and to our own convenience and comfort. For the ragged and unsightly window shades, which formerly hung in but never adorned the windows, we have substituted the curtains which give to the rooms a more homelike appearance. Through the purchase of twenty-five new singing books, we have been enabled to supply all with at least this one requisite of this department of our meetings. Perhaps the improvement most appreciated, and appreciated by the most, is the new table and lamp, which were so kindly presented to the Association by the College Faculty.

But we rejoice most in the evidences of spiritual growth. We are fundamentally a *Christian* Association, and as such must necessarily feel that we have failed, if, at the close of the year's work, we have nothing over which to rejoice but the things we have received. We rejoice most because we may confidently feel that the Association has been a strong factor in effecting a fuller and higher development in the lives of many students. The special meetings and the real spiritual awakening of last January are still fresh in our minds. We have additional cause to rejoice in this connection because the outpouring at that time was not entirely the result of outside influences, but because the Association was internally prepared for it by means of earnest prayer and by thorough self-surrender on the part of many. We have reason to feel deeply grateful to the Rev. J. W. Weddell, of Philadelphia, for his timely and intelligent aid. As President of the Association I feel it to be most fitting in this official report to pay this slight tribute to our honored President, Dr. J. H. Harris, by here acknowledging our obligation to him for his wise leadership in the meetings then held and for his hearty coöperation with all our own efforts. As a result of this special effort, about twelve in the college publicly accepted Christ. Above all we owe our deepest gratitude to Him who so wonderfully and abundantly manifested His saving power.

The Association has successfully conducted through the year four Bible Classes, which have been a source of great helpfulness to many. I wish here to give as my opinion, formed after spending four years in College Association work, that the Bible classes are one of the most potent factors in all the successes that have attended our Association work.

We have contributed to both the State and international work. We were represented at the State Convention in Erie, last October, by Mr. E. H. Dutton, '98. At the District Convention, held at Milton in February, our delegates composed about one-third of the Convention. Last month we sent our president to the Presidents' Conference, entertained by the Dickinson Association. I mention these various features as additional evidence of the life pervading our Association.

I wish to conclude this report with two suggestions. The first has reference to your President. You have chosen him to an important and responsible work. He will have many duties in the pursuance of his work of which you will see or know little. If he performs those duties properly he must not be cumbered with great additional weights. Don't shower all your honors upon him, for most of the honors entail work, and some department must necessarily suffer. Especially in the Fall, when the Fall campaign, and all the work attending the opening of the school year, and the necessary adjustment of his forces, demand his entire attention, do not cripple him, and sacrifice the interests of the Association, by placing upon him burdens in other departments of the school work.

The second suggestion I wish to make is concerning our representation at Northfield in July. If we have had efficient leaders during past years in the various departments of the Association work, the source of the efficiency can largely be traced to Northfield. If the Bible classes are an important element in the spiritual life and growth of the Association, Northfield is an essential factor in the successful conduct of the Bible classes. We cannot afford to slight Northfield. Northfield has very much that we cannot afford to be without. Our leaders and workers must be trained. and Northfield trains them. After the fruit of the past year's work are we willing to neglect anything that will better fit us to do His work and will?

"Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us," "to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever."

B. B. Ware, President.

WHY McFADDEN WAS KEPT ON THE FORCE.

The nervous little man with the black cigar liked to talk. He blew a cone of thick, sluggish smoke into the air as he made the remark that nobody can tell what is in a man until he is put to the test, and then, without giving any one else a chance to agree or disagree, went on: "I had that brought home to me several years ago."

You know I am from North Carolina—western part—lots of illicit distilling going on in the mountains all the time, and occasionally we are visited by the moon-shiners, great, shaggy fellows who like to get full and raise a rumpus. We are obliged to have a strong police force to control those gentlemen and other wild elements and one of my hobbies always has been a thoroughly trained force of large, well developed policemen. One man on our force was indeed an eyesore to me. He was a typical little red-headed Irishman with an impudent turned-up nose and a saucy smirk that roused my ire every time I saw him. He was narrow-chested, stoop-shoudered, and so thin that from behind, his uniform had the appearance of being hung on a nail. I often wondered why they kept a scarecrow like McFadden on the force. Well, one day I found out.

In the center of the town stood an old, two-story frame building. It was said to have been the head-quarters of Cornwallis at one time during the Revolution. For a long time it had been used as a tobacco ware-house, but when I was admitted to the bar it had just received a coat of bright yellow paint, the four rooms above were to let, and below it had blossomed out as a bar room.

It was in one of those top rooms that I was sitting one morning busily engaged in wishing some one would require my services when I heard a lumbering tread on the rickety old stairway. Humph, I said to myself, the old story—some one for the dentist across the hall—and I settled back in my thoughts. But this was such an unusually heavy step, it lumbered down the hall, stopped dubitatively, and suddenly, without the preliminary ceremony of a knock, my own door was pushed open about a foot and a huge weather-beaten face, almost covered with a stubby, grizzly beard and surmounted by a broad-rimmed, slouch hat was thrust through the opening—not where a head ought to come, but right up at the very top of the door. Then the door opened wide and the most enormous man I have ever seen entered—or rather squeezed himself into the room. I knew who it was, only one man could answer that description. The rakish set to the broad-brimmed hat—the shaggy, unkempt beard and hair—the pantaloons, thrust into great raw-hide boots covered with red mud, and supported by a broad leather belt above which projected the butts of a brace of a murderous looking revolvers—all told me at once that it was the notorious "Big Pete" Lincoln, who had served more than one term for "moon-shining."

For a moment the great follow stood looking down at me with the inner corners of his eyes raised quizzically—much as a St. Bernard views a snuffing pug—and then said in a gruff, nasal voice:

"Be you the young man what yanks tushes?" "Tushes!" That was a new one on me, but I caught his meaning right away.

"No," I answered, pitying the poor dentist, "door opposite." Then I pretended to be busy.

"Wal, if I don't hit the koreck place this yere time, you all had better look out—er my name haint Peter Lincoln."

My neighbor must have been on the lookout, for, after about five minutes of fruitless pounding and kicking, "Big Pete" stamped down the stairs in a cloud of oaths.

It must have been an hour or two later—perhaps I had gone to sleep—when suddenly there was shooting and scuffling in the bar room below. I jumped to the window just in time to see "Big Pete," waving a smoking revolver in either hand, stagger across the side walk, strike the awning post with a crash, straighten himself up against it and glare fiercely around.. He didn't seem to be hurt, and was evidently merely "letting off steam."

A crowd of blacks and whites swarmed around, but at a respectful distance, "Big Pete" gave a yell of defiance, and fired a shot into the air. At this demonstration there was an indiscriminate scramble on the part of those in front to get behind someone. This seemed to tickle the big fellow, and so, with another ear-splitting yell he started towards the crowd that surged back in a concave line.

I looked around for a policeman. Not one in sight! Yes, there was little McFadden dodging behind the crowd as tho he had no desire to be seen. Just as he slunk down an alley, three strapping big fellows in blue uniforms pushed through the retreating crowd, charged out into the opening and—stopped. "Big Pete" gave a derisive shriek and spattered a pellet of lead on the pavement at his feet.

How was he to be taken? It would not do to shoot him; he had done nothing to warrant that without an attempt at arrest. But no one seemed to want to approach him. He sauntered along unconcernedly without deigning a second look at the police, who were hesitatingly backing across the street as tho to surround him.

The crowd, which was itself now fully out of danger was beginning to yell tauntingly at the officers. "Big Pete" evidently enjoyed the joke immensely, and evinced his appreciation by another outlandish war-whoop and a couple of random shots.

By this time he was about where McFadden had sneaked out of sight. Just as he reached the alley something that looked like a dark bundle of old clothes, shot out from behind the corner, wrapped itself around the "moon-shiner's" neck and shoulders, and resolved itself into the shape of a man. "Big Pete" let out a cry of rage and sprang into the air, clutching wildly at the clinging form. As he struck the ground he was overpowered by the sturdy police who rushed in the moment the attack was made. And the yelling, cheering crowd closed in and hid them from view. In a moment a man was hoisted up on to the shoulders of the crowd now wild with excitement. No need of the cries of McFadden! McFadden! to tell me who it was.

Yes,—it was little, red-headed McFadden, and his impudent, turned-up nose had an extra jaunty tilt, caused by the broad grin that had deluged his usual saucy smirk."

COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Miss Mary Bartol has written the words of a *Bucknell Jubilee Song* and Miss Aiken has been successful in composing the music which is dedicated to President Harris. All the pupils of the School of Music have subscribed for its publication. The printing, done in Philadelphia, will be of high order. During Commencement Week the piece will be sung by a choir of mixed voices from the Music, Department Mr. Bunnell singing the tenor solo. Copies can be purchased during that week.

The Commencement News published under the auspices of the Mirror Association will be edited by Mr. Hervey Harris Bower of the Senior Class. He has secured plates of many of the eminent speakers to take part on that occasion. A full record of Commencement doings will be published: the personal column will give notice of all visitors. Many new features have been arranged, and the spectator, famous or contrariwise for the last seven years, has at last consented to pay his annual visit.

Class Day Exercises have been decided upon by the College Seniors to take place Tuesday morning.

Arrangements have been made for *special rates* on the railroads for the semi-centennial anniversary of the Universary. Tickets will be good from June 17 to 27 inclusive, and will be sold by the following roads:

The Pennsylvania Railroad System, Philadelphia and Erie, Northern Central, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore; The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, including the Main line and Williamsport Division and the Beech Creek Railroad, Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Lehigh Valley Railroad. By special arrangement, good board can be had at private boarding houses from $1.00 to $1.50 per day. Hotel rates, $2.00 per day. Special information concerning accommodations will be furnished on application. All Commencement visitors are cordially invited to register in Room No. 2, College Building. Writing, mailing and messenger facilities can also be found at the same place. Polite attendants will be furnished, free of charge, to escort visitors over the grounds and through the various buildings. Mail sent in care of the Registrar, will be promptly delivered.

ATHLETICS.

The day at State College was an ideal day for baseball and the rivalry between the colleges together with the enthusiasm of the spectators were sufficient to spur each player to put forth his best efforts. The courtesy extended by State men particularly deserves commendation. Efforts were made by Trainer Hoskins and Captain Walker to prohibit any appearance of hostility to the visitors. The spectators were very impartial in their applause and no trace of bitter feeling showed itself. The students of State deserve our heartiest goodwill for their true. sportsmanlike behavior.

Bucknell began her run getting in the first inning. After Devall and Mulkie were retired, Hering planted a line hit out to the dormitory and reached third before it was returned, Conover reached first on an error which scored Hering. State scored two in the second on a single, an error and two long flies.

Bucknell scored two more in the fifth. Hering reached first, and a moment afterwards was declared out by Umpire Attix, although many in the audience protested at the decision. Grim followed with a corking three bagger and was thrown out at the plate on Cutler's attempted sacrifice. Hile bunted reaching first and advancing Cutler to second. Catterall followed most opportunely with a beautiful line drive scoring Cutler and Hile. Bucknell secured her last running in the eighth. Hering was hit, advanced to third on Geary's single and scored on a passed ball.

Then came the ninth, an error, a base on balls and Walker's home run, netted State three runs and the game, by a score of 5 to 4.

BUCKNELL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Devall, p.......	0	0	1	7	0
Mulkie, ss.....	0	0	3	3	1
Hering, 2b.....	2	2	5	6	1
Conover, cf....	0	0	2	1	0
Geary, rf......	0	2	0	0	0
Grim, 1b.......	0	2	7	0	1
Cutler, lf.......	1	2	1	1	0
Hile, 3b.........	1	1	1	3	1
Catterall, c....	0	1	7	1	1
Total......	4	10	27	22	5

STATE.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Walker, 3b....	1	1	1	4	1
Gr'm'd, ss.....	0	0	3	1	1
Hayes, c........	0	1	7	2	0
Becht'l, 2b.....	0	0	6	2	1
Brandt, cf......	0	0	2	0	0
Nesbit, p.......	1	2	0	4	0
Curtin, lf	2	1	1	0	0
Sp sm'n, rf....	1	1	0	0	1
Paint'r, 1b,...	0	0	7	0	0
Totals.....	5	6	27	13	4

Three base hit, Grim, Hering. Two base hit, Grim. Base on balls, Devall 2. Hit by pitched ball, Hering. Struck out by Devall 6, Nesbit 3. Double plays Mulkie, Hering, Grim, 2. Time of game 1.45. Umpire Mr. Attix.

☞ The Manager of the MIRROR dislikes very much to make any reference in the reading columns, concerning the financial embarrassment under which we are now laboring; but as this is the last issue for this school year, and a large number of subscriptions are still unpaid, we feel justified in giving to our friends a *gentle reminder*, that we would be greatly obliged if all subscriptions were paid in before June 20. Please do not delay.

B. F. Thomas.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Senior class outing and picnic is booked for Saturday, June 13.

Over two thousand volumes were added to the library during the year.

Hollinshead and Flint conducted mission meetings at Milton, on May 24.

Our friend, J. D. Macnab, took a short vacation recently and visited relatives at Patterson, N. J.

We hear that Prof. Lincoln Hulley will address the State Teachers' Association this year.

Bailey, Portser, and Burns Smith formerly students here were back on a Decoration Day visit.

Several picnics and excursions up the Susquehanna have been enjoyed by the young people recently.

After several postponements the Seniors were gathered at Pross' studio and a group photo secured on May 26.

After the momentary excitement of a new L'Agenda, we have all settled down again to talk about Commencement.

L'Agenda came out on June 1. The usual number of adverse criticisms are being made by those who have been cut (!).

Doctor Enoch Perrine will preach the sermon before the Y. M. C. A. at Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, at their annual Commencement.

Several young men who went from here to the Univ. of Pa. established a local chapter of their fraternity, Sigma Chi, at the University a couple of weeks ago.

As the blue-bird is a harbinger of Spring time, we are reminded of the end of the term by Saul acting in the same capacity soliciting the transfer of our trunks.

Messers. Ware, Wood and Hollinshead were assisted by the quartette in several meetings at the Rush Baptist Church, Rushtown, Pa., over Decoration Day.

Several young men on the hill have seriously considered the advisability of asking for one more "At Home" before Commencement. We all enjoyed the series that were given at the Institute.

Registrar Gretzinger attended the Pennsylvania inter-collegiate meeting on Lafayette Field, Easton, Pa., May 16. He was getting ideas for Bucknell's new cinder track.

The Paresis Society, LeVan's twin organization to the Pernicious people enjoyed an hour's whirl on the merry-go-round down town recently. The boys enjoyed themselves almost as well as at the circus.

Saturday, May 23, the Angstadt and Summers clubs played their annual baseball contest. It was a close contest and ended 40 to 39 in favor of Summers in seven innings. Batteries, Rivenburg and Hollinshead; H. F. Cook and Calvin.

The funeral of Henry Wilson, the colored man who worked at the Laboratory for several weeks, was held from his home on May 25. He had been sick but a short time. The quartette and several college men assisted in the services.

While watching the baseball game Decoration Day, Albert, the little son ot Professor Owens, was painfully injured by being struck in the face by a foul ball straight from Catterall's bat. It was in that exciting ninth inning when the crowd drew very close to the base lines. The cuts were immediately dressed.

John Wilson and Rob Powell went to State College on a tandem engaged of Hoffa, May 23, to see the baseball game, but while there some one stuck a knife into the tires so the fellows had to come back on the railroad via Lock Haven.

There were fifty-three persons entered for the field day contests. If it is not advantageous to put down a cinder track to benefit so many possible athletes, we think the college can do without one but it is hard to say that Bucknell cannot afford a quarter mile track. Our friends must see the necessity of immediate action in this matter.

Saturday evening, May 30, the positions for Field Day contests were drawn at a public meeting of the following representatives of their classes, F. B. Hunt '96, L. B. Sinnette '97, F. W. Dillon '98, C. P. Meeker '99, R. G. Pierson, Acad. A boy from town unknown to the parties interested drew out the numbers as they appeared on the program. This is the first time a systematic allotment of positions has been made at Bucknell.

The Pernicious club numbering about 200 under the lead of Rob McCay attended the evening exhibition of Scribner and Smith's circus, Thursday May 28. After silencing the museum man and viewing the wild animals, the boys went into the circus and had a good natured time with the performers. All members of the company displayed as much orange and blue as possible and received great applause from the Bucknell boys.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature, which is under the direction of the Council of Seventy, has issued announcements for Summer Bible Schools for this year. These schools will be held at fifteen places in the United States, making the work accessible from all parts of the country. Prof. Lincoln Hulley, who is a member of the Council of Seventy, has been engaged as an instructor and lecturer in two of these schools. He will give courses in *Hebrew Language*, *Studies in Job*, and *Studies in the General Epistles* at Lakeside, Ohio, from July 20 till August 8; and between August 9 and 23 will give courses at Monteagle, Tennessee in *Hebrew Language*, *The Book of Psalms*, and *The Founding of the Church*. Doctor Hulley's lectures in these schools met with great success last summer, and he will enter upon his work this year with a well merited reputation.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Jessie Birkbeck enjoyed Decoration Day at her home in Freeland.

Three of our teachers spent Saturday and Sunday, May 30 and 31 in Watsontown.

Miss Emma Kunkle conducted the missionary conference of the B. Y. P. U. Convention held at Williamsport.

The young ladies who attended Mrs. Harris' reception to the Fourth Form boys of the Academy, reported an exceptionally pleasant evening.

Mr. Horace A. Crary, of Sheffield, Pa., an alumnus of the Boston School of Technology has been visiting his sister Miss Marion Crary.

Miss Mary E. Brown, of Manchester, N. H., a former teacher at the Institute is visiting our principal, and will remain for the Commencement exercises.

We feel both pleasure and regret when we realize how nearly the term is ended; glad that we shall so soon be released from study, but sad that another class whose members have been our companions and co-workers, will leave to return no more to the Institute. But as it must be, we wish the class of '96 all possible success in the greater school, they are soon to enter, life.

On Monday afternoon, May 25, the young ladies of the Fourth Year Class received their friends at the "At Home" held in the Institute parlors from 4 to 6 o'clock. This was the last for this year of these pleasant social gatherings, which have been so much enjoyed by all, and have given an additional charm to life at Bucknell this Spring. We hope that we may look forward to many more such events and all unite in thanking Mrs. Larison for her delightful inovation in the social life of the Institute.

On Saturday evening, May 16, the annual exhibition in gymnastics was given by the girls of the College and the Institute in Bucknell Hall. The young ladies who swung the Indian clubs were placed at a serious disadvantage as at the last moment, they were obliged to proceed without an accompaniment upon the piano. They deserve great praise for the creditable manner in which they performed the various difficult evolutions. Those in the scarf and may-pole drills and in the pantomine exercises each appeared at their best. Recitations and vocal music were interspersed throughout the program. The house was well filled and all felt that the exhibition of this year, was if possible a greater success than ever before.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. VXI. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., SEPTEMBER 10, 1896. **No. 1.**

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

OCTOBER 10. 1896.

GREETING! The MIRROR, as the representative of the student body, extends a most cordial welcome to all new students. The numbers of the incoming classes are indeed favorable to the institution. The way in which they have entered upon their work, and into the life of the college through its organizations portends that their talents and energies will bear glorious fruit both to themselves and to the institution they have made their own. We congratulate them upon their successful entrance into college and university life.

THE new board commences its labors with the present issue. As editors we appreciate the responsibility and feel our own inability to do the work as it should be done. But with your forbearance and your aid we hope not only to hold up the Bucknell journal to its present standard, but to contribute our share to its steady progress. Our first aim shall be to keep the paper in close touch with the student body, and to make it a thoroughly representative paper. To do this we need the hearty co-operation of the students. Let no worthy production or suggestion that may fall under your notice escape us. Information, suggestions and contributions are requested to be left in the MIRROR box, located in the main hall of the college building.

OUR hope that the class of nineteen hundred would infuse their new life and talents into every worthy college organization, met happy fulfilment in the first meetings of the literary societies, which opened with prospects of new vital energy, indicating that these societies may become the first feature in college life. This is as it ought to be. The literary societies should be the synthesis of all other departments. The work done there should give vigor to life, dignity and courtesy to our behavior, order to our ideas, and eloquence and imaginative power to our character. The many problems that confront us in sociological college life should here meet their settlement.

THE disagreeable task falls upon the editor of calling attention to the "dead-heading" of a number of the students into the first foot ball game of the season. These embrace two classes of people. One, though absolutely able, has the habit of living on the labor of others, hanging on the outskirts of society and living upon it as parasites. We find this class everywhere, even in college. The other class is deluded by a flimsy logic: not being able to pay their way into games, they say that they attend to help the success of athletics by their presence and their cheering, and that after all the association loses nothing by their being there. With such flimsy logic one could reason himself into anything. A high sense of honor and duty would compel such an one to remain away. The only feasible measure by which the student body in general can protect itself is the enforcement of the honor system in regard to this feature of athletics. Let no one who glories in the fame of old Bucknell on the gridiron countenance as in any way honorable this most detestable of things among some of her sons. It is a duty you owe to them and to the association.

TO A DEAD BIRD.

Oh, little feathered birdling,
With wings of brightest hue,
With tiny crest upon thine head,
And breast of heaven's blue,

Thou little fairy songster,
Thy notes so pure and sweet
Shall in these woods no more be heard,—
Thy life hath ceased to beat.

Thy little mates will miss thee,
Thy brood will cry in vain,
Thou hast left thy loved companions
Ne'er to return again.

T'is sad, dear little creature,
To see thee cold in death,
To think that life has ceased, when ebbed
Thy last weak, fluttering breath.

But we may still be comforted
For there's a God above,
And not e'en a sparrow falleth
Without the Father's love.

S.

AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

"In the lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'fail.'"

Perry Pullman adored the poets and was inclined to believe whatever they say. As he read these words, however, his faith wavered, and he made a few meaningless ejaculations.

He tossed the book on the centre-table with a slight gesture of contempt and walked to the window. He held his hands against the cold panes and looked out across the street.

"It all depends," he soliloquized, "upon what you mean,—whether you mean making a million, passing the next examinations, or marrying the girl you love."

Then he added in a half-wisper to himself,—"The first two are quite possible."

Pullman walked back to the table, picked the book up and opened it to the lines that had started his train of thought. He searched in his pocket until he found the end of a pencil. Then he underlined the passage heavily and scribbled in the margin, "Jan. ——, 1844."

"We'll see," he said.

So he went whistling out into the night The thermometer was running down at a break-neck speed. The wind from the north was biting, and Pullman turned his collar up and plunged his hands deep into his pockets. There was a thin sheet of ice over the pavement. Though it was more than once the cause of his downfall, he remembered with a grim kind of humor the poet's words and got up.

"Not at home," the maid said, but Perry knew better. He stepped back and gazed through the window until the maid closed the door. The blinds were open and he could see Dora and one of his rivals sitting at arm's length from each other. After that, as Perry walked across the lawn, he took special delight in crushing the frosty grass under his feet.

"In the lexicon,—"but he would not say the words. He did not believe them. They came, however, to have an influence upon his life.

Perry was not very brilliant by nature, but he was putting that line of poetry to the severest test. He made a clean sweep of the class prizes and graduated valedictorian of his class.

"That man Pullman," said more than one who heard him, "is going to have a career. Why he won't have to make his way. The way is made for him. He need just take the world as it comes."

But, strange to say, Perry only sighed as he left the platform. And he sighed again as the applause swelled and died away. He had seen somebody seated far back in the audience, and she was not alone.

The congratulations of his friends, however, cheered him up and he set his face resolutely toward the future. The world lay smiling before him.

* * * * * * * *

Seventy years is a long time to live. Perry Pullman, bent, white-headed, wrinkled, realized it. He was said to be the most learned man in the city. His fortune was written in seven figures. His life had been a success.

In the same block there was someone else with white hair. Pullman used to sit in his great invalid-chair and dream for hours at a time, and all his dreams began with a frosty night in January, 1844, and went on through a "successful" life until they ended in the dismal twilight of his existence.

He used to wheel himself to the window every morning at ten o'clock. Then he would draw aside the curtain and look down the street. He was seldom disappointed. Leaning on the arm of an attendant, she would walk slowly, almost painfully, down to the square.

And Pullman would muse as she passed under his window, and lisp in a helpless sort of way, "Dora !"

"Bulwer was an ignoramus," he said once testily. "Love knows no law. Fail! Why, it is written all over one's youth, in his heart's blood."

A. L. H.

ONE SUMMER.

The following is an extract from one of the current dailies of a small town:

STRAYED, LOST, OR STOLEN.

During the recent summer a young man came to our town for the purpose, as he said, of elevating the condition of the inhabitants. Accordingly, he at once began to behave in a most peculiar manner. On every possible occasion, he assured everyone that he was a member of "B. U. '96" and followed this assertion by a dreadful cry which he proudly said was his Class Yell. Certainly all hoped that such a noise did belong only to *his* class.

Then he persisted in wearing in public a mantle which might have belonged to his wife (had any woman been foolish enough to marry him), and a cap with an enormous tassel falling over his eyes and half blinding him. When spoken to about this custom, he said that these garments were a symbol of his rank and it became one of "B. U. '96" to wear them.

After he had been with us a short time, he began to give lectures on such subjects as "The Condition of Man in the Crustacean Age" and "The Advantages of a College education as shown in Myself." On such topics he would talk for hours, never troubled by his scanty audience.

A short time ago, he disappeared and we publish this account of him, hoping it may reach the eyes of his friends. Our medical men all agree that he was suffering from a mild form of insanity and had strayed, or been coaxed away from those who had him in charge. Any news of him will be gladly received at the office of the *Daily Chronicle* of this town.

S.

The Lakes—blue, dashing, free—clear skies, fresh breezes. A yacht—full sail—merry party of fifteen, good cook included. A cruise' of the lakes; a stop here and there; a visit to picturesque and historic Macinac. A three week's camp at Cove's Bend; fishing, boating, strolling, chatting, musing. Tempting hammocks swung 'neath shady boughs, in which to conjure up the golden ages of long ago and fancy brighter possibilities for the future.

Then a few weeks at *domum dulce domum;* there to be admired, beloved, respected, appreciated. A gentle nudging of ones conscious powers just opening to the world. Then to go back to the senior year, eager for greater expansion of mind and soul. Ah! such was the vacation dream of a student just finishing his junior year.

His vacation may be described as follows: "Are you the lady of the house? Just one moment please. I have with me some of Kilburn's ("Don't wa—") famous views. Just take the glass ("I —") please. 'Famous Suspension Bridge, Niagara.' 'Horti—("Here, take your old views.") cul—' Here's something fine."

"I don't want any. Agents are the most deceptive men in the world."

"Good morning! Have you a moment's leisure? 'Mrs. Grover Cleveland'—" "Oh Hetty look! Is'nt she beautiful? How much are the 'scopes and views? You may take my order for a glass and two dozen views."

"Never ordered any views of you. I'm a woman of honor and keep my word, but I never promised no agent to take his pesky stuff, so you can just go on."

Conclusion:

Vacation over; no money made; faith in humanity shaken.

V. F.

Dear Chum:

There seems to be a dominating spirit of procrastination in my make-up, and the concession of the spirit's presence is the only way by which I can account for my delay in replying to your last letter, which, by the way, I received about five weeks ago. It has since been reposing contentedly with numerous other "unanswered" in my case. I won't bore you by recounting how much pleasure I derived from reading it, or how anxiously it was awaited. Supposably you know all that, and if you don't, you are at least aware that I am not prone to shower rhapsodical expressions of delight on such an undemonstrative personage as you are. Therefore, I will get right down to business and try to answer some of your multitudinous queries about how I have been enjoying my vacation, etc., etc. By the way, you did exhibit an astonishing amount of assinine simplicity when you wanted to know how I was enjoying myself, when vacation had just begun. Well, to begin,—I suppose that you remember, with your usual aggravating certainty about everything I want you to forget, my virtuous and highly commendable determination to spend part of my time during the summer in study? I studied just thirty-seven minutes when I detected symptoms of mental and physical collapse; reflecting that by a continuance of the present dissipation I might seriously endanger my health and with it our future national prosperity, (because you know that some day I expect to occupy the presidential chair,) I immediatedly discontinued my labor and the class adjourned *sine die*. (Wouldn't that apt piece of latin phraseology delight Prof's soul?) Upon consultation with "Absalom," I found that he favorably viewed my action and therefore—but you don't know who "Absalom" is, do you? Well, I'll tell you in short order. "Absalom" is my constant companion and adviser; he is not a very agreeable companion to many persons but to me he is ever faithful and true, in other words. "Absalom" is my old "briar-wood." He and I have a code of signals (adopted in our sophomoric glory) whereby we can understand each other and thus derive mutual pleasure from our frequent discourses. When he emits the smoke in a lazy, curling column, he is expressing agreement. but when he throws it out in short, quick puffs he is undecided. Now you see how we commune with each other—capital scheme, isn't it? Well, enough of "Absalom"! Since my disastrous attempt at study, I have been having a fine time, boating, bathing, fishing, driving, tennis and, "last but not least," flirting. Say, old man, you must come down to see me,—here. I will offer you an inducement: You shall meet just the most interesting little girl in seven states; she has—Oh pshaw! there goes eight and I have a date for eight thirty, so I must ring off writing. Good night Tom. Wire me when you can come down. May the best of fun be yours; ta—ta. P.

Now the much-befuddled Freshman
With his learning quite extensive,
Packs his grip in gladsome silence,
Thinking of the journey homeward.
Beats his heart to sweetest music,
To the joys of Papa's praises,
To the hope of fond caresses.
"At my learning they will wonder,
When they hear me spout pure Latin,
When they read my compositions.
Not in vain have been my trials."

On the morrow, as the train goes,
Snorting, puffing into Greenville,
To the ears of our sage Freshman
Come the strains of martial music.
"Ah," he sighs, "my cunning failed me,
They must know that I am coming."
He had never heard of Bryan,
Had not heard of the mass-meeting,
But the Fates, who would deceive
Both the orator and people,
Had not reckoned on the instinct
Which belongs to every mother.
Thro the crowd there presses forward,
With a welcome smile angelic,
Willy's Mother with his Father.
Each had brought to him a present
As a token of his welcome.
Each some pink and white stick candy
From Si Leuce's at the corner.

Cruel, cruel are the masses,
When they recognize deception.
Bitter, bitter is our anguish
When ourselves we've made a fool of.
And the people round about him
Give expression to their anger,
Some with hisses, some with turnips,
Each in manner most effective.
Not knowing that for another
Freshman was this noise and greeting,
As the train stops, scarcely waiting,
To acknowledge salutation
From the boy who once had thrashed him,
Climbs our hero on the rostrum
Which the people had provided.

Round about him surged the masses.
In his ears he hears the muses,
Prompting him to verse majestic.
"Friends," he cries in voice stentorian—
Then he ceases, and applauses
Rend the air in glad approval.
Strange, you say, they did not know him;
He had changed and like the other
Down his back hung long locks raven.
In his eye a fire was blazing
And his style was quite as pompous.

Now the Freshy is a Sophomore
And he sits and sighs and reasons;
"Had I known how near to honor
Circumstances strange had brought me,
I would not have paid attention
To the greeting of my mother,
I would not have touched the candy.
I would still have fooled the people."
Foolish youth, 'tis truth forever,
In deception one most clever
This sound fact in mind must bear:
Some are fooled perhaps forever,
All are fooled, for all time, never.
G.

NORTHFIELD.

Close on the borderland between Massachusetts and Vermont along the Connecticut river is one of the sweetest spots on earth. "There is no Niagara here with its awful grandeur, no ocean with its mighty waves; but there are the eternal hills with their calm repose of perpetual joy; there is the winding Connecticut gently loitering through the meadows with its song of praise; there are wild ravines so suggestive of the cañons of Colorado; there are near and distant views which cannot be painted on canvass and sunsets in which may be seen a divine glory." And this is East Northfield, the home of Dwight L. Moody.

East Northfield, as the name implies, is east from Northfield proper, which is a small village, but which, with its shady elms and freedom from all the noisy appurtenances of modern civilization and its close proximity to the scene of the East Northfield conferences, makes a magnificent summer retreat.

A few minutes drive takes us into East Northfield. To our rignt, by the road, is the cosy home of Mr. Moody, while not far distant is his birthplace, which was also home of his mother, Betsy Moody, at the time of her death not long since.

It is in this little section of Massachusetts that the renowned Students' Conferences are held annually. No one can estimate the great influences for good which are here exerted and which spread all over the world. It is no wonder that men like Dixon, Torry, Pierson and Major Whittle turn from the more crowded centres for a season and seek this retired spot, where the whole atmosphere is pervaded with "a religion pure and undefiled" and where all Nature is declaring in forceful accents the glory of God.

The attendance at the Conference for College Men in July was above four hundred. Representatives being present from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Amherst, Brown. Bucknell and different other schools scattered throughout the north eastern section of the United States. Yale, by the way, had the largest delegation, having over sixty men present.

Among the speakers who addressed the conference were C. T. Studd, of London, who was connected with the China Inland Mission, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, the noted author of religious literature, Dr. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge, Mass., and R. E. Speer of New York.

We can not go into details with regard to various addresses given and conferences held. Suffice it to say that no one will doubt their excellent character, when it is considered who the leaders and speakers were.

The afternoons were taken up with various sports, trips into the surrounding country or whatever else the delegates might prefer. The evening of the Fourth of July witnessed a most enlivening celebration in the great auditorium. All the delegates had seats under the gallery with the exception of Moody's school, Mt. Hermon, which occupied the chorus seats back of the platform. A number of the delegations vied with each other in having the supremacy in decorations. Bucknell seized upon one of the iron pillars and entwined it with orange and blue, ferns intermingled, along with a large Bucknell banner, reaching down from the rafters overhead to the top of the gallery railings. "She held her own." Robert Ellis Thompson, of Philadelphia, delivered the oration of the evening, but no doubt the collegians' enthusiasm consisting of yells and songs made a deeper impression upon the minds of most of those present than the able words of the scholarly speaker.

We must not omit mention of a little knoll back of Moody's house where, after the supper hour, it was the custom to gather and hear a stirring talk upon some phase of Christian duty or service. The hearts which were sealed, the decisions made, the lives given up in a loving surrender, God alone can see.

To know all of Northfield go and see for yourself, and mark you, if, when another year rolls by, you do not wish once more to walk beneath those dear old shades and drink in of those hallowed inspirations. T. H. S.

VIGNETTES.

I wander down the street to dinner; the town clock begins to strike the noon hour; the blows fall lazily,—one—two—three—Miss Smith passes me and says "good morning;" I reply with "good afternoon;" and then wonder which was right. The town clock is still striking. I again begin to count,—one—two—three—four—five—six.

Through tortuous by-ways of logical development the preacher had at last come to the most impressive part of his sermon; in tones full of intense awe he said: "My friends, this is a solomn moment," an oppressive hush fell upon the audience. The preacher stood trembling with deep emotion. A loud laugh was heard in one corner of the church. The preacher suddenly resumed his remarks. The sleeper aroused himself, turned to his neighbor and said: "Dad! but I had a funny dream."

As I walked along a country road, I heard a most exquisite melody of human voices come floating to me with ravishing sweetness on the air heavily laden with the rich fragrance of summer flowers. My soul was stirred in its depths; my love of music compelled to go to the house whence these angelic strains came. A fine mansion it was and I wandered up the flower-bordered walk as though carried on the air. I was about to ring at the bell, when I saw on the door-plate: "Dr. Tar's private home for the feeble minded."

Surely now all the students were deep in their books. He opened his door and looked down the hall; no one was in sight; he noiselessly closed the door and crept out to Main Hall as fearfully as a haunted criminal; the goal was now in sight; he quickly glanced around him; all was safe; he made a rush for the "Mirror-box," dropped in it his little, two lined, never-to-be-seen-again, local and hastened into outer darkness.

Her face was pure and holy; her lips—ruby red lips—were molded but to speak honied words; her teeth were shining brightness; her cheeks, full in form and tinged with a modest bloom, were fashioned by a master hand; her eyes—oh raptures! I can go no further, I must tell my story. She was alone; I would approach her; what should I say—anything—"Very warm isn't it?" I venture. That face of angelic beauty is turned to me, a ravishing smile greets me, those delicate lips open, am anxious to know how she will take my overture; her reply reassures me; she said: "Pretty much cold—nit!"

NOLI SPE.

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE.

Oct. 17, Johns Hopkins, at Lewisburg.
Oct. 31, State College, at Williamsport.
Nov. 7, Cornell, at Ithaca.
Nov. 14, Open.
Nov. 21, Dickinson, at Sunbury.
Nov. 26. F. & M., at Lancaster.

The schedule to be played this season shows that Bucknell has several contracts, the successful fulfilment of which will require the development of a team fully worthy to follow its predecessors of '94 and '95. It may be said that three conditions are of prime importance to the accomplishment of this end. First, plenty of material from which to develop the team; second, presence of a competent coach; and third, hearty co-operation of the student body.

As to the first point, there can be no doubt. The candidates for positions on the team are largely men who have had experience in this, or preparatory schools and should fill the positions acceptably. Of last year's team Cober, Collins, Bunnell, Elliot, Thomas, Jennings, Lesher Hollinshead, Wilson and Gilchrist are again nearing the canvass while Rowe, Craig, Jenkinson, Smith and Griffith of the substitutes are all making strong bids for positions. Of the incoming class, Huntzberger will in all probability be found at guard. The vacancies to be filled are end, tackle, and quarter back.

Upon the second point, i. e. the necessity of having a good coach, there is little to say since we have him. The work of Mr. Young in past years leaves no room for doubt as to his ability to handle a Bucknell team.

The third requisite was said to be the hearty co-operation of the student body. There can be no doubt that the presence of a large percent of the boys on the field during practice games will convince the players that their efforts to maintain B. U.'s standing are appreciated. Or if you cannot find time to do that, be on the hill with your ticket to take in the games played on the campus. There are about four hundred students in the different departments of B. U., yet it is said that on Saturday, Sept. 26, only about forty tickets were sold to these supporters (?) of the Orange and Blue. Despite this we often hear the query: "Why do we have so few games on the campus?" Why can this not be different?

Summarizing we find that the material is such as to indicate a good team, they will be well coached, and a training table has been established; in fact taken all in all the prospects are good, all that is needed is lots of genuine college spirit and there is no reason why Bucknell should not look on the season of '96 with pride.

The first game of the season was played Saturday, Sept. 26 with Wyoming Seminary and resulted in a victory for the home team by the scare of 10–0. When the visitors came on the field it was evident that they had an unusually strong team. They opened with a nice run aided by good interference and for a time continued to gain ground. But with the ball in Bucknell's possession things were different, the home team slowly but surely asserting their superiority over their opponents. In the second half, after scoring once, Bucknell devoted her attention to practicing the backs in kicking, doing so on the first down nearly every time the ball came into her possession. This gave the visitors every advantage and kept the score low.

Taking into consideration the fact that Wyoming had been practicing four weeks, while the home team had lined up against the scrub but four times, we think that the showing made was all that conld be desired.

The teams lined up as follows:

WYOMING.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Robertson	right end	Lesher,(Cober.
Decker	right guard	Huntzberger.
Johnson	center	Wilson.
Frentz	left guard	Hollinshead.
Fletcher	left tackle	Rowe.
Taylor	left end	Gilchrist.
Gendall	quarter back	Griffith.
Lamb	right half-back	Thomas,(Smith)
Youhey	left half-back	Collins.
Smith	full-back	Elliot.

Touch downs, Elliot 1, Collins 1. Goals, Elliot 1. Umpire, Fenstemacher. Referee, Young.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

Decker played a fine game for the visitors.

Elliot's fine tackling twice prevented Wyoming from scoring.

Thomas sought a "diversion" after the first half.

Huntzberger made a good showing.

The finance committee added a great improvement when they furnished the seats and enclosed the "gridiron" with the substantial wire sideline.

The need of a high fence along the railroad was again made apparent.

State, Oct. 31. Keep it in mind.

The following criticism of the B. U.–U. P. game is encouraging. Mr. Reynolds does not speak wholly upon his own inference, but his opinions are those expressed at the game by such experts as Brooke, Vail and Wagenhurst:

Well, they did it. We expected it and still we didn't expect it. That is, we expected they would beat us but we didn't expect 40–0. I know how the people felt when the telegram reached Lewisburg—I have been there. But to the eye-witness, the game was anything but disappointing.

The story of the game is simple. The ball was kept in Bucknell's territory most of the time. Bucknell was woefully unfortunate in her kicking, Penn. blocking the first three attempts. On the other hand, U. P. was altogether fortunate in her trick kicks and plays and was ever ready to take advantage of every misplay and every fumble that Bucknell made. Gelbert, Wiley Woodruff, and By Dickson were annoyingly in evidence in nearly every play. Pennsylvania played much harder against "the team that beat the Indians" than she did against either F. & M. or Gettysburg. She never let up in her play and big Wharton kept urging them to the very end. To the Philadelpiha–Bucknell contingent of "rooters," there were three things that seemed to aid the U. P. men in rolling up the score. They were:

1. Bucknell's ends were easily "pocketed." We know Bucknell has good ends,—one of them has been tried and found true. But on Saturday they were weak. To quote from a Pennsylvania substitute, "their style of play will never do anything against our interference."

2. Slowness of the backs in starting. Bucknell's interference formed all right and was good, but it was too slow.

3. Lack of "get up and get off." The U. P. students were continually urging on their men and crying: "Help him, push him, here we go, now everybody together, etc., etc."

But the thing which redeemed the whole affair was Bucknell's line. It held magnificently. And when we think of such men as Woodruff and Wharton being against it, the fact that it held so well means a great deal. Taken altogether I think Bucknell has the strongest line she has had since '91. And I am not forgetting the line of '94 which three times drove State before it to their five yard line only to have Atherton kick the ball out of danger and then made the fourth and last magnificent rush, which scored the touch-down. And I am not forgetting the line of '95 which repelled so successfully the fierce onslaughts of the Carlisle Indians. But we expect to hear of the line of '96 pushing Cornell down the field for more than one touch-down; and State—well, "we won't do a thing to them." As for U. P., —wait till next year.

BARCLAY REYNOLDS, JR., '96.

The line up was as follows:

U. OF P.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Hedges	left end	Gilchrist.
Uffenheimer	left tackle	Rowe.
Woodruff	left guard	Hollinshead.
Stannard, (Overfield)	center	Jennings.
Wharton	right guard	Huntzberger.
Farrer, (Stearns)	right tackle	Cober, (Lesher).
B. Dickson	right end	Jenkinson.
K. Dickson	quarter back	Griffith.
Gelbert	left half-back	Bunnell.
Minds, (Morice)	right half-back	Collins, (Thomas)
Jackson	full-back	Elliot.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Joe Shultz is gone.

Take regular exercise.

Don't forget the MIRROR box.

Come out and help our foot-ball team.

The Freshman class looks very promising.

Some of the new men show up well on the gridiron.

Coach Young is putting the foot-ball team in good shape.

Thomas J. Morris, 1900, has been appointed proctor at the Academy.

Parker has established quite a reputation as a lecturer in history.

The Orange and Blue hats are all the go. Buy one and be in style.

Several new men were elected members of the Y. M. C. A. recently.

Dr. Hulley preached a doctrinal sermon at Montgomery, September 23.

Miss Brown has been appointed as assistant Librarian for the ensuing year.

The recent storm overturned and broke down many trees about the college grounds.

Miss Flora Siegel visited Bucknell friends previous to her departure for Ann Arbor.

The present business manager of the L'Agenda promises to do better than was done last year.

Mr. John Anderson occupied the pulpit of his brother at Washington, D. C., during the vacation.

During the recent gale it is reported that the odor from the pines of South Carolina was very noticeable.

The members of the Junior class are glad to welcome Miss Emma Bolenius, of Lancaster, to their ranks.

Prof. in Physics. "No matter has ever been created or destroyed."
New student: "Yes Professor, but was not Elijah taken to Heaven by a chariot of fire?"
Prof.: "No matter."

Mr. John Lesher of the Senior Class is the Democratic nominee for United States Congressman from this district.

Professor (in Chemistry).—"What is the Law of Definite Proportions?"
Student—"16 to 1."

October 2, was given to the students as a holiday in order that they might attend the Union County fair at this place.

Miss Hawley of Northumberland is registered as a Sophomore, and Miss Emma Seiler, '96, Inst. is taking special college work.

M. B. Christy has been initiated into the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, S. C. Bell into Phi Epsilon and E. L. Peck into Phi Gamma Delta.

All contributions for the MIRROR will be gladly received, if given to one of the editors or dropped in the MIRROR box in the Main Hall.

The smiling faces of J. W. Davis, '96, J. R. Wood, '94, and O. E. Bailey, Ex-'96 were seen in our midst at the opening of the term.

The students of the University spent an enjoyable evening at the C. E. social, recently given by the young people of the Baptist Church in town.

At a recent meeting of the Junior class, D. H. Elliot, G. Morgan Davis, Mary Chambers and Grace Slifer were elected members of the L'Agenda board.

Among those taking special studies in our college department is Miss Sallie Van Gundy, who has been for some time a much esteemed instructor at Lutherville, Maryland.

On Sept. 28, Miss Wolfe and Miss Bartol left for Ann Arbor, for the purpose of continuing their studies, the former in the Medical department, the latter in graduate work.

The Misses Goddard have changed their residence from the Institute, to the home of Mrs. Clingan. And the Misses Chambers and Rodgers are now staying at Mrs. Gibson's, on Fifth street.

The Theta Alpha Literary Society elected the following officers for this term: President, Wiltbank; Vice President, Cook; Critic, Purdy; Censor, McCay; Secretary, Hanna; Treasurer, Hollinshead.

The regular meeting of the College Girl's Association, held for the election of officers for the year 1896–97, resulted as follows: President, Miss Hanna; Vice President, Miss Rodgers; Secretary, Miss Gertrude Stephens; Treasurer, Miss Zierden.

At a recent meeting of the Zeta Literary Society the following officers were elected: President, Miss Goddard; Vice President, Miss Rodgers; Secretary, Miss Allen; Treasurer, Miss Wheeler; Program Committee, Miss Owens, Miss Bolenius, Miss Stephens, and Miss Woodard; Executive Committee, Miss Zierden and Miss White.

The annual reception of the College Y. M. C. A. was tendered to the new students in the gymnasium Sept. 20. Interesting speeches pointed out some of the chief things to be gained in college life. These were followed by refreshments in abundance, and songs, class, university and ''prep'' yells added to the enjoyment of the company and gave the new men a taste of what is to follow in their course.

Four weekly Bible classes have been formed. The Freshmen will study the life of Christ. The Sophomores, the life and travels of St Paul. The Juniors and Seniors, thirty studies in Jeremiah. Also a personal workers' class, open to all men, will be lead by its old and experienced leader C. W. Harvey. No one can afford to neglect his Bible. Enter one of these classes and be a man.

The first regular meeting of the Euepia Literary Society was held Friday evening, Sept. 25. The attendance was greater than the society hall could accommodate, and from the spirit manifested there is the brightest prospect for the society. The following officers were elected for this term: President, Grim; Vice President, Sinnette; Secretary, Decker; Treasurer, Rawlinson; Critic, Kunkle; Librarian, Davis; Program Committee, Sinnette, Kunkle, and Decker; Delinquent Committee, Sinnette, Decker, and Rawlinson.

The disciples of Free Silver recently organized a Bi-metallic Club with the following officers: President, Jennings; Vice President, McCay; Secretary, Ritter; Treasurer, Williams. Prof. Enoch Perrine, Litt. D., and Prof. W. C. Bartol, Ph. D. were elected honorary members. We learn that the membership is large and that they have secured several prominent speakers to address them on the issue. A McKinley Club has also been organized with the following officers: President, Gilchrist; Vice President, Collins; Secretary, LeVan; Treasurer, Hollinshead.

The following officers were elected by the various classes of the College for the year 1896–97: The Senior Class—President, Kunkle; Vice President, Wilson; Secretary, Barner; Treasurer, Gilchrist; Historian, Miss Hanna; Poet, Miss Taylor. The Junior Class—President, Purdy; Vice President, Wiltbank; Secretary, Miss Rodgers; Treasurer, Cook; Historian, Lindemann; Poet, Miss Slifer. The Sophomore Class—President; Harvey; Vice President, Ballentine; Secretary, Miss Gertrude Stephens; Treasurer, Keen; Historian, Griffith; Poet, Buckminister. The Freshman Class—President, Morris; Vice President, Pearse; Secretary, Miss Wheeler; Treasurer, Reed.

The following contributions to the Museum were received during the summer: A complete collection of the Marine Shells of New Jersey, with the exception of a few small and uninteresting species, which, however, will be supplied as soon as they can be obtained, was presented by Mr. D. S. Maynard of Wildwood, New Jersey. In many instances the shells were sent just as they appear when taken from the water. This adds to the value of the collection as they may now be seen in a state of nature. The collection is valued at one hundred dollars. Mr. Maynard has also kindly promised to prepare and send to the University a paper on "The Marine Shells of New Jersey," in which a brief description of most of the varieties will be given. Another collection of shells, principally of the genus Unio, was received from Prof. H. M. Kelly, '88, of Cornell College, MtVernon, Iowa. A pair of mounted India pheasants and brood was presented by J. W. Hayne, Esq., '73. Registrar Gretzinger, '89, presented several Indian relics and Instructor N. F. Davis, '95, several starfish and other marine forms.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Viola Pensyl spent Sunday, Oct. 4, at her home.

Miss Isabelle Schweier spent Sunday, Oct. 4, at her home.

Miss Armitage visited Miss Bell for some weeks during vacation.

Mrs. and Miss Aikin enjoyed the delights of Chautauqua during the past summer.

The Misses Rositer and Pennypacker spent the "Fair" vacation with Miss Bastress in Sunbury.

Dr. Aviragnet favored Lewisburg with his presence during a large portion of the heated term.

Miss Jennie Jones has returned, having been absent for some days owing to the illness of her mother.

Mrs. Callendar and infant son have been staying with Mrs. Van Gundy and visiting friends in the Institute and town.

Mrs. Larison spent a portion of her summer in Michigan. Among other places of interest, she visited far-famed Battle Creek.

Once more Bucknell Insitute extends a hearty greeting to its old friends, and gladly welcomes all who have but recently come to enjoy our university life.

We are very glad to welcome Miss Miller of Allentown, a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Design, as principal of our Art Department, and Miss Crawford of Syracuse University as instructor in vocal and instrumental music.

The work of the Y. W. C. A. was happily inaugurated by the customary reception for the benefit of the new students, Saturday evening, Sept. 19. All the young ladies had been requested to impersonate some popular song, and to bring a pencil and blank card, on which those rightly guessing the song intended to be represented were to write their names. The three songs guessed by the greatest number were, "Home Sweet Home," "The Watch on the Rhine," and "Nothing but Leaves." The three young ladies representing them, in recognition of their skillful impersonation, were requested to sing their respective songs. A short literary and musical program filled the latter part of the evening: consisting of a humorous reading by Miss Sharpless; vocal solo, Miss Crawford; recitation, Miss Armitage; reading, Mrs. Larison; The Bucknell Song, "Orange and Blue." An address by Miss Hanna, president of the Association, closed the program. Refreshments were then served.

As we entered the Institute Library at the opening of the term, such a transformation met our gaze that we could almost believe some benevolent magician had been at work. Delicately tinted paper with a beautiful frieze adorned the walls, a Persian rug in rich dark colors covered the floor, and handsome high-backed chairs had taken the place of the old settees. We found also a new Magazine rack, well filled with the choicest periodicals, and a whole alcove of newly bound magazines. The benevolent magician had not, however, expended all his bounty upon the Library, for we found in the parlor lovely lace curtains which relieved the sombreness of that spacious room. We hope some day he will touch with his magic wand the old floors of the parlor and transform them into pretty hard-wood, covered here and there with soft rugs.

Judging from the fine appearance of "West Wing," Sir magician must be a master hand at wainscoating,—his skill in frescoing is evident in the artistic tinting which makes the walls of the Annex prettier than they were when new.

As there is a limit to the space allotted us in that model of college periodicals, the MIRROR, we will mention no more improvements, but will ask its readers to come and see for themselves.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Prof. Fisher was with us to see the defeat of Wyoming Seminary.

R. J. Powell went to see the game between Bucknell and U. of P.

The reception given by the different churches and the several Christian Associations of the University removed all strangers from among us not only at the "hill" but also in the town.

The Academy never opened with such bright prospects. We have Prof. W. L. Kauffman in the place so well filled for several years by Prof. Fisher, who has been called to Susquehanna University; we have made friends of twenty-eight new students, and our buildings, in excellent condition, are cared for by a man and wife who give to the rooms a home-like appearance.

The elections of the various organizations resulted as follows: Fourth Form, Pres., Devitt; Vice Pres., Riemer; Sec., Rowe; Treas., Ayars; Hist., Alexander. Third Form, Pres., Dickinson; Vice Pres., McCracken; Sec., Cunningham. Hermenia, Pres., Riemer; Vice Pres., Sherbondy; 1st Critic, Ayars; 2nd Critic, Whitman; Sec., Burpee; Treas., F. Bower; Librarian, Cunningham; Censor, Dickinson; Chaplain, McCracken; S-at-Arms Treverton; editors of Tattler, Ayars, Burpee and Riemer; Adelphia Pres., Shields; Vice Pres., Rowe; Sec., Pitts; Treas., Young; 1st Critic, Skinner; 2nd Critic, Alexander; Chaplain, Pierson; S-at Arms, W. Groff; Athletic Association, Pres., Pierson; Vice Pres., Powell; Treas., Prof. Kaufman; Sec., Riemer; Foot-ball mgr., Senn.

PERSONALS.

'56. John A. Gundy has received the Democratic nomination for the State Senate for the district composed of Union, Snyder and Northumberland counties.

'59. Rev. A. J. Furman has been called to Indiana, Pa.

Ex-'64. Rev. W. P. Hellings, D. D., removes from Omaha, Nebraska to Jamestown, N. J.

'67. Thomas J. Philips, of Atglen, has been nominated as one of the Republican candidates for the State Legislative from Chester county.

'69. Rev. J. S. Wrightnour of Lincoln, Ills. has removed to Oil City, Pa.

'73. John W. Hague, of Pittsburg, has presented a very rare set of India pheasants, mounted, for the collection of natural science of the college.

'76. Rev. L. H. Copeland has resigned his pastorate at Skowhegan, Maine.

'76. Rev. A. S. Bashan has removed from Hamburg, N. J. to Dykeman's, N. Y.

'77. Rev. E. D. Shull is now living in Lansdale, Pa. He has been confirmed and is about to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

'83. Rev. O. R. Thomas of Transfer, Pa., has been greatly bereaved by the death of his mother, the wife of Rev. N. Thomas.

Ex-'85. Rolfe Gerhart is successfully engaged in minning pursuits.

'85. Rev. S. G. Reading has resigned the pastorate of the Erie Ave. Baptist Church, Williamsport, Pa., but at the unanimous request of his people has withdrawn it.

'85. Rev. Jos. E. Sagebeer, of Flemington, N.J. brought to Lewisburg, in July, the remains of his wife who died at their home in New Jersey. A sad return to the scenes of his old school days.

'86 Rev. W. C. Leinbach has resigned the pastorate of the Berean Baptist Church, Reading, Pa. and has become pastor of the Vincent Church, Chester Co. Pa.

Ex-'87. Rev. E. M. Lake is preaching in Lanesville, Ohio.

'–. Rev. Lemuel Moss, D.D., a former member of the Faculty has resigned his pastorate at Woodbury, N. J., and will devote some time to the work of the American Baptist Historical Society, of which he is President.

Ex-'90. Rev. J. A. Knowlton, of Lebanon, Ind., has resigned on account of ill health.

'90. Rev. J. K. Haslam, whose interesting article on Sunday School work appeared in the *Commonwealth* of Sept. 19, spent part of his vacation in Lewisburg.

Ex-'91. Rev. T. J. Cross officiated at the opening of the new board walk at Atlantic City.

'91. Prof. Geo. E. Fisher has accepted a position as Prof. of Science in Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa.

'91. Married. At the Spruce St. Baptist Church, Phila. Aug. 15, by Rev. A. Lincoln Moore, Prof. Herbert C. Donat and Evelyn L. Cotton.

'92. Geo. Shorkley is spending a short vacation in Lewisburg.

'92. Rev. Elkanah Hulley has been elected Principal of Keystone Academy, Factoryville.

'93. C. A. Gundy, M. D., U. of P. '96 is in charge of the City Hospital at Norristown, Pa.

'93, Inst. Miss Mabel Callendar spent the Summer months in Great Britain and on the Continent.

'93. Rev. E. K. Thomas was elected Clerk and Corresponding Secretary of the Bridgewater Association at their late convention.

'93. J. B. Cressinger, M. D., after completing a very successful course at U. of P., has taken charge of the St. Agnes hospital in Philadelphia.

'94. J. R. Wood, Crozer, '97, returned, after a three days visit, to his work at the Seminary.

'94. H. F. Smith spent his vacation playing ball with the Washington National League team.

'94. Raymond Davis is returning to America from Madras, India, under his physician's orders.

'95. Rev. H. M. Pease preached the introductory sermon at the Wyoming Baptist Association.

Ex-'95. E. G. Kendall having graduated at Yale last year, has been made proctor in that institution.

Ex-'95. Alfred Hayes, Jr., spent several months of the past summer camping and fishing about the Lakes in Minn.

'95, Inst. Miss Mary Matlack has entered upon the second year of her course at Mrs. Sommers' finishing school in Washington, D. C.

'95. Nelson F. Davis took the Summer course in Bacteriology at the Biological Labratory of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Mr. Davis is now Instructor in Organic Science in the University.

'95. W. A. Kauffman, late of the Bordentown Military Institute, has taken the position in the science department of the Academy made vacant by the resignation of Prof. George E. Fisher, who was recently elected Professor of Science in Susquehanna University.

'96, Inst. Miss Mary Williamson, is teaching in the High School at Sydney, Ohio.

'96. John W. Davis is now entering upon his course at Crozer Theological Seminary.

'96. B. B. Ware has been called to the pastorate of the Greenwich, N. J. Baptist Church.

'96. R. B. McKay has been made an instructor in the department of mathematics.

'96. Barclay Reynolds has received a position as Prof. of History in a Quaker School in Phila.

'96. F. B. Hunt is engaged in teaching English and History at Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J.

'96. T. L. Josephs, after a lingering attack, succumbed and was married several weeks after Commencement.

'96, Inst. Miss Emma Kunkle is busily engaged in the hospital at Williamsport, preparatory to the study of medicine.

'96. R. B. Davidson is back at his desk in the Examiner office after a vacation spent at his home in Paterson, N. J.—*University of Chicago Weekly.*

'96. Married at Northumberland, Pa., Sept. 27, by Rev. E. H. Stewart, E. R. Powell of North Sewickley, Pa. and Sara Buoy of Northumberland.

'96. Chas. Firth, following a former precedent, has married and entered Chicago University, where he plays quarter on the 'Varsity Eleven. We quote from the *University of Chicago Weekly:* ‘‘Firth at end and quarter played with snap and vigor that was refreshing. At quarter Firth surpassed all other candidates. He gives his signals while the men are lining up, passes the ball quickly and gets into the interference with marvelous rapidity.

'97. John E. Cutler, after a year at Crozer, expects to return and graduate.

Ex-'97, Inst. Miss Mary R. Eddelman was married on Sept. 2, to Mr. Frank Lippincott Saunders of Alexandria, Ind.

'98. Miss Ann M. Gilchrist has not returned from her home in Florida.

Ex-'98. Miss Flora Siegel is pursuing a special course at the University of Michigan.

Ex-'98. F. W. Dillon is pursuing a course in Political Economy at Allegheny College.

Ex-'99. G. L. Rees is attending Leland Stanford University.

Ex-'99. A. J. Hanna has accepted a position in Philadelphia.

Ex-'99, Inst Miss Clarissa Fowler is pleasantly domiciled at Vassar.

Ex-'99. A. M. Devall intends to enter upon a law course at Dickinson this fall.

Ex-'98. Robert Rex. Freudenburger, and R. A. Davis, Ex-'99 will enter State College this fall.

'99. F. D. Finn has received the Indianapolis scholarship in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

Ex-'99. Rees has entered Leland Stanford University and Laudenslager, Ex-'98, Franklin and Marshall College.

'99, Inst. Miss Watkins, owing to illness, has been detained at her home for some time, but we are hoping for her return very soon.

'—. David J. Hill, Ex-President of this University, has resigned his presidency at Rochester University to devote his time to literary work. His address at Madison Square Garden, New York City, on the occasion of Ex-President Harrison's great address, received most favorable commendation.

'—. Doctor G. G. Groff, of the Chair of Organic Science, who has for many years been a member of the State Board of Health, has recently been made the special agent for that body.

EXCHANGE.

The *Sibyl*, a very attractive journal, displays considerable literary ability.

A feature of the *Wittenburg* (Ohio) is the unique design of its cover; we wonder if it is the work of students or professionals.

The *F. & M. Weekly*, a fair specimen of college journalism, reports the entrance of D. K. Laudenslauger, B. U. '98 in that school.

The *Eagles Mere Chautauqua* gives a very full account of the work done there during the Summer under the direction of Gen. James A. Beaver.

From the *Susquehanna Journal*, we judge that our friends at Selinsgrove are as glad to secure Prof. Fisher as our Academy was sorry to lose him.

The *Monthly Bulletin*, the official organ of the Y. M. C. A. of Reading, comes to us laden with interesting facts concerning the Y. M. C. A. work in that city.

The *Pottsville High School Monthly*, makes a fair showing for a school of that grade, yet it lacks that literary touch which characterizes the better kind of school journalism.

THE MIRROR is on file at the editorial rooms of the *University Review*, 236 Fifth Avenue, New York, where all college men are given a hearty welcome.

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Vol. VXI. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., SEPTEMBER 24, 1896. No. 2.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

OCTOBER 24. 1896.

REMEMBER that Oct. 31 will soon be here. Are you prepared to go to Williamsport? We will all close our doors and journey to the Lumber City on that day and you should be with us. State will in all probability be represented by a large delegation and Bucknell must not be outnumbered. Oct. 31. Keep your calendar where you can see it.

BUCKNELL'S Gala Day is at hand. Bunting and flags, music and the blast of horns, college cries and laughter, the meeting of old friends and a general rejoicing in Alma Mater combine to make the annual football game with State College one of the liveliest events of the year. Then, we are more happy this year than for many years before, because we believe we are going to win and we have facts on which to base our belief. Last year we lamented our broken up team, though we dared to hope in spite of it. This year, with every precaution, with material undoubtedly better than last year, with Young's coaching, with the hard work of the team and their excellent showing, we ought to win, if ever. Let the faint heart be confident. From our last defeat shall come forth victory.

A new department in the sociological college work has been inaugurated by the present Senior class. The Senior Lecture Course, as it is to be styled, is not unknown in our leading colleges, and it is but natural to see Bucknell advancing along the lines of her predecessors. It is intended to have the best speakers obtainable and to exert a great influence both among the students and in the surrounding community. We wish the enterprise success. It is surely deserving of your support and will yield you much benefit in return.

THE greatest event in our nation's history since the war of the Revolution will have transpired before another issue of your paper. It would be hardly right in "Mirroring" school life to allow the event to pass without comment. Because we are students, we are not isolated from the broader world around us, but we feel an interest in our country and the same patriotism that stirred the breasts of our forefathers, stirs us to-day. We have organized political clubs, held weekly meetings, discussed the issues of the campaign and listened to stirring speeches. Hardly a student is there who is not identified with one of these clubs. Many of us in a few days more will go to our homes and there exercise the duty and privilege of our citizenship. Many of us will be compelled to remain and look on, but we breathe forth a wish like that of Longfellow:

> Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
> Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
> Humanity with all its fears,
> With all its hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

PSYCHOLOGY.

I
Excitation,
The sensation,
Expectation,
Trepidation.

II
Recitation (?)
Hesitation,
Explanation,
Extrication.

III.
Examination,
Degradation,
Notification,
Transportation.

THEY WERE JUSTIFIED.

It is a scene in olden times. The ancient city has been fired and the enemy stand without its walls ready to slay those who shall attempt to escape from the devouring flames. Just within the gates there come forth from a house, whose walls tongues of fire have already begun to lick, a maid and a youth. A glance assures them of their doom; upon the face of the youth is pictured despair, veiled with just the faintest shadow of determination; the maid in hopeless terror clings in desperation to the arm of her lover.

They take their way to the inner city where the flames have not yet crept; they sit upon a marble bench to enjoy its refreshing coolness ere it shall have cracked in the fierce heat of the burning city. No more do they try to hide their love; they are embraced in each other's arms, but none see them; all are too busy making ready to meet death.

After a tender kiss, which they know is one of their last, the youth says: "Dearest, oft hast thou wished to know the contents of this little golden flask which I have ever worn about my neck; now will I tell thee—in it is a deadly poison, sure yet mild in its effects; there is enough for two, I will divide with thee. Mine wert thou to be in life, surely mine shouldst thou be in death; come drink with me the potion! Together were we to go in life, but fate has frowned upon us, yet shall we cheat her, for together will we go in death." The maid looked up almost in entreaty and said: "But alas, my love, I can not think it right that thus we should take our lives into our own hands." Answered the youth:—"Argue not thus my precious one; could we not go to the gates and meet death there upon the spears of the barbarian horde instead of roasting here in torment, and consider ourselves justified, if thus we did? Would this not be choosing our death? Would not this be taking our lives into our own hands? If then it is right to choose a wretched death in preference to a worse one, is it not also right to choose a pleasant one in preference to them both? Why! dost thou still hesitate? Child, dear, remember how even the gods have taught us to better ourselves in every circumstance. Haste! the greedy flames approach us, hesitate no longer, let thy soul take peaceful flight with mine, see! I drink." The maid sunk her head upon his shoulder and tight embraced his neck, then looking up with an air of trustful resignation she reached forth her lips for the poisonous draught.

The flames rushed upon them to kiss their placid faces, but their justified souls were already wandering in Elysium. NOLI SPE.

IDEALS OF A CHRISTIAN MINISTER COMPARED WITH "THE POURE PERSOUN" IN CHAUCER'S PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

BY CARL SUMMERBELL.

The greatest of all things existing in the world is man. The greatest of all studies, save the contemplation of God, is the study of man. He that is a student of mankind has a greater subject than one who simply studies nature.

Chaucer is a student of mankind. He not only laughs at the outside polish and sham of the world, but he looks into the inner feeling and true life as well. He does not spare dissimulation or hypocrisy, even though it is found in the portals of the church.

Chaucer was able not only to see the dark side of men, but he could also appreciate and see the bright side. He was not a sour pessimist, nor a weak optimist; but he painted men as they are. The world contains much wickedness, but it also contains much good. To appreciate the good, we must discern between good and evil and recognize both.

Chaucer sees the evil in the "Monk," the "Frere," and the "Shipman;" and recognizes the good in the "Prioresse," the "Poure Persoun," and the "Ploughman."

In the character of the "Poure Persoun" we see one of the most charming, enjoyable, and instructive pictures of true manhood that has ever been drawn. In his calling, the "Poure Persoun" seems to be a master.

If education develops a man, if it increases his powers, if it makes him stronger intellectually, if it causes him to be more efficient in whatever he does, then one who holds an important place in the world, and on whom society is to a certain extent dependent, should be educated.

The clergy have especially to do with the eternal welfare of human beings. They, therefore, hold more important positions than those who are simply related to their temporary welfare. Consequently the clergy of all men should be educated. Chaucer says of the "Poure Persoun:"

> "He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
> That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche."

A minister should preach where he can do the most good to the greatest number of people. If he can do the most good in the city, amidst cultivated people or among the slums, he should labor there. If he can accomplish the most in the missionary field, or in a country district where the houses are few and far between, he should work in that place. No matter how disagreeable the place may be, the minister should go where he is needed.

We find the "lerned man" preached in a country district which Chaucer describes thus:

> "Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder."

When a minister has found his right place, it is not generally necessary that he should leave it on so long a vacation that the lambs will stray away from the fold. He may be sure that the devil does not take a vacation, but is doing business at the same old stand with a hearty welcome to all old customers. If he would spoil the devil's business he must not neglect his own.

> "He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
> And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
> And ran to London, un-to seynt Poules,
> To seken him a chaunterie for soules,
> Or with a bretherhed to been withholde,
> But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde."

The minister's work is generally the most important of any in the community. While other men may till the earth, feed sheep, or exchange monies, the minister works with the souls of men. He labors in the vineyard of men's hearts. If he succeeds, happy may he be; if not, "of all men most miserable." Since his work is so important, he should be willing to give his greatest efforts and hardest labors. He should be glad to do all he can.

> "And was a poure Persoun of a town;
> But riche he was of holy thoght and werk."

* * * * *

> "But he ne lafte nat for reyn ne thonder,
> In siknes nor in meschief to visyte
> The ferreste in his parisshe, moche and lyte,
> Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf."

Every man has the choice between doing good and evil. He is constantly doing either one or the other. But nothing can force him to make his choice fall on the evil and drop the good, or to choose the good and abhor the evil. He himself makes the choice to sin or not to sin. If he is a free moral agent, he can choose between right and wrong. If anything forces him to do good or to do evil, he is not a free moral agent and is therefore not responsible for what he does.

But although a man cannot be forced to do good or to do evil, he may have an influence thrown round him that will tend to cause him to lead a better or worse life.

A minister is a fisher of men. It is his business to influence men to do right. A man can be more easily influenced to do right by the cords of love than by the whips of justice. One who is pitiful and compassionate toward frail humanity will often come near to the heart of a sinner, no matter how vile that sinner may be.

Chaucer sings of the "Poure Persoun:"

> "And though he holy were, and vertuous,
> He was to sinful man nat despitous,
> Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
> But in his teching discreet and benigne."

But to have pity is not to accede to wrongdoing. It is not to chant "Benedictio" when a "Maledictio" should be pronounced. Pity is not to say: "Peace! peace! when there is no peace." If it is right to say, "Thou art the man," as did a prophet of old to a great king, the minister should not shrink. Pity will not cause the minister to hide truths from men. His own love of self may. A minister should tell the truth to any man, even if he be the king. People in high places, society people, often hear little truth. These people need the truth, though it cuts them to the quick. And although a minister's popularity may fall, he should stand.

> "To draw eu folk to heven by fairnesse,
> By good ensample, this was his bisynesse:
> But it were any persone obstinat,
> What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
> Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones."

It sometimes seems as if some people, who only look at the outside of things, are beginning to believe that all ministers preach simply for the money that is in it; that they enter their vocation for filthy lucre; that the primary object of their preaching is to get greenbacks. The persons who have such ideas often judge from seeing the work of but a few ministers. Because a minister receives money for his preaching does not prove that he is preaching simply for money. When a man is a little behind train time—arrives at the station just as the train starts he is likely to run to catch the train. In his running he gets heated up and short of breath. He does not run in order to get heated up and short of breath, but he runs to catch the train.

So, because a man receives money for preaching, it does not prove that he preaches for the money. He cannot do his best unless he gives his whole time to the work, and he cannot give his whole time to the work unless he is supported. No true minister preaches simply for money. He preaches because he would lift men up. He would give his whole life to his fellow-men. It is hard for him to do otherwise than to preach. God intends the ministry to be his calling. He preaches for love. He is not a hired servant, but a friend. As Chaucer says of the "Poure Persoun:"

> "He was a shepherde and no mercenarie."

If a man becomes great in any art he must love that art. A musician cannot be a true artist unless he loves music. A sculptor cannot succeed in the true sense of the word unless he loves statuary. A painter cannot be classed among the masters unless his life is absorbed by his art. Neither can a minister succeed in his calling—to win men—unless he loves men. If he loves men he will go to them when he is needed. If they be in trouble, such as death, disease, sin, the minister will especially go to them at those times.

> "Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,
> But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
> Un-to his poure parisshens aboute
> Of his offringe, and eek of his substaunce
> He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce."

Can pure water flow forth from a foul spring? Can one gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Can a man who has a beam in his own eye see to take out a speck from his brother's eye? Can a man be expected to help others to Christ when he himself is not with him?

Chaucer closes the picture of the "Poure Persoun" with these words:

> "But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
> He taughte, but first he folwed it him-selve."

A VISIT TO CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

One lovely day in October, Professor Coman chaperoned a party of Wellesley College students to Concord and Lexington, and the historic places along the way. After a beautiful drive of two hours and a half, we came to Walden Pond, which lay gleaming thro the trees at the foot of the hill. Here we made our first stop; for here it was that Thoreau lived "as near as possible to Nature" in his hut in the pine woods which border the pond. The hut is gone, but the traces of its walls are yet to be seen. Upon its site admiring visitors are gradually raising a monument of stones and boulders.

Two miles away is Concord, where Louisa Alcott and the Concord sages lived so long. We went first to the Library, where we saw the original manuscript of "Little Women." It was in a glass case, open at the chapter "Heart-ache," where Laurie triumphs on Commencement day in the presence of his grandfather and the Marches. There was also the manuscript of Hawthorne's "Dolliver Romance," Holmes' "Dorothy I," in the most marvelously neat hand-writing, a part of Emerson's "Culture," and a manuscript of Thoreau's. Emerson wrote in a large, bold, legible hand, but Thoreau's writing was impossible to read.

On the other side of the village is the Old Manse. Two old ladies live there now. They are very jealous of their privacy, so we were not allowed to go in. Beyond the Old Manse is the Orchard. Along the road at the side of this, the skirmish at Concord bridge took place, and the first British soldier fell. The road is lined on either side with a double row of pine trees. It is said that after the battle, the citizens of Concord each planted a tree to commemorate the occasion. On this side of the bridge is the monument which the people of Concord erected long ago. Beyond the bridge is the famous statue of "The Minute Man,"—a beautiful figure, full of life and energy. One can fairly feel his eager watchfulness as he stands, musket in hand, ready for the foe. It was designed by the sculptor, French, and its inscription is from Emerson. Some one has said that very few towns can furnish a poet, a sculptor and an occasion. Between two pine trees, beside the stone wall which separates the orchard from the road, is the grave of "Two British Soldiers," as the inscription reads. Professor Coman read to us here Hawthorne's description of the Old Manse, the bridge and the battle ground.

We drove next to Sleepy Hollow where Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts lie buried. Their graves are in the farther side of the cemetery on a high pine-covered bluff. overlooking the river. Emerson's grave is marked by a huge, rose quartz boulder, with no inscription of any kind upon it, not even a name. Not far away is the Hawthorne lot—the most unassuming spot imaginable. It is surrounded by a wire fence and an arbor-vitæ hedge, so high that one must stand on tip-toe to see over. Hawthorne's grave has a plain little head-stone with the name "Hawthorne" in raised letters. The Alcott lot is irregular in outline, and is surrounded by magnificent pines. Here are five graves side by side, each marked by a little head-stone with the initials and the dates of birth and death. When we came to "L. M. A. 1832–1888," not a word was said, but some of the girls stooped down to gather some of the fragrant needles which covered the mound.

We had our luncheon at "Wrights' Tavern," which was built in 1754. We stood at the bar where Major Pitcairn stood on the morning of the famous 19th of April 1775, and said as he stirred his wine,—"Thus will I stir the blood of the rebels before night."

But the crowning part of the day was our visit to the Hawthorne and Alcott houses. These stand a little distance out of the town. We passed Emerson's house on our way. It is a plain, unpretentious, white frame building with a square front and green shutters.

The Hawthorne house was the home of the Alcotts until Louise was twenty. Hawthorne bought it in 1858 and remodeled it somewhat. Part of the house is more than two hundred years old. It is so delightfully old-fashioned both outside and in. The ceilings are very low and unplastered, with beams which Time has stained a rich brown. You remember in "Little Women" that Lauria could touch them with his hand. There are the queerest little corridors, shut in at both ends by gates, and nooks and crannies of all sorts. We climbed the "Hill Difficulty" where Meg, Joe, Beth and Amy played Pilgrim's Progress. It is well named, for a more crooked, winding stair one can scarcely imagine. We visited the room where the "Little Women" slept,—we saw the great fire place in the parlor, and the corner where Beth's piano used to stand, but we were not in the attic where "genius burned." The house, at the time of our visit, was owned and occupied in summer by Mr. D. Lothrop—the publisher of Boston. Mrs. Lothrop, whom every body knows as Margaret Sidney, received and welcomed us very cordially, and showed us all the interesting things about the house. She has a dressing table that was Hawthorns, she uses the study which was his, his book case still stands in the library, and we sat in his big leather chair.

The Alcott house is separated from Hawthorne's home by a pine grove. It is over one hundred and seventy five years old. We were not all allowed to go upstairs at the same time, because the house was considered unsafe. We were much interested in Miss Alcott's and Miss May Alcott's rooms. The doors and window facings of "Amy's" room were covered with her drawings. Over the fire place in Miss Alcott's room was painted an owl. Back and to one side of the house is the little frame building where was held the Concord

School of Philosophy. Its past glories are faded now; it is entirely without paint, and the steps are fast going to decay.

Although we drove over the road which Paul Revere had taken in his ride from Concord to Lexington, we were so filled with thoughts of these beloved writers that battles and Revolutionary heroes had lost all attraction for us. Not until we had reached the lovely old town of Lexington, and had seen its battle fields and monuments, and the house, built in 1698, where John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere, was our enthusiasm stirred. The beautiful old elms, with their historic associations, especially aroused admiration.

In the Lexington Library were unnumbered Revolutionary relics;—a pewter plate that Washington ate from, silver shoe buckles, Major Pitcairn's pistols, made in England, cocked hats of various styles, and documents of all kinds, including a fac-simile of the death warrant of Charles I. But most interesting to me was a picture of Paul Revere in his old age. One could hardly associate this pleasant old gentleman, however, with the hero of the gallant midnight ride.

We turned our backs at last upon all these delightful scenes, feeling that this had been a day well spent. ELIZABETH C. EDDELMAN.

A NATIONAL HOLIDAY IN PARIS.

Some days ago Paris received the head of the nation that raised France from an isolated position. How much the French appreciate the sympathy of Russia, which has apparently placed them on a level with other nations of Europe, was undoubtedly shown by the celebration of the holidays decreed for this occasion.

Paris alone knows how to celebrate such a day. One can scarcely imagine what skill is displayed in decorating and in other things that go to make a holiday.

Comparing their national holiday, July 14, the day of the siege and storming of the Bastille, with our Fourth of July, their superiority in celebrating is apparent.

July 14, 1896, was the one hundred seventh anniversary. There were really several holidays among which the fourteenth was the most prominent. For several days before the fête the houses on both sides of the streets were decorated with the flags and colors of the two allied nations. Occasionally one found an American flag which then showed its beauty.

On the great day the streets were alive with well dressed people. Every carriage in Paris and its environs seemed to be on the beautiful streets of the city of the Revolution. During the forenoon most people remained in the city. In the afternoon many went to see the army of Paris pass in review before the President of the Republic. The soldiers, especially the cavalry, seemed very well drilled. After the review the broad street leading from the *Bois de Boulogne* to *l'avenue des Champs Elysees* was lined with people who cheered the president, the deputies, and other officers of State, while passing. The air resounded with the cries of "*Vive la France! Vive la Republique! Vive Monsieur le President!*" It was at this time that a young man was carried away to such an extent that he shot a revolver several times to attract attention to his cries. As a reward he was compelled to spend some time in an asylum.

In the evening Paris held its position as the city of the beautiful and artistic. There was a display of fire works that seemed wonderful to one who had seen only a celebration of Independence Day in America. During this display of fire works and especially afterward, the people danced on every street corner. Bands and orchestras were scattered over the whole city. The excitement sometimes ran so high that many embraced each other for joy. The two or three following days were also holidays and were spent in restoring the tranquillity of mind and body.

How could an American spend so much time celebrating the anniversary of some illustrious deed of his ancestors? Are we not too practical? Is our industry not more honor to our forefathers?

ATHLETICS.

Since the game with the U. of Pa., the team has been very much retarded in practice by the soreness of the men after the hard game at Philadelphia and the inclement weather, but when practice was possible it has been productive of good results.

The work of the individual players shows much improvement. The tackling is harder and surer and more ability is shown in handling the ball. Catterall, who played end last year is now behind the line and Nattress is putting up a fast game at quarter.

What is most imperative now is the development of better team play. In this day of scientific foot-ball a team that does not protect the runner with good interference can not hope to advance the ball toward the enemy's goal line. In this line some improvement has been shown in the past few practices, but it will take a great amount of practice to make the interference and general team play as effective as it should be.

The adoption of the foot ball rules by the Advisory Board,certainly,was a move in the right direction. In the past, lack of physical training has been more harmful to Bucknell teams than any lack of training in the science of the game. To play a fast, snappy game, a player's physical condition must be equal to the demands made upon it. Much will be done to attain this end by observing the new foot ball rules.

Manager Purdy took the second team to Selinsgrove, Saturday, Oct. 10, where they played the Susquehanna University a tie game, the score being 10–10. The Selinsgrove men were very much heavier than the home team, and as they played a much more scientific game than in former years, the second team should be congratulated on holding their heavy opponents down to a tie.

The line up was as follows:

S. U.	POSITIONS.	B. U. RESERVES.
Brumgart	center	Reed.
You	left guard	Christy.
H. Herman	right guard	Sherman.
Kempher	left tackle	Craig.
Erdman	right tackle	Weymouth.
Wingard	left end	Riemer.
Morris	right end	Evans,(Gilpin).
Carpenter	quarter back	Garner.
Hoover	left half-back	Smith.
J. Herman	right half-back	Fetzer.
Hare	full-back	Senn.

The game with Johns Hopkins, which was scheduled for Oct. 17. was canceled, and instead the U. of Pa. Reserves played on the home grounds.

This game was the best contested of the season and was quite a surprise to the Pennsylvania men.

A Philadelphia paper stated that the Reserves would run up a greater score than the first team did at Philadelphia on Oct. 3. The score shows that Bucknell played the superior game, it being 10–0 in favor of the home team.

Captain Cober chose the ball, the visitors defending the western goal.

The kick off was run back past center, where it was stopped by Nattress,next to the last Bucknell man to defend our goal. The home team held Pennsylvania for four downs, after which they showed their strength by advancing the ball by both center and end plays. After changing hands several times,the ball was carried over by Catterall for a touch down and goal. During the remainder of the first half neither side scored.

The second half was largely a repetition of the first, the ball changing hands several times and one touch down being made for Bucknell.

During the entire game the play was mostly in Pennsylvania's territory. Our line held like a stone wall and the interference showed great improvement.

The line up was as follows:

B. U.	POSITIONS.	U. P. RESERVES.
Gilchrist	left end	Rengenberg.
Rowe	left tackle	Zeigler,(Stephenson)
Huntzberger,(Wilson)	left guard	Wentz.
Jennings	center	Carnet.
Lesher	right guard	Dean.
Cober	right tackle	DeSilver.
Jenkinson	right end	Worth.
Nattress	quarter back	Weeks.
Thomas	left half-back	Outland.
Bunnell	right half-back	Fortescue, Capt.
Catterall	full-back	Walker.

Touch-downs, Catterall 2; Goals, Catterall 1.

COLLEGE NOTES.

State—Oct. 31.

We won't do a thing.

Megargee has appeared in our midst again.

Help athletics by giving a liberal subscription.

We are glad to see Flint, '98, and Catterall,'99, back again.

Arthur Rees has been initiated into the Phi Epsilon Fraternity.

Mr. Nattress,of Sunbury. Pa., has entered College as a special student.

S. C. Bell, 1900, went home a few days ago to attend the wedding of his sister.

Several large trees have been cut down around the college but will not be missed.

Query: Why is every Senior a Cupid?
Answer: Because he loves his Psyche (?).

The Misses Mary and Gertrude Stephens have been initiated into the Pi Beta Phi fraternity.

Miss Laura Allen has changed her residence from the Institute to the home of Mrs. Clingan.

A number of the boys went down to Selinsgrove on the tenth to witness the foot ball game. They all report an excellent time.

Our Professors may often bore us, but that does not excuse our boorishness if we gape so audibly as to be heard all over the class room.

The Executive Committee have made some very stringent rules. One rule requires that a man must retire before 10:30 p. m. This has a desired effect.

Mr. Harvey gave an address at Williamsport, Oct. 11, on the "Need of Work for Young Men in Small Towns." He also repeated the same at Pittston, Oct. 18.

Prof. in Mechanics. "Mr. A—Will you please state to the class why butter possesses more energy than bread or beef?" Mr. A—"Because it is stronger I suppose."

The following men have been chosen for the Junior Debate: Anderson, Cook, Davis, Dutton, Diggs, Forrester, Hill, Stober, Wiltbank, Lindemann, Fithian, and Mulkie.

After the game with Pennsylvania, foot ball enthusiasm has run high and the prospects for a victory over State are very bright.

Miss Rosa L. Hartley has been detained from school by the illness of her father. Mr. Hartley is, however steadily recovering, and we trust Miss Hartly will soon return for her Senior year.

It is amusing to see a Junior, who is called upon to recite in Physics, arise and during his declamation play with his great, thousand paged, twenty-five pound text book. Leave them on the floor.

On Friday evening, Oct. 16, a jolly crowd went to Northumberland on a straw ride. They reported a "large" time, and we have no reason to doubt it, if we are to judge from the time they came home.

The district convention of the Y. M. C. A., held at Williamsport, Oct. 10–12, was attended by thirteen delegates from Bucknell University. The men returned full of enthusiasm for the work and report a very profitable convention.

Dr. Edward Pick, the celebrated authority on Memory Culture, recently delivered an excellent address in Bucknell Hall on "The Memory and How to Improve It." The two rules he gave were: (1) concentrate your attention on a few things at a time and (2) try to find objects of comparison in the subjects themselves. Dr. Pick also gave four additional lectures to a large class of Academy and College students.

During a recent convention in town, many of the students had the privilege of hearing one of Bucknell's old friends and lecturers, Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia. His subject was the "Grecian Games." After painting a very vivid word picture of the games as he saw them, the lecturer proceeded to show some of the writings of Paul in the light of Grecian athletics. The words were in season and well to the point.

The students and people of Lewisburg were very pleasantly entertained Wednesday evening, Oct. 7, by Eli Perkins, the celebrated humorist, who lectured on the Philosophy of Wit. He drew the following clear distinctions: Humor always deals with truth and finds its materials in the little incidents of real, every day life. Wit does not stick to the truth, but gives free scope to exaggeration and the imagination. Ridicule debases truth by making it appear ludicrous. Satire calls attention to the truth by exaggerating error or evil.

One of the best treats of the season was given Oct. 15, by our honored President, John Howard Harris, LL. D., in the Opera House at Lewisburg, before a large and intelligent audience. Dr. Harris' lecture was on "The Two Sides of a Dollar." The address was handled with great skill, and showed deep thought on the subject. The two sides of a dollar as set forth by the lecturer are, the earning of it, and the use of it. The illustrations were drawn in most part from home and every day life. At times one could hear a pin drop, so well were the hearers under the sway of the orator.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Mr. Craige Lippincott, of the Board of Trustees, contributed sixty-six selected volumes, covering nine departments of instruction, during the summer vacation.

Mr. Wm. J. Coxey's additions to his Alcove since the last report in June, number one hundred and ninety-four volumes. This brings the total to nearly twelve hundred volumes.

These gentlemen are entitled to the thanks of all friends of the institution and to the emulation of many.

Miss Brown is making gratifying progress with the Catalogue. Author and subject cards for all works in the department of Philosophy and allied topics have been written. She is now engaged upon cards for the department of History.

The young women seem to enjoy their room very much. The present space will soon be too limited for the growing demands.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Jennie Jones recently visited at the home of Miss Mary Kline of Winfield.

Miss Armitage and Miss Edna Shires spent October 11 at their respective homes.

The class of '97 has elected the following officers: President, Miss Margaret Wagner; Vice President, Miss Ella Bender; Secretary, Miss Marguerite O'Donnell; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Rossiter.

The Missionary Study Class has been organized under the leadership of Miss Sallie VanGundy. The subject of study for the winter will be biographical sketches of some of our most prominent missionaries.

Doctor Harris led the Y. W. C. A. prayer meeting Tuesday afternoon, October 13, taking as his subject "Learning Christ." The Association has planned to have one of the prayer meetings for each month led by some member of the Faculty. Professor Martin will conduct the meeting for November.

Professor Martin gave a talk on Robert Browning to the Literature class on Friday, October 9. A number of ladies in the neighborhood availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing this excellent lecture. One of them pronounced the lecture consummate, as a fair and comprehensive treatment of the writings of that master poet.

A reception was tendered by the Volunteer Bands to our honored graduates Dr. and Mrs. Elton S. Corson, Friday afternoon, October 16, in the Institute parlors. Mrs. Corson, née Miss Margaret Thompson, graduated from the Institute in '92 and was deservedly one of the most popular girls of the Seminary. After teaching near her home in Clearfield county for two years, she took a thorough course in nursing at the Polyclinic Hospital, Philadelphia. She has thus prepared herself to be an efficient helpmeet to her husband in his work as a Medical Missionary in Burmah. Her many friends in Lewisburg bid her and her husband "Godspeed" on their mission of love and mercy.

The October meeting of the Bucknell Alumnae Club was held Tuesday evening, October 13. Mrs. W. C. Gretzinger was elected president; Mrs. Leroy Stephens, Vice-President; Miss Annie Evans, Secretary; Miss Florence VanDyke, Treasurer. Mrs. Matlack was chosen as a delegate to represent the Club at the convention of the Pennsylvania Federation of Women's Clubs, held at Bradford, October 21. The program for the evening consisted of the reading of an original poem on the Club by Mrs. Grant Dreisbach, instrumental music by Miss Aikin, vocal music by Miss Crawford and vacation echoes by Miss Evans, Miss Slifer, and Mrs. Larison. Miss Evans told of camp life, Miss Slifer of vacation on the farm and Mrs. Larison of Battle Creek, Michigan, and its institutions.

ACADEMY NEWS.

The new filter makes us feel that the authorities are sometimes too considerate.

Messrs. Young, Stephens, Earle, Pierson, Rank, and Shields attended the Y. M. C. A convention at Williamsport.

Many of our students attended the lectures given by Dr. Pick on Memory Culture. He showed different ways of remembering or recalling things, yet thought and close attention are still the best assistants.

Music has charms. Never have we had such an opportunity for dispelling the shame of a past "flunk," or opening the way for another. We have not only various instruments accompanied by artists, but also an excellent music box which merely requires a crank.

Mr. Shields recently gave us an excellent report of his work at Northfield, this summer. His experience has made him more suitable for the office to which he was chosen last year. The president of a Y. M. C. A. should be acquainted with methods for teaching the Bible. An Association is then a more important factor in education.

Why do we take so little interest in Athletics? Can we expect to have a winning team when the College draws from our material? Do boys like to have a losing team, or do they take interest in Athletics which bring them no laurels? Under such conditions let us rather strive for interest in the Athletics of the University. Places are open to us. The laurels won are partly ours. Let us watch with interest and admiration the work on our campus. Cheer and urge on the men. Let us act like the followers of a team we love. Let us not cheer its opponents, but applaud good plays, and always keep both sides in good humor, the condition of an ideal athlete.

PERSONALS.

'56. Hon. John A. Gundy, the Democratic nominee of this district for State Senator, recently delivered a forceful and logical address before the Bimetallic Club.

'59. Rev. A. J. Furman has accepted a call to Indiana, Pa.

'62. For the nineteenth consecutive year, Rev. J. G. Walker, D.D., was elected Clerk of the Philadelphia Association of Baptist Churches.

'87. Captain Howard L. Calder an aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. J. P. S. Gobbin, commander of the Third Brigade, N. G. P., has been appointed on the staff of Major General Snowden as judge advocate, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Colonel Calder entered the National Guard, during his college course, in Company A, Twelfth Regiment, Lewisburg, and later was a private in the City Grays, Harrisburg.

'88. Dr. Lincoln Hulley recently received a call to the pastorate of the Immanuel Tabernacle, Baltimore, Md.

'89. Rev J. M. Ashton has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Cramer Hill, N. J.

'89. E. H. Gine, Esq. of Seattle, Wash., has received the Republican nomination for the legislature.

'91. Chas. Campbell, M. D., has located in Sunbury.

Ex-'91. A little daughter came on Aug. 31, to grace the home of W. C. Scotney, at Moores, Delaware County, Pa.

'92. Mr. Geo. Shorkley has entered Hahneman Medical College, Philadelphia.

'92. On Oct. 15, at Bower, Pa., Dr. Elton S. Corson and Martha M. Thompson were united in marriage by Rev. Llewellyn Phillips, assisted by Rev. N. O. Patterson. Dr. Corson was graduated in the Classical Course in '92; took his M. D. at U. of P. in '95; was an attendant Physician in the Polyclinic Hospital in '96. In his school days Dr. Corson had many friends among the students and faculty. He was a faithful member of Theta Alpha Literary Society, and belonged to the memorable foot ball team that defeated Cornell and State College. In Christian work he was most active. As President of the Y. M. C. A. he introduced the present committee work and Bible classes. The hand of "Deacon" Corson is manifest to day in the Christian organizations of the College. Dr. and Mrs. Corson will sail Oct. 28 for Tongou, Burmah, where, by the appointment of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, they will take up the medical work of the famous Karen mission founded by George Dana Boardman, "the Apostle to the Karens."

'93. Prof. Jos. M. Wolfe has severed his connection with Pennsylvania State College to accept a position in the Vermont Academy, Saxton River, Vt.

Ex-'93. Miss Florence Pannebaker, of Lewistown, Pa., spent a few days at the Institute on her way home from the State C. E. convention at Scranton.

'93. Rev. J. H. Haslam preached the introductory sermon at the annual meeting of the North Philadelphia Baptist Association. He was also elected Moderator of the meeting. This is quite an honor for a young man when it is remembered that the above Association has a membership of ten thousand.

'94. L. L. Riggin entered the U. of P. Medical School this fall.

'94. Geo. E. Deppen is reading law with H. S. Knight, in Sunbury.

'94. Prof. James Rowland Hughes, of the Scranton Public Schools, and Miss Harriet May Smith were married on June 24, 1896. Prof. Hughes has charge of one hundred fifteen students in one room alone with the general oversight of fourteen more.

'95. Thomas C. Hanna is taking the Divinity course at Yale.

'96. H. F. Harris is reading law in Williamsport.

'96. H. H. Bower is teaching at Rolfe, Elk County.

'96. A. A. Cober has a pastorate at Elkhorn, Indiana.

'96. A. W. Stephens has opened a book and clothing store in Lewisburg.

'96. C. J. Berger is connected with the city hospital at Sunbury.

'96. A. W. Johnson is reading law at his home in New Berlin.

'96. A. T. Williams has entered upon a Medical course at University of Penna.

'96. T. R. Taggart has entered Princeton Theological Seminary.

'96. J. B. Suiter is instructor in Mathematics in the Stroudsburg Normal.

'96. Daniel E. Lewis is attending school at Crozer Theological Seminary.

'96. Frank B. Miller is taking a leisure course in the Lewisburg National Bank.

'96. F. W. Brown entered the Medical department of the University of Michigan last month.

'96. Samuel R. Wood married shortly after leaving school and is attending Crozer Theological Seminary.

'95. Messrs. A. G. Loomis and Alfred Hayes, Jr., Ex-'95, have entered Columbia Law School, New York City.

'95. W. B. Sheddan is filling the position of Principal in the McEwensville schools.

'95. W. H. Carey has taken the position left by Mr. Sheddan in the Academy at Pottsgrove.

'95. L. C. Walkinshaw, having taken the preliminary examination, is reading law in Greensburg.

'96. Foster C. Fisher has been elected principal of the preparatory department of Susquehanna University where he teaches Latin and kindred branches.

Ex-'99. Howard L. Kaucher is attending Western University Medical school.

Ex-'99. Miss Alice Lillibridge is attending the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia.

Ex-'99. Ned L. Kauffman has entered Indiana State University.

'96. L. W. Baldwin has accepted a position as Professor of Latin and Greek at Mt. Holly, N.J.

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Vol. VXI. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 10, 1896. No. 3.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance ; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

NOVEMBER 10. 1896.

ARRANGEMENTS for an intercollegiate debate with Franklin and Marshall are practically completed. The debate will occur during the winter term. The preliminaries will take place Saturday, and it is hoped that Bucknell may be as successful as last year in getting competent speakers. It is a movement of inestimable value to both schools.

THE great battle with State is over and shouts of victory are in the air. All praise is due to the gallant eleven and especially to their self-sacrificing, devoted captain. Too much cannot be said in commendation of the faithful work of the team. But the efforts of those in the back ground are not to be overlooked. The members of the second team deserve no small amount of credit for their constant presence on the field in spite of the long and hard practice games which resulted in crippling so many of their number. The presence of Smith and Megargee, alumni and former members of the team, during the week preceeding the game, was of the utmost value. We hope that the custom of having graduate players return and help the team before great games has been inaugurated for all time. Without their aid we could hardly have won. We give them a large share of the credit of winning the State game and for instituting a custom which will be of the greatest value to Bucknell athletics.

IT was remarked by one of the coaches the week preceeding the State game: "You fellows are too studious to succeed in foot ball." What greater compliment could be given to our athletes in view of the fact that in many colleges there is a tendency to have foot ball players take a special course and develop professional foot ball, making studies simply a matter of red tape importance? It may be truly said of the present team that they are athletes not only on the gridiron but in the class room. This standard ought to be maintained. The moment professionals are imported and kept on a light broth of study, that moment the game degrades and the school is dishonored. Let Bucknell guard against this evil, protect herself by a strict code of rules and refuse to play any team where she may meet professionals. This should be done because of the risk we run of possible, unexpected defeat and as a matter of principle.

COLLEGE life is not a monastic life spent over books with an occasional foot ball spree to lend it spice. The college is a miniature of the larger world outside. In it we have the Y. M. C. A., which stands as our religious organization, we have our publications, we have our literary societies, which stand for parliamentary bodies, we have other organizations, political and social. These need your support and you need the benefits which accrue from them. More leaders are wanted, more faithful followers. There is a place at the front which is open to each one of you. Things are not as you would have them. The school and the organizations are not in many points as you would wish. But how is it with you, have you done your utmost to uplift things to your ideal? Wanted are men who will shut their lips to idle gossip, who will take courage from defeat and push doggedly on until they attain their desired end. Such men will be needed out of college and will bring the highest premium; a listless man is a detriment to any community. Why not then lend your vigorous aid to the literary society, to athletics, to Y. M. C. A., to some of the numerous deserving organizations which need your aid and whose aid you most need?

◆

AN AUTUMN DAY.

The Autumn day's serenely fair,
Though frosty flakes infuse the air;
The milky clouds in shapes arise
Like spirit sails on desert skies.

The crimson maples fire the shade,
And purple hill and rushy glade;
While Phœbus rides enwrapp'd in shrouds,
Encumber'd by the scudding clouds.

The robins cease their merry chime
And wing their flight to sunnier clime:
The swallows dart about the barn,
Or skim above the reedy tarn.

The fruitful orchards bow and bend;
To sward beneath their bounty send:
And timid hares doze in the sedge,
While sparrows twitter in the hedge.

The cows come home and meekly low
As though they felt the Autumn's glow;
And gentle sheep in silence feed
Where golden rods have cast their seed.

I tread where fallen nuts abound,
On leafy tufts and carpets brown'd,
Which Hunter's moon will stud with gems
As silver spars illume the glens.

When life in silent Autumn stands,
With wither'd cheek and wrinkled hands,
Let works of love and vict'ries won
Be banners bright, for God's "well done."

N. P. E.

THE BUCKNELL LIBRARY.

In 1880 and for some years later, the library was open to students for a single hour each week. Each student was permitted to draw one, or perhaps two books, which he must return within one week. The Professors had keys to the Library and made such use of it as they could without the aid of a catalogue. The custom was for each instructor to carry off such works as he needed and to return them to the Library at his own convenience, and thus it came about that important reference volumes such as the British Encyclopædia, Standard Histories, etc., were lost sight of for months, and even years together. In case of the death or removal of a Professor, the Library commonly received a large accession of lost volumes.

For two years in the eighties, Prof. Isaac Hill, brother of President Hill, was Librarian, and the books became accessible to students for some hours of each day. Prof. Hill began a catalogue of the Library, which, however, was not finished, when he left the Institution.

Prof. Freeman Loomis succeeded Prof. Hill, and introduced many improvements. He continued cataloguing the books, employing two students in this work. He secured student assistants and kept the Library open at all times except when his assistants were in classes. He also fitted up the alcoves for government reports, placed over them pictures and plaster casts and greatly enlarged the supplies of current literature. Under Dr. Loomis, Bucknell began to see that a Library was a possibility.

Prof. William E. Martin is the first Librarian who has not been required to do full duty as an Instructor. Under his wise administration the Library has made vast strides. It is now open practically the whole day. The catalogue is being rapidly pushed. The files of current literature have been completed and bound. The files of Government publications have been greatly enlarged, and students have been constantly assisted in their researches by an earnest and enthusiastic Librarian. The writer, who has witnessed the growth of the College since 1876, feels that in no department has greater advance been made than in the Library, and he especially desires to bear witness to the labors of Dr. F. Loomis and Prof. Martin.

It is not known to the student body, nor to the friends of the Institution that since his appointment as Librarian, Prof. Martin has given not only his time during the sessions of the College, but also during the whole of the vacations. During the long summer recess, the Library has been open as regularly as during term time. The same genial and enthusiastic Librarian has always been present to welcome and aid the visitor. Not only has Professor Martin given all his time, but, unable to secure funds for needed expenses, he has used his own means, advancing hundreds of dollars that the Library might grow and be of value to the whole Institution. Probably no man connected with the Baptist Denomination in Pennsylvania is so well fitted as Professor Martin to build up a Library at Bucknell University. May he receive that support which his self-sacrificing labors so richly merit. Can it be that there is no one in Pennsylvania who will help him realize his fondest hopes for the Library? Haverford College is just coming into possession of $600,000. May our Library soon find a friend able to endow it in somewhat the same way.

President Angell, of Michigan University was accustomed to say that "the Library is a greater agent in the civilization of students than any two Professers." With its great value in mind, may it receive our most liberal and hearty support. Let students compare the Library of to-day with that of 1880.

GEO. G. GROFF.

GEORGE MEREDITH,S "EGOIST."

To pass from the novels of Hardy or Caine to those of George Meredith is to experience an infinite relief. Stories of hopeless and unceasing conflict between the natural and the conventional which Hardy gives, us are an intense strain on the emotions. Hardy's characters are at the mercy of a blind force which impels them to act from feeling alone. On the other hand Meredith's characters act from reason as well as from feeling. Meredith believes that man can half control his fate by intelligent struggle against whatever opposes him. This gives his novels a spirit of hopefulness and buoyancy which is refreshing.

"The Egoist" is analytic study of character.

The plot is very simple, merely the working out of a situation. Sir Willoughby Patterne is tested by the ordeal of love and found to be a personified Egoist. The motive of the novel is the conflict between two opposing personalities. The woman's claim is for freedom, self-hood, the right to be herself; the man's, for self.

She struggles, grows, and triumphs; he insists on worshiping himself, loses his bride and marries a woman who "will endeavor to respect him."

> "Through very love of self himself he slew."

Meredith evidently cherishes a very high ideal of womanhood. The helpless, twining, fine ladies, the class that is "fine by defect and beautifully weak," he cannot abide. "This awful baggage," he calls them, "in the van of humanity, these women who have not moved on their own feet since the primal mother." He deplores the lack of brains in women. "More brains, O Lord, more brains" is his cry and he is the champion of women with brains. She is on absolute equality with men. Meredith would "set the gift of strength in woman beyond ornamental whiteness. Are women not of nature warriors, like men—men's mates instead of puppets?" Still it is not the woman of the obnoxious woman's rights type that is his ideal, but the self-contained, clear-headed woman, the woman who thinks.

In "The Egoist" love is presented as a spiritual and yet a rational element. You may love warmly, but you must not offend reason. Here Meredith exercises his keen sense of proportion. Love is our interest in human life but the world with all its demands and activities cannot be shut out.

With all his reason and good sense Meredith can write an ideal love scene. The meeting of Clara and Whitford beneath the wild cherry tree, on account of its imaginative element and its youthful idealism must stand as one of the most striking love scenes in literature.

Meredith is an optimist. He is not blind to evil and the people of his creation are not free from it, but the struggle against evil always deepens the character and ennobles the nature. This philosophic insight as to evil is the secret of Meredith's optimism. The whole atmosphere of "the Egoist" is hopeful and "who can think," says Meredith, "without thinking hopefully." His style is the natural expression of his personality. He delights in condensations and elliptical expressions.

His sentences are always strong and farthest removed from the common place.

"The Egoist" is a piece of realism, that is, realism of subjective life. Facts are of account only as they are vitalized by philosophy. The purpose of "The Egoist" is first of all an art purpose. The writer deals with the concrete and presents no theories. To use his own words: "he has not a thought of persuading you to believe in him. Follow and you shall see." He aims to show the summary of actual life. "Whatever else is to be said, this is certain, that George Meredith is a center of power. Here is a notable figure; consider him." H. C. S.

A DAY IN PARIS.

We have heard and read about the French, especially of Paris. Their food and dress have been described; their marriage, social instinct, and idea of art discussed; their religion and women condemned. The difference between life in France and America is most striking during the first few days; one day gives many new ideas.

Many foreigners, who spend a month or more at Paris, have their rooms in a suburb, whence, after the first repast, consisting of coffee, tea, or chocolate and rolls, they board the train for the city of amusement and instruction. The cost of travel is about the same as in America. The tickets are punched at the gate and when a coach, first, second, or third class, according to the ticket, has been found, a person enters through a side door one of two compartments of a wagon, each seating ten passengers. People sit face to face and the aisle is so narrow that their knees often touch. There is no room for a conductor or brakeman and the tickets are gathered at the gate of one's destination.

As soon as one arrives at the station he feels that he is in Paris. The depot is large and spacious, always clean and full of people. During the forenoon one visits to advantage stores, museums, and other buildings of interest. A large store like the "Magasiu du Louvre" is well provided with clerks, who are very polite and always ready to show their particular class of goods, for each clerk has charge of a certain quantity and quality, which he keeps free from dust and well arranged. When one has seen the store and bought a few articles, it is about ten o'clock, the time for the opening of the largest and best museum of France, "Musées Du Louvre."

From ten to twelve o'clock is the best time, since only a few visit in the morning. During the afternoon, from two to four, a person sees people from almost all nations assembled to study the fine works of art and each other. The structure is so large that one must walk rapidly to merely pass through all the halls in two hours. The first floor is set aside for the sculpture of Antiquity, the Rennaissance, and Modern Times. One can see the condition and character of the age of civilization in the different statues. A person might pass all the other pieces of sculpture without notice, but he must stop before "Venus De Milo," for this statue will be considered by him the most illustrious of all. The smile upon its half open lips, the noble and beautiful expression of its eyes compel one to cast back many a glance while pressing on through this hall full of the statues of antiquity. On the second floor one finds paintings, drawings and engravings. The pictures, arranged according to schools, show the characteristics of the different artists. As poets sing of wars, trees, rocks, or plains, painters express their ideas of the same on canvass. The third floor is set aside for things pertaining to the navy and for antiquities from China, Japan, Egypt, and other countries.

When one has been in this museum from ten to twelve o'clock and has used his time properly, a good meal is very agreeable. The many restaurants offer good opportunities for satisfying hunger at various prices. With a little care five francs, one dollar, pays for a good dinner. The menu is quite extensive and one may be sure that everything is well prepared in the kitchen. The attention of the waiter is especially good, for which one must give him the customary tip. The bread is fine and Americans eat cake that is not such a luxury. Coffee and tea seem wanting, but there is water and the wine is red or white. Their table manners have often been questioned. The Americans and English may criticise them, but the French eat naturally and enjoy themselves at the table more than many of us who constantly guard against a breach of etiquette and watch for it in others.

After dinner, if one has spent some time at Paris, he may have a friend with whom to promenade. Champs Elysées is a pleasant place and many gather here during the afternoon. One walks on an avenue of majestic buildings a mile and a half long and two hundred and thirty feet wide. The Parisian regularity, order, decorum, and beauty seen at this place, give one the conception of a "finished city." No person is in a hurry and all seek the company of others, contrary to the custom in America where we isolate ourselves, developing merely the individual. To a Boston young woman "the Champs Elysées looked like a railroad station and she wished the people would get up from the benches and go home." The people are very civil and are mutually interested. One notices this peculiarity most of all in one of the numerous cafés. Many small tables about two feet in diameter cover half the side walk. Here people sit for two and three hours drinking something besides water yet not sufficient to intoxicate them. Men in such condition are extremely rare. The American gulps six glasses of beer from his bar, while the Frenchman drinks one. The French think that a little stimulant benefits them, the Americans drink to get drunk. At the outer end of this avenue is the place of the stars. About twelve streets meet and in the middle of this place is situated "L'Arc De Triomphe," begun in 1806 by Napoleon I. in memory of the battle of Austerlitz and not completed until 1836. It is the largest monument of its kind. Between four and five o'clock one should take a cab, drive through Champs Elysées to see again the many things that can scarcely be described, and halt at the Garden of the Tuileries to hear the free concert by the best band of France, if not of the world, which plays to the enjoyment of many thousand Parisians. After you have paid a small sum for the cab with pneumatic tires, which brought you safely through so many vehicles to this garden which is almost a mass of flowers, you seem to fit in the gathering and feel perfectly at home.

Often one is invited to supper by his friend. The superiority of the French in cooking is shown especially in the private family. There is not a great quantity or variety of food, but what you do eat is cooked to perfection. The housewife has prepared just enough for the persons present; nothing of this meal remains for two or three days. The cook has used judgment. They drink wine, converse, and eat much longer than Americans.

You can scarcely imagine what opportunities are offered during the evening. Until eight o'clock one can walk on the boulevard des Italiens, or one of the other large streets, when it is time for the opera. At the "L'Opéra" one hears music and sees acting that are superb. The customs, manners, and also the women of France are seen at their best. The faces and forms of the women are not rapturously beautiful, nor are their dresses of the best quality, but what they have is seen to the best advantage. Her appearance immediately gives you the idea that she is an artist.

G. C. L. Riemer.

MIDNIGHT IN THE "LAB."

The halls were deserted, no lights were seen in the building. To the casual passer-by quiet and darkness reigned supreme. Such, however, was not the case.

"Well," with a groan, "I'm glad those idiots have at last left us in peace." This from HCl. "I really don't know where I'm at, or rather, where I'm not at. Here I am in my bottle on the shelf and trickling down to the floor and a thousand other places. Who could feel the comforts of home life when knocked about like that?" —bursting into melancholy song—

"Oh, I'm a wanderer, I am,
And they think I am a lamb,
But"—

Seeing Phos. nudge his neighbor H_2O, he shot an angry glance at him. "Umph, you needn't make remarks about me, you'd be in just as bad a fix if they didn't have to keep you caged, yes, *caged*, in a big glass bottle. Phos.— "What if I am shut up! When I get out I have fun enough to make up for it. They're afraid of me, they are, and so I stir them up by sputtering and burning like a–a–a—"

"You don't seem to scare them like I do," broke in H_2S. "Somehow or other when I'm around, they either go, or else I go. It's queer they don't like me, I've always treated students nicely. Don't you know I believe Prof. has been working some little dodge, innuendos, etc., and so they sort of fight shy of me. Anyhow, you're not in it with me, old Phos; they walk from you, but they run from me."

"That's right, boast all you want to, it's good for little children to quarrel,"—with the most sarcastic of smiles NH_4OH turned to his neighbor. 'There is nothing good in human nature, chemical or physical, years of experience have"—

"O, dry up, you old sceptic, we've enough of your—Psychology, or whatever it is you're throwing at us!"

Voice from below: "Hello! Hello, there!"

Consternation stood on every face.

"Say, hello! can't you help a fellow?"

MnO_2: "Well, where are you, and who are you? I'm used to helping. Third party seems to be my lot in life. Every experiment that comes along, they put me in, simply to make so-and-so join so-and-so. Go-between may be very nice in Japan, but it don't go here. I'm about tired of playing chaperon.

With a muffled groan the voice from below ceased.

For a moment the room was still, when a little piece of litmus paper broke the silence plaintively,—"Poor fellow, I declare he gives me the blues."

"Hear! Hear!" came from various parts of the room. The medley of sounds now became indescribable. "Say, what did you think of the game?" "Did you see that gold bug on ——'s collar?" "You're too green, you are, only the other day McC— said you were—" Now and then disconnected sentences could be caught from the confusion of voices. Sulphur was just rising to the point of order when one–two–three–struck the hour of twelve. With one last word smothered in a yawn, they one by one sank into silence and dropped into the Elysian sleep which seemingly enveloped "the hill!" E. M. B.

◆

ATHLETICS.

The work of the team in practice since the game with the U. of Pa. Reserves has been very encouraging both to the team and its followers. That game was a very practical demonstration of the team's ability to play winning foot ball and resulted in a determination on the part of the players and all those having any connection with the team, to develop it into what it is capable of becoming, i. e. one of the strongest, if not the strongest team that has ever represented the orange and blue.

The practice has been hard, many times consisting of a full game followed by a mile run. The results are denoted by the fact that the men have greater endurance than any Bucknell team for some years.

Every effort of the players has been supplemented by those who have to do with the management of the team. During the week before the game with State, George Megargee and Harvey Smith assisted Coach Young on the field and explained the points of the game to the players in the evening.

On Saturday, Oct. 31, several hundred Lewisburg and Bucknell people journeyed to Williamsport to witness what proved to be a most exciting game of foot ball. It was generally believed that State College had exerted every power to put a winning team in the field, and the game proved them to be far from weak.

State won the toss and took the ball, expecting to gain an advantage as a result of Bucknell's supposed weakness in the kicking department.

Their kick-off was well returned and then began a battle royal, in which Bucknell's superior interference gained them the advantage, ultimately yielding a touch down. No goal was kicked. From this until the call of time the play was near the center of the field.

Bucknell kicked off in the second half, after which State carried the ball to their forty yard line by a series of rushes through center. Here they lost it and Bucknell, after a twenty-five yard run and several fine center plays, scored the second and last touch down of the game. The try for goal was successful.

After this the game was most exciting. State put forth every effort to score and twice came within Bucknell's ten yard line. Here, however, they met with a resistance which could not be overcome and the ball was punted out of danger.

Toward the end of the game State's line weakened very much, allowing two kicks to be blocked and losing the ball. The game ended with the ball in Bucknell's possession on State's ten yard line.

As to the play of the home team, it can be said that every man went in to win and to keep his part of the foot ball machinery in running order. To credit one player with good work is to credit all since team work won the game. It was a fine exhibition of hard, clean foot ball.

The line up was as follows:

P. S. C.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Beers	center	Jennings.
Sholl	right guard	Lesher.
Glassmire	left guard	Hollinshead, (Wilson)
Block	right tackle	Cober.
Murray, (J. T. Dunsmore)	left tackle	Rowe.
Mechesney	right end	Gilchrist.
Curtin	left end	Jenkinson.
Sellers	quarter back	Nattress.
J. A. Dunsmore	right half-back	Bunnell.
Stiess	left half-back	Thomas, (Elliot).
Haryes	full-back	Catterall.

If there has been any question as to the attitude of the town people toward the foot ball team, it has been decided by the concert given by the ladies of the town for the benefit of foot ball and the reception given by Mrs. Walls after the State game.

The Concert was a success throughout and great credit is due the ladies for their efficient help.

On Monday evening, Nov. 2, Mrs. Walls gave a reception in honor of the victory over State. The decorations were profuse and appropriate, there being every evidence that the score was 10—0.

Professors Perrine, Rockwood, Hamblin, Hon. H. M. McClure and Capt. Cober were called on for addresses and responded with remarks bearing upon the past, present, and future of foot ball at Bucknell. The evening was a most enjoyable one and every one felt that many thanks were due Mrs. Walls for her interest in, and kind treatment of the team.

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COLLEGE NOTES.

"We came,
We saw,
We conquered—"
Bucknell, 10; State, 0;
Now for Cornell!

Bevan, '99, spent a few days with his parents and at Mt. Carmel a short time ago.

We learn that of the new men Nattress, Grim and McFarlin are excellent base-ball players.

The school of music will give a musicale Friday evening, Nov. 20, in Bucknell Hall. Admision fifteen cents.

The political clubs of Bucknell received invitations to participate in the demonstrations at Williamsport on Oct. 31.

Everett C. Conover, '99, who has been hindered from coming back this term, promises to be here in time for base-ball in the spring.

Dr. and Mrs. Courson have been obliged to delay sailing for Burmah until Nov. 18, owing to uncompleted, necessary preparations.

The Anderson Club recently presented the University with a new and very acceptable yell. Thanks for the originality and generosity of our friends.

During the evening of Oct. 23, the Peddie Club of the University spent an enjoyable evening with Mr. and Mrs. Ivins, corner Third and Market.

The "unsexed New Woman" was discovered by Dr. Hulley to have existed in the 11th century. "Countess Matilda—she's the man that had more influence than any other".

An excellent concert and literary entertainment was given by the ladies of Lewisburg in the Opera House, Tuesday evening, Oct. 27, for the benefit of the Bucknell foot ball team.

Memorials of Bucknell University, issued in honor of the University Semi-Centennial, may be had from the Registrar at 50 cents per copy, bound in buckram. By mail 60 cents.

Several students are regularly attending the various missions near Lewisburg. Pine Grove mission has erected a beautiful chapel within the last year and promises greater development in the future.

A new course consisting of Agricultural Chemistry, much the same as is offered at Cornell University, has been established for qualified students. Prof. Owens will equip a special room for the pursuit of this branch.

The Bucknell band participated in the political demonstration at Williamsport, Oct. 31, and compared favorably with the other bands present.

The Bucknell Bi-Metallic Club in conjunction with the Bi-metallic League of Lewisburg, held a very interesting meeting in the Court House, Friday evening, Oct. 23. Hon. Walter E. Ritter, of Williamsport gave an excellent address on the issues of the campaign. Music was furnished by the Bucknell Band.

The Registrar's office is now equipped with quite a valuable telephone, the instrument being connected with nearly a thousand subscribers in the towns of Shamokin, Mount Carmel, Pottsville, Sunbury, New Berlin, Northumberland, Mifflinburg, and Lewisburg. Milton and Pottsville are soon to be added to the list of the Shamokin Valley Company as it is called.

Class in Rhetoric. Prof. P.—(showing difference between sarcasm, satire, and wit:)

''Sarcasm literally means to tear the flesh from the bones, while satire means to tear the skin from the flesh.''

Mr. Levan in deep thought: "Could we infer from this that wit means the tearing of the hair from the skin?''

The Philadelphia Alumni Club will hold their annual re-union at the Hotel Walton, Monday evening, Dec. 7. The invitation this year will include the wives and lady friends of the members of the club. The officers, J. K. Weaver, M. D., President, and Rev. R. B. McDanel, Secretary, are working enthusiastically to make this re-union the best since the organization of the club.

The University Band organized this year with W. M. Bunnell as leader and LeRoy Hall as manager. Under the efficient supervision of Dr. Aviragnet the Band takes up its work where it left off last year. Several excellent players have been added to take the place of those who left on account of graduation. The band consists of twenty-six members and had several engagements during the campaign season. A much needed thing for its prosperity and advancement is a complete set of new uniforms. We hope it will not be long before our band can cope with others in this respect.

''My, what a difference between the Bucknell and State College boys!'' This is an exclamation frequently heard from the people of Williamsport. ''Of course,'' they said, "the Bucknell boys are making lots of noise, and are making us almost deaf with their yells, but who has a better right to yell than they? We are glad to hear them yell so long as they use decent language, but such language as the State College boys used last year was a disgrace to themselves and to their school. We like to see the boys happy, but we do not like to see them make rowdies of themselves.'' These are only a few of the expressions of approval uttered by some of the best citizens of the Lumber City. Are they not well worth being proud of?

Friday night, Oct. 29, witnessed a large and enthusiastic assembly of students in Theta Alpha Literary Hall. Junior Ritter took the chair and called the meeting to order. Professor McCay stated the business of the meeting some what as follows: ''A week ago last Saturday Lafayette defeated the University of Pennsylvania just through pure grit and enthusiasm.'' (Loud applause.) "What Lafayette did to U. of Pa. we can and will do to Pennsylvania State College, and more.'' At this point Mr. McCay was compelled to stop until order was once more restored. After a few more well selected sentences by the Professor, the discussion was made general and during the remainder of the meeting enthusiasm ran high. Captain Cober spoke in behalf of the team in words which every one knew came from his very heart. Mr. Cober said: "The men are in good condition. They have worked hard and their spirits are high. Give us one more good night's sleep and State College will go under.'' The modest old veteran retired amid overwhelming applause. After the appointment of several committees, the assembly adjourned feeling confident that ere another sun should set State College would be humbled. It is not necessary to say what the result was. In Centre County, great mourning and lamentation, State weeping for her heroes and would not be comforted because they were not. What is one's downfall is another's gain. Lewisburg rolled in glory. Brass bands were only secondary. Every fellow was a whole orchestra in himself. Everything rejoiced, from ''Bob'' Koons' double-barrelled shot-gun to the little cricket down cellar behind the furnace. What adds to it all, no team except U. of Pa. has yet scored on us this season.

A "LOCAL" EXPERIENCE.

La Grippe, Parliamentary Law and foot ball joined forces in furnishing their common victim a night's entertainment more realistic than the ordinary nightmare.

At 10:30 P. M., in accordance with the Bucknell foot ball rules, I threw myself upon my bed, my head throbbing and my bones aching. Soon Morpheus waved his magic wand before my eyes and I was asleep. But sleep did not appear in her accustomed rôle of "sleep, gentle sleep," but, wearing a green riding habit, she came in on a black animal, a vicious "night mare."

Immediately the experiences, sensations and ideas of the day began clamoring for first ride. At length Parliamentary Law and foot ball mounted double and the entertainment began.

The chairman called "play," and, dispensing with the reading of the minutes, the game began. Luck was against us and we arose again and again to a question of privilege only to be thrown back for a loss. We moved to postpone, to adjourn, only to be voted down, while the crowd called for the orders of the day. At length we were pushed ever the line. I had fallen out of bed. The game was called and the meeting adjourned.

G.

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INSTITUTE ITEMS.

The first examination of the school of music was held October 24.

Miss Edna Russ, a former student, has been visiting Miss Virginia Noyes.

Mrs. Larison and Miss Brown visited at the home of Mrs. F. H. Purdy in Sunbury, October 24.

During the cold nights in October, ice was frozen an eighth of an inch thick; skating permits are in order.

Miss Bertha Watkins, class of '96, who has been very ill, is now improving and intends soon to return to Bucknell and take up her studies with the Sophomore class.

The young ladies greatly enjoyed the Hallowe'en reception given by Mrs. Edwards, Friday evening, October 30.

Miss Armitage recently visited Miss Laura Angle of Strafford, Pa., and while on her visit witnessed the game between U. of Pa. and Lafayette.

The Y. W. C. A. was represented at the state convention at Harrisburg this year by Miss Sharpless and Miss Allen. Very interesting reports were given by them containing excellent suggestions for further work. The interest manifested by each member augurs well for the prosperity of the Association.

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ACADEMY NEWS.

Prof. Phillips filled the pulpit at Montgomery, Pa., Sunday, Oct. 25.

A joint Debate has been agreed upon between Adelphia and Hermenia. Let us endeavor to make this new departure successful.

Registrar Gretzinger again presides at his table after a short but pleasant vacation.

Judging from the number of Academy boys at Williamsport, the interest in Athletics is growing.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Edwards we passed a very pleasant evening, Friday, Oct. 30. She is to be congratulated on her skill in making an evening both agreeable and profitable.

Miss Armitage has succeeded in making the Saturday morning exercises very interesting. She has appointed a committee of Academy students who arrange and assign the work.

On Saturday morning, October 24, the Second Form completely outclassed their opponents, the Lewisburg High School, at foot ball, winning by a score of 22–0. Evans, Jr., that tower of strength, was greatly missed at right guard.

We are glad to know that a closer relation is springing up between the Institute and the Academy. Already many are quite intimate and others show a desire to become so. Let brothers and sisters dwell together in friendship and love.

The Academy has many loyal men, if subscriptions to the Mirror are a proof. Yet we have a few "spongers," students who do not consider the paper worth subscribing for, but valuable enough when borrowed from their neighbor. More should subscribe. The more subscribers, the better the paper.

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PERSONALS.

'54. Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., has the thanks of the MIRROR for a copy of his recent Christmas Service, "Hail to the King." This is the 18th consecutive series of the kind that Dr. Lowry has put out.

Ex-'59. Dr. Frank P. Wilson, an old Lewisburg boy, has a large practice in East Toledo, Ohio.

'59. Rev. A. D. Hawn, D. D., who married Miss Clara Musser, a former graduate of Bucknell Institute, and who now holds a very successful pastorate at Delaware, Ohio, occassionally visits relatives and triends in Lewisburg.

'62. On the first page of the Commonwealth of Oct. 17, can be seen the picture of the Rev. W. H. Conard, D. D., Secretary of State Missions, Philadelphia. Dr. Conard is a graduate of Bucknell and a wearer of the "blue ribbon" at her annual Commencement Exercises.

Ex-'68. Mr. Jos. C. Nesbit is, for the time being, located in Roanoke, Va., where he has the contract for the construction of the new office building for the N. & W. Railroad, which lately transfered its head quarters from Philadelphia to that city.

'69. Dr. John Howard Harris, LL. D., delivered two addresses on "Bucknell University," and "The Apostolic Examples" at the Anniversary of Pennsylvania Baptists, at Reading, Oct. 19–22.

'71. Prof. W. E. Martin also attended the above exercises and delivered an address.

'73. Rev. E. B. Walts has accepted the pastorate of the Lycoming Baptist Church. He is living at 720 Edwin St. Williamsport.

'76. Rev. L. H. Copeland, having resigned at Skowhegan, Maine, is at present in Philadelphia.

'77. Mr. C. J. Wolfe, who was last year elected poet of 'the Alumni, continues to write for the college songs.

'77. Rev. Calvin A. Hare has just entered upon his second year as pastor of the College Avenue Church, Indianapolis, Ind.

'79, Inst. Mrs. M. Lydia Frache of Easton is visiting her sisters, the Misses Bucher of Lewisburg.

'82. Prof. Milton G. Evans, D. D., has been elected to the chair of Biblical Theology for the summer sessions of the National Sunday School Seminary, Jackson, Tenn, and has been asked to prepare a text book for the use of the students of that institution.

Ex-'83. Married at Bayonne, N. Y., Oct. 21, by Rev. T. G. Denchfield, Rev. Chas. M. Reed of Ardmore, Pa., and Flora J. Alexander.

'87. Dr. G Fish Clark of Brooklyn has become famous through the discovery of the death germ, or mortis baccillus. The *Sunday World* devotes several columns to the discovery and publishes a large picture of Dr. Clark in his office.

'88. Mr. V. Hayes, M. D., spent the past summer as resident physician of a large hotel at one of the fashionable mountain resorts of New York.

'89. Rev. W. C. Leinbach has resigned his charge at Reading, and has accepted the pastorate of the Vincent Baptist church, at Chester Springs, Pa.

'91. Prof. F. H. Starkey, principal of the Shamokin schools and until recently a member of the South Jersey Institute Faculty, spent several days at Bucknell not long ago.

'95. F. J. Sigmund has taken charge of a church at Ebensburg, Pa.

'95. Rev. W. T. Harris has resigned his charge of the Angora Church, Philadelphia, and has accepted a call to the Powelton Avenue church of the same City.

'95. Bromley Smith recently had an arm broken while playing foot ball with the Keystone Academy team. Mr. Smith is one of the Professors of that Institution.

'96. W. E. Hall is preparing for the ministry at Crozer.

'96. E. T. Haddock entered Crozer Theological Seminary this fall.

'96. Mary Cotton is in town preparing to take the examinations for the master's degree.

'96. J. R. Taggart passed through town on his way home from Princeton to vote.

'96. H. T. Colestock is pursuing a course of study in Hamilton Theological Seminary.

'96. Alexander Douglas is in the University of Rochester, where he is taking a course in Theology.

Ex-'98. Allen O. Finn is at his home in Clifford, Pa.

The following alumni helped the under-graduates defeat State College at Williamsport on Oct. 31: H. L. Calder,'87; John F. Duncan,'75; A. A. Leiser, '69; Prof. W. C. Bartol, '72; D. P. Higgins, '75; Hon. H. M. McClure, '77; Wm. M. Dreisbach, '83; H. G. Dreisbach, '86; Prof. Lincoln Hulley, '88; W. C. Gretzinger, '89; Jos. R. Wood, '94; H. F. Smith, '94; Prof. G. C. L. Riemer, '95; also Dr. E. S. Heiser, Ex-'80; T. J. Purdy, Ex-'90; O. E. Bailey, Ex-'96; "Boots" Ryan, Ex-'96; R. F. Trainer, Ex-'96; W. C. Scotney, Ex-'95.

◆

EXCHANGE.

The *Muhlenburg*, in the play entitled "Miranda," shows she has men of literary ability.

It is interesting to learn from *Our Dumb Animals* what humane people are doing toward the mitigation of suffering on the part of brute creation.

Our old friend, the *Susquehanna Journal*, comes to us now as the *Susquehanna*, enlarged and with a new dress; we notice also that one of the Faculty has been put on as Ed-in-Chief.

We are glad to find amongst our exchanges the *College Folio*, published by the Allentown College for Women. This journal is thoroughly up to date and appreciates the needs of the school.

The Lafayettee tells us that a board composed of the Senior class edits a new monthly journal, the *Touchstone*. This seems to be a commendable feature and an advance toward literary culture.

The *Temple Magazine* is hardly what we might call a College publication, yet we are glad to have it on our table, for it never fails to fairly teem with rich blessings to all interested in Christ and the Church.

In *The Madisonensis* we learn that the Athletic Association at Colgate University has passed a series of resolutions concerning the means of raising finances to carry on Athletics more successfully. Would it not be well for other colleges to establish a similar financial system?

The faculty of Allegheny College, Meadville, has declared against foot ball playing by the students of that institution and the team organized at the college is now under temporary suspension on account of its failure to obey orders. Two hundred students have signed a petition to the college officials asking that the edict be rescinded.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. VXI. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 25, 1896. No. 4

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $8.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

NOVEMBER 25, 1896.

BRIEF mention is necessary of the Bucknell-Cornell game. We were disappointed; of course we were. We were defeated, badly defeated, and there is no getting around it, squirm as we may. There were causes, we are glad to say. First, we should have had a hand in the choosing of the officials. Second, we should never have broken training after the State game. For these there is no excuse. However, there is no reason for discouragement; defeat rightly received prepares the way for a more glorious, final victory.

THANKSGIVING Day has again rolled around and it is the MIRROR'S privilege to wish you all the fullest enjoyment and blessing of the national home festival. May it be to you a richer holiday than preceding ones. Have the thanksgiving spirit. Draw from the Thanksgivings at home in childhood and clothe the day in a flood of happy memories. Those days were good, inestimably good, but the present ones are better. To-day we are moulders of ideas, builders of our fate. Then, we received a father's love, the spirit of the home, and an acquaintance with the good Father of all. Centuries produced what we received, centuries of the best thought and feeling. One cannot wholly assimilate this wealth of ideas or fully comprehend the Thanksgiving spirit in the height to which it has been developed in the race, but he can feel its power and to some extent grasp the meaning of the day. This is our best wish for you. May its richest blessings attend you.

THE preparations for the intercollegiate debate with Franklin and Marshall are progressing finely. Friday evening, Nov. 6, preliminary debates were held in the literary societies in which twenty-five contestants took part. Of these, eight were chosen for the public preliminaries, which were held in Bucknell Hall, Nov. 13. Though the time for preparation was short, the participants were successful in their efforts in getting up one of the finest debates we have listened to for a considerable time. The attendance was not so large, but it was encouraging, for it was composed exclusively of students and of that class of students who take especial interest in this kind of work. After the debate, the interest was manifested by knots of students gathered here and there, rediscussing the question and emphasizing the strong points of the debaters. Such an audience, though comparatively small, is more conducive to our success in this line of work than a larger crowd of mere curiosity seekers. Of the eight contestants, two were chosen to represent Bucknell in the final debate. We are satisfied with the ability of the two chosen, and know that they will do their best to sustain the honor of the college. Self-sacrifice and hard work on the part of the speakers will bring success to their efforts and glory to Bucknell. The co-orperation of the students, the Literary Societies, and the professorsis assured.

FOOT BALL has attained a prominence worthy of the attention it is receiving in the editorial column. It is asked, is it just to give it so much space, and to bring foot ball with its brutality and others attendant evils into such prominence in college life? The point is well taken, it requires an angwer. The brutality of the game is becoming a thing of the past. The foot ball of today is a science, surpassing that of any other athletic exercise, giving to the player a physical development which no other one game does, and cultivating in him that vigorous, determined spirit so much needed by us all. But this is not sufficient to grant it a place of such importance. The training, however good, of some thirty should not be made detrimental to the physical development of the remainder. The importance of foot ball rests in the fact that it is a bond which unites us all in a common sympathy. It is the one center about which all students can gather and rejoice in Bucknell's prowess, which so helps in the cultivation of a strong unified college spirit. This is no theory, it is fact. Few things are of so much importance as strong college spirit, which makes a man desire honor, not for self, but for the College.

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WHEN TIME WAS CALLED.

Well of course you know the date,
When time was called.
Old B. U. had vanquished State,
When time was called.
Got our ten to zip O. K.
Wasn't that a glorious day?
Thought my mind would go astray,
When time was called.

But we did it, so we did,
When time was called;
And I felt just like a kid,
When time was called.
Shoulder-high from off the field,
Carried we the team that sealed
Old State's doom—her blood congealed,
When time was called.

Bucknell's banners floated high,
When time was called.
Everybody gave the cry,
When time was called.
Yah, yah, yoo, Bucknell B. U.;
'Twas the orange and the blue,
And we all were loyal too,
When time was called.

Decked the town in colors bright,
When time was called.
Never went to bed that night,
When time was called.
Tried to stand upon my head,
Can't remember what I said,
Perhaps I seemed a bit illbred,
When time was called.

V. F.

HE FALLS IN LOVE.

His friends all swore that he would, yet he vowed that he would not. They smilingly told him that many fated ones had talked as he, but he assured them that they had never heard any one like *him* talk. No! he was sure that he would not.

He was a student, and where is the student who does not fall in love? He did not think it necessary to school himself against woman; indeed, he boasted that he could go just so far in his relations with woman as he cared to and then stop, on the safe side. He told himself with a smile of assurance that the boundary of his passion was wholly at his option. But alas! how quickly are the mighty fallen.

Her name was, of course, poetic, yet we will simply call her "she." She came to school a week late, but what a trivial thing for one so bright as she to make up a week. She was pretty to be sure; who in fact ever knew a girl who was not pretty to at least three persons?

As she went out of chapel on the first morning, he saw her, and he had to confess to himself that he wanted to see her again. He wondered whether she would be in any of his classes. As fortune would have it—surely it was not because he had walked rapidly—he was behind her in walking up the hill. Her voice had a sweet rippling of cheerfulness about which he found himself thinking the second time. He usually looked down at the path with a philosophic air as he walked up the hill, but now, strange to say, he was looking at her hair waving so quietly about her neck; he was not in the habit of so closely scrutinizing his sister students, but he was viewing this simply from an anatomical standpoint—so he said. At the class room door a thing happened which he felt sure was going to happen, yet when it came, it seemed unexpected; the girl with whom the new comer had walked up the hill turned and presented him to his "class sister;" he bowed with precision, quite formally, and, entirely unconscious of what he was saying, expressed the greatest pleasure at knowing his class was to be so honored. As he looked up at her from his bow their eyes met; he was sure there was a peculiar kindliness in hers, but he could be so readily mistaken, you know. In class he was repeatedly looking over at his newly acquired "class sister"—he rather liked the word- and was studying every line in her profile; but pshaw! he was only looking upon her as he would upon a—horse; the last word staggered him; his mind refused to be imposed upon by such a rude, lying comparison, but he had to do something to quiet his conscience, which was begining to tell him that the new class sister was occupying his mind almost too fully. He looked at the page of Lysias before him, but confound it! he did not see the ungainly little Greek characters, but a pretty face out-lined, there—"I beg your pardon, Professor, but I don't see the place where he left off reading;" then, for no apparent reason he did a most remarkable thing, a thing he had never been guilty of before—he flunked. That almost made him sick, for there was one he was more anxious to recite well before than the Prof.; wholly ashamed of himself he glanced over to see if he might learn from the side of her face what she thought of his wretched failure; but lo! he need not guess from her profile, for her full face greeted him and the smile she sent him was one of sympathy and encouragement rather than condemnation,—perhaps she half suspected that she was the cause of this failure. Dad! he longed for the chance to flunk again if only he might be thus rewarded. When he went to his room he felt all out of sorts. If the truth be told, he was fighting against the inevitable conclusion that he was begining to experience that state which people call "love," that passion to which he claimed he was invulnerable. Oh well, he could let himself go just as far as he cared to and then step back; this was simply a new fruit and he was allowing himself to enjoy it more than was his wont.

He learns in some way which is the window of her study and now, as he goes by the Seminary at night, he always looks up to see whether there is a light at that window, and then he looks at the ceiling and, seeing two circles of light, wonders which is made by *her* lamp; then he thinks of the head bending over the book in front of that lamp and oh how he envies that book.

How eager he is for the first "Sem." reception be given; he goes and monopolizes her; he knows while they are off in a corner talking together that he is selfish, yet they enjoy it immensely, so why should they do otherwise? At this reception he asks for the privilege of calling; it is granted as he was sure it would be. Now every week he adds a card to her increasing pack. His friends say to each other, in tones loud enough for him to hear, that they once knew a man who was never going to fall in love; he laughs and tells them that he is not in love, but in his heart he no more believes that than they do.

Time flies rapidly and now comes the season for boating parties on the river. He always arranged it so that some other boat had the chaperone—that excellent institution which nobody wants, yet which every lover must be bored with. She wants to learn to row; he is only too anxious to teach her, for like every man who has ever sailed boats in his mother's wash tub, he thinks he can row like an University stroke. They go far up the river and then drift down. Her hands are upon her knees as she sits facing him, so how could he fail to see that simple little ring upon her finger? He asks to see it, she holds out her hand. He holds her hand rather more solicitously than necessary while helping her to remove the ring, but perhaps he is thinking of a time when he might be putting a ring on her finger rather than taking one off. He asks for the privilege of wearing it a while; she grants it, provided he will loan her his class pin; the exchange is made. As they slowly drift down the river he gazes into her eyes and wonders if ever any man thus basked in the sunlight of her presence before,—of course they have, confound it, and the thought actually makes him feel sick. He asks her to tell about her early life; he hangs upon every word of her narrative and wonders why she does not tell him all. As unconcernedly as possible he says: "I suppose a woman can be in love with half a dozen men at a time," and then, half ashamed of himself, he looks up to await her reply. She is idly lapping up the water with her hand and appears not to have heard him. He wonders if the same things are in her mind as in his; he thinks of the things he would say if he only knew how she would take them.

That night he sits in his room with the lamp turned down and plays with the little ring upon his finger. Oh! could he but be as near to her as this little ring has been for so long a time! He wonders if now she is thinking of this ring—and him.

It is no use trying to deceive himself any longer, he is surely in love; he is filled with an intense love, a selfish love which can not bear to think of the object of his love receiving attention from any one but himself. He stops playing with the ring now, for a happy picture is thrown upon the screen of his imagination; he sees himself a dozen years hence sitting before the busy desk of his study, tired and discouraged; the door of the study opens and in backs a chubby faced youngster pulling along his reluctant mother, whose hesitancy vanquishes as soon as she sees that her husband is not busy, then races with the boy to see which shall be the first to kiss the tired man. But—dad! there goes the town clock—ten—and a page or more of Cicero to be gotten out yet.

There is no need of continuing the story farther, he is in love and every body knows it. Yes, he has fallen in love very nicely, and the only question is, will he fall out as safely as he fell in?

NOLI SPE.

ORATION

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE COLLEGE GIRLS' BUILDING.

Friends and fellow-workers in educational interests:

I come before you to-day with a heart full of gladness and thankfulness and hope. The bright sunshine of this beautiful morning falls upon something which we have long hoped and labored for, toward which our most earnest endeavor has been directed,—this new building for the College women of Bucknell. As I look into your faces I can see that it is a source of gratitude to each one of you also, and that your interests are at one with ours. It denotes one more step in the progress of our beloved University.

A few years ago we began to talk seriously of a College girls' building. We saw the need of it; and as this increased, the stronger grew our determination to do what we could. One by one we put our shoulders to the wheel, as also you and many other good people have done. The work, once well started, advanced quite rapidly. For several years the need had been so apparent that interested people were ready to come forward with their assistance. For a time hesitation and doubt prevailed, but little by little that cloud was dispelled and we saw before us clear and bright the new building as an actual certainty. How glad we were! We foresaw therefrom an increase in the prosperity of the College and an additional field of usefulness.

And so for the past two years this work has been carried on nobly by those who saw its need. These bricks piled one upon another are the loving thoughts and kindly deeds of many an one who is eager that this world may be better, that the future have whatever of good the past had not.

Behold in this structure the effort of many helping hands! In its walls are the labors of the past cemented by the hopes of the future. The building which we see is not mere stone and wood, brick and mortar. Far from it! It is the expression of hopes and aims formed long before the first stone was laid in its foundation, before the first bit of green sod was taken away by the workmen.

It has been built, not by one of wealth to quiet the pangs of conscience, but by the many, with much effort and self denial. For that very reason it means more to us. It has been built for an earnest purpose with the hope that they who dwell within its walls may in turn live for an earnest purpose.

To you, young women, then, we turn, knowing that in you and in your successors lies the future of this work begun for the education of earnest women. They who have built it have done it with the sincere wish to do right and to carry out Nature's plan, believing that woman should be educated. Why did the allwise Creator endow woman with a mental capacity equal to that of man if he did not intend that she should use it? He in his wisdom surely did not bestow on the creatures he formed superfluous capabilities. Each and every power was bestowed for a purpose. This is one reason why we believe in the higher education of woman—because we feel that the Almighty sanctions it.

A second reason is a very practical one. It is because of the help she can give herself, so that, if necessary, she may make her own living, that she may have ready weapons with which to battle with the hardships of life.

A third and last reason is one which we need offer only to those who are greatly opposed to such advancement for women. It is this,—that the Creator has arranged the laws of our physical being so that the mother has an almost unlimited influence over her son, who is very frequently an exact counterpart of herself. Someone has said "No man can rise above his mother," and though of course there are exceptions to this rule, still in general it is quite true.

Let us then, parents, educate our daughters. Let us follow out the intention of the Creator, giving them the power to care for themselves, and making them able and worthy to train their sons into noble and upright men. You know that "as the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined" and it is usually the mother who bends the twig. If she has been trimming and pruning and lopping off a worthless or harmful branch here and there in her own life, so much the better can she trim away the defects in her son, and see that his growth is firm and sound.

Today, then, we desire to welcome you, young women, to this your new College home, trusting that in it your lives may be made happier and better, and that in the ranks of noble, finished womanhood there may be in the future many of the College women of Bucknell.

He has studied well his book,
And he doesn't care to look;
He's just like the babbling brook;
No he's not.

For his book is on his knees
And he's cold enough to freeze;
He's in something of a squeeze.
That's what.

G.

THE AIM OF COLLEGE EDUCATION.

Extracts from the oration delivered before the College Alumni, June 23, 1896, by Prof. M. G. Evans, D. D., of Crozer Theological Seminary.

"It is not the aim of colleges to fit men for professional life, nor for industrial pursuits, nor for technical investigation. These ends are attained by institutions specially equipped. Collegiate education has higher aims than any and all of these. It prepares, not for this calling or that, but for life and all that the term life implies."

"If education be regarded simply as a means of securing employment, it fails to give refinement; if it is gained for the purpose of display, of occupying a teacher's chair, of writing books, it fails to give culture. The student who values education for the sake of what it can give in money or reputation, lacks the scholar's spirit and can never become educated."

"The graduate from any college has the possibility of enjoyment enlarged in proportion to his acquired power to appreciate the loftiest standards of beauty in nature and morality in character."

"The allotted tasks of the recitation room have not their proper educational value, unless they excite the sensibilities. From a knowledge of botany the roadside, once dusty and tiresome, now entrances by its moss and lichen and fern. A limited amount of information about Geology transforms the museum from a mere collection of minerals and fossils into a drawing room where Eozoon, Canadense, Trilobite, and Mastadon recount in simple and impressive language the story of the earth. It is impossible for a person to pass from the recitation room, where he has demonstrated by diagrams on the blackboard the properties of the ellipse, into the observatory where he sees the planets like some mathematician's pencils of light diagraming on the blackness of night the same figures to demonstrate the same properties, without instinctively feeling that he is in the presence of a Person who thinks, a Mathematician infinitely greater than Plato and Kepler."

"Colleges justify their right to exist if they beget a love for books and ability to interpret historical phenomena. He who has acquired a taste for literature that informs and inspires has learned one secret of living nobly. A graduate is fully recompensed for his time, money, and toil, if he has learned to read, that is, learned to recreate in thought and feeling the creations of philosophers, poets, and historians."

"Education is the training of persons that they may become all that they can. Education is complete only when the can and the will coincide, for the lazy and cowardly cry "we cannot," when they mean "we will not." Young men enter college lacking will power rather than intellectual ability; in college they gain all that is worth gaining if they learn that what they determine is more important than what they know; for knowledge is of value to persons only so far as it influences the will, since will determines conduct."

"Men are matured by resistance. Armor plates are tested by the impact of projectiles; conversely, projectiles are tested by the resistance of armor plates. Each reveals to the other its weakness and its strength. So men are tried by antagonists. The one is the measure of the other. Studies are antagonists that make possible the feeling of humilation or the ecstacy of victory. Curricula are designed to disclose to students the conditions of joyous superiority. They are difficult enough to arouse interest, strengthen the will, reveal to the mind its power, and infix faith in the efficacy of patient industry."

"In college we may learn to live, since we may learn the secrets of highest good, the supreme happiness of overcoming difficulties. The campus and the lecture room alike teach that sensations of victory come only by persistent endeavor and vigorous concentration of energy, in short, self-mastery."

"He who in college learned to apply himself assiduously to Greek for two hours, then concentrate attention for the same period on Trigonometry, then relax his energies for a time, and then at a given signal become engrossed in Literature or Chemistry, has found the clew to every labyrinth. *This power to fasten thought on any subject at any time is the aim of education*; its origin and development depend on faithful and conscientious submission to the requirements of a college curriculum."

"There is another battle the college student must wage; it is the warfare for character urged in the realm of morals. This battle began in days of childhood but it was only the stray shot of the picket line; in college the engagement becomes general, for students are removed from home restraints and form a new society which fairly represents the social conditions of the world. The college boy that resists temptation has verified by fact of life the adage of the ancient wise man, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

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ATHLETICS.

The work of the team during the week following the State game was very much hindered by rain and the consequent wet field, but since that there has been no drawback in that line.

The absence of all coaches during the practices before the Bloomsburg game resulted in a standstill, at least, in the team's work. It seems that without constant coaching no team can keep up in its play. The return of Harvey Smith as coach was an event very much desired and the team has profited by his work.

Saturday, Nov. 7, Cornell defeated the home team at Ithaca by a score of 54–0. The result of the game was a disappointment in many respects yet the circumstances were somewhat extenuating. It must be said that the home team did not play the game of which it is capable, also that Cornell played one of the best games she has put up this year. The officials, both chosen by Cornell, gave decisions which would not be allowed anywhere but on their home grounds. When an umpire decides that it is "our ball" or "their ball," it does not sound like the language which would be used by a strictly neutral official.

The teams lined up as follows:

CORNELL.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Tracey	left end	Gilchrist,(Riemer).
Taylor	left tackle	Rowe.
Reed	left guard	Hollinshead,(Wilson).
Fennell	center	Jennings,(Wilson).
Hill	right guard	Lesher,(Huntzberger)
Sweetland	right tackle	Cober.
Taussig	right end	Jenkinson.
Bassford	quarter back	Nattress.
Beacham	left half-back	Thomas.
McKeever,(Ripley)	rt. half-back	Bunnell,(Elliot).
Ritchie	full-back	Catterall.

The open date, Nov. 14, was given to the Bloomsburg State Normal Team. The game was played on the home grounds and resulted in a victory for Bucknell, 18–6. The Bloomsburg men were a heavy, stockily built set of fellows and were very well trained.

The game opened with the kick-off by Bloomsburg. Bucknell returned the kick, after which play continued near the center of the field for a short time, when Bucknell by a number of short gains through the line carried the ball to the visitors twenty yard line. Here the home team used the play employed so successfully by Cornell and the remaining twenty yards were covered and a touch-down made. The try for goal was successful. No further scoring was done in the first half. The play was not threatening to either goal, Bucknell, however, had the advantage.

In the second half the home team put more life into their work and soon scored a touch-down. The goal was kicked. After the next kick off Bucknell by good hard playing made a third touch-down which yielded a third goal.

The scoring by Bloomsburg was done after Bucknell had made her eighteen points. The play had been near the center of the field; Bloomsburg punted and the home backs attempted to pick up the rolling ball instead of falling on it, thereby allowing a Bloomsburg player to get it. One rush through tackle yielded the remaining ten yards and the thing was done.

Worthington of Bloomsburg was the star of his team.

The line up was as follows:

BLOOMSBURG.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Lewis	left end	Riemer.
Worthington(Keefer)	left tackle	Rowe.
Willmore	left guard	Hollinshead.
Butts	center	Jennings.
Laubach	right guard	Lesher(Huntzberger).
Thompson	right tackle	Cober.
Snyder	right end	Jenkinson.
Aldinger	quarter back	Nattress,(Griffith).
Smithers	left half-back	Thomas.
Owens,(Worthington)	right half back	Elliot, (Griffith, Bunnell).
Fox	full-back	Catterall.

While the first team was battling with Bloomsburg on the home grounds, the Reserves were playing the Williamsport High School eleven at Athletic Park, Williamsport.

The game resulted in a victory for the Reserves, the score being 4–0. Those who saw the game say that the home team played good ball considering the fact that they had practiced together but once. The field was very muddy and of course anything like long end runs or fast interference was out of the question.

BASKET BALL.

Recently the "Philadelphia Press," announced a meeting of the University of Pennsylvania basket ball candidates in which they elected a manager and captain. The article further stated that it was the intention to begin practice at once and to schedule games with Yale, Brown, Bucknell, State College, Haverford, etc.

Now it is evident that Bucknell must better herself along this line, if she desires to have an at all representative team this season.

Many students and Bucknell sympathizers have sneered at the idea of attempting to compete with other colleges and schools in this particular line of athletics, placing their "reasoning" on the success of last year's team. But it must be remembered, in this case as in all others, that perfection or even "standing" cannot be attained at a jump. Last year Bucknell had her first team on the floor, composed principally of green players, yet we succeeded in defeating one experienced team, and made a good showing in several other games. This season ought to be productive of a far better team, inasmuch as nearly all of her last years players are back with the addition of several experienced new men.

Let every candidate be practicing daily,—those who take no interest in foot ball—and immediately after the close of the foot ball season, we shall organize and begin systematic work in the gymnasium.

D. H. ELLIOT, '98.

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COLLEGE NOTES.

Sharpen your skates.

Bucknell 18, Bloomsburg 6.

Cornell, well we did what we could.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 24. the students and friends of the University were favored with a lecture by Dr. Tupper.

Mr. Harvey is doing successful work as a preacher at Centralia.

The few snow squalls of the last two weeks make us think of sleighing.

We are glad to see the cheerful countenance of Miss Watkins among us once more. Welcome.

McFarland, 1900, accompanied the foot ball team to Ithaca to witness the match with Cornell.

Manager Wilson acted as umpire in the recent game between Lafayette College and the Bloomsburg State Normal School.

Robert Green Slifer, who has been absent on business the greater part of the term, has again taken up his college duties.

Prof. Rockwood, together with Messrs. Lesher and Wilson, attended the Bloomsburg–Lafayette game at Bloomsburg, Nov. 10.

Dr. W. C. Bartol was recently called to the bedside of a departing father. The Mirror extends sympathy to Dr. Bartol in his bereavement.

A number of the Senior Class recently went to Dale's Hill in search of Geological specimens. Mr. Nelson Davis chaperoned the party.

Several students from Susquehanna University witnessed the game of foot ball between Bucknell and the Bloomsburg State Normal School on Nov. 14.

The Chemical and Physical Society met Thursday afternoon, Nov. 12, the subject for consideration being "Tuberculosis." Mr. Nelson Davis treated the subject in an able and instructive manner. The attendance showed that the subject is a popular one.

The class in General Chemistry was thrown into confusion a few days ago by a student rushing in with the news that the Freshman Class were out on a straw ride. All rushed to the windows and behold! a farm wagon was passing by loaded with cabbages piled on straw.

The contest to decide who should represent Bucknell in the coming debate with Franklin and Marshall College was held in Bucknell Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 13. The question was: "*Resolved*, That verse has exerted more influence on mankind than prose." The affirmative side was upheld by Buckminister, Grim, Meserve, and Hankey; the negative by Collins, Warren, Dutton, and Gilpin. Dutton and Collins were chosen.

Professor (in Chemistry): "Photographs at the present time may indeed be taken very quickly."

Student: "Professor, I knew of a young man taking a snap shot of a streak of lightning when on the platform of the rear car of an express train going at the rate of sixty miles per hour. It is a fact."

In many respects Bucknell stands on a level with the very best colleges in the land, but for some time she has felt the need of a book of good and original college songs. We have sung the songs of other colleges until we are tired of them. At various times many good songs of our own have been printed in pamphlet form, only to be sung at special seasons and then lost or forgotten. The musical talent of Bucknell will to-day compare favorably with that of any college in the land. What we need, want, and are about to have is a College Song Book up to date. The present Senior Class have formed themselves into a committee to arrange and publish such a book. All the old songs which belong exclusively to the University have been resurrected and remodeled where it has been necessary. These will be carefully arranged with the addition of many others of recent date. Drs. Doane, Lowry and Johnson, are at this work. The book will contain about fifty pages or more and will be out April 1, 1897. A large number of subscriptions have already been received. Let everybody who is interested in Bucknell purchase one or more of these excellent song books and sing to the health of his dear Alma Mater. During the Spring term there will be a musical given in which the best features of the book will be presented. Buy a book and sing.

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INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Mabel Wells, who has been ill, is now convalescent.

Miss Josephine Garrett of Ridgeway has been visiting Miss Gertrude Grant.

Professor Martin led the Y. W. C. A. prayer meeting on November 10. He gave a most forceful exposition of the theme "Unity in Christ." Mrs. Larison will lead one of the meetings in December.

The Class of '97 in the School of Music has elected the following officers: President, Mr. Brown Martin; Vice President, Miss Birdie Taggart; Secretary, Miss Eleanor Potter; Treasurer, Miss Frances Bloom.

The first "Program Meeting" of the Y. W. C. A. was held Sunday afternoon, November 15, the subject being "Light." An interesting program was rendered. Two of the most attractive features were a vocal solo by Miss Crawford and a selection rendered by a quartette of College men.

The program of the November meeting of the Lewisburg Alumnæ Club was as follows:

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE MEETING.

Her life - - - - - Mrs. J. R. Loomis.
Review of her writings - Miss Sallie VanGundy.
Reading selection from Old Town Folks, Miss Bessie Bates.
Remarks upon her life and work by different members of the club.
Current Events - - - Mrs. Weber Gerhart.

A very pleasing communication from the Philadelphia Alumnæ Club, was read by our Philadelphia correspondent, Miss Mabel Thomas.

An interesting account of the proceedings of the meeting of the Woman's Federation of Clubs, held in Bradford, Pa., October 1896, was read by our Secretary, Miss Annie Evans.

The social season of the Institute opened with the annual Senior Reception, on Friday evening, November 6, and it certainly augurs well for the social functions of the year. The parlors were beautifully decorated, the class colors, blue and gold, predominating. Two highly appreciated features of the entertainment were a recitation by Miss Margaret Wagner, and a cornet solo by Mr. Weymouth. At nine o'clock the school room doors were opened, displaying in the decorations of the interior the artistic skill of the Class of '97. Mid ivy-twined pillars and luxuriant palms, the guests partook of refreshments. The entertainment was so inspiring that one of the guests actually lapsed into poetry, not altogether classic, 'tis true, nevertheless deserving a place in the annals of the evening.

There was water and peanuts
And salad and cream,
And coffee and kisses,
And olives serene,
And sugar of course,
And fun to be sure,
A screen to fall over,
And thoughts to allure.
And flowers and music,
And chums who must be
The subjects of "swipings"
'Too endless to see.
But pray who did do this—
On earth devise Heaven?
With our kindest regards,

B. I. '97.

The Bucknell Alumnæ Club of Philadelphia met on Monday, November 2, at the Foulke and Long Institute. We were glad to welcome a larger number of our members than we have had for a long time, among whom were some who had not met with us for nearly two years. A most encouraging feature in the matter of replies to invitations, was the fact that more were sent than ever before. Many times the invitations have not been answered at all, and out of this has grown the fear that some of our Alumnæ have lost their interest in Bucknell. It was indeed cheering, even though a number of regrets were received, to have them in almost every case accompanied by kindly words of greeting, and to observe that there is still in the hearts of many the warmest admiration for their Alma Mater.

After lunch had been served, a special business meeting was held to discuss the joint meeting of the two Philadelphia Clubs, which will be held at the Hotel Walton on the first Monday in December. Four speakers were chosen to represent our club at the joint meeting, and matters bearing on the general subject for discussion on that occasion were talked over.

At the close of the business meeting, the President, Mrs. Spratt, introduced the subject, "Present Politics—How they Look to Me," and asked for a general discussion of the question, inviting all who were present to take part.

Mrs. M. E. R. Cobb began the discussion in her usual interesting way. She said that for her, as for most women, it was difficult to speak of this matter of Politics. Women are not in the habit of formulating their ideas on this subject with a view to giving expression to them. They know when they read what appeals to them and what coincides with their beliefs, but women have had so little occasion to express themselves on Political questions, that when there comes an opportunity to do so their ideas are rather confused. If a woman does speak on such matters, the average man is apt to wonder, like Samuel Johnson, "Not that she does not do it well, but that she does it at all."

Mrs. Cobb did not discuss "Present Politics" from the monetary point of view, nor did she attempt to show the relations of either political party to the future welfare of the nation. In her opinion the question of the relations between classes and masses is of greater national importance, and one of the leading causes for the spirit of unrest among our people to-day. It is not easy for those who are kept in poverty and ignorance by force of circumstances, and who are often as ambitious for better things as others who have been more favored, to be content with their lot and to restrain their feelings of bitterness against the higher classes. If it is hard for a man, naturally able and filled with a desire to better his position,to work at some degrading task, it is certainly harder for a woman. Many men who have begun in the humblest way have attained positions of trust and influence, and we honor them more because of the fact that they began at the lowest round. A man knows that he can work his way up and win for his efforts the respect and sympathy of his fellowmen. With a woman it is different. Mrs. Cobb wanted each one of us to ask ourselves as to whether we are apt to give due honor to the woman who has been employed at some manual labor, as a domestic servant perhaps, and who has through persistence shown herself qualified for some higher walk of life, until gradually she has reached that position. We women have been putting the responsibility of solving the "class" problem on the men, but perhaps our share in the task is not the least.

Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Yerkes, Mrs. Musselman, Mrs. O'Harra and others followed Mrs. Cobb, dealing with "Present Politics" from their respective points of view.

It seems to be a difficult matter to get up an animated debate in our club. We are too harmonious to make things interesting. Whether the fact that we were all on the right side of the Political question was due to the fact that we have wise husbands and fathers to instruct us, or whether it was because we were Bucknell women, and were therefore wise ourselves, we cannot tell. Such harmony, however, is not conducive to debate, and made our meeting less interesting, perhaps, than it otherwise would have been. It is nevertheless a joy to meet and renew old friendships, and if we help to keep up interest in Bucknell our purpose will have been accomplished.

NELLIE W. CONARD.

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ACADEMY NEWS.

Mr. Evans visited for a few days his daughter and his sons, Tommy an Willie.

Mrs. Davis and daughter recently made the Davis Bros. happy by paying them a visit.

Prof. Fisher shows his interest in Bucknell by attending the games on the campus. He was with us Saturday, November 14.

Prof. Phillips stimulated the boys in their Y. M. C. A. work in one of the meetings of this month. Let the teachers be leaders oftener.

Do students of the Academy prepare their lessons as well as College men? It would benefit many of us to attend the recitation of a College class. What keeps so many of us from our books?

The members of the Fourth Form intend to play "She Stoops to Conquer." It is believed that this new feature will be a success, for some of the boys are experienced actors, and Miss Armitage has patience enough to perfect the rest. The place for the public exhibition is not definitely determined.

The victory of the Reserves at Williamsport proved that Prof. Kaufman is an excellent foot ball coach. This Williamsport team defeated us last year, because we lacked team work. We were in good physical condition but not coached. Therefore our victory is due to good coaching as well as to the faithfulness of the boys in practice.

Before the appearance of this issue the first "At Home" of the Institute will have been given. These "At Homes," begun last year, seem to be excellent for satisfying the desires and wishes of Bucknell students. It is said that in former years the Seminary doors were open only to a few; the boys most in need of the social culture given by receptions and parties were never invited. Let the Academy come to the front and enjoy such excellent training.

PERSONALS.

'55. Hon. Alfred Hayes, an ex-Representative from this county, and wife lately returned from a several day's trip to New York and Philadelphia.

'60. Wm. L. Nesbit was recently elected State Representative from Northumberland County.

'61. Dr. Jos. K. Weaver, President of the Bucknell Alumni Association, has been making every effort to have the next meeting of the Alumni the largest ever held.

'63. Rev. W. W. Case has accepted a call to Rutherford, N. J.

'63, Inst. Mrs. Margaret Barber, formerly Miss Margaret Marr of Lewisburg, lately founded a large school at Aniston, Alabama, for the higher education of the negro in that section of the country. This project was heavily endowed by her husband, Phineas M. Barber, '55, at his death in 1891.

Ex-'66. Mr. G. Barron Miller will be one of the thirty-two electors from Pennsylvania, who will meet between now and March 4, to elect Hon. William McKinley President of the United States.

'67. Hon. T. J. Philips, of Atglen, Chester County, was re-elected as a member of the legislature from his county.

'69. Rev. J. S. Wrightnour is the new pastor of the Oil City Baptist Church.

'69. Under the direction of Mr. A. Scott Sheller, the choir of the Presbyterian Church of Lewisburg shows marked development. This choir is composed largely of College talent.

'74. Hon. Ward R. Bliss, of Delaware Co., Pa., was recently elected to the State Legislature.

Ex-'74. Mr. W. Scott Chappell, a noted musician of Williamsport, is leader of the popular Lettan & Chappell orchestra, of that city.

'75. Mr. John F. Duncan recently returned from an extended trip through the West.

'80. Rev. H. M. Wolf, Jr., has entered on the fifth year of his pastorate at Waterford, Conn.

'81. The Factoryville Baptist Church, upon the closing week of Rev. M. J. Watkins' seventh year, held their annual roll call meeting which proved successful both financially and spiritually. Rev. Watkins may be said to begin his eighth year with the church in good condition notwithstanding the hard times. This speaks well for him as a pastor, as he is the successor of our esteemed President, Dr. Harris, who held the pastorate at that place for about twenty years.

'84. George P. Miller has been elected for the second time Para Secretario de la Corte de Pruebas, Taas County, New Mexico.

'87. J. W. A. Young, Ph.D., an instructor in the University of Chicago, was married on Oct. 28, at Fort Madison, Iowa, to Miss Dora Louise Shafer.

'87. Prof. J. S. VanGundy of the Norristown High School, recently visited the Philadelphia High School to see the method of instruction employed there. Prof. VanGundy is an old Lewisburg boy and a graduate of Bucknell.

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Vol. VXI. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., DECEMBER 10, 1896. No. 5

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

DECEMBER 10, 1896.

THIS is the last issue of the MIRROR before the holidays. We therefore wish you success in your examinations, a pleasant vacation, a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. May you return fresh and invigorated, determined to accomplish great things for yourself and for the good of your fellow men.

THE foot ball season has closed. Out of eight games played, all of them hard ones, Bucknell has lost none except to the large Universities of Pennsylvania and Cornell. This is encouraging. The team have worked well and we are proud of them as representing so large a part of our athletics.

WE were recently honored by a lecture from Judge McClure on Commercial Paper. We understand that this is but the first of a series that the Judge is to deliver. The course will be most heartily received. In addition to the valuable knowledge gained, which every student should possess, an occassional lecture like the recent one adds spice to college life. In nearly all the leading colleges a large share of the instruction is given by lectures. While this method may be overdone and lead to a superficial education, it is also true that the bone-down, hard-work, every-day-recitation method may likewise be overdone and lead to listlessness and lack of energy. For this reason we welcome this series by the Judge and wish that other valuable courses might follow.

THE College Glee Club has been reorganized and from the material both in quality and quantity and from the character of the leader it bids fair to attain no moderate amount of success. For the last year or two Bucknell has been without a glee club. It is with joy we welcome it as one of the great powers for good in our beloved institution. It will add to our college life a richer tone and help in arousing a stronger college spirit among the students. In most colleges the glee club assumes an importance unsurpassed by any other branch of work during the winter term. Why should it not be so at Bucknell? The start is made, the musicians are at work; let us see to it that they have the support of the student body and that we give them the encouragement they need.

THE election of officers for the Athletic Association occurs on Saturday, December 12. Those to be elected are president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, manager of base ball, manager of basket ball, an executive board, and a finance committee. Membership in the association is open to all students upon payment of one dollar to the secretary, Mr. John Lesher. It is hoped that as many as possible will identify themselves with the association, as it is desired that it should be as nearly representative of the whole school as possible. A little advice to the unexperienced upon the eve of election may not be out of place. First, do not under any circumstances allow another to pay your way into the association; it will turn out to be a bribe for your vote or will put you under some obligation. Second, do not compromise, but vote for whomsoever you believe to be the best candidate, regardless of party, clique, fraternity, club, or personal regard. Third, if you are unacquainted with the candidates and have not knowledge from which to make a fair judgment, do not vote. In other words, do not blindly do as your friend tells you. The MIRROR believes that individual manhood and the force of public opinion in the school will prevent a repetition of the corruption of last year's election.

WE welcome the return of the "At Homes." To Mrs. Larison, the college girls, and all who have been foremost in this movement, the young men of the school owe their most sincere thanks. While many attend to meet congenial spirits and for the pleasures of society, a great majority of the students are not able to find this pleasure and are liable to regard the social side of life with contempt. Especially for these, we understand, have the ladies instituted the "At Homes." These present a feature of college life which can hardly receive due praise. The cultivation of the social spirit, the training of one's self in social customs, the attainment of a kindly-disposed, dignified cultured mind are essentials to every man. Of ministers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and all others in high positions social functions are required. We hope no student will fail to avail himself of the opportunities now offered. The presence of the college professors, the Seminary teachers, and many town people lends without question a high character to these social gatherings. The attendance at the last one showed that the students are not indifferent to social requirements, and the presence of many awkward, restless ones indicates that they are fully awake to their need. Many a lady also is in need of social training. It requires some art to set everybody at ease and bring out their better parts. Let all attend and receive mutual benefit.

A CALL TO SERVICE.

Work there is that must be done
  In this busy world to-day,
Before the setting of the sun
  Bears the fleeting time away.

Many nations in commotion
  Far across the dark blue sea,
Wretched men and fainting women
  Cry for aid from you and me.

Come with me beyond the waters
  To a land as rich as gold,
Where the summer never fadeth,
  And the winter ne'er grows cold.

Brightly beam the rays of heaven,
  Giving to the earth their best;
But beneath them men are living
  Void of love and peace and rest.

Listen to their cries of anguish
  As they pass you on their way,
Up to yonder temple going,
  There to kneel in vain to pray.

See that proud young mother coming
  With her babe upon her arm;
How she loves her only darling,
  How she shields her child from harm.

But within that bosom swelling
  Is a heart with grief o'erflown,
That for months hath borne its sorrow,
  Drooping, bleeding, and alone.

From that shrine she now returneth,
  Where of late we heard her pray,
And the heathen god has told her
  She must cast her child away.

Can she bear to leave her darling?
  Can that heart forget its claims
To a child whose very life blood
  Courses through a mother's veins?

Slow her step and sad her face is,
  As with child upon her breast,
She descendeth to the valley
  At a heathen god's behest.

She must yield her richest treasure
  To appease a god of stone;
She must sacrifice her infant,
  To the water's sullen moan.

Hideous monsters, rushing, roaring,
  Dash the water into spray;
Rush upon the beach in madness,
  Ever eager for their prey.

"Either hopes of heaven will vanish,"
Was the cruel god's reply,
"And the fiends of hell will haunt you,
Or your infant child must die."

In the face of such a verdict
What was there for her to do?
Was it not the way to heaven?
T'was the only way she knew.

So in agony and anguish,
From her breast she tears her child,
And with one sad look to heaven,
Tosses him to monsters wild.

From the scene she quickly hurries,
Finding not the peace she sought;
Had she known the love of Jesus,
T'would not all have been for naught.

Thus in lands across the waters
Souls are passing to their graves
With no voice of love to warn them,
And no helping hand to save.

Have you found the love of Jesus?
Is He all in all to you?
Tell it then among the heathen,
That is what He bids you do.

G. M. D.

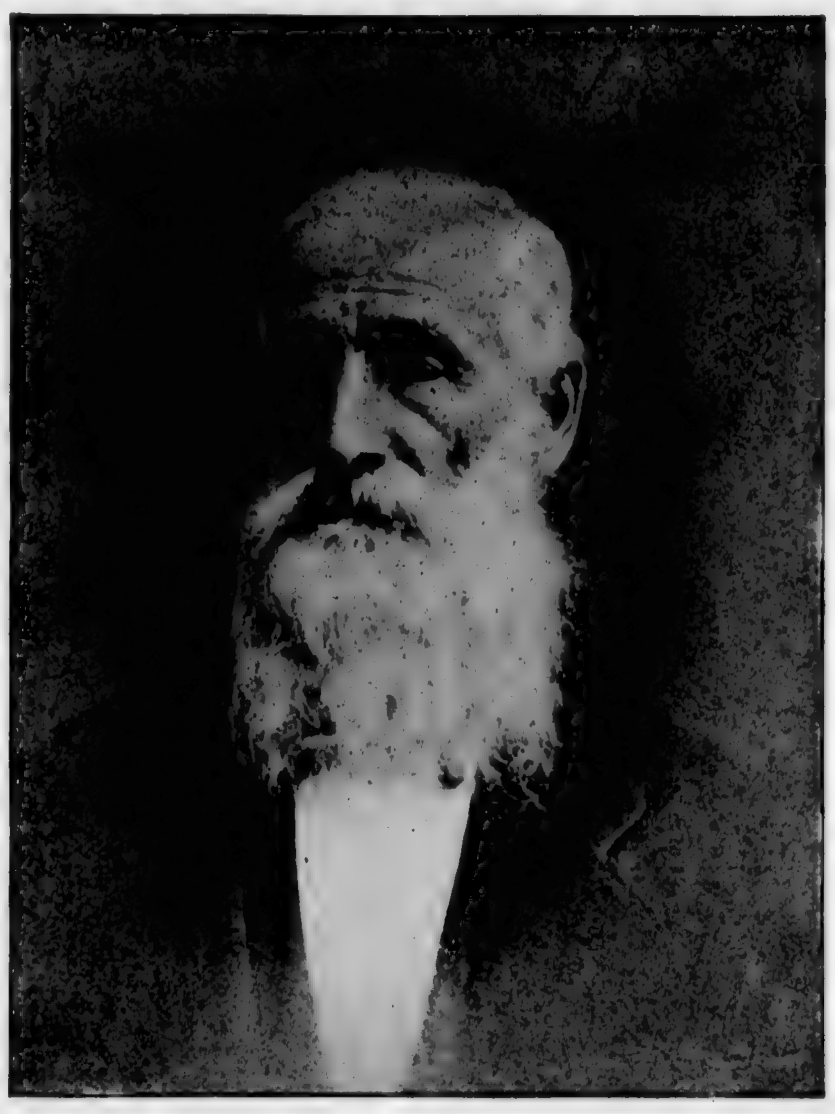
THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT CONCERNING THE FOUNDING OF THE UNIVERSITY AT LEWISBURG BY ONE OF THE FOUNDERS.

[Now printed entire for the first time.]

LEWISBURG, April 10, 1878.

"I will as briefly and truthfully as possible write down what I know of the first resolves and acts towards founding a Baptist College or School in Central Pennsylvania. It may be possible, after so many years have passed, that I may be slightly inaccurate as to dates, but the facts are so fixed in my mind that I cannot forget and will be correct. In the year 1836 I was residing on a farm in Turbot township above the town of Milton and was a member of the Milton Baptist Church. About this time a Rev. Mr. Parker, highly educated and of a very pleasing address, visited Milton (he, Parker, was from the State of Vermont), preached for us several times and we loved him in every respect, and concluded he would be the right man to help us start a Baptist School, under a Baptist College Charter, at Milton. Myself, my father, James Moore, Joseph Moore, Joseph Meixell, Henry Fink, Benjamin Bear, and others were consulted. We went so far as to be certain we could raise fifty thousand dollars towards the object, and if it had not been for a crisis in the money affairs of our country, the effort would have been put forth to found a Baptist College at Milton. But as money collections and payments were out of the question, we stopped short in our efforts before the incipient undertaking was made public, and by the time the country revived under the Tariff Act of 1842, I had sold my property in Turbot and bought in Buffalo Valley, near to Lewisburg, where I determined (God favoring the enterprise) the School should be founded.

From my first settlement near to Lewisburg in the year 1839 I never doubted but Lewisburg was the location. This made me anxious and often caused me to raise my thoughts to God in prayer that we might have a Baptist Church raised up in Lewisburg, knowing it would be idle to talk of starting a Baptist College in a town where there was no church or society of our order. This state of affairs made me careful and watchful who the man or men should be that put forth the effort for establishing a Church, yet when Rev. William Grant came, about the middle of November, 1843, from Saratoga county, New York, first to Milton, expecting to hold a protracted meeting there, and upon their refusal, Rev. C. A. Hewitt brought him to me, it appeared to me after a long and careful interview with him, Grant, that God had sent him. He was what we term a self-made man, using good strong, common sense language, had the Scripture in a measure by heart, and prayed as if he expected God to hear and answer him, was rather slow in his speech, in person rather tall, light complexion, prominent forehead over-shadowed by heavy eye brows, an excellent full blue eye. I believe he was truly a man of God sent to Lewisburg to give us a Baptist Church. Very soon after our organization as a Church, I took Bro. Wm. F. Ludwig, M. D., aside and told him we must now as soon as possible build a good respectable meeting house, and in the interim we could talk over establishing a Baptist College. I shall never forget the effect this suggestion appeared to have on him. After sitting perfectly quiet for a time filled with the idea, he looked up and said: 'Do you think it possible for us to get an Institution of that kind here?' I answered, 'I don't think there is any doubt about it, unless they make a move at Philadelphia or Pittsburgh before we get ready; we must get ready, however, as soon as possible and build our meeting house.' I then further added, 'I have had this matter pressing upon my mind ever since my schoolboy days under the Rev. D. Kirkpatrick, D.D. for more than fifteen years, we must now work hard and keep the matter to ourselves, until we are prepared to move openly and publicly, and now what do you say to trusting Bro. Samuel Wolfe to our full confidence in this matter. Ludwig replied that there would be no risk in trusting Wolfe, and we three had many a talk over the matter before anybody else was consulted. The next was James Moore, Sr., my father, then followed brother Joseph Meixell, Eujenio Kincaid, D. D., Rev. J. E. Bradley, Professor Stephen M. Taylor, and L. B. Christ was sometimes of our number; we would not only meet and talk over this matter, but pray over it and promise God and one another to be faithful until death.



JAMES MOORE, JR.

These quiet meetings and consultations went on until our meeting house was well under way. We got into the basement Sept. 28, 1845, and the house was completed and dedicated on November 15, 1846, Rev. George B. Ide, D. D. and Bro. Wm. Shadrack, D. D., preaching the dedication sermons. But some time before this (before we got into the basement) Ludwig, Wolfe, and myself, supplied money and got Bro. E. Kincaid to go to Hamilton, New York, and bring Prof. Stephen W. Taylor, a man in every way fitted to guide us About this time we, Wolfe Ludwig and myself, bought the grounds for our enterprise. The deed from Foresman, son-in-law of Jno. Brown, was made to Wolfe, Ludwig & Moore, on November 8th, 1846.

I recollect the impression it made upon old Prof. Taylor, when we showed him that wooded hill with the water view of the Susquehanna. The first he said was: 'Have you really secured this location?' We told him the deed was executed and on record. 'Well,' said he, 'it is beautiful, just the place, what can't this be made by improvement?' Very soon after arriving from Hamilton he went to work on a Charter. Up to this time we had thought only of a College Charter, and Taylor said to us, why not at once get a University Charter, it will cost no more? This was at once agreed to, and he wrote out a Charter that was passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor, that was not altered in a word. Up to this time and for sometime longer there were no funds and the three very often had to put their hands into their pockets and supply.

But in all of our movements God appeared to favor us, gave us health, energy, and a oneness of mind to work.

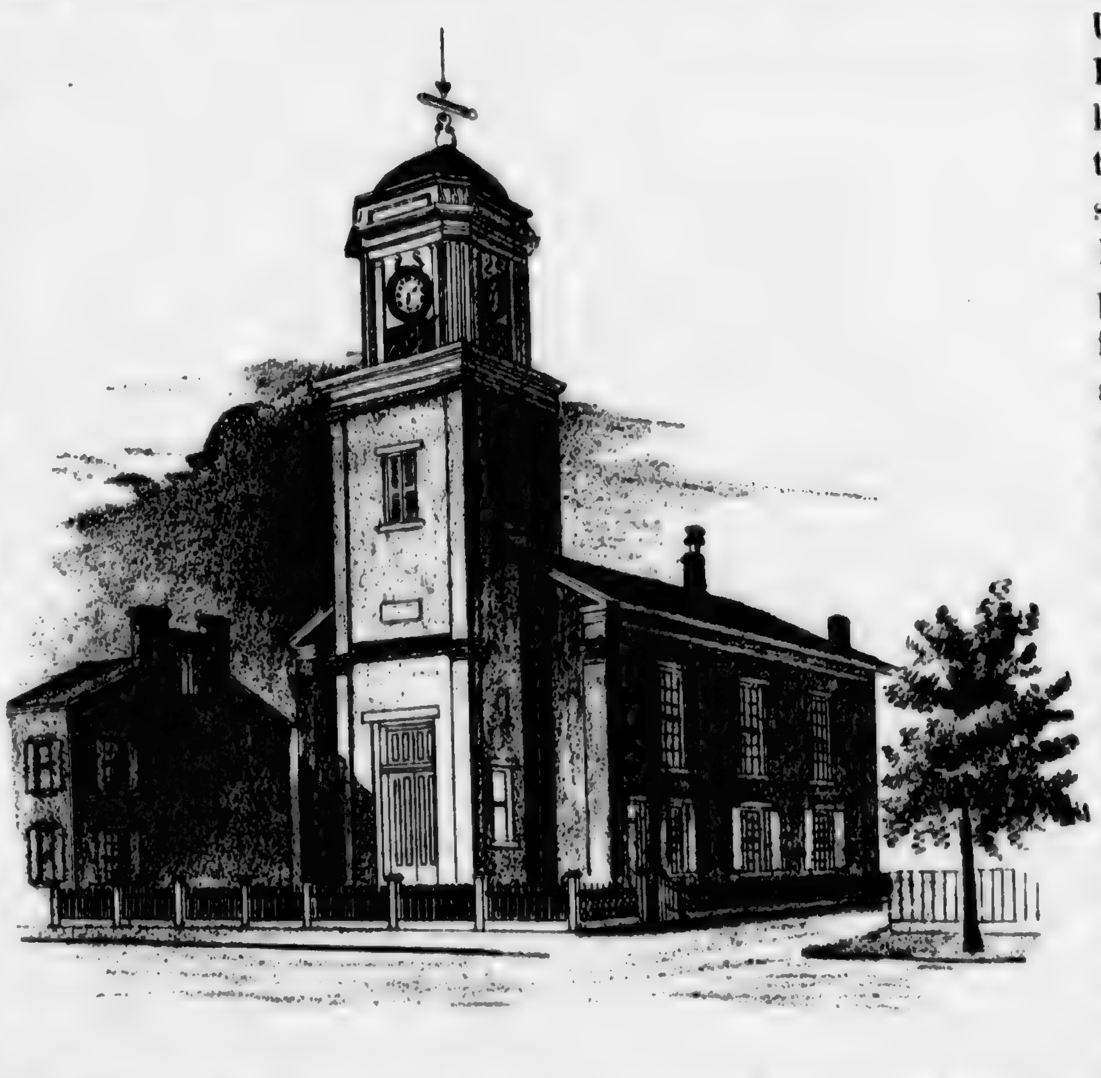
Bro. E. Kincaid having returned from Burmah to Lewisburg, his old home, was at once taken into our confidence and council, and he was of great service to us; it was he that suggested that Professor Taylor would be just the man to aid us in our lifelong enterprise that we had commenced. When the Charter was written out, the self-made committee of three furnished Professor Taylor with the means to go to Harrisburg and remain there until he could bring the executed Charter back to Lewisburg with him. This he was enabled to do. He was one of God's noble men. Next we wanted a first class man in every respect for General Financial Agent, and our minds at once rested upon Wm. Shadrack, D. D., at the time pastor of a large wealthy church in Philadelphia. The two, Wolfe and Ludwig, urged me to write to Bro. Shadrack asking him to resign his pastorate and take the General Agency of our University, going to work at once to raise one hundred thousand dollars in valid subscriptions. He did as urged and was the efficient means in the hands of God of securing the first one hundred thousand dollars and making a favorable impression all over our great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and likewise over New Jersey. Bro. Shadrack, in talking to me about his accepting that Agency as he did, said it was one of the strangest things that had happened to him in all his life. He said: 'When I received your letter I only laughed at it, to think of leaving my comfortable and responsible place here in a great city with a good salary and take that hard place with a less salary, and since it was so uncertain about raising so large an amount, I came to the conclusion I could not do it. Yet for days and nights I could neither work, eat, or sleep without that subject being uppermost. God was in it of course.' About this time, when we had secured the Charter and Bro. Shadrack as General Financial Agent, we had a meeting when our hearts appeared to overflow with thankfulness and prayer to God for his goodness in directing us, and we importuned him to still guide us in the future in our life work that we had voluntarily entered upon, and we further pledged ourselves to one another. Up to this time and after, our Pastor Rev. J. E. Bradley, (a good worker and adviser) worked with us well and pleasantly. About this time we asked our friends in Philadelphia to publish a meeting to take place soon in some central point of the City, and the friends from Lewisburg would be present to explain all they had done and their plans for the future. This meeting was advertised to take place in the Lecture Room of the First Baptist Church, Rev. George B. Ides. Many of the leading ministers and brethren were present. The friends of the University from Lewisburg were Prof. Taylor; E. Kincaid, J. E. Bradley, Wm. Shadrack, D. D., and myself.

WILLIAM H. LUDWIG, M. D.

We had made up our minds to be good natured, knowing they would say hard things of us and about us for not taking them into our confidence and council before we fixed the location and secured the Charter, &c. They called us a set of green horns away up in the interior, without experience, and predicted failure and disgrace. We from Lewisburg had each something to say in reply, Professor Taylor making the longest speech. He had experience and was abundantly able to reply. It is sufficient to say that every objection they raised was more than answered. They owned we had secured a good common sense Charter and a better one than would have been gotten up, if they had done the work, and that we had already secured some first-class men in Pennsylvania and New York as friends to work for it, and that it would only be fair now that we should have a fair trial without opposition from them; that we would not disgrace the Denomination with failure for we had bound ourselves in our

Charter to raise the one hundred thousand dollars, before we would begin or commit anybody, and if we succeeded in securing the amount named, it was to be invested in good cheap, substantial property. The Charter did not permit the Trustees to encumber the property with judgment or mortgage, so we would be starting and building on a sure and safe foundation. Some of the best business men of Philadelphia at once, at this first meeting, said we had acted wisely and that we must have their influence and aid.

Our firm conciliatory course made us friends, and this first Philadelphia meeting was a success in every respect. The appeal was made strongly to them to take hold and help build a University that would be a credit to our Denomination and the world, where we could educate our sons and daughters and feel safe in doing so. From this time the Boards began to work under the Charter, and the General Agent and his assistants worked hard to secure the required subscription of $100,000. Prof. S. W. Taylor and his assistants soon started a preparatory high school in the basement of the Baptist meeting house. From some cause there appeared to spring up a bad feeling about this time between Rev. J. E. Bradley and Prof. S. W. Taylor. It increased as we went along and gave us a great deal of trouble. Bradley had to resign and go away, and Prof. Taylor's resignation followed. Permitting Prof. Taylor to resign was the first big mistake the Board of Trustees made.



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN LEWISBURG, IN THE BASEMENT OF WHICH THE FIRST SESSIONS OF THE COLLEGE WERE HELD.

I have thus noted down a number of events connected with the first movements of founding the University at Lewisburg. By referring to the Charter or one of the early Catalogues, it will be seen my name stands second on the list of the incorporation, my father, James Moore, being first. I remember in one of our early Board meetings (Trustee meetings), we were working on the early or almost first records, and it was asked by some member, I don't remember who it was, 'To whom shall the credit be given of first suggesting the founding of a University at Lewisburg?' I know I was entitled to it and several of the Board were apprised of the fact, but from some cause did not speak. After waiting a short time, I said: 'Give the honor to my father, James Moore,' and my recollection is that it was so put down. I think my father was not present at that Board meeting or if he was he did not catch the sentence; he was hard of hearing which was much against him in acting with the Trustees in their meetings. He was always ready and willing to do his full share of work or give to any and all benevolent objects as God prospered him, and from the first was a true and lasting friend to the University in all its interests up to his decease. But still I don't know but I did wrong in giving him the honor that belonged to myself. I know I was the first person who thought of founding a Baptist College at Lewisburg.

I have said in another place that Professor Taylor was the one that proposed the word University for College, and I further know I worked and labored for its advancement to the best of my ability, from the first incipient movements until I left Lewisburg and Union county with my family for Missouri in the Spring of 1858. I had met with heavy pecuniary losses by the breaking up of the railroads, one in Western New York and the other in Central Ohio. My losses in the two roads were about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. With the pittance I had left I thought it would be better for me to go West and encourage my six sons to become farmers. After a dozen years or more in working up the School, or rather watching it come up, helping to complete the buildings, helping to vote down by more than a two thirds vote the removal of the University from Lewisburg to Crozer, Delaware county, I felt sure the University could live and grow on to maturity without my active aid. But I had resolved,God giving me health and strength and the means to travel, I would retain my place as a Trustee and attend the annual Board meetings. But I had not gotten fairly settled in the West before the question of slavery precipitated our beloved country into a terrible war, and I could not during that time return to our Board meetings and I so informed the Secretary of the Board. But still the Board saw fit to fill the place made vacant by my absence. When the intelligence reached me I felt a pang pass through me that I can never describe,my thoughts coming back to Lewisburg and all its interests, especially the Baptist Church and all the University interests, and I have always in all places prayed that God would watch over and prosper them. It will be recollected that this promise was made to God,and to one another when we were struggling with our big load in starting the enterprise. I think when I heard of my place in the Board being filled something of this kind passed through my mind: 'They ought not to have done it, they certainly know I could not control the events of this terrible war and during its continuance attend the Board meetings.' But still I felt I belonged to it and never could be separated from it or its friends. I will suggest here, I fear the members of the Board of Trustees do not pray for each other as often or as fervently as they ought. If the twenty Trustees had their hearts full of God's love and power for our noble University, it would advance in strength and beauty much faster; let us pray for this and labor for it. I was out of the Board from 1861 until 1877 when the Board saw fit to re-elect me. I wish now to help work up all the interests connected with the University, especially the increasing of the Endowment Fund. I feel that God has greatly blessed the noble beginning the friends and patrons have made towards fully establishing our University and making it a lasting blessing to our Church and the world. What is thirty years, or fifty years,or even one hundred, when used in building up Institutions of learning?

We have been engaged in this good work some thirty years only,and cannot we say 'what has God wrought' and take fresh courage and give thanks? Yes, thanks to God for he has given us the victory already. I did not intend to say so much when I commenced this sketch of earlier and later events connected with the resolves and doings of friends connected with the University.

But it is said out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and I would say here as I close this short, disconnected narative it has been out of a full and warm heart that I have put down the facts so full of import to

JAMES MOORE."

NOTE.—The narrative of James Moore, Jr., is a valuable contribution to the history of Bucknell University. It explains fully why the University is located at Lewisburg and not elsewhere. It is a beautiful illustration of what the persistent energy of one man may accomplish.

The writer of this note spent an evening in the company of Mr. Moore a short time before his death. He then received from him an account of the founding of the college, almost in the words of the narrative. On being questioned he said that he believed that he was an instrument in the hands of the Lord in founding the University. His energy is seen in this, that he had purchased the farm on which the college is located before he had consulted with any one except his Lewisburg friends, and before Professor Taylor came to Lewisburg to look the ground over. When the Professor stood on the summit of the hill he remarked, "This is an ideal location for an Institution of learning.'' Mr. Moore informed him that it had been purchased for this purpose. The Professor then asked him if he had considered the time and money required to found a college. Mr. Moore in reply said he and his friends had consecrated their lives to the effort.

The narrative also explains how the title "University" rather than "College" came to be applied to the Institution. As a contribution to the history of the University, the narrative is of great value. GEO. G. GROFF.

HE FALLS OUT OF LOVE.

"Curse it all, what a confounded fool I've been!" This was strong language, it verged upon profanity, yet the man who uttered these words felt he was justified in thus expressing himself; he was our friend who had lately fallen in love so beautifully, and now he had fallen out. Just how it all happened is not to be known, for who can ever tell how such quarrels happen? We think there was an element of groundless jealousy in the cause; and, if we were not afraid of giving offence, we would suggest that he had sucked the orange dry and had thrown the pulp away. But we have interrupted him, why not listen to him a while as he sits alone in his solitary study and talks to himself?

"I wonder if now she is thinking of the same things I am—of course not, she's thinking of a new dress or a reception which she will attend to cut a dash. She loved me, I know she did; I could read it between the very lines of the letters she sent me during vacation; I wish she had in some way told me though, yet I am glad I never told her in words of my love, but of course she knew all about it. What foolish things we said and did! Now perhaps she is thinking of these and laughing at me.

Yes, I did fall in love; but dog on it! I couldn't help it. No! that's not so, I could help it; it was like all alluring evil, I knew I would be sorry if I tried it, in fact, candid men who had fallen into the pit warned me, but like all other mortals I waived their evidence, and must try it for myself; yes I tasted it, and it was sweet, very sweet at the beginning, but now—Oh how bitter! I now believe that misery and gloom predominate in the world, happiness is only a chance acquaintance. I sometimes try to wish that our love had never been, but somehow I can't.

One evening lately when walking past a fine mansion, I heard a man swearing at his wife and children, because his dinner was late; now this man when in school, as I am now, was as mild in disposition as any one could wish, indeed, he was far more gentle than myself, so what might I become if I should marry? No! I can not afford to fasten any woman with the fetters of a family, then abuse her to relieve my pent up feeling just as I would by swearing at an inoffensive dog.

But say I had married, our connubial skyrocket would have shot up with dazzling brightness and all our friends would have said, 'Ah! how glorious, how happy!' But soon it would have reached its height and returned—a black and ugly stick. We would have found an entirely new relation existing between us and then—ah then! Oh yes, but as you say, I would have her 'for better or for worse,' that's a mighty cute clause isn't it? Well there may be great virtue in keeping your mouth shut after driving a bad bargain, but it is much better not to make any bargain at all. By dad! that's logic. Ha! ha! I am becoming pleased with myself.

I know there isn't going to be any loss of life or even sleep over this, but I would like to know what she will do. I wish I were sure it made her cry, but even tho she should, she would go out with another fellow just to show me that she doesn't care; well, I don't care either, but I am not going to take out any other girl to show how I triumph over my feelings. Oh no! I am a burnt child.

Ha! ha! that's a funny picture. I can imagine a time in the future when I see a care-worn woman pushing at a wash board, while half a dozen dirty children hang around her skirt, for they are afraid to go into the house while their drunken father is there. But come to think about it, I don't know as this is so pleasing after all.

Confound it! I feel as tho I had lost something valuable, yet I feel a great deal freer. I suppose I am better off, but am I going to be happy and satisfied? Time alone will tell, but I am more than sure that I have had enough of love."

We, too, are sure the young man has had enough of love, but whether he is dealing justly with himself we can not say, for we have never been, and hope we never shall be in either of his trying positions. NOLI SPE.

ATHLETICS.

The game with Dickinson at Sunbury, Saturday, Nov. 21, was very interesting inasmuch as it afforded Bucknell almost unlimited opportunity to display her ability as a ground gainer. This opportunity was the result of penalties imposed upon her, aggregating something more than the length of the field.

The Dickinson team played a good defensive game but were not strong on the offensive.

The only scoring done was the result of a fine run by Nattress, who, aided by good interference, passed the greater part of the Dickinson team and scored a touch-down. The try for goal was successful.

The second half was not many minutes old when a dispute arose over slugging indulged in by both teams and it unfortunately terminated in the withdrawal of the teams from the field. The score stood as in the first half, 6–0 in favor of Bucknell.

The teams lined up as follows:

DICKINSON.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Craver	right end	Jenkinson.
Ford	right tackle	Cober.
Taylor	right guard	Lesher.
Troxel	center	Jennings.
Sheetz	left guard	Hollinshead.
Armour	left tackle	Rowe.
Bosley	left end	Riemer.
Houston	quarter back	Nattress.
Hockenberry	right half-back	Bunnell.
Devall	left half-back	Thomas.
Heckman	full-back	Catterall.

Touch-down, Nattress; Goal, Catterall; Umpire, Hancock, U. of Pa; Referee, Godcharles, Lafayette; Linesman, Chamberlain, Lafayette.

The last game of the season, that with Franklin and Marshall at Lancaster, on Thanksgiving Day, resulted in a tie, neither team being able to score. While the result may not be all that might have been desired yet it is better than any Bucknell team has ever done at Lancaster. The F. & M. team put up a snappy game and once succeeded in bringing the ball dangerously near to Bucknell's goal line. When time was called in the first half Bucknell had the ball on F. & M's five yard line, and twice during the game after having advanced the ball many yards the home team lost it at a critical moment and were unable to score.

The teams lined up as follows:

F. & M.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Greenwalt	right end	Jenkinson.
Bertolet	right tackle	Cober.
Hight	right guard	Lesher.
Ginter	center	Jennings.
Hower	left guard	Hollinshead.
Kieffer	left tackle	Rowe.
Schneider	left end	Riemer.
Locher	quarter back	Nattress.
Hosterman	right half-back	Bunnell.
McLaughlin	left half-back	Thomas.
Cessua	full-back	Catterall.

The Williamsport High School sustained a second defeat by the Reserves on Thanksgiving Day. The game was very close the score being, Reserves 10, High School 8. The close score however does not tell the story of the game since both touch-downs of the High School were made possible by the fumbles of the Reserves. The game was won in the last minute of play by a ten yard rush for a touch-down and a most difficult goal by Senn.

With the close of the foot ball season comes basket ball and it is desirable that Bucknell should develop a team worthy of representing her among other colleges. Manager Wilson of the foot ball team has received a communication from the U. of Pa. basket ball managment desiring to shedule a game with Bucknell. As the game is becoming more general in other colleges it is necessary for Bucknell to keep in line.

At a meeting of the players on last year's team Elliot was re-elected Captain and a request was immediately made that all candidates begin pratice at once.

* * *

COLLEGE NOTES.

Basket ball.

Bucknell—0, F. & M.—0.

Christmas is coming—so are the examinations.

The foot ball teams recently had their pictures taken.

Mr. Wiltbank preached at Pine Grove, Sunday, December 6.

A number of students went home to eat Thanksgiving turkey.

Dr. Tupper, of Philadelphia, lectured to the students of the University December, 8. His sudject was "The Shadow of Castle Garden."

E. C. Kunkle has accepted a call to Elemsport Baptist Church.

Dr. Harris was present at the recent dedication of the Baptist Church at Muncy, Pa.

Dr. Harris attended the funeral of the Rev. Miles of White Deer Valley a few days ago.

The Misses Watkins, Woodard, and White have been initiated into the Pi Beta Phi fraternity.

Coach Smith has returned to the University of Pennsylvania to continue his studies in the Medical department.

Professor Rockwood witnessed the game between Bucknell and Franklin and Marshall on Thanksgiving Day.

Much honor is due Captain Cober for the masterly way in which he led our foot ball team to victory during the past season.

Several students ate Thanksgiving dinner with friends at Northumberland. It is said that the turkey was not the greatest attraction.

Elliot, '98, has been re-elected captain of the basket ball team for this season. Great interest is being manifested in the game and there is an abundance of good material. The prospects are bright for a winning team.

Rev. B. B. Ware, '96, was married, Dec. 9, to Miss Emma C. Weber. Mr. Ware has recently been ordained to the ministry and has accepted a call to the Greenwich Baptist Church. We wish him much joy.

The College Girls' Glee Club has been reorganized for its second season, with the Misses Hartley and Goddard as directors, Miss Hanna, Business Manager and Miss Allen, Assistant Business Manager. The Club will give its first concert on Saturday, December 19, at Williamsport, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of that city.

The first basket ball game of the season was played in the Gymnasium, Tuesday, Nov. 24. The contending teams represented the College Girls and the Institute. The game was exciting throughout and much enthusiasm was shown by the supporters of the two teams. The first half was very close but in the second half the College Girls experienced no difficulty in distancing their rivals and the game resulted in a decided victory for them. Score 20–11.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

The members of the Pi Phi Sorority recently spent a social afternoon at the home of Miss Elizabeth Bates.

Mrs. Edwards very delightfully entertained several young ladies from the Institute on Thanksgiving Day.

Professor and Mrs. Martin and Dr. and Mrs. Brown, of Mullica Hill, N. J., were entertained at the Institute on Friday, November 27.

The young ladies of the Beta Delta Pi Sorority enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Chapter house, Friday, November 20.

Miss Armitage spent Thanksgiving vacation at home in Elmira, N. Y; Miss Bell visited Miss Sarah Lillibridge at Olyphant, and Miss Miller visited friends at Shamokin.

Mrs. Watrous, the widow of the former pastor of the Baptist Church of Lewisburg, whose talented daughter, Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt, is well known in literary circles, took tea at the Institute, Monday evening, November 30.

Every meeting of the missionary study class convinces the members anew of their good fortune in having secured as leader Miss Sallie VanGundy, whose readiness of wit and long experience as a teacher enable her to present the lessons in a most entertaining and forceful manner.

Mrs. Larison delivered an address on the "Higher Education of Women" at Mifflinburg, Tuesday evening, December 1. She also spoke in behalf of the women now attending Bucknell Institute and College at the joint meeting of the Alumni and Alumnæ clubs of Philadelphia, held at the Hotel Walton, December 7.

On Monday afternoon, November 23, the first "At Home" of the year was held in the Institute parlors. Like all former occasions of the same kind it was greatly enjoyed by all, and more than one expressed a wish that these popular social events should not be like angel's visits, few and far between. Over three hundred guests shared the genial hospitality of Mrs. Larison and the college girls who assisted her in making the occasion a pleasant one. A great many of the town people and several Professors of the University were present besides many students from both College and Academy.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Mr. R. B. Hadley, Ex-'98, paid the Academy a visit on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. M. L. Anthony cheered for Bucknell at Lancaster, November 26. He expects to be among us again during the Spring Term.

Some of the teachers and many students spent their Thanksgiving vacation away from the school. The majority departed Wednesday afternoon and nearly all were ready for work Monday morning. Since vacation the boys have worked with more vim, thus repaying the Authorities for their kind consideration.

G. J. Dickinson, in company with the three Bowers, recently spent a day on a geological expedition. The result of their labors is some hundred pounds of hard stone.

The Joint Debate was won with a very small margin by Adelphia. Hermenia felt that the question was not a suitable one for Academy students. The speakers were nothing but phonographs, spouting the opinions of some college professors. There was no original thought by the debaters.

Our singing at the evening chapel seems to be injurious to the song service in Bucknell Hall. Too few of us attend the morning services, too many fail to sing. Why not use the Hymn books which are provided for our benefit? That we can sing is shown every evening.

Every member of the Academy who has not already personally expressed his sympathy, wishes to make known his sorrow at the recent defeat of the Institute in a game of basket ball with the College Girls. The beautiful and graceful bodies of girls of tender years were not able to withstand the strength and endurance of young women, over whose heads have passed more summers, especially in basket ball. Our hopes are for your success next year.

PERSONALS.

On Friday, Dec. 20, 1896, the funeral of Rev. J. G. Miles took place from the First Baptist Church of White Deer, Pa. Rev. Miles was the pioneer Baptist minister of the West Branch Valley. He was one of the committee of five appointed by the Northumberland Association in 1845, which reported on Aug. 14, that "A high school for males, another for females, a College, and also a Theological Institute" should be established in Central Pennsylvania, and which in the following year, 1846, obtained a charter for the "University at Lewisburg."

In 1857 the Theological Institute was discontinued in favor of Crozer Seminary, at Chester. This is another instance where, it seems, that death alone brings to our knowledge a life simple and obscure, yet truly great and fruitful.

'87. Rev. Miles O. Noll, pastor of the First Reformed Church of Carlisle, is a candidate for the position of Chaplain of the next House of Representatives.

'88. Rev. W. H. Clipman, of Harrisburg, a graduate of the following year, is a candidate for the same position in the State Senate.

'89. Prof. Joseph M. Wolfe, lately of State College, was married November 21, 1896, to Miss Georgia Thomas, at the bride's home in Amherst, Mass.

'91. Born—To the Rev. and Mrs. A. Lincoln Moore, at Hampton Junction, N. J., September 28, a daughter, Marian Wolverton Moore.

'92, Inst. Miss Katherine Baker has registered as a student of law under the preceptorship of her father, J. Thompson Baker, Ex-'69. "Miss Baker is the first lady in Union County or Central Pennsylvania to take up the study of law."

'94. On November 19, 1896, at the bride's home in Lewisburg, occured the wedding of Mr. Howard P. Gundy and Miss Annie Fisher.

'95. Mr. Frank W. Jackson is teaching at Chester, Pa.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. VXI. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY 11, 1897. No. 6

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

JANUARY 11, 1897.

THE Holidays have passed. They have passed like a dream, a fairy dream; like the rich days of happy childhood. The adieus and well wishes of friends are yet fresh in our minds. We have met again as schoolfellows and not without pleasure is the meeting. The work of another term is before us and we feel strong to plunge manfully into it. That for which we came to the halls of learning appeals to us most strongly, the attainment of a higher standard of character. The "cathedral minded" man, broad and grand and holy, correct in all parts, is the ideal character artist; the intensive, energetic, far reaching mind is the true scholar's pride. Yet withal, men's tastes and ideals differ. not so much in point of right and wrong. as in different provinces of the right. The greatest need is that men live up to the ideals they possess, and develop each individual structure with its own peculiar beauty. May you, fellow student, strive to attain to your highest ideal of life and make golden these fleeting years of preparation for a wider field and a broader work. The MIRROR wishes all the highest success and the truest happiness for the New Year.

GYMNASIUM drills which the students are required to attend will be held during the term. An improvement in the gymnasium will make these more pleasant. Instead of the gloomy oil lamps or no lights at all during the early winter evenings, there is now to be a splendid illumination from the dynamo in the laboratory. Students should make calculations to take this very important branch of work. Physical exercise is necessary; mental education is not complete without the physical.

THE intercollegiate debate with Franklin and Marshall occurs soon and but little time remains for preparation. The societies will hold sessions for the discussion of the questions and for the coaching and drilling of our representatives. In these meetings we hope for the coöperation of all society men. A little encouragement to the speakers, a little labor on the part of all, and a pull together will result in final victory. The supremacy of well chosen material, of good, clear logic, of choice speech, and manly address, is the greatest of victories for Bucknell.

DURING the coming term there is no small amount of work to be done in the college organizations. Basket ball has taken the place of foot ball and games are being arranged with some of the leading schools in the country; the Glee Club is preparing for an Easter trip; the literary societies are getting ready for the intercollegiate debate with Franklin and Marshall; the various publication boards are especially busy. There is need for the labor of every man in college in some of these, or other, lines of work. If not for the organization, if not for his own development, then for the glory of Bucknell should everyone assert himself and put forth his best efforts. The responsibility for failure and poor work rests on all. Bucknell looks to every man to do his duty.

None are more anxious for the progress of the Mirror than the editors, yet they are restrained continually by financial considerations. The personals and exchanges are at times almost completely cut out because of other important matter which takes the space the manager prudently does not see fit to increase. If the paper is to progress as it should it must have a larger support from the student body. In many leading colleges the paper is sent to every student and he is charged for it. Such is not done at Bucknell, probably never will be done, but that does not relieve every loyal student, who can possibly do it, from taking the college paper.

The improvements which have been going on in the library are very gratifying. The new cataloguing case and the furnishings for the ladies' room are among many other long wished for improvements. The Mirror would suggest another for which the outlay would be small but the benefits large. A place simular to that for the magazines should be prepared for the university, college, and high school papers. At present they are dumped in a pile upon the end of one of the tables and a second load is not deposited until the first has been put on file. In this way the papers are often put in the library a month late. Were there a suitable place for them, we are sure the manager of the Mirror would see to having the papers promptly placed in the library, so they could be used by all.

◆

THE SPIRIT OF THE'ROSE.

(A Legend.)

'Twas in the days when all was'new—
Fresh-made the earth and sky—
The first of every kind had sprung
From the will of God on High.

Upon a verdant, grassy slope,
In graceful, soft repose,
There bloomed a tender bud of red,
A bending, blushing Rose.

The Rose breathed up a fragrant prayer—
A fragrant prayer to Heaven,
And with her sweetness thanked her Lord
For the new Life He had given.

Then God looked down upon the Rose
That bloomed so blithely there;
He smiled upon her lovingly
And blessed her gentle prayer.

The warm Sun circled round each day.
The Rose's petals spread.
The South-wind crept caressingly
To kiss her nodding head,

And combed and smoothed the silken grass
That clung around her feet;
And everything paid court to her,
And Life, O Life was sweet!

As Time went on the warming Sun
A narrowed circle drew,
And on the drooping, wrinkled Rose
The heartless North-wind blew.

Then as the snow beat in her face
She felt Death's cruel hand,
And bowing low her head cried: "Lord,
Can this be Thy command?

The Life Thou gavest me is sweet,
And O I love it so!
But if it is Thy Will, I go,
Yes, Lord, I go—I go."

Again God looked upon the Rose
That died so bravely there;
He thought Him of her beauty and
Her gentle, fragrant prayer.

The pity that surpasseth all
Welled in His loving breast;
He whispered low: "Come Daughter I
Will show Thee where to rest."

He took the Spirit of the Rose
Up in His strong right hand,
And carried her across the Sea
Unto another Land,

To where there lay a beauteous form
Fresh-moulded from the clay,
A new, strange creature to the earth,
A Maid, as fair as day.

And as He breathed the Breath of Life
Into the maiden's form,
He placed the Rose within her cheeks,
That were so soft and warm.

And ever since, thro all the years,
In cheeks of maidens fair
The spirits of the roses red
Have found their Heaven there.

THE FORGOTTEN TRUNK.

(Translated from the German of Helene Stokl.)

" 'Merry Christmas' Annie and Henry!" The girl, clad in her warm traveling suit kissed both children. "Good-bye, good-bye Miss Edith!" "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!"

The coachman cracked his whip, the bells on the horses jingled merrily, and away went Edith in the clear, bright, winter morning. Joy beamed from every feature of her fresh, young face.

* * * * *

In the coach to which the conductor directed the young governess, for such was our girl who had made her debût in this vocation but six months before, there was no one except a lady who was evidently sleeping. It was inconceivable to Edith how any one could think of sleep on Christmas Day. She at least did not, that was certain, but with clear eyes looked out upon the landscape glistening in all the beauty of its wintry adornment.

The train now stopped. Edith found herself in the metropolis, in which she was compelled to spend two hours before she could resume the journey to her native city. What a holiday appearance the streets presented! For a long time the girl walked up and down with no especial purpose, then entered one of the gay crowded toyshops. However carefully she had been compelled, when here before, to balance her debit and credit accounts, now she scarcely regarded the price, selecting the most beautiful express wagon, drawn by two splendid black horses. It was too large to be stored away in her traveling case, so there was no alternative but to carry it in her hand. Of course, together with her bag and muff, this was somewhat inconvenient, but who would mind such a trifle as that on the "Holy Evening!"

Her feet fairly danced over the snow as she thought of the face of little Paul, so sweetly surprised at the sight of the wagon. Presently she glanced at the town clock. It was high time to seek the South End station, from which she was to continue her journey. The girl hastened on, but it was not long before she became uncertain as to what street she should take. She remained standing for a moment, looking in vain for some official to relieve her uncertainty, then observed a man near her, who was also in traveling costume and carrying a satchel. Assuredly he likewise wanted to catch some train. Edith took courage and asked him timidly, "Can you tell me whether this is the way to the South End station?"

"It is, certainly," he answered courteously. "I am also going there, and if you have no objections and will allow me, we can make it out together." She hesitated, confused. How often had her mother impressed upon her never to pay attention to any one, especially to a strange young man, who might chance to accost her on the street. But she had spoken to him first—

"May I carry something for you?" asked the stranger in a friendly tone. With confidence Edith handed him the express wagon.

"You are surely going home," he continued, after they had proceeded for some time in silence. Edith wished to reply, but the words died on her lips. She stopped, alarmed, while her rosy cheeks became deathly pale.

"May I ask what troubles you?" queried her companion, anxiously.

"My trunk," she stammered, "I have forgotten my trunk!"

"Forgotten it? Where have you forgotten it?"

"At the West End station," she murmured with a sigh. Then more appealingly, "Oh what shall I do?" while she looked at the stranger in a helpless sort of way.

"Do you wish to take the next train?" She simply nodded her head in assent. He looked at his watch. "We have twenty minutes yet before we start," he said. Bright tears filled her eyes. "Then it is too late! I can't leave the trunk behind, and if I miss the train I shall not reach home to-night." Her voice became stifled with sobs. But the young man had already hailed a cabman and was helping Edith into the vehicle.

"To the West End station; quick, I say! If you reach there in eight minutes you shall receive double pay." The driver applied his whip, and the cab fairly flew along. Presently Edith looked at her companion with a troubled expression. "What if you should miss the train on my account?" "That would be no great misfortune," he replied, but I hope we shall make it out all right, yet—just give me your check.'' The cab stopped. "You remain here. I shall be back directly,'' he added. A few minutes passed, then he returned, followed by a baggageman panting under the trunk, which he had been forced to carry in such haste.

"Now just as fast as possible to the South End station!'' called the young man. They reached it safely and dashed upon the platform, just as the bell was ringing for the third time. The door was closed, and the puffing, screeching train was set in motion.

"I call that in 'the eleventh hour,' '' cried the young man. They looked at each other, and broke into a contented laugh. Edith immediately became serious again.

"How can I thank you?'' she said with emotion.

"What would you have done if we had returned too late?'' he asked in response.

"I would have been compelled to spend the night at the railroad station. Oh, I can't bear to think of it!''

*   *   *   *   *

It was growing dark. Edith left her seat and looked out of a window on the opposite side of the car. She could, however, discern nothing more in the gathering gloom. A prolonged whistle from the engine sounded shrilly upon the evening air. Laden with bag and baggage, Edith then took her position at the entrance, while the light of the station now gleamed forth in the darkness. Then the door was opened, and there stood her brothers and sisters, foremost among them little Paul. With a hasty farewell she passed her traveling companion and with one bound reached the ground.

"Has 'oo bringed anyfing wif 'oo?'' asked chubby little Paul, as his sister lifted him in triumph.

"Of course, my darling,'' was the reply, with a swift glance toward Emma, who had hidden the express wagon under her wrap. In a few minutes they were at home, and with a joyful cry Edith flew to the arms of her parents.

*   *   *   *   *

It was half an hour later. The family gifts had been distributed and the first storm of delight began to subside, when Edith announced: "Now I shall give my presents! Carl will you not bring my trunk in for me?''

"Your trunk!'' he replied amazed, "Why, you haven't brought any trunk with you.''

"No trunk!'' exclaimed the girl, pale with fright.

Was it conceivable, was it within the power of man, that she had forgotten her trunk for the second time on this one day!

"Well, that is not such a great misfortune,'' said her mother in a comforting tone. "I suppose you still have the check.'' The check, if only she did have it. A heavy weight fell upon her heart, and in a low voice she blushingly related to her parents her experience with the trunk during the day in Dresden. Scarcely had she ended her confession when there came a sudden knock, and on opening the door, a young man in traveling outfit appeared, followed by a dray-man carrying Edith's trunk upon his shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, if I disturb you,'' said the newcomer, in whom Edith immediately recognized her companion of the day, and "help in time of need.''

"Don't mention it,'' responded her father. "But I am quite at a loss,'' continued he, "to know how we are to thank you for the trouble you have taken, now for the second time, for a thoughtless child.''

"This was very little inconvenience,'' laughingly answered the stranger. "I am extremely glad to see the trunk, with its certainly interesting contents, once more in the possession of its owner, and I wish you all a 'Merry Christmas.' ''

He spoke politely, and was about to withdraw, but at this a protest arose from every one. "You are surely not inclined to retire from our thanks so quickly,'' said the father "is it not possible for you to afford us the pleasure of your company for a few hours?''

"You would give us great happiness,'' interposed the mother in a cordial manner, "if you would spend the evening with us.'' "I fear, that as a stranger I may interfere with such family festivities.'' "You will soon see whether my children allow themselves to be so easily distrubed in their Christmas pleasures,'' replied the mother laughing.

And indeed, when an hour later the young man sat at the great family table and looked upon the contented faces with which it was surrounded, it was difficult for him to feel like a stranger in this joyful circle.

At the close of the meal, a Christmas story was demanded from the father. "If I did not fear trying your patience,"—said he hesitatingly; but such was the interest manifested in the faces of those about him that he began without farther delay.

"It was Christmas night twenty-five years ago. I was at that time a young physician scarcely known. Seated alone in my apartments I was gazing at the brightly lighted house opposite, when my bell was hastily rung. I opened the door. There stood a fellow panting breathlessly, who besought me to come with him as quickly as possible to a neighboring hotel, where a strange lady was lying in an unconscious condition and could not be revived. I followed the messenger. In a poorly furnished room there lay a slender young woman with closed eyes, deathly pale, yet with noble and refined features. A maid belonging to the establishment was waiting upon her, and beside her on the bed was a fair haired, three-year-old boy, crying piteously and calling his mother the sweetest names. I lifted the little fellow and set him on the floor. My efforts in restoring the mother to consciousness were soon rewarded. She breathed heavily, then opened her eyes. After having taken some refreshment, for hunger was doubtless the cause of her faintness, my patient quickly recovered strength to tell me her story, sobbing during the recital.

The child again climbed up beside her and whispered something in her ear which seemed to weigh upon his heart.

"What does the boy wish?" I asked presently. She hesitated.

"The Christ child *shall* come, the Christ child shall not stay away long," cried the child aloud. The mother laughed softly, pointing to a tree ornamented with a few candles and some nuts and apples. "But will the Christ child bring nothing else?" queried I, looking at the scantily decorated tree.

"No, nothing else," lamented the little fellow in a resigned tone. "I would like very much to have had a wooden horse ——."

A good thought suddenly came to me. I sprang down the steps and hastened across the street into one of the brilliantly lighted toy shops. I purchased a wooden horse and whatever else came to hand. The joy with which the little fellow received me and the unexpected gifts was well worth seeing.

A few days later both mother and child left the city. I have heard nothing from them since."

The father became silent.

"You have not quite finished your story." It was the young man, speaking in a deep voice trembling with emotion. All eyes were turned toward the stranger with a look of surprise.

"Allow me to continue it," persisted he. "The mother took the money offered her by the doctor, with a trembling hand, regarding it merely as a loan, and reached home safely. As soon as possible she wrote to the man to whom she was so deeply indebted, but her letter was returned as a "dead" missive. Since that time no Christmas evening has passed on which she has not done some good deed in your name."

"So she is living and well?" asked the father with uncertain voice.

"She still lives, and has never ceased to bless you."

"And what has become of the child?" continued the father softly.

"The child became the man who now stands before you, to thank you for the kindness you once showed his mother." The stranger bowed his head, his face expressive of deep emotion, and before the father could prevent it the young man had drawn the hand of the former to his lips and kissed it.

* * * * *

Some years after the events just related the young man chose the city in which Edith's father lived for his permanent residence. A cordial friendship had been formed between the two families, and a most affectionate one between Alfred (for such was the stranger's name) and Edith, who, when they went upon their wedding journey, three years before, bestowed the tenderest attention upon the old leather trunk, which first of all had caused their acquaintance.

MAUD E. HANNA.

IN MEXICO.

The city of Mexico was decked in gala-day attire. The streets like those of London were a panoramic epitome of cosmopolitan variation. The two potent forces of Mexican civilization, the church and the gambling den, were alive with people in their finest garments. This means sometimes more and sometimes less. Here is a Londoner with eyeglasses, there a Yankee trying to keep cool and dry; here a haughty Spaniard with his gaudy pantaloons and broad sombrero, there a native Mexican stark naked but for a mere girdle arrangement. To complete the turmoil, in loudest and most convincing tones came the cries of the "hot-tomalig" man.

After lunching we proceeded at once to witness the tauricide, the occasion for this unusual stir and bustle. We paid the fee necessary to obtain a seat in the shade. Above and around us, dark with dirt and made muddy by perspiration, was the jabbering mass of natives. And we, belonging to the shekeled aristocracy, were surrounded by the pride and glory of Spanish blood. The maidens, deep brunettes, with color heightened by expectancy, looked like rosebuds contrasted with their attendants, the dark *hidalgo* and the inevitable *duenna*.

The natives leaned far forward impatient for the combat. The Spaniards, unwilling to show anything so vulgar as interest, chatted unconcernedly with their fair companions, and we, getting used to the situation, kept tight rein on a pardonable curiosity.

The time had come.

The fanfaronade was still living in its echoes when about two dozen, some on horse, others on foot, entered the arena, made deep salutations, and as quickly retired.

The dramatis personae of the first act consisted of a bull and eight footmen. The aim seems to be to direct the bull's onset toward the flaming cloth, and, dexterously dodging with the body, to insert a lance held in the other hand into the thick muscles of the bull's shoulders. These lances are not fatal. The point is only three or four inches long but covered with a smarting, painful Mexican drug. The more weapons inserted into this infuriated target the higher the score and the greater the applause—from the natives I noticed, for the Spaniards pay no attention to the first act.

The conversation near me had become animated. "Did you notice he wore a red rose like hers?" said the older woman. "They must have come to some agreement."

"Oh of course she would," was the reply. "She loves him passionately and his immense wealth would compensate for his deficient lineage."

"They quarreled so long the reconciliation will be violent. She will soon wear a bridal veil and the *padre* at San Marco will do the grand."

Another flourish of trumpets announces the second act.

"See how excited she is getting," continued the older; "he must be going to fight among the horsemen."

And my attention was turned to a lithe little maiden in the lowest tier. Dark hair, cheeks over which a touch of crimson came and went with each passing emotion, and eyes whose warm glances were messages of far-away sunny Spain.

The bull, with three lances bristling in his shoulders at that time, rushed madly across the sandy floor. The rider with his slender sword must boldly meet the attack. He rises in his stirrups and thrusts between the wide-branched horns. The horse and rider are overthrown. A terrific applause rang from the barbarians—they always applaud the bull. But their joy had exploded prematurely, for the boys dragged off the animal, dead. It had been pierced to the heart, the fatal approach to which is through a narrow opening between the shoulders. Had the slender blade swerved sideways by a half inch, it would have slid harmlessly along the monstrous flanks.

The valiant torreador is carried away, badly crushed by the collision.

Another victim more ferocious than the first is led into the arena. As he enters, two lances are stuck in his neck. He tosses his noble head and with terrible speed makes for the second redblanketed horseman. He is skillfully eluded. He turns again and is again mocked. In blind fury he springs over the first enclosure, about five feet, and is now directly beneath the first tier. The maiden, who had previously attracted my attention, beaming with excitement, disengages a little bunch of red roses and deftly drops them over one of the animal's horns. It is soon driven back and, stung with more lances, it must continue the deathly combat. It bellows with pain.

During this short and rather unusual episode, the hero of the previous encounter, freshly equipped but pale from loss of blood, has taken the privilege always accorded wounded torreadors of re-entering the lists.

He wears proudly, in spite of pain, the red rose, now more prominent than before. The bull plunges toward him, but fails. It refuses to be diverted by the red blankets of the attendants and pursues with increasing ferocity. The battle waxes hotter and fiercer. The torreador is put on the defense again and again. The monster assumes the role of avenger. The arena becomes deadly quiet at each infuriated attack, and then rings with applause at each artful escape.

The wounded man seems to realize his decreasing nerve and spurs his horse for a mutual attack. There is a terrific onset. Again he rises for the thrust. The Spaniards burst into applause; but it suddenly ceases. The horse misses its foothold in a place uneven and wet with blood from the previous death; the blade glances into the muscles of the flank. The youth is borne down. The bull is hurriedly dispatched by the footmen, but too late. Its rose-decked horn by a curious fatality had passed through the rider's breast.

“*Mausalva*,” dead easy! “*Mausalva !*” rang out from the natives. The sight was sickening and before the barbaric plaudits had ended we were away from the scene.

The morning's *El Capital* contained a full account of the event and alluded to the unpleasant incident of the torreador's gallant death, and in another item, apparently unconnected, was a notice that the beautiful Mariposa Blanca had taken the nun's veil at the convent near San Marco.

H.

ATHLETICS.

The annual election of the Athletic Association was held Saturday, December 12. It resulted as follows: Pres. of the Association, B. F. Thomas; Vice Pres., George M. Davis; Sec., H. R. Kress; Treas., Joe Hazen; Foot Ball Manager, C. D. Koch; Base Ball Manager, J. V. Lesher; Basket Ball Manager, Albert R. Garner; Manager of General Athletics, B. Trimmer; Members of Finance Committee, Joe Hazen, J. H. Bogert, F. W. McFarlain, H. R. Kress and W. C. Gretzinger; Members of the Executive Board, B. F. Thomas, Judge McClure, Prof. Rockwood, Dr. Hulley, Dr. Gerhart.

Saturday, December 5, the foot ball teams, both first and second, repaired to Ginter's Photograph Gallery, where, after having group photographs taken, those elgible to vote chose the captain for next year. E. W. Cober, who successfully captained the team last season, was re-elected on the first ballot. Captain Cober's work with the team justifies the choice and leaves no reason for anxiety as to the Captaincy.

Manger Garner is in correspondence with several basket ball teams and games with Lock Haven, Danville, Bloomsburg, and others will probably be arranged. As before mentioned, a game with the U. of Pa. team is among the possibilities, also one with Temple College.

Captain Elliot has been coaching the basket ball candidates and several games have been played between picked teams. It seems that there should certainly be material for a good team. All that is needed, as is always the case, is hard work by the team and good instruction.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Several of the boys spent their vacation at Lewisburg.

Cober, '99, has been re-elected captain of the foot ball team for the season of '97.

J. B. Martin and H. P. Moyer played at the Bucknell Alumni Banquet, recently held at Philadelphia.

Sherman, 1900, has taken unto himself a wife as a Christmas present. We extend to him our congratulations.

The latest initiations into fraternities are Cober, '99, into Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Catterall, '99, into Kappa Sigma.

Mr. E. C. Conover, who has been unable to be with us during the Fall term, is back once more, ready for study and athletics.

H. B. Moyer attended the thirty-ninth convention of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity at St. Louis during the holidays.

The men who are working for the Junior debate this term are: Anderson, Dutton, Fithian, Diggs, Forrester, Cook, Wiltbank, and Stober.

The Anderson bachelor's club regret the loss of their Vice President by marriage. It is thought that others may follow Mr. Sherman's example.

E. C. Kunkle, H. Sprague, C. Meeker, E. Flint, B F. Thomas, J. T. Anderson, and others have been engaged in religious work during the past vacation.

A. C. Apgar, 1900, has been conducting a series of successful revival meetings at Hughesville, Pa. The church has been quickened, and several have signified a desire to lead a better life.

The College Girls' Glee Club gave their first concert at Williamsport, Saturday evening, Dec. 19, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of that city. They rendered an excellent program.

The annual Sophomore contest was held Saturday evening, January 9, and was attended by the usual appreciative audience. All the contestants acquitted themselves in a creditable manner.

J. E. Saul, '98, again met the students at the stations and in his usual manner transferred the baggage to the University. He expresses himself as highly gratified at the way in which the students patronize him, and wishes us to express his appreciation of their kindness.

Mr. James Moore's recent gift of furnitnre for the college girls' study room is greatly appreciated. Mr. Moore has shown admirable taste in the selection of the pieces and the delight of the fortunate recipients is quite natural. May kindly Fortune favor our college girls still further and in the near future bestow upon them that which they so greatly desire and need—a cottage of their own.

The Intercollegiate Debate between Bucknell and Franklin and Marshall will be held in Bucknell Hall, Friday evening, January 22. The question is: *Resolved*, "That a national board of arbitration, with compulsory powers, should be established to settle interstate railway disputes between employers and employed." Bucknell has the affirmative. There will be an admission fee of 15 cents to pay the expenses incurred. Come all and help make it a success.

Rev. P. E. Weithaase, '98, who re-entered college last September to complete his course, has accepted the pastorate of the Montandon Baptist Church, in connection with his school work. He has been conducting a series of very successful revival services; about thirty-five have entered on the new life and "the end is not yet." Mr. Weithaase was assisted in the work by Mr. Farley, Pastor of the Milton Baptist Church, and by Fisk, Shields, Skinner, Barner, and Saul of the University.

Friday evening, December 11, the Phi Epsilon Local Society became the Alpha Phi Chapter of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity. The initiatory exercises were conducted by J. H. Covington, Esq., of Easton, Md., and Prof. G. Harold Powell of Cornell University, assisted by the State College Chapter. The following men were initiated as charter members: W. R. Paulin, Jr., J. W. Davis, A. W. Johnson, M. R. Collins, G. A. Jennings, S. W. Gilpin, O. J. Decker, G. E. Jenkinson, B. W. Griffith, W. R. Morris, S. C. Bell, and A. D. Rees. A banquet was then enjoyed at the Cameron House.

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BUCKNELL ALUMNI AND ALUMNAE CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA.

The magnificent Hotel Walton, Broad and Locust Sts., Phila., was the meeting place of a large and brilliant gathering of the friends of Bucknell on Monday evening, December 7, 1896. The occasion was the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Alumni Club and in celebration of the occasion a joint meeting with the Alumnæ was arranged. Pres. Harris and Principal Mrs. Larison were the guests of the evening. A delightful season of social intercourse was enjoyed, after which a collation was served. Excellent music was rendered by the Mandolin Club of the University. After full justice had been done to the menu, a few items of business were transacted by the Alumni Club, among which was the election of officers for the ensuing year as follows: Pres., J. K. Weaver, M. D., '61; Vice Pres., Prof. M. G. Evans, D. D., '82; Secy., Rev. R. B. McDanel, '88; Treas., C. B. Lowe, M. D. '65; Chairman of Ex. Com., Rev. B. MacMackin, '74.

An innovation was the carrying out of a prepared program as follows: "The Old Home," Pres. Harris; "The Girls at Home," Mrs. K. B. Larison, Inst. '67; "Bucknell's Grown Up Boys," Rev. J. S. James, D. D., '68; "Institute Girls in the Good Old Days," Mrs. M. P. Tustin, Inst. '55; "Bucknell's Grown Up Girls," Mrs. Daniel Sutter, Inst. '63; "Social Life and Athletics at Bucknell," W. C. Gretzinger, '88; "Alma Mater's Grandchildren," Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt, '78.

A number of college songs were sung, such as "It's a way we have at old Bucknell" and "For he's a jolly good fellow." An original song, "Dear Bucknell," was written by Rev. S. S. Merriman, '86, and was sung by him. "Auld Lang Syne" revived many old memories, and the college yell was given more than once with all the vigor of the old days on the campus. Over one hundred guests were present. The Board of Trustees was represented by Rev. C. C. Bitting, D. D., Eben C. Jayne, Rev. D. P. Leas, Geo. M. Philips, Ph. D., Rev. A. J. Rowland, D. D., Rev. Geo. M. Spratt, D. D., Rev. Leroy Stephens, D. D., Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D., Earnest L. Tustin, Esq., and J. K. Weaver, M. D. Among others present were, Prof. H. L. Atkinson, '59, Samuel Bolton, M. D., '85, Hon. Ward R. Bliss, '74, Rev. John Brooks, '76, Rev. W. H. Conard, D. D., '62, Miss Nellie Conard, '93, Miss Mary A. Custer, '88, Rev. T. J. Cross, '91, W. J. Coxey, '54, O. B. Finn, '89, Rev. M. G. Evans, D. D., '82, J. H. Grater, '72, Rev. H. B. Garner, '65, C. A. Gundy, M. D., '93, Rev. R. J. Holmes, '91, Miss Ida Hammond, '87, Miss Jessie Jones, '88, Rev. D. M. Jones, '88, O. B. Jenkins, '84, C. B. Lowe, M. D., '65, Rev. A. L. Moore, '91, Mrs. I. H. O'Harra, '83, Rev. G. A. Peltz, D. D., '57, Prof. J. E. Perry, '78, Miss S. A. Reed, '68, Mrs. J. W. Lynch, '55, Rev. G. M. Righter, '72, Rev. H. B. Rankin, '89, Rev. E. H. Ranney, '63, W. O. Shaffer, '72, Miss Bertha Shirley, '91, Rev. D. W. Sheppard, '73, Rev. F. H. Shermer, '81, Dr. P. N. K. Schwenk, '76, Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., '62, J. R. Wood, '94, Dr. S. L. Ziegler, '80, Hon. W. B. Hanna, Miss Maud Hanna, '87, Rev. Jos. S. Evans, Rev. P. L. Jones, D. D., Mrs. T. E. McVitty, '64, Mr. Joseph Moore, Rev. J. W. Sullivan, J. L. Van Gundy, '87, Mrs. Stubbs, '58, and Rev. J. W. Weddel.

At 10:00 o'clock the company dispersed after singing "Good Night Ladies."

This was a most enjoyable meeting and brought old and new friends in closer touch. The wives of alumni and husbands of alumnæ met and felt that they knew each other because of all they had heard from their husbands and wives of the old days at Lewisburg. The addresses were all good, with no attempt at formality, and all breathed a spirit of tenderest love to Alma Mater. In her present prosperity all rejoice, and for her future success her loyal children will ever pray and labor.

DEAR BUCKNELL.

Dear Bucknell, oft of thee we're thinking,
And mem'ries fond come trooping by;
The tireless stars may cease their blinking,
But thoughts of thee shall never die;
And tho' the years steal swiftly o'er us,
And winter comes with biting sting,
Our hearts with youth's undaunted chorus
Shall e'er with praise of Bucknell ring.

We burn the incense of affection,
As in thy sacred fanes we meet,
While down the aisles of recollection
Come thronging forms we long to greet;
And tho' life's bitter storms sweep o'er us,
And pleasure 'bides on fleeting wing,
Our hearts shall blend in loving chorus,
While Alma Mater's praise we sing.

To thee we swear our proud allegiance,
Thy loyal sons are we, and true;
Nor time, nor tide, nor fortune's pageants
Shall daunt the orange and the blue;
Then, with thy glory e'er before us,
Our loving tribute we will bring,
And once again, in hearty chorus,
Thy praise, dear Bucknell, we will sing.

— *Written by Samuel Sears Merriman*, '86.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Welcome '97.

Messrs. Grant, Richard Bell, and Calvin Elliot recently dined at the Institute.

Miss Crawford spent the holidays in New York City.

Several new students have registered at the Institute.

Miss Laura Angle, Ex-'97, has been visiting Miss Armitage.

Miss Marguerite O'Donnell spent the holidays at the home of Miss Margaret Raike in Doylestown.

Professor Aviragnet intends to organize this term a French Club, composed of ladies and gentlemen from the town who have formerly studied under him.

Miss Sarah Black spent part of the vacation with Miss Edith Phillips at her home in Plymouth.

On Thursday, December 10, 1895, Miss Aikin's class in Musical History gave a "Mozart Evening" in the school room. Essays upon the different portions of his life and selections from his compositions were acceptably presented to an audience composed of the friends of the class.

Miss Margaret Montgomery entertained her Pi Phi sisters and their escorts, along with Mrs. Larison and Miss Brown, at her home in McEwensville, Friday evening, December 11. The evening spent in the Montgomery mansion and the moonlight drive were exceedingly enjoyed by all.

Miss Mary G. Youngman, who took a special course in Modern Languages at the Institute, '95-'96, is recuperating at the home of her uncle, Mr. Isaac Grier in Danville. Miss Youngman sustained serious injuries several months ago by a fall from her bicycle.

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PERSONALS.

'63. Rev. W. W. Case goes to Rutherford, N.J.

'67, Inst. Miss Hannah E. Johnston is expected to visit the Principal of the Institute the second week in January.

'69. Attorney A. A. Leiser is said to have won an important case recently in a law suit before Judge Biddle in Carlisle.

Ex-'72. A second series of interesting articles on "Lewisburg in the 60's" is being published in local papers. The series consists of personal recollections of Mr. Eli Slifer, Jr., located for sometime past at Kankakee, Illinois.

'85. Mr. C. C. Law, of Pittsburg, was seen about the University lately.

'85. Hon. C. N. Herman was again honored by the Republicans of Snyder County by being returned to the State Assembly.

'85. Rev. Jas. F. Brown, D. D., for a long time Curator of Bucknell, with his wife visited Mrs. W. E. Martin shortly before the holidays.

'86, '87. Messrs. Grant Dreisbach and W. C. Gretzinger were appointed Councilmen of Lewisburg to succeed two members who resigned.

'87. Mr. Edwin Paul, formerly of Chillisquaque, was married a short time ago to Miss Laura Ida Robbins of Wilkesbarre.

'88. Rev. D. M. Jones is living at 922 Mt. Vernon Street, Philadelphia.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel has been re-elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers.

'88. Prof. Lincoln Hulley, Ph.D., recently refused a call to the pastorate of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Baltimore, much to the gratification of faculty and students.

'89. E. H. Guie, Esq., of Seattle, Wash., was elected to the State Legislature from that place in November.

'89. Rev. Chas. Abbot Walker preached the sermon at the 23rd meeting of the Pastor's Conference of the Centre Association, at Huntingdon, on November 16.

'93, Inst. Miss Oriana Williams is now teaching in the Blakely Public Schools.

Ex-'94. M. Fred Mount, familiarly known as "Doc", is gymnasium instructor in the Friend's Select School, Washington, D. C.

'94. Rev. Raymond J. Davis, the new pastor of the Angora Baptist Church, Philadelphia., was in town during the holidays. Rev. Davis recently returned from India where he went for two years after his graduation here.

'94. At the national convention of the Graduate Clubs of America, held at Johns Hopkins' University, December 29 and 30, 1896, Miss Mary Bartol, who represented Michigan University, was elected corresponding secretary for the ensuing year. We are proud to claim Miss Bartol as a graduate of Bucknell.

'95, Inst. Miss Mary Wilson, who is now attending Ann Arbor, spent the holidays at Adrian, Michigan.

'95. Rev. Wm. T. Harris recently took charge of the pastorate of the Powelton Avenue Baptist Church of Philadelphia.

Ex-'95. Wm. V. Oglesby, who completed his course at Princeton with the class of '96, entered the U. of Pa. Law School for a three years' course last September.

Ex-'97. Mr. S. G. Palmer is teaching at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

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EXCHANGE.

A CONTRAST.

Light and air—
  Frivolty—
Merry dance
  And jollity.
Incense rare
  With sadness blent,
Eastern languor,
  Indolent.
        The Hackettstonian.

As usual the *Sibyl* contains many interesting gems, articles, and jokes.

The *Ursinus College Bulletin* is almost a model of typographical neatness and excellence.

We are glad, indeed we feel complimented, at receiving the *St. John's Collegian* among our exchanges.

Delegates representing Faculty, Alumni, and students from the following colleges, Union, Hobart, Rochester, Hamilton, and Syracuse met for the purpose of purifying athletics, by revising the methods of conducting same.

The Mountaineer from Emmitsburg deserves mention because of its many interesting features, not only in style but also in its diction.

She (snubbingly)—"You think you are perfection."
He—"Always, when I am near you."

The *Muhlenberg* for October is a memorial number in honor of the late Dr. Garber who had been a Professor at that school for more than a score of years.

Some of our sister colleges would profit by reading Edward Everett Hale's article, "Sixty years since at Harvard", in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Junior (anxiously)—"What is it your father sees in me to object to, darling?"
His "darling" (wiping away a tear)—"He doesn't see anything in you, Algernon; that's why he objects."
Junior hastily reaches for his hat,—*Ex*.

Graduation Day at Peirce School, Philadelphia, is an important day, not only to those who on that day make their formal entrance into the business world, but to the public, also. Great statesmen and great orators have esteemed it an honor to take part in these exercises and bid the graduates "God Speed." Carnegie, Depew, General Harrison, Speaker Reed, have appeared in recent years. At the last exercises Congressman Quigg and the Reverend Thomas Dixon were the speakers. Honorable John Field presided. The class of '96 will be publicly graduated January 15, 1897. Honorable Theodore Roosevelt will make the annual address, Reverend Dr. Palmer the address to the graduates, and His Honor Mayor Warwick will preside.

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Vol. VXI. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY 25, 1897. No. 7.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

JANUARY 25, 1897.

THE intercollegiate debate with Franklin and Marshall will occur too late for mention in this issue of the MIRROR. Our debaters have worked hard and diligently, and are deserving of our praise. Likewise we are well pleased with the way the professors and students have given their support in this contest. We believe that the same immediate results have followed at Franklin and Marshall. But in addition to this excellent drill for the speakers and the increased interest in literary society work, we hope to obtain a better acquaintance with our neighboring college, by means of which we may broaden our views and receive inspiration in our work of higher education. And whatever the decision of the judges may be, we feel sure that in a much broader and higher sense both colleges will be winners.

WE regret that we have to speak of a practice that is all too common at Bucknell, as well as elsewhere, and that cannot be too strongly condemned, that of cheating in the class room and examinations. It is not smart or cunning to study up the point for recitation behind some one else's back or to escape the notice of the professor in examination, and it is unjust and unfair to the student who does his work honestly and faithfully, yet may stand lower in his class than the cheat. It has a disastrous effect upon the one who practices it also, for it is sure to dull his sense of honor and blunt the keen edge of his conscience. One cheats himself more than the professor. Then too it is a deep and permanent injury to the college, for it is a shame that any school should graduate men who know nothing of the subjects they have passed and who will bring disgrace and reproach upon its reputation for scholarship. Yet, if the truth must be said, some of the blame must be put upon the professors who allow such things to prevail. Be that as it may, let us hope that the "honor system" may soon gain an effective and permanent hold in the examinations and class room work of Bucknell.

THE present term is one of hard work. There is hardly a student who is not spending at least eight hours a day at work, and many a great deal more. The spirit of industry seems to be in the air, more so than in former terms. The fact that more students than ever before are taking honor work points to the general interest in high educational aims. The first duty of every student is to do the required college work to the best of his ability; but the grand idea of a general education should be kept clearly in mind. To work for a mark is not a high aim, but to work for love of the study and for the educational good it is going to accomplish is no unworthy motive. How much better is it when we can get above a doggish servitude in our work and be rational men, masters of it! But class work is only a part of one's education. The work in the literary societies, upon the different publication boards, our every-day actions toward one another, the lectures and entertainments we attend and the organizations of which we are a part, are great factors in our education and as such every true student should take them into account and perform his part diligently.

THE UNTOUCHED CHORD.

My Muse with me
Held colloquy.
I playfully besought her
To lead the way
Where wood-nymphs play
By streams of limpid water.

At this she sighed,
And then replied:
"Why so misuse your powers
In idle dreams
Of rippling streams,
Wood-nymp'hs, and sylvan bowers?

Come, let me lead
You to a deed
More suited to your station.
Your strength is such
You can do much
Of true worth to creation.

There is a chord—
An untouched chord—
Of stern, majestic beauty;
You can acquire
It's latent fire—
To strike it is your duty."

"O Muse," I cried,
Almost beside
Myself in deep contrition,
"Forget my prayer,
For now, I swear,
You fire me with ambition.

Show me this chord—
This untouched chord,
I cannot wait a minute;
Lead me aright,
I'll prove my might,
I'll wrest the fire that's in it."

Without delay
She led the way
With many luring graces
The hall-way through
And then into
The *back-yard*, of all places!

Then turned about,
And pointed out—
A mocking courtesy dropping—
To where a cord—
An untouched cord
Of wood awaited chopping.

MISS BEGORIA BRAY.

"Poor fool that I am!" sighed Johnson Jonathan Reed, as he stood musingly before a display window on Main Street. He had been standing there for at least ten minutes, but it did not occur to him till just that moment that he was making an idiot of himself for the delectation of the world at large. "Smitten, by Jove!" he continued sadly. "And not by flesh and blood either, but by a cold, lifeless, heartless photograph! Who ever thought I wouldcome to this?"

Reed pinched his nose to see if he was awake and, being assured of the fact, returned to his close inspection of a photograph that occupied a prominent place in the window.

"Smitten, by Jove!" he said again, as still his wonder grew, and with that he turned on his heel and made off at a rapid pace for his boarding-house.

Never before had he seen such a face. Pretty faces he had seen; beautiful faces had greeted him at times; strong, handsome faces were not unknown to him; but never before had he seen such a face as this: it summed up the charms and omitted the faults of them all.

He was at the window again the same day gazing as intently and idiotically as before.

"Perfect! Perfect!" he muttered between his teeth. "I wonder who it is. I've never seen that face in this town. *This* town doesn't hold a face like that. Where could it come from? Well, no use in speculating here, I'm going in to ask who it is."

He walked with an air of bold determination up the steps and into the studio. Jerry Bliss, the photographer, had a slight acquaintance with him and knew that it was best to humor Johnson J. Reed whenever it was possible to do so with little inconvenience.

"I came to ask a favor," said the visitor with unabashed boldness. "I haven't come to sit for my photograph yet. Save that tragedy for another day. I came to ask the name of the person whose picture occupies the centre of your show window. My curiosity is aroused.”

Bliss smiled good naturedly.

“You mean this one?” he queried, picking up the photograph, while his visitor inwardly remarked that it was almost sacrilege for any one to touch it.

“Yes,” he said, “that's the one.”

Bliss smiled again in his inimitable way.

“Are you sure you care to know?” he asked. “And are you sure I ought to tell you?”

“You needn't parley,” said Reed, inwardly fuming, because he knew he was in the photographer's power.

“Very well,” said the latter, who was nothing if not wise in his generation, “if you really care to know who it is, I can easily accommodate you. The lady is here now. Just step this way and I will present you.”

The visitor's face lighted up as if a thousand lamps were behind it, and he felt his heart go *thump, thump, thump,* in a way that was very mystifying. He followed the photographer into the rear room, saying all manner of evil against himself for not having made special preparation for meeting the lady,—as if he could possibly know have beforehand that he was to meet her!

When they entered the room he looked around for the woman whom already he adored. Nothing but pictures and easels and chairs could he see.

Bliss lifted a curtain, took from behind it an easel and placed it in the middle of the room. Then he took a large framed picture from a corner and set it on the easel. It was a crayon portrait.

“Let me introduce you to Miss Begoria Bray,” he said. “My wife is something of an artist and drew this from an original fancy of her own. It was so good that I photographed it,” and again that smile illumined his face.

The visitor almost collapsed. His heart, which had hitherto been rather noisy, sank in painful silence. For a moment the room swam before him. Then he bowed gravely towards the easel and said in quite his usual tones,—

“I am very happy to meet you, Miss Bray.”

A moment later, the door of the studio slammed upon a crushed, retreating figure, and the bricks upon which Johnson Jonathan Reed trod in his mad career homeward knew that something was the matter.

A. L. H. '99.

AN INCIDENT AT THE SALE OF A PHILOSOPHER.

The scene is in Syracuse at the time of Dion the Tyrant. Plato is visiting Dion, and, at his host's request, expounds some of his exalted views of life. Dion is very much displeased, and so, to see how well these views would hold in practice, he orders Plato to be cast into irons, taken to the market as a slave, and sold at the common sale

Two boys on their way to school are coming down the street with a pedagogue.

“Say,” cried one “let us go down to the market and see the slaves for sale.” “It pleases me,” said the other, “call to the pedagogue and we will go.”

“By Jupiter! what a fine fellow is that one with a lofty brow! I say, I wonder if we could not buy him. Inquire of the master of the sale, and see what the Grecian slave may sell for. About twenty minae, you say? I wonder how much that is. Here, slave of a pedagogue, you know money, how much have we in our purses? Ten obols, you say. Well, is that as much as twenty minae? Why do you laugh at us? It is no joke, we want the Grecian slave over there.”

“Young masters,” explained the pedagogue, “you should surely know better how to count. Have you already forgotten the tables? Remember now, six obols make a drachma, and one hundred drachmas it takes to make a minae. So you have not even a thousandth part of what is necessary. But come, hurry on to school, you are already late, and the master will surely scold.”

The boys turned away reluctantly, and followed the pedagogue to school. “Just think,” said one as they walked along sadly, “how fine it would have been to own a real Greek slave; they say he is now a philosopher, and so he could work out all our problems for us; and think, too, what fine stories he might tell us.” “Yes,” replied his companion, “and what a nice, kind man he would be to play with, for remember how good he was to scratch the back of that old Cyrenian woman, when she could not get to a post.”

All morning in school the boys neglected their lessons and wondered how they could raise twenty minae.

NOLI SPE.

REVIVAL ATMOSPHERE.

In view of the meetings that are being held this week in connection with the Day of Prayer for schools and colleges, the following extracts from an address by Rev. J. W. Weddell, who conducted the meetings last year, are printed.

PREFACE.

Dr. Livingstone asked the native of South Africa what holiness was. Here is his answer: "When copious showers have descended during the night, and all the earth and leaves and cattle are washed clean, and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh—that is holiness." And that is revival. It comes as silently, as sweetly, as irresistibly! It is in the air. God's waiting heaven above us and about us, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

INTRODUCTION.

There is the tremulous expectancy of revival in the air, a longing for the breaking of a better day. Such a day of refreshing as came to this country in 1734 under Jonathan Edwards; a century later under Finney and Nettleton; in the glorious week of 1859 when the showers descended on all the churches throughout the land, and indeed in two continents; in 1875 and '76, under those marvelous men of God, Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey. Such awakenings come from God, but can we do nothing to bring them about?

ELEMENTS.

The first element in this revival atmosphere, is the divine element. The divine breath is the first pre-requisite. But it must be mixed with human breath. Yet it is not merely breath. It is truth. Truth given of God; truth believed of man. Here is your revival atmosphere. It has always been so. When prophets and preachers have stood forth and taken God's word and believed it and proclaimed it in full assent of mind and abandon of soul, revivals have come.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.

Revivals are not of men, they are of God; or rather they are of men and God together, but man in his place and God in his. In the true awakening there is a conjunction of the human and divine, two elements commingling. It is not of man; it is not of mode. Wit and eloquence or other human gifts do not produce it; neither, thank God, do they hinder it—always. It comes when, God bending in mercy to man, and man rising in penitence to God, there is produced an atmosphere or temperature out of which conversion of souls is precipitated as refreshing from the clouds when the conditions are right; or, it may be, lightning from the congested heavens.

THE NEED.

Ah, but we need it—a genuine, old-fashioned work of grace; such an awakening as will check business life and social gayety; that will make men and women forget other engagements for this chiefest thing; that will cause them to stop in the street, as once they did, and talk religion; that will send them crying tears of repentance, rather than that the church should be continually crying, childwise, after them. We need a revival of religion. Is it coming? Yes, and our clamorous need is the best sign of it. Our tears and prayers are the harbingers of it.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

Let me illustrate its power and effects from a somewhat recent experience: A college community of three or four hundred members, a goodly number Christian, but the tides, social and fraternal, sweeping the other way; at the center a praying band of men whose hearts God had touched; yes and at the head a president deeply intent upon placing the first thing first—the kingdom of God and his righteousness; a company of professors and instructors heartily with him in the good sentiment and desire.

A mission service. The students' week of prayer is announced. And now, standing before the assembly of students, bright young men and women getting ready to lead the coming generation, appeal is made for Christ. There is no response. A good respectful hearing, interested, too, but no spiritual results. It is not strange. There is only one voice saying come, the voice of the preacher; yes, and the faithful president and the pastor. with mild echoes here and there.

That was the first night. A meeting of the Christian young men and women who are ready to work is called. Members of all the classes respond. The field is looked over, the class lists are examined, the number of unconverted men is brought forward. Each case is given to someone to look after, perhaps to two or three. They are to invite to the meetings, to present the subject of personal acceptance of Jesus, if opportunity offers, to call for the young men in their rooms and accompany them to the chapel, or if possible to bring them to a personal interview with the leader of the meeting. Prayer meetings are in progress in the clubs, the classes, the various buildings. The pastor or chaplain of the occassion is in each of the buildings some time during the day for personal conversation. There are conferences and reports and hastening steps back and forth. It becomes a campaign, presently a siege. Need I say that the interest of the meeting grows from day to day,and that fruits begin to show, the spirit increasing to the close in such marvelous fashion as to make men say "What hath God wrought!" A hundred fifty glad testimonies in one meeting, the tide turned kingdomwards, signboards all pointing one way, the whole current of college life changed. and blessedly so. In such an atmosphere the spectacle of thirty or forty young men and women coming forward at the last to give their hands and hearts for the Lord Jesus is to be rejoiced in, but not to be wondered at. Thus God permits us sometimes to see it.

Something for us to do? Certainly. Be ready for the blessing, all the gate-ways open, all the means of grace in exercise, all the college prostrate in prayer. Be in earnest, with heart and soul desire revival. Such a spirit opens heaven.

> "Go spread the tidings 'round
> Wherever man is found,
> Wherever human hearts and human woes abound;
> Let every Christian tongue proclaim the joyful
> sound—
> The Comforter has come!"

FEDERATION OF GRADUATE CLUBS.

The Federation of Graduate Clubs of America met, Dec. 29 and 30, in McCoy Hall of Johns Hopkins University. Some sixty persons were in attendance, including delegates from each of the 27 graduate clubs that form the Federation.

Its origin and growth are of comparatively recent date. In April, 1893, a convention of affiliated Graduate Clubs was held in New York City, at which representatives from a number of the leading American Universities were present. Out of this convention, largely through the efforts of Mr. Charles E. Duniway of Harvard, the Federation of Graduate Clubs was effected. The first convention was held in Houston Hall. Philadelphia, in Jan. '96, with the club of the University of Pennsylvania.

The Graduate Clubs of Barnard, Brown, Bryn Mawr, California, Chicago, Clark, Columbia, Columbian, Cornell, Harvard, Indiana, Johns Hopkins, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New York, Northwestern, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Radcliffe, Stanford, Tulane, Vanderbilt, Wellesley, Western Reserve, Wisconsin, and Yale constitute the Federation. The aim is to aid the development of graduate study in America.

The most important matters under consideration at the recent convention were, the means by which the Ph. D. degree may be guarded, the means by which inter-university migration may be facilitated, and the publication of the Handbook of Graduate Courses.

Of the institutions represented in the Federation, Bryn Mawr, Clark, Chicago, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Leland Stanford, Minnesota, Vanderbilt and Wellesley reported that they confer no honorary degrees. In answer to the question "Are you in favor of conferring honorary degrees?" 81 out of the 96 colleges responding, some in the Federation, others not, said no, and 11 said yes with some qualification.

The Federation adopted lengthy resolutions to send out to the various colleges and universities. These resolutions were very pronounced in opposition to the promiscuous conferring of honorary degrees, as practiced by so many American colleges.

The following statistics were read: Total number of graduate students in American colleges and universities 3024; of this number 650 are women. These 3024 students are taught by 1103 teachers, and pursue the following studies in the order named: Languages and literature, history and social science, philosophy, natural science, mathematics.

At this convention the Federation also decided to undertake, in connection with the Handbook, the printing of a list of all the dissertations for the Ph. D. degree that have hitherto been written and accepted in American Universities, with the names of the authors and of the approving professors. This then marks the commencement of the publication of a catalogue of American dissertations similar in scope to the lists of German theses which have been published under the authority of the German Government for the past ten years.

I might also speak of the three addresses of Pres. Gilman, Prof. Bloomfield and Prof. Remsen. It seems to me rather a noteworthy coincidence that these three men, all representative of Johns Hopkins, should have spoken of the same phase of the same subject, what Pres. Gilman and Prof. Bloomfield termed "greater university freedom" and what Prof. Remsen called "Akademische Freiheit." Prof. Bloomfield's address was on the subject of "Breadth." He said that a charge brought against American students today is their narrowness. Our department grooves are too narrow. We need more university culture as opposed to departmental culture. "Break down the barbed wire fence of department. There should be more university freedom." And the graduate student should attend a university, not so much because of the university as for the sake of the strong man with whom he will come most in contact.

The spirit of the Federation is well expressed in these words of Professor Bloomfield, "greater university freedom." MARY BARTOL.

◆

NOTES FROM OTHER SCHOOLS.

It has been suggested that one column of the MIRROR be devoted occasionally to a letter from Crozer Theological Seminary and the various academies, Keystone, Mt. Pleasant, Hall Institute, etc., thus creating a common and more vital bond of interest between the schools. Most of these institutions have no representative paper of their own, and such a step would tend to deepen the interest of the students in Bucknell and would draw and bind all by the ties of a common brotherhood.

In accordance with this suggestion we are pleased to receive the following:

LETTER FROM CROZER.

This letter is written by invitation. Gladly do I respond, because it enables me to say that the Bucknell boys are in the world, though not of the world. We are too busy to be of the world, and too frequently examined to be anywhere else than in the world.

The only sins recognized here are laziness and indifference, at least, that is the way it strikes the Juniors, who are compelled to work without ceasing.

To illustrate: We have five hours each week in Greek New Testament; five hours in Hebrew; three hours in Biblical Theology; three hours in Church History; and one hour in Old Testament. To prepare for each class requires at least two hours and as much more as thoroughness demands. Yet one of our teachers is in the habit of saying, "You think that you work now; wait till you become pastors, then you will work."

But we like it; it is not a novelty; we learned the art while at Bucknell. That is the reason we fancy we are doing as good work as graduates of other colleges which are represented here. Among the one hundred four students registered there are graduates from thirteen colleges and universities. Besides the graduates, many of the one hundred four students have attended college for one or more years, or are graduates of representative academies, so that good work is expected. The boys respond to the expectation.

There are six Bucknell boys in the Senior class, and two other members of the class attended Bucknell two years. In spite of the fact that they graduated at U. P., we cordially receive Heysham and Horter into the "Lewisburg colony," and call them "our boys."

The Middle class counts among its members three graduates of Bucknell; while the Juniors can boast of seven, who give your instructors honor by their diligence and earnestness.

This letter has intentionally been general in character, but in the future you shall here from the boys individually.

◆

ATHLETICS.

BASKET BALL SCHEDULE.

Jan. 29, Pittston Y. M. C. A., at Pittston.
Jan. 30, Wilkesbarre Y. M. C. A., at Wilkesbarre.
Feb. 6, U. of Pa., at Lewisburg.
Feb. 9, Williamsport Y. M. C. A., at Williamsport.
March 20, U. of Pa., at Philadelphia.
March 27, All Pittsburg, at Pittsburg.
March 29, Western U. of Pa., at Allegheny.

Since the opening of the winter term the practice has been hard and good work is being done. Captain Elliot, owing to sickness, has been unable to return and Mulkie has been elected to serve during his absence:

The team as playing at present is:

Weymouth, Centre.
Mulkie, } Forwards.
Smith. }
Catterall, } Guards.
Garner, }

The game with U. of Pa., will be an Athletic-Social event, and promises to be decidedly *the* affair of the term. After the game a reception will be given in the gymnasium to the visiting team. Among the large number of patronesses will be numbered the elite of Lewisburg and Milton.

With the opening of the winter term directors Bunnell and Cober began the gymnasium drills, which are compulsory during the winter. The directors report a large attendance at the drills. The action of the faculty in allowing two terms of gymnasium work to count as an honor study is no doubt a greater incentive to attendance upon them than heretofore.

◆

COLLEGE NOTES.

McFarlain, 1900, has left school.

Conover, '99, has returned to College.

Electric lights have been put in the Gymnasium.

Krise, '99, has lately recovered from a severe illness.

Messrs. Elliot, Collins, and Rees have been quite ill recently.

Prof. in Physics—"Mr. L., What is work?" Mr. L., confused—"I did not get that far."

The smiling face of Guss, ex-'97, was seen about the College at the opening of the term.

Mr. Barner has recently declared his intention of boycotting our paper, unless his name appears more frequently.

The Junior Class recently reconsidered their previous action and have decided to hold a Junior Ball.

While at Northumberland recently, Kulp, 1900, was thrown from a buggy without serious injury.

Baseball goods are expected in a short time, so that candidates will have an opportunity for some indoor work.

Davis, '95, McCay, '96, Koons, '97, Thornton, '98 and Burge, 98, are taking Human Dissection this term.

Mr. J. T. Anderson, '98, was called to preach the funeral sermon of one of his church members at Montgomery, January 16.

The editors of the *L'Agenda* are at present laboring strenuously to make this year's edition both a literary and financial success.

Gymnasium drill has been begun under the direction of Messrs. Bunnell and Cober. Two terms work will count the same as an honor study.

The Chillisquaque mission has presented the students who are accustomed to preach there with a boat, by which they can shorten their trip.

On the evening of January 8, Mrs. Dutton gave a reception to a number of University students in honor of her daughter. They report a very good time.

Skating has been one of our most enjoyable pastimes, but of late the snows have so covered lake and river that we have been compelled to forgo it for a season.

The Week of Prayer is being observed by the Christian Associations of the University, the last Thursday in January being the day of prayer for colleges.

New baskets and a ball have been procured by the Athletic Association for the basket ball team which has been practing hard of late to make this season's a success.

The Inter-collegiate Debate between Franklin and Marshall and Bucknell took place Friday evening, Jan. 22, in Bucknell Hall. The affair was well managed and was a success both financially and otherwise. Messrs. Collins and Dutton represented Bucknell and put forth a clear-cut, well constructed argument which their opponents were unable to overthrow. The judges gave their decision unanimously in favor of Bucknell.

The University Band still continues its good work, having received several new pieces of late. Arrangements are being made for a concert to be given in Bucknell Hall in the near future.

The Euepia Literary Society elected the following officers for this term: President, Sinnette; Vice President, Smith; Secretary, Hankey; Treasurer, Bell; Critic, Dutton; Librarian, Grim.

The following are the officers of Theta Alpha for the current term: President, Collins; Vice President, Strayer; Secretary, Hanna; Treasurer, Cook; Critic, Wiltbank; Curator, Diggs; Censor, Forrester.

The University Song Book will soon be out. It is the first issue of such a book by the University and is therefore eagerly awaited. In size and quality we hope to rival those of the larger Universities.

On Jan. 14, the Literary Societies held a joint debate, Grim and Bell representing Euepia, Diggs and Robbins, Theta Alpha. The subject for debate was the same as that for the Intercollegate Debate the following week.

Miss Annie Louise White proved herself to be an excellent entertainer in her rendering of "Flirts and Matrons" in Bucknell Hall, Friday evening, Jan. 15. Her subject was presented in six scenes, "The Vassar Girl," "The Society Belle," "The Bride," "The Wife," "The Mother," and "The Grandmother," all of which were portrayed with great fidelity to life.

In the absence of Dr. Hulley, Mrs. Hulley has aught his classes in college to the entire satisfaction of the students.

If you have not paid your subscription you will oblige the manager by paying at once.

"To *owe*, is human,
To *pay*, divine;"
A quotation borrowed
From Professor Perrine.

"Oh you naughty pointer pup! Where *have* you been?" "Now don't scold, mamma pointer; I went to College, and I'll tell you about it. First, I went to chapel and found a whole lot of people who made grabs at me as I ran by them; soon these people began to sing, and then I thought I would go up front where the Faculty were; I came near being trampled to death by the choir who were singing and stamping, to keep time I gaess, but a nice Professor rescued me and put me on a chair beside him, this was a Professor's chair yet I felt that filled it very well. When chapel was over, I went out and found a much educated dog called "Scott," who advised me to go to the class in Physics, and so I went. The steps of the "Lab" are steep and I was getting into trouble when some good fellow caught the back of my neck, as you used to, and carried me up stairs to the recitation room. The recitation was so dry, altho they talked about "water-vapor," that I began to play; I caught hold of the fur cape of one of the ladies, but she drew it away with such an aristocratic air that I was discouraged; next went up and put my jaws lovingly upon the knee of the Professor, but he hit me an awful slap in the face. No body seemed to like me, so I got out in front of the class and ran 'round and 'round trying to catch my tail; I almost had it when a student caught me up by the neck, and, carrying me down stairs, threw me out; I almost cried, and ran home now just as fast as I could to tell you about it."

LIBRARY NOTES.

During the term closing with the old year many gratifying evidences of progress were manifest. The gratitude of all friends of Bucknell is due to the kind benfactors who have made this progress possible. Early in the session, Mr. Craige Lippincott donated sixty-six volumes of carefully selected works for immediate service in all the partments of instruction.

In December, Rev Franklin G. McKeever, pastor of the First Baptist Church of New London, Conn., presented to the Library a set of the new edition of "Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia," in 8 vols., royal octavo, half morrocco binding. Mr. and Mrs. McKeever made a very pleasant call at his former school home, during the Autumn; and the Cyclopedia is both a souvenir of pleasant memories of by-gone days, and an earnest of future gifts to the library, since he desires to be acquainted with our needs annually.

William J. Coxey, A. M., of Camden, N. J., has filled his "Alcove" with twelve hundred volumes in the past sixteen months; and recent advices assure us the end is not yet reached, as a shipment may be expected about Feb. 1st. Mr. Coxey's contributions to the working tools of the institution are highly appreciated by all who use the Library.

Through Professor F. E. Rockwood, Hon. John Wanamaker has just contributed twenty-seven volumes of useful works. Mr. Wanamaker's interest in education is one of the chief characteristics of his varied and forceful personality. Bucknell appreciates his testimonial to her work and workers.

The chief feature of 1896–7 is the Card Catalogue. For the efficient service of the Cataloguer, we are indebted to the generosity of two worthy members of our Board of Trastees, Treasurer D. P. Leas and Earnest L. Tustin, Esq., both of Philadelphia. For the material form of the index, we are indebted to Dr. Joseph K. Weaver, of Norristown, also a Trustee, who contributed the beautiful walnut cabinet which is to contain the twenty trays filled with 20,000 cards, and to Dr. Wm. Frear, of State College, Pa., who kindly furnishes the cards for the catalogue.

D. Barron Miller, A. M., of Lewisburg, and Mr. Calvin Greene, of Lewistown, have quite recently made substantial gifts to our Library Improvement Fund.

Joseph Moore, Jr., A. M., of Philadelphia, has supplied a great need in his gift of thirty-seven pieces of beautiful and useful furniture for the Ladies' Library,--the South room between the Main Library and the Museum. Expression of the gratitude of the ladies was made in our last number. At the present rate of increase the time is not far distant when the Library will need the Museum room; unless, in the meantime, some friend of the University shall immortalize himself by erecting a fire proof Library building upon the campus.

Our immediate needs for completed files, for new books, and for binding are as urgent as ever, and offer to many friends possibilities for helpfulness, of which we are sure they would gladly avail themselves, could they see the results of the gifts of others.

◆

ODE TO PSYCHOLOGY CLASS.

We sat in the class of Psychology,
While time wore wearily on;
Each moment an hour it truly seemed,
Before it bowed out and was gone.

Said Brutus to me, "O! had I a string
Attached to the hand of the clock,
I'd pull the clock's leg, or rather it's hand,
And further reciting I'd block."

The back row, of course, didn't worry a bit,
As their fiery red steeds pranced on;
The front row crouched low for time was so
slow—
They felt they were lost and undone.

Meo Periculo.

◆

WHEN THE SEASON'S ENDED.

Beneath the oak-trees on the hillside,
Stood a solitary figure
Looking far across the campus,
The deserted field of battle.
Wrapped in thought he stood and silent,
Silent as the trees about him,
Looking, thinking, still he lingered,
Tho' I spoke to him, inquiring
Why he seemed so full of sadness.
Scarcely noting that another
Stood beneath the oak trees with him,
To himself he murmured sadly,
"It is ended all is over."
"Friend," I cried "what is your meaning,
Has death robbed you of a friendship?"
Still unheeding, he continued,
"All is ended; and no longer
Will we don the canvas jacket;
Will we know the joy of victory;
Will we feel the thrill of battle
Or the wild delight of conflict
With a foe who tries our mettle.
All is over; it is ended."
Thus he spoke, then turned toward me,
Startled, muttering as he saw me,
"Where did you come from—the branches?
I was looking at the campus,
Thinking of a track about it.
Come, it's late, let's go to supper,"
Tho' he tried thus to dissemble;
Trid to hide his strange confusion,
Yet his speech did not deceive me;
In my ears his words were lingering,
"All is over; it is ended.

G.

◆

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

The few days of skating were greatly enjoyed by the girls.

The class in English Literature has received twelve additions this term; it is now too large to be comfortably accommodated in the Library.

The Alumnæ club expect to entertain Mrs. Brock, the President of the Penna. Federation of Women's Clubs, at their regular meeting the second Tuesday in March.

The Students' Loan Association is doing a good work and meeting all its financial obligations in spite of the hard times. Miss Jessie Wheeler joined the Association at its last meeting.

Miss Candace Wood, the former head of our Art Department, is spending the winter with her sister in Newark, N. J., and goes daily to New York to attend Mr. Chase's class in portrait painting.

Mrs. T. H. Purdy of Sunbury, treasurer of the Students' Loan Association, attended the quarterly meeting of that Society on Tuesday, January 12, and also attended the meeting of the Alumnæ club in the evening.

The missionary class, under the capable leadership of Miss Sallie J. Van Gundy, has been studying the lives of the most prominent missionaries of the present century. They will next study the work of missionaries of earlier times.

The Freshman Bible Class of the Baptist Sunday School met in the Institute parlors on Jan. 16 to plan their work in Bible for the present term. After transacting this business, the rest of the evening was spent in a pleasant social. The College Girls and Institute Seniors assisted Mrs. Larison in entertaining her class.

Those present at the regular meeting of the Alumnæ in the Institute parlor, Tuesday evening, January 20, enjoyed a rare treat in a lecture by Professor Martin on Browning. He spoke first of the mission of the poet. He is the great realizer and traveler. He can bring and make real to us not only the scenes, customs, and people of distant lands, but he can open up a new world to us in the realm of the imagination. He compared him also to a harp, upon which may be played for us the songs of the famous singers of the past. Thus Browning brings to us the song of David in his wonderful poem, "Saul." He spoke of the obscurity and occasional grotesqueness of Browning, and likened him to a beautiful cathedral. On the outside are the gargoyles, up under the eaves, sometimes grotesque and rudely carved. But why should one fix his eyes upon these, and be blind to the lofty spires, the magnificent mass as a whole, or the noble interior, with its rich carvings and beautiful pictures? He passed in rapid review a number of Browning's best known poems, and ended by saying that as Tennyson was the poet of faith, Browning was the poet of hope, making real in this age of science and materialism the things of the soul. At the close of the lecture, Mrs. Larison paid a well deserved tribute to Professor Martin himself.

ACADEMY NEWS.

The time of meeting of the Y. M. C. A. has been changed from 9:00 to 6.30 P. M., Tuesday evenings.

We have welcomed five new students this term. All classes are quite large and the students are doing good work.

Miss Armitage is well pleased with the progress of the students who intend to take part in "She Stoops to Conquer." They expect to give it by the end of this term.

The members of Adelphia gave a "Mock Trial" Thursday, January 21. The Institute is ladies were invited. This act should arouse interest, not only in that society but also in Hermenia.

Every day we see that man needs a companion. One student, who is not fortunate enough to attract one of the gentler sex, has taken unto himself a dog and upon it he showers all his dearest affections.

Some have stopped their subscriptions to the Mirror. Is it because they cannot afford to pay a dollar and a half, or do they no longer wish to remain in touch with Bucknell? If the names were published you would be surprised to see what class of students has done so. One finds them anxious to appear wealthy, or rather sporty. But this is only one of many acts that show how superficial they are. To seem, and not to be, is their aim. The paper is not worth the money, do we say? Undoubtedly our judgment goes beyond that of the college professors and students! The paper is the best we have, let us support, and perhaps make it better.

◆

PERSONALS.

As many of the subscribers of the Mirror are still in arrears with their subscription, the manager would be greatly obliged if such could find it possible to settle the same on or before February 6, when the term of the present management expires. B. F. Thomas.

'75. Mr. D. P. Higgins, whose term as County Treasurer will soon expire, is said to be a candidate for Postmaster at Lewisburg.

'77. It has been reported for some time past that Mr. C. J. Wolfe, the druggist, expects to build on his lot opposite the Seminary next spring.

'78. Dr. Joceph E. Perry has just entered upon another year as Principal of Peddie Institute.

'82. Dr. Milton G. Evans, who delivered the Oration before the Literary Society last Commencement, was among other Bucknell Alumni in attendance at the Ministers Conference held in the Old Tabernacle Church, Phila., Jan. 11.

'84. Howard H. Baldrige, of Omaha, Neb., is spending some time at his home in Hollidaysburg. Mr. Baldrige was here during last Commencement.

'91. Rev. A. Lincoln Moore is pastor of the Spruce St. Baptist Church, Phila.

'93. Professor Arthur Gardner, of Keystone Academy, took a post-graduate course at Cornell last year.

'94. Mr. Calvin is professor of mathematics in Manchester College, Indiana.

'94. Mr. Harvey L. Fassett has been the Professor of Science at Peddie Institute since leaving Bucknell.

'—Ex-Pres. Hill is now filling the chair of English Literature at Harvard College.

◆

EXCHANGE.

No college in England publishes a college paper.

Daniel Webster was editor of the first college paper in the United States.

The University of Berlin, the largest in the world, has an enrollment of 8,343 students.

Cornell has dispensed with Greek and Latin as requisites for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The *Student* has many interesting features. Its selection of literary matter shows taste; its length of productions is proportional to prominence of subject. As a college journal it ranks among the best.

Said the whiskered "med"
To the fair "co-ed,"
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exam's are near,
And I much fear
I will unlucky be."
Then murmured she,
"A shore I'll be,
Come, rest, thy journey o'er."
Then darkness fell,
And all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.—*Ex.*

In all the Universities of France there exist no college periodicals, no glee clubs, no classes, no fraternities, no athletics, no commencements.

Many of the college journals came to us dressed in beautiful holiday attire. These contain many pretty poems and interesting articles on Christmas:

A little iron,—
A cunning curl,—
A box of powder,—
A pretty girl.
A little rain,—
Away it goes,—
A red haired girl,
With a freckled nose.
—*Long Expected.*

Editor:—"Always write your jokes on the thinnest paper possible."

Humorist:—"Why?"

Editor:—"So I can see through them."—*Ex.*

The following subject will be debated by Princeton and Harvard: *Resolved*, that, assuming the adoption of adequate constitutional amendments, the United States should adopt a system of responsible cabinet government."—*Ex.*

The Harvard faculty has made the following announcement: "The Administrative Board of the college, holding that the handing in by a student of written work not his own is dishonorable, proposes to separate from the college any student guilty of such conduct, and to post his name on the college bulletin boards."—*Ex.*

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. VXI. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY 10, 1897. No. 8

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University.
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

FEBRUARY 10, 1897.

WITH the present issue, the work of the MIRROR board which has served since last September will come to an end. Our task has been in many respects very pleasant, and it is with a sense of regret that we close our labors, our work incomplete, unsatisfactory. Our opportunities have been large, but our limitations, especially as to time, have deterred us from realizing anything like the fulfillment of our ideals as to what a College Journal should be. Our best wishes go with the incoming board. We hope they may be able to advance the standing of the paper so that every student and friend of Bucknell will be proud of his College Journal. They shall have our help and appreciation, and we believe they will, likewise, receive the hearty support of the whole school.

THE Week of Prayer was observed in our College and it has left behind one of the greatest changes in the student life of our school that we have ever known. It would be unfair not to mention this as the greatest factor in the social life at Bucknell. Studies, football, basketball, baseball, athletics in general, the literary societies, the glee club, the publication boards, are all of them means of activity which, rightly participated in, bring great results in the life of the College and of the individual. But that which, judging from results, adds most to a man's moral tone, and leads him to an exalted feeling of brotherhood and a realization of responsibilities, is the Christian faith. So, even from a standpoint of merely practical benefit, if nothing else, Bucknell has reason to rejoice over the results of the recent meetings.

OUR school work is a real, practical business. It requires constant drudgery. It develops the sterner parts of our nature. The factor of idealization is left to be developed by the student himself, yet it is no less a part of a complete education than that firmer structure which we are daily building. The student who does not idealize, who does not give play to his imagination, but confines himself to the so called realities, is not a student in the high sense of the term. Would that our school were completely dominated by students of lofty ideals and high sentiments. As it is, there is an abundance of low sentiment and "jokism," which a high ideal of virtue will not permit, for it is death to dignity of character.

WHO is able to tell what is in a man until he has been brought to the crucial test? External appearances are delusive, apparent knowledge of persons is delusive; the greatest and best qualities of our fellows are those which lie deep beneath the surface and are seldom seen. We should, therefore, be careful about our judgements, and remember that the greatest man is he who, instead of finding a fault, can bring out a virtue. There are many hidden talents in our University, more valuable than we know, waiting for the touch of some master hand to bring them forth.

ODE TO A DANDELION BLOOMING IN DECEMBER.

Fluffy little thing!
Did the merry cricket
Hiding 'neath the thicket
Whisper it was Spring?

Is your lovely cup
Set for bees to sup?
Did sprites neglect to waken you
And thus deprive you of the dew,
Which so becomes your royal crown
That shimmers o'er the em'rald down?

No fire flies twinkle
Nor glow worms winkle,
This fine December day,
Almost like dreamy May.
Methinks it was belated thunder
That rous'd you from enchanted slumber,
To take a farewell peep
Before your winter's sleep.

Mayhap you heard birds sing,—
"No snow upon the hills;"
And winter's welkin ring;—
"No ice across the rills."
You'll soon find Boreas blow
With sleet and snow;
You'll soon see warblers fly
And all flow'rs die.

Tho' morn is bleak,
You look quite meek;
But lift your starry face,—
The painted leaves can trace
A little color there,
To tinge your amber hair.

But late, the dainty asters stood,
Fair hostesses in purple hood;
Now sumach's bright ambush,
Is rife with song of thrush,
That welcomes you
Beneath the blue
Of saphire skies,
And liquid eyes
Of Daphne's shade
In laurel glade.

Shine on! bright golden flow'r
The stars outvie;
Bestow your wanton dow'r
Without a sigh;
Gleam o'er the plumy heath
And dusty ways;
To lonely fens bequeath
Your silver sprays!

But you have ventur'd late
To open winter's gate,
Upon a hinge of gold,
Clear crystals to behold.

N. P. E.

STUDENT LIFE AT VASSAR.

One of the first things that a Bucknell student would notice at Vassar would be the entirely different atmosphere that envelopes the college life. This is due to the fact that it is exclusively a girls' school. At a co-educational school, the girls are, in many ways, restrained by the presence of their class brothers. They must wait for them to take the lead in many things that the girls, in a school where there are no men, can do for themselves.

One of these things is the matter of government. The system of Student Control gives the life at Vassar a shading different from that of Bucknell. Vassar is a miniature republic. The students have their own organization, constitution, and officers elected by popular vote. It must not be supposed, however, that this organization is opposed to the advice of the faculty. On the contrary the students have warm friends in the, faculty, and it is only because the girls have proved themselves eager to support the honor of their Alma Mater that the privilege of governing themselves has been granted to them.

The three requirements of each student are, out-door exercise every day, attendance upon Sunday service at College and evening chapel on weekdays, and retiring at ten o'clock each night, except three times a month, when one can "cut" as long as she desires. The girls acknowledge these regulations to be just and wise, and keep them in good faith, as a matter of honor.

Out-door exercise is not a bugbear, for there are many ways of taking it. Beautiful walks on the campus and through the surrounding country abound. The girl who plays tennis exerts her energies on the fine clay courts, while the enthusiastic bicyclist explores unknown country roads, and the amateur oarswoman spends an hour on the pretty little lake.

The attention given to physical culture shows good results in the strong, healthy girls who are full of life and spirit and well prepared to endure the strain laid upon them in the development of the highest womanhood. For the Vassar girl does not forget that the purpose of her being in college is to become a symmetrical woman. Thus, while giving attention to the physical she does not neglect the intellectual, but brings life and vigor into this, perhaps the most important branch of her education. The intellectual life is strengthened not only by the class-room work but also by the many fine lectures given by prominent men.

Vassar does not wish her daughters to be "digs," but rather girls who find enjoyment in social intercourse,and join it to their other work. It would be a strange girl who could not find benefit in some of the pretty social customs of Vassar. Prominent among these one would notice the Sophomore party to the Freshmen; or one of the Hall plays awaited with such excited expectancy; or a carnival on the ice when the bonfires light up the lake and cast fantastic shadows of the groups of merry skaters; or the Mohawk Lake trip, with the heavy barges carrying their loads of light-hearted girls to the beautiful lake in the mountains; or even the group of friends in a room, one stirring the compound that is to result in that delicious discovery, "Vassar fudges," while the others sing dear Vassar songs, "Alma Mater," "Vassar Female College," "There's only one College in this world for me," and many others until the "fudges" are done. Each of these gatherings has its function, social training.

To complete the chain of development is the link of religious training. This is not thrust upon the girls, but from the chapel service during the week, the sermon on Sunday, and the prayer-meeting of the Young Woman's Christian Association, each girl is taught the necessity of being true to oneself and to one's higher principles.

So we see that Vassar life is composite. It has many phases, bound together by the influence that one exerts over another, but all have for a common purpose the training of the girls in such a way that the principles and ideals of the founder of the College may be realized, and that Vassar graduates may be in their daily life examples of the noblest womanhood.

Clarissa Fowler, Ex-'99.

AS IT OCCURRED.

The story I told the other morning at the club has caused such comment, and has been so misunderstood, that I consider it only fair to myself to make a written statement of what actually took place; then each one can judge for himself. At least if what I relate is not true, I am not aware that anything else occurred.

I must admit that I did spend the evening in town with a very spirited company, and that when I started for the "hill" it was rather late. Just how late I do not know,but it must have been some time after midnight. Not wishing to make my way up the steep path in its present slippery condition, I went around by the Seminary. The wind was blowing an exhilarating blast from a clear sky. The moon was shining—big and bright as the last dollar I had spent—and its inspiring companionship, along with the proximity of the slumbering Sem., filled my heart with noble emotions, and beautiful sentiments welled in my breast. Just as I reached the corner of the Laboratory,I was startled by a loud thumping on the window overhead. I looked up. Those beautiful sentiments stopped welling right there, and skurried back into the depths of my soul like so many frightened mice. At the window stood a white and grey figure waving frantically at me and fumbling at the latch. It was one of the late gentlemen sojourning in No. 19, Front, who evidently was trying to attract my attention. I assumed what I considered a first class impromptu look of nonchalance, and waited while he raised the window. Up it went after some obstinacy, and the wind catching the muslin cloth nearly tore it from his shoulders. But resolutely drawing it about him, he called out in the voice of a deranged Æolian harp: "Young man, will you do me a favor?"

"Ye-es," I said dubiously. He did not seem to notice the reluctance of the assent and I was glad,for his face lighted up with a phosphorescent glow that did my heart good.

"All right," he shouted, "I can't hear very well up here; those fellows have cut my good ear off. Just wait a minute till I get my heart and liver and some other things off the table and I'll be right down."

In a minute he was again at the window with his detached organs in his hands.

"Do you think you can ketch'em?"

I was not exactly anxious to "ketch'em;" but, as I was getting accustomed to the uncanny situation and did not want to offend the poor corpse, I said I would try; and removing my hat—as is proper in the presence of the dead—I held it out so the deceased could drop the parts in question into it.

Down they came, one by one, and while I busied myself arranging them in a neat row on the steps, the rest of the remains hoisted himself over the window-sill and jumped to the ground. He picked himself up, readjusted the piece of muslin, and came towards me.

Handling the bric-a-brac on the steps was nothing to the presence of this ghastly figure, wrapped in the scanty folds of the light muslin that clung around his scrawny form revealing the details and defects of his person with startling distinctness. My nerve almost deserted me, but making a desperate effort to be cordial I asked as cheerily as I could: “Well, how is life--pardon me, death treating you nowadays?”

“Shamefully,” said he, counting his effects to see that nothing had been left behind.

“Why, what's the matter?” I asked, trying to turn the noticeable quaking of my voice into a tremor of solicitude.

“What's the matter! Everything's the matter. There's no pleasure in death at all,” he broke out vehemently. “It's bad enough to have to die in the poor house with no friends to take care of you till you get onto the ropes, but to have happened to you what I have is enough to make any self-respecting corpse want to be alive again. Why it's a disgrace, Sir! I never heard of treating a body the way they have me. The very first thing they did when I died was to squirt my veins all full of red lead. Think of that! Why it just broke my heart. I'd like to know what dead man's heart wouldn't break when it was pumped full of red lead. But that was only a starter. I never heard of treatment like I've had here.”

“You seem to be all cut up by it,” I ventured sympathetically.

“Cut up? Well I should say so! Just see here,” said he, taking off the top of the French woman's skull he had borrowed for a hat and letting the flaps of his scalp fall down over his face. “That's a nice way to go round, aint it? Suppose I meet a lady and raise my hat—why she'd never speak to me again as long as I'm dead. And look at that row on the steps. Why pretty soon I won't have any piece left at all.”

“Well, why don't you do something for yourself,” I suggested, “you seem to be a man of parts.”

“That's just what I'm going to do, and I want you to help me. This is the first night the wind has been blowing hard enough for me to talk. You see since my lungs were cut out I have to get pressure somewhere, and that's why I stand this way and hold this cloth open in front.” There was a momentary lull in the wind and only uncouth moaning and rattling came from the weird figure. Then, as a fresh blast gave him back his voice, he added, a dry little ghost of a smile gliding over his face, “You see I am like these politicians, the way I talk depends on how the wind blows. But what I want to know is if you won't help me get into a grave over there in the cemetery. There is a nice fresh one just dug today, and if I could get into that I'd be settled for death. Do you know, it just makes my heart jump—jumped clear off the table the other night; I told it to be still, but it wouldn't, hearts never do, and then I had to go over and hold it down so it wouldn't break itself worse than it is—yes Sir, it just makes my heart jump to look over there at those mounds and tombstones and everything and see how nice those folks are fixed. The accomodations where I am don't suit a body at all. The room isn't so bad but I can't say I like the board. And then a dead man don't feel right till he's buried, leastwise an old fellow like me. That young man up there has no idea how a corpse ought to behave. He's been spooning with the French lady's skeleton ever since he came and don't seem to care much about having a grave of his own—unless he could take her with him. But I'm different. I didn't have a very good time in life, and now I can't stand being picked at by those youngsters. Of course you may not think the bottom of a grave is a very nice place to stay, but I never heard that any body ever complained after he got down to it.”

“My friend,” I said feelingly, “I'm very sorry I can't help you, but I should hate to break up a funeral by putting you in that grave you speak of.”

“Fune—fune—wh-o-o,” and the old fellow's vicarious voice died in a prolonged whistle.

What he wanted to say I can not tell, for the abating wind left him dumb. To his beseeching gestures I shook my head and tried to explain that graves are private property and are not intended for the first corpse that happens to crawl into them. Finally a look of determination came over his face and, gathering up his belongings, he started towards the cemetery. As I watched the lone, sad figure growing indistinct in the distant shadows, a gust of wind swept past, and I heard that strange, weird voice once more, and it was singing—yes, my straining ear caught the faint words of the dear old song:

"If a body meet a body—"

AIM HIGH.

There is at the present time a tendency on the part of most instructors, especially those in the public schools, to instil into the minds of the pupils the idea of aiming high. There are mottoes on the walls of almost every school room something like this: "Nothing is impossible to him who wills." Every director who comes into the school speaks on mottoes like this; they point to the pictures of Washington, Grant, and Garfield, and draw wonderful lessons from them. Now this motto is a lie and its influence is pernicious.

In the first place, its influence is evil because it spoils good servants. The time is passed when a family can hire an American servant girl. Not that there are none, but their spirit will not submit to being "bossed." Not that the education she may have obtained would hinder her, but the idea received at school is not in accord with that of being a hired girl. She has been told she may be a mistress if she only wills and aims high. The result is a poor imitation of a lady and a miserable servant. The poor American girls will not work in the factories, deeming it below the aim or ideal they received while at school. It is not the education but the spirit with which it is taught that has caused the evil.

At every graduation and school exhibition we hear the speeches of the boys glowing as it were with the ideas of ambition. The girls talk about "woman's rights" when they do not know how to bake a pie. Every boy has been told by his mother he can, if he wills, be President of the Union, or at least Governor of the State.

Every country bumpkin and city one as well has learned the pretty, musical falsehood of Longfellow:

> "Lives of great men all remind us,
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing leave behind us
> Foot prints on the sands of time."

This is a falsehood, prettily said, but a falsehood nevertheless. The lives of great men all remind us that they have made their lives sublime, but it is no assurance that we can make ours like theirs. If proof is wanted, go to the cemetery filled with men who had ambitions in life, who had dreams of fame and honor; but where are their foot prints on the sands of time? They died, were buried and are forgotten, simply because they were not endowed by their Maker with power to become the world's leaders. Of all those who in the schools dreamed of fame, honor, and position, not one in twenty thousand was ever heard of outside his own native village.

The country has need to lament this kind of doctrine. The rush for office which is seen at the present time at Canton shows that men think that to be successful in life they must leave their store, their usual place of business, and get an office that they may have social position. It is but an outgrowth of the instruction to aim high. The consequence is that the pursuit of office is the work of little men. In the scramble for official position many fools are so successful that men of dignity retire from the contest. Everybody wants to be "something," and so men leave their proper place in the world and get into places for which they were never intended.

A glance at the Legislature of the State will show in some measure what I mean. The men occupying seats there, many of them, are no more fit than children to make the laws of a great commonwealth, to deal with questions which only the wisest can understand. Many have hardly read the Constitution of the United States. They are there, a set of "nobodies" to become "somebodies."

What is needed in this country is the dissemination of sounder notions of life. Boys and girls are bred to discontent. Everybody is aiming high, and everybody, almost, is missing what they aim at. Humble employments are held in contempt, common life is discounted, and altogether it makes the youth a discontented set. One half of the world's unhappiness grows out of the fact that men are out of their place. There is room for improvement in the situation.

F. C. KATHERMAN.

THE HAIR.

In nothing has the caprice of Fashion been more strikingly displayed than in the various forms which the taste of different countries and ages has prescribed for disposing of the covering of the head with which nature has wisely provided us.

Hair on the head of man has always been one of his chief ornaments; on the face, it lends character and dignity to the individual.

The hair was always an object of admiration to the ancients, especially to the Hebrews. Many instances are given in history which go to show that the Jewish race was particularily fond and indeed justly proud of its hair.

Joseph, when a young man and about to be presented at the court of Pharaoh, was required to trim his hair and shave his face.

Aaron wore a long beard all the days of his life, which no doubt gave him exceeding trouble by trailing in his *consomme*. But all the Israelites gazed upon his whiskers and trembled.

Absalom was a very swagger young Hebrew, who spent more time combing his raven locks than he did in studying his Sunday School lesson; he, therefore, got into trouble. The early demise of this illustrious young man is largely attributed to his luxuriant growth of hair. It was to him "a thing of beauty," if not "a joy forever." The manner in which he was called away is said to have given rise to that timely and time-worn phrase, "all is lovely when the goose hangs high."

Samson is another of the Hebrew children who grew an immense crop of hair. The color of Samson's hair we have been unable to ascertain; but he had a friend among the Philistines—a young lady who was a "strawberry blonde." Before Samson had known this young lady any great length of time, she went into the tonsorial business. Several times Samsom had some very close shaves at her establishment, but he remained at the old stand until he had a hair cut that did not suit him. "This was the most unkindest cut of all." But Samson's capillary appendages grew again, and he settled his barber bill and several other outstanding accounts by giving an exhibition at the Temple which "brought down the house."

The Hebrews were very fond of plaiting their hair. This they learned from the Egyptian ladies who congregated about the court of Pharaoh, and also from the Arabian women who were very careful, indeed, to keep their shining tresses nicely arranged, and adorned with ribbons and ornaments of gold.

These Egyptian beauties were fond of gliding down the stream in their splendid barges, while zephyrs, sweet presage of the coming night, soft as a beautiful dream on a weary brain, kissed their lovely faces; and, as the gentle breezes played with their silken tresses, they gave utterance to their satisfaction in their attar scented course.

This picture has been presented simply to show the reader how the course of Empire of the different nations that have come in contact with Egypt, has been changed. Many are the noted leaders of men who have gazed upon this scene, and then ended their days along the Nile.

T. SIDNEY.

◆

THE SCOTCH COVENANTER.

Ah, fair was the land in dreamy repose,
With the green of the hawthorn, the blush of the rose;
And soft was the breeze which at sunset would blow
Where the stream echoes on with a musical flow.

And sweetly the skylark would carol his glees
As he rose on swift wings o'er the green, verdant leas,
And higher he soared till he passed from the view,
And the song of a cherub came out of the blue.

And oft as I roamed by the murmuring rill,
I would list to its flow in the eves calm and still,
As it rushed from the dingle shade crystal and cold
And rippled in music o'er shallows of gold.

Low and faint there were borne on the air through the gloom
The hum of the wheel and the sound of the loom,
And the chirp of the linnet as homeward it flew
To its heather down nest through the silence and dew.

Far overhead Pleiades shone like the eyes
Of angels of light looking down from the skies;
And lovingly Cynthia smiled on the eves,
Slanting lances of silver atween the green leaves.

On a quiet June Sabbath I climbed the tall hill
Which rose by the forest so verdant and still,
And gazed o'er the land which so richly seemed blest
With no trumpet's alarm to disturb its sweet rest.

Over summit and valley there rested a calm
Which soothed the sad spirit within like a psalm.
When the belfries rang out their wild, runic rhymes
Their notes drifted seaward in musical chimes.

From out the green valleys and hawthorn grown braes
Came the people, the infinite Father to praise,
And sweetly the symphonies rose on the air
Like the voices of angels assembled in prayer.

Ah, who would have thought that over our land
Which nature had blest with a bountiful hand,
The black cloud of war should hang like a pall,
And the cohorts of Death should glide through our halls?

For over our land in fury and power
Came the Southron with legions to blast and devour;
Where were songs of content in the morn's ruddy glow,
In the evening were heard but the dirges of woe.

All is silent and still on the rose scented lawn,
Where laughter and mirth were heard at the dawn;
And the voices of children who played by the rill
Are echoed no more, and forever are still.

The mavis still sings in the green hawthorn bowers,
Like a spirit of joy through the day's sunny hours;
And the breeze whispers still through the harp as of old,
But the hands of the harper forever are cold.

The voices of loved ones, the noblest of earth,
Shall cheer me no more by the desolate hearth;
The friends who would greet me when labor was done,
All vanished together, like mist in the sun!

All kindred and friends, like a swift fleeting breath,
Forever are wrapt in the silence of death;
I hear no sweet voice with a magical thrill,
But a host of sad mem'ries are haunting me still.

J. E. MILLEN.

UNIVERSITY MISSION SERVICES.

The week of special evangelistic effort has passed, but its effects remain with us. How far reaching these have been and shall be, we cannot fully realize now, but that the entire University has received a mighty spiritual uplift can not be doubted. A brief summary of the events of that week of blessing will be in place at this time, in order that all who participated in them may be accurately informed of all the definite results, and also in order that the friends of the University may be made aware of the results and the events which conspired to bring them about. We may well stop to ask, "What hath God wrought?"

All told, nineteen distinct meetings were held, beginning with the convocation of workers in Bucknell Hall, on Sunday afternoon, January 24, and closing with the service in the Baptist church on Sunday evening, January 31. On Monday evening, January 25, three separate meetings were conducted under the auspices of the three Christian Associations of the University. At these services stress was placed upon the equipment for service.

On Tuesday evening, Dr. Lincoln Hulley delivered an address in Bucknell Hall on the subject of Repentance. On Wednesday afternoon, at 4:00 o'clock, another service was held in Bucknell Hall, Rev. Raymond Davis and Dr. Leroy Stephens being in charge.

On Thursday, the annual Day of Prayer for colleges, four services were held: At 8:00 a. m., in Bucknell Hall, Rev. Raymond Davis delivered an address; at 10:30 a. m., in the Baptist church, Dr. Harris delivered a powerful sermon on the subject of Regeneration; in Bucknell Hall, at 2:00 p. m., Professor Hulley spoke on Faith with convincing power; and at 7:00 p. m. in Bucknell Hall, Rev. Davis addressed the audience.

Three meetings followed on Friday, at 2:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m., and at 7:00 p. m., Rev. J. W. Weddell in charge. Three meetings followed on Saturday, at 10:30 a. m., 2:00 p. m., and 7:00 p. m. These meetings were also conducted by Bro. Weddell, who continued in charge on Sunday, in the morning in the Baptist church, in the afternoon in Bucknell Hall, closing the series on Sunday evening.

The results may be recorded briefly under three heads. First: Those who took a definite stand for Christ. Second: A revival of righteousness and a deepening of the spiritual life in the lives of the Christian students and professors, and Third: The increased interest and confidence of the patrons of the University in its religious standing.

Under the head of those who took a definite stand for Christ, we are glad that we are able to record fourteen, two of whom belong to the College, seven to the Academy and five to the Institute.

Concerning the second head no definite or particular account can be given here, except that it should be remarked that the results are great and beyond expectation. In this regard they are in a measure unseen. Yet they are just as potent for good as the clearly revealed results.

Unto whom belongs the praise? We would say first of all: "To God be the glory." We would not fail to mention in this connection Dr. Harris, Revs. Weddell and Davis, and Professor Hulley, all of whom made the extended series of meetings possible.

The character of the meeting in point of method and permanence of results was of the highest order. No superficial work was done. Wisdom and prudence were marked features in all personal work. Full recognition was accorded to the Holy Spirit's office. This is a brief account of the work, which it is hoped will continue.

◆

ATHLETICS.

The first basket ball game, played with the Danville Y. M. C. A. team, resulted in a victory for Bucknell. The game was characterized by the fast play of the home team, showing endurance, and by plays on the part of Danville which denoted good drilling in the fine points of the game.

The teams lined up as follows:

BUCKNELL.		DANVILLE.
Wassell, (Weymouth)	center	Heinmann.
Smith, Catterall,	guards	Berckbill, Hoffner.
Weymouth, (Garner) Mulkie,	forwards	Marks, Gaskins.

Umpires, Elliot and Douglas. Referee, Garner, (Warren). Score, Danville 8; Bucknell 18.

The baseball goods are now here and candidates for the team have the opportunity of practicing in the cage as a preparation for out door work.

◆

COLLEGE NOTES.

Do not forget the Literary Societies.

Indoor practice for baseball has begun.

The Sigma Chi Fraternity recently gave a ball.

The gymnasium drills are being well attended.

Registrar Gretzinger has returned again after a few days absence.

Business Manager Kunkle is hustling the University Song Book.

Gymnasium drills were suspended on account of the week of prayer.

Messrs. Kunkle and Flint recently held revival meetings at Elimsport.

Elliot, '98, has returned to school after suffering from a severe illness.

The home of Pres. Harris was recently made happy by the arrival of a son.

Mr. R. M. Ivins, '99, has been ill with La Grippe, but is convalescent.

Rees, 1900, is at present occupying the infirmary. We hope he may have a speedy recovery.

Messrs. Hazen, Hall, and Davis have been holding some very successful meetings at Pine Grove.

Joseph Carey, '95, was present at Miss White's recent entertainment, "Flirts and Matrons," in Bucknell Hall.

The recent snow has afforded great pleasure to some of the students, who could daily be seen riding through the town.

The arrangements for lighting the gymnasium with electricity have been completed; there are two arc lamps for the upper part, and a number of incandescents for the dressing rooms.

Dr. Perrine will deliver the eulogistic oration at Peddie Institute, on Founder's Day. In the evening he will preside at the annual banquet which is to take place in the new Peddie dining hall.

The catalogue for 1896-'97 has come out. It shows the number of students in the various departments of the University to be 424. Several new courses have been added to the curriculum.

On the evening of January 23, the students of the University enjoyed a very pleasant time at an Appellation Social given by the Christian Endeavor Society of the Baptist church. The program consisted of writing and reading poetry by various groups. The company, on assembling, was divided into sixteen parts, given the name of an apple and forty minutes in which to compose a poem concerning it. The first prize, consisting of an excellent apple pie, was given to group No. 13, composed of Mrs. Leroy Stephens, Misses Merriman, Pretzman, and Crawford, Messrs. Hall, Hazen, Fithian, and G. M. Davis. The poem is as follows:

LADY SWEET.

Where have you been my Lady Sweet,
With cheeks so red and tresses neat?
I fear from me you've strayed away,
I've seen you not for one long day.

The birds to me their songs have sung,
The purling brooks have onward run;
The trees o'er me have cast their shade,
My thoughts from thee have never strayed.

Though I have looked for thee all day,
Now clouds and trouble pass away,
My heart with joy and rapture burns,
For Lady Sweet to me returns.

Poem No. 9 took second prize and is as follows:

THE SPITZENBURG.

In the orchard over the hill,
Near the quaint, old water-mill,
Grew an apple, I love it still,
The mellow and juicy Spitzenburg.

One golden day in early Fall,
Came a lonely robin's call,
Out of the topmost branches tall,
Of that grand old tree, the Spitzenburg.

While there together, long we stood,
When my darling Nell I woo'd;
And ever since I love that good,
That rare winter apple, Spitzenburg.

Some the Russet may choose in Spring,
Malden's Blush, or Spy, or King,
Baldwin, or Rambo, or anything,
Give me *my love*, and a Spitzenburg.

THE "MOOT COURT" AND THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

College societies have lately taken up as a pleasant offset to their literary programs, the "Moot Court" or "Mock Trial." Members impersonate the court officials and carry the case,—generally one peculiarly interesting,—through its various stages, until the verdict is given and judgment pronounced.

To some, perhaps, it may seem to diverge from the original and generally accepted conception of a literary society. But if the aim of such a society is to secure a well rounded mental development, is not this reproduction of court life worthy of its attention? Interest can be maintained only when variety of program renders monotony impossible. A delightful diversion is the Moot Court, combining pleasure with profit. Court procedure is presented in such a way as to familiarize the student with it. Rapid thinking and concentration of the mind on the subject at hand become necessary. The importance of these the student can easily realize,—especially in extemporaneous speaking. Lawyers must be keen of argument, quick of wit. By the judge and jury must the facts be weighed and evidence clarified, —hence the importance of quick perception and discrimination. The insight it gives into the judicial organism, together with plenty of fun and opportunities to assert individuality, renders the Moot Court popular, and entitles it to a place of its own in literary societies.

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INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Josephine Garrett of Williamsport has been visiting her cousin, Miss Gertrude Grant.

Miss Edith Phillips spent Sunday, January 31, at the home of Miss Mary Kline of Winfield.

The Rev. M. L. Ross and his daughter Margaret, class of '96, dined at the Institute, January 17.

The musical department is so large that it has been found necessary to engage Miss Grace Pretzman of Millersville as an assistant teacher.

Our library has been greatly improved this year by new chairs. The light is also very much better since we have the Wellsbach burners.

The Class of '95 has two representatives here at present, Miss Florence Stoner, visiting Mrs. Gretzinger, and Miss Laura Fague, visiting Miss Mary Owens.

Miss Mary Youngman recently called at the Institute and her many friends here were delighted to see that she had recovered from the injury she received by being thrown from a bicycle.

Miss Armitage gave a very pleasant reception to the girls of her table Saturday, January 30. The parlors were artistically decorated. The girls and their friends feel very grateful to Miss Armitage for the evening's pleasure.

The week of prayer at Bucknell was indeed a precious season. Many date the begining of a new life from the gospel meetings of that week. Christians were strengthened, and the spiritual atmosphere shows the power of earnest prayer to purify and revivify.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Hermenia has decided to have an open meeting in the near future. The great amount of literary work seems to make the students anxious for some change. What would boys and girls do, if there were no excuses to bring them together?

On account of the meetings Friday, January 29, 1897, some of the boys postponed a drive which they had intended to take, until February 4. The affair was greatly enjoyed by the boys and they have many thanks for the Messrs. Hoffa, at whose home some fleeting hours of the evening were pleasantly spent.

During the meetings in Bucknell Hall, the teachers and students of the Academy showed themselves interested in a great cause. The boys saw how enthusiastic and anxious the professors are for the welfare of their pupils. Nothing is to hinder any one of us from forming a strong character. The right course has been mapped out before us and in our faculty we have good examples.

Some members of the First and Second Forms seem too young and small for study outside of a public school. Miss Bell's interest in her pupils causes her to give an extra hour a day to all students that fail in their recitations. Whether their minds are not strong enough, or whether they desire a guard while at their books is asked by many. It would be well for them to follow the example of the older students.

The "Mock Trial," given by Adelphia was a grand success. The boys invited the faculty and their friends from the Institute. After a well conducted trial, those present withdrew to partake of the delicacies furnished by the society. During this pleasant interval the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Rowe, received many compliments upon his wit, schemes, and powerful arguments. The members are very grateful to the ladies for their kind assistance.

It is to be regretted that the Seniors are liable to give up their great undertaking, "She Stoops to Canquer." Who is to blame? Has not Miss Armitage given us much of her valuable time that we might do something unheard of at the Academy? Has she not been very patient and instructive? Have we not seen her enthusiasm and interest in us? Do we show our appreciation of her efforts by refusing to take part, because the stage of "Music Hall" might pollute us? If we have something worth hearing do we not even go among the slums that we may elevate them? Men of strong, noble character dare appear in other than sacred and holy places, if they may do good thereby.

PERSONALS.

'61. On Friday, January 15, 1897, occurred the death of Miss Emily Harrison, daughter of Col. Wm. H. Harrison, at her home, 39th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia. Miss Harrison was a frequent visitor in Lewisburg at the home of her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beaver. Her many Lewisburg friends share the sorrow of her parents in the loss of so talented a daughter and so kind a friend. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison are both graduates of Bucknell.

'72. Rev. J. H. Chambers, after a pastorate of over seven years at West Chester, Pa., has handed in his resignation but the church has refused to accept it.

'85. Rev. J. M. Hare has been reappointed a member of the Excise Board of Burlington, N. J.

'86. H. Grant Dreisbach has been nominated by the citizens of Lewisburg for School Director.

Ex-'88. Rev. E. T. Derr, of Leville, O., has accepted a call to Royersford, Pa.

'88. Prof. Lincoln Hulley baptized seventeen Sunday, January 31, at the Immanuel Tabernacle, Baltimore, Md.

'89. Wm. C. Gretzinger has been selected to deliver the Oration before the Alumni of Perkiomen Seminary on Commencement Day.

'89. Rev. J. M. Ashton has accepted a call to Chester, Vermont.

'94. During the present pastorate of Rev. Chas. F. McMann, at Lancaster, about one and one-half years, eighty-five members have been received, fifty by baptism and thirty-five by letter and experience. The pastor is still pursuing his studies in the Reformed Theological Seminary at Lancaster, and expects to graduate at the coming commencement in May.—*Ex.*

'94. "Mr. Robert B. Davidson seemed to be the 'leading attraction' with the University of Chicago Musical Clubs in their recent holiday trip. At the time of their appearance here, 'Bobby,' both by his musical talent and excellent comedy, captured the Cornell College student heart."

Col. Chas. H. Banes, of Philadelphia, Trustee from '82 to '91, died in Philadelphia, January 15, 1897, aged 65 years.

Hon. Chas. F. Abbot, of Philadelp'ii ι, a Trustee from 1863 to 1882, died at his home, January 15, 1897, aged 75 years.

Among the signers of the big petition presented by Senator Cameron before the Senate, a petition formulated and signed by one hundred of the representative citizens of Philadelphia, advocating the passing of the Arbitration Bill, was the name of Mr. Craige Lippincott, well known at Bucknell.

◆

EXCHANGE.

The man who indulges in champagne at night usually has real pain in the morning.

The colleges, universities, schools and, institutions of France are now freely open to Americans.

Chapel services at Cornell are so interesting that seats have to be reserved for the students on account of the large attendance.—*Ex.*

Girard College, Philadelphia, is the richest school in America, having an endowment fund amounting to eleven and one-quarter millions of dollars.—*Ex.*

If some cloud, dark and drear,
  Hide the sun's bright face,
Bringing darkness, cold and gray,
  Making earth a dreary place,
Would you be forlorn
  Or shed a tear?
With the coming morn
  The sun's bright ray is near.

If some cloud, dark and drear,
  Hide the brightness of thy soul,
Must you cease to pray
  Because you see no goal?
Must you be forlorn
  Or shed a tear?
With the coming morn
  Love's bright ray is near.

—*The Gray Jacket.*

Mollie (sentimentally): "What poetry there is in fire!"

John (sadly): Yes, a great deal of my poetry goes there."

Africa can boast of having the smallest as well as the largest educational institution in the world. The smallest has five students and fifteen instructors; the largest, situated at Cairo, Egypt, has 10,000 students.

True college spirit is an evidence of a broad mind. Not every one can be an orator, nor an athlete, nor a musician, but everyone can and ought to have an interest in the different phases of college life. Ability to sympathize with all kinds of work and activities should be the result of a liberal education.—*College Days.*

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Vol. VXI. BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY 25, 1897. No. 9.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

[Entered at Postoffice at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University.
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Law, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

FEBRUARY 25, 1897.

APOLOGIES? No. We prefer to let our readers expect something and be disappointed, if need be, rather than to assure them of our incompetency and then disappoint them too. The new board of editors take up their task with hope and confidence. They desire to begin just where the preceding board left off, and to raise the standard of the paper to the best of their ability. No retrogression, no standstill, nothing but a decided advance! As editors we ask the assistance of the whole school in making our paper better, by contributing articles or in any possible way, since we are only the representatives of you, the student body. We hope for and expect your hearty co-operation and support. Will you give it?

BASKET ball seems to be firmly established as one of the permanent forms of athletics at Bucknell. The victory of our team over the University of Pennsylvania has brought the game into special prominence among the students. It shows us that we are able to compete with other colleges on an equal footing and that our team is well worthy to represent Bucknell in this popular branch of sport. Basket ball gives one quickness of eye, steadiness of hand and lightness of foot. It helps greatly in the attainment of the highest physical development. We welcome it gladly as one of our most pleasurable and profitable games and bespeak for it a warm reception and brilliant future among the students of Bucknell.

WHAT do we look into a mirror for? Is it to see how beautiful we are, to admire and take pride in that beauty, to see if we really are not better looking than we thought, and to assure ourselves that the much dreaded wrinkles and gray hair, unmistakable signs of approaching decay, have not yet made their appearance, and cast their shadows of the coming night? If so, we are sure to be disappointed. Our mirror is nothing, if not true. Try as we may, we cannot deceive ourselves, for our remorseless glass reflects to us a perfect image of our real selves, just as we actually are; every line is brought out boldly and even harshly; every wrinkle, every imperfection of face or form is painfully evident; we see ourselves as others see us. Our mirror is true to nature. In the same way we hope to make our University MIRROR true to student life in all its phases, a faithful reflector of the good and the bad, the right practices as well as the abuses existing at Bucknell. We do not want to be always commended for our virtues, when we have serious faults to correct. It is often a greater kindness to a person to criticise him honestly and sincerely, than to give him undeserved praise or compliment. Let us not be afraid to see ourselves just as we really are, whether we look at beauty or ugliness; then, improve the good, correct the bad.

CLASS spirit has run high among the Freshmen and Sophomores for a few weeks past and they are to be congratulated upon their ability to keep from the old-time, but foolish "class scrap." To some it may seem that this denotes a lack of courage and spirit on the part of the classes, but these should remember that it often takes vastly more courage to control one's temper and rule his spirit than it does to give vent to outbursts of angry passion and fly at the object of his anger tooth and nail. The bully may have the courage to fight, especially if his opponent be smaller, but it takes a man to control his temper. To be honest, does it not seem a great deal like brandishing a red cloth before a bull to see him charge wildly at it, foaming and frothing at the mouth in his furious, but vain endeavors to gore the hated object through and through and stamp it into the earth? Is there not a slight resemblance in the blind fury and angry passion of onset?

It may seem that these tilts among the classes engender a deeper feeling of loyalty, but true class spirit can exist without them. However, if there has been an improvement in this respect, the retrogression in another more than counterbalances it. When members of the rival class in college, along with a number of other College men and Academy students, seize the occasion of a class banquet to become partially intoxicated and make rowdies of themselves, it is a disgrace to the whole school. Such actions are never forgotten by those outside of the school, who witness them. They inflict a deep and permanent injury on the prospects and good name of Bucknell. We cannot too strongly condemn this outgrowth of the recent class banquet, for it is unmistakably a shame and a disgrace.

◆

ONLY A DREAM.

The night was clear and cold. As I closed the shutters preparatory to enjoying my usual reverie, the stars shone brightly upon me.

Drawing a chair to the fire, I propped my feet comfortably on the fender. With that complacency of mind which comes to a man after a hearty supper, I leaned back and dozed, thankful for home, friends, and the solace of my good pipe. From its curls of smoke, friendly faces seemed to beckon me back to college days. Gradually my will yielded to their enticement.

Again I wandered through the dear halls. How familiar it all looked! There walked a grizzled Professor to class with his books under his arm. Close behind came my old chum and I. We were talking up some new plan and consequently late to class. As I took my seat, Prof. looked at me with a stern face. "Mr.—why were you not at chapel?" I can remember how the unusal question startled me, and how relieved he looked when I made adequate answer. "Because, sir, I didn't have my breakfast, and I can't cut it down to less than three minutes." Opening his book, he called on me for the 500th Theorem when—

Scene changed. I was sitting in my old room in East Wing deep in the intricacies of Psychology. I was alone. The hall was nearly deserted, for Uncle Tom's Cabin had favored L—. that night. As my thoughts were getting into a confused maze of the relation of mind and soul, I felt an icy hand laid on my forehead. My heart stood still, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. The awful chill from the hand crept through my head, and ran down my back in little shivers. The suspense was maddening. I was about desperate when the hand left me, and —I awoke. Beads of perspiration stood on my brow, and my heart beat like a trip-hammer.

I looked around nervously. "Please, won't you take the baby" brought me down to the ordinary facts of life. My wife stood beside me, her gentle hand resting on my shoulder.

"SO AS BY FIRE."

The soft light of the sinking sun was playing upon the portico of a palace facing the rippling waters of the Bosphorus. It was a stately pile of elaborate Eastern architecture, now occupied by Punjab, the Armenian, a banker of the Turkish Sultan. Upon a divan in all the grace of luxurious ease reclined a fair young girl, of that Armenian type, fascinating alike in beauty of feature and loveliness of expression. The heavy drapery over the door leading from the interior of the house was drawn aside, and with a low salam a servant emerged, immediately followed by a commanding masculine figure, "My Lord, Ahmad Pasha, the Turk, presents his homage to the gracious Olma," murmured the attendant, and quickly retired.

"Surely Allah is propitions," exclaimed the visitor advancing. "What is thy meaning noble Ahmad Pasha?" asked the maiden, a deep flush mantlingher cheek and brow, as she acknowledged his salutation. "Can the fair Armenian whose eyes rival heaven's starry host in their brilliancy, whose hair vies in wealth and lustre with the rich covering of Cashmere's wild goat, and whose cheek bears the tint of the early rose, be so insensible to her charms as to ask 'What is thy meaning Ahmad Pasha?' "

"I fear Mohammed's follower forgets the breach that must now exist between Armenia's daughter and Turkey's son," responded Olma.

"Breach did'st thou say?" interrupted the noble. "By some it may be so considered, but not concerning thee, upon whom the heart of Ahmad Pasha pours forth all its wealth of love." "It grieves me sorely to hear such words from thee," and with the answer came a sigh from the girlish heart.

"Methinks it is not the fashion for damsels to discard their lovers' adoration; indeed, if memory doth not play me false, thy Armenian sisters are especially delighted with such tribute proffered them by the Sultan's officers of rank."

"So thou think'st, Ahmad Pasha, to tickle the fancy of the banker's daughter, by catering to the mistaken weakness of her race?" cried the girl with rising scorn and indignation. "Ah no, arrogant Turk! Thou standest supreme in thy despotic power, in the fond fancy that at thy favoring nod the highest borne of all the Ottoman empire will gladly yield to the amorous advances of a Turkish Pasha. Thou dost sadly err; Armenian Olma is of finer clay than this." "Forgive me lovely maiden; far be it from my purpose to misinterpret the impulses of thy pure soul." "But tell me truly Olma, wilt thou not accept thy Turkish suitor as thy husband, and in him find a champion for thy rights ever at thy side?"

"Doth not the high born noble, the trusted courtier of the mighty Abdul Hamid, debase himself in thus wooing a maiden of that race so hated by his monarch?" Queried Olma in a tone proudly ironical.

"Thou said'st thy people were a hated race; surely fanaticism hath blinded thee!" said the Turk.

"Can'st thou breathe the word fanaticism to me, when every message from my loved Armenia brings tidings of the utmost horror?" And even as she spoke a shudder passed over the delicate form of the excited girl.

"Believe me, my fair idol, these are but groundless tales, or grossly exaggerated by the bitter enemies of the omnipotent 'Commander of the Faithful,'" replied the noble in a reassuring manner.

"'Groundless tales,' Pasha, said'st thou? 'Groundless tales!' would the sister of my honored mother idly disturb the peace of Olma with stories of murder and bloodshed?"

"Methinks thy honored aunt, mistakes the commands of the holy Allah, when she fills these pearly ears, with fables of vile atrocity." His flattery was, however, entirely lost upon the recipient. The crimson of her cheek became a deeper hue, but not that of self-consciousness. Her words became more earnest, and rising from the divan she cast upon the Turk a glance of mingled inquiry and hauteur.

"Why, Ahmad Pasha, is it ill for me to hear of dreadful wrongs, while those as dear to me as life are called upon to suffer them?"

"Surely the rays of Turkey's sun have fired the too ardent blood which courses through our sweet Armenian's veins," continued the courtier.

"No! *thrice No!* my lord. 'Tis not the influence of the sunbeams that hath quickened the pulses of Olma, but the passion of a filial heart wellnigh breaking for its country's wrong."

"But tell me, gracious damsel," urged the Turk, "what myth, finding its way within these guarded walls, hath so stirred the very fibres of thy being. Doth the blue Bosphorus lying before us yield such ghastly tales?"

"Harken to my story and I defy thee, e'en though a Turkish Pasha, to call the daughter of Punjah a blinded maiden!" was the response.

"'Twas at the midday hour," continued Olma, "when Armenia's plains were bathed in the noontide glow. My uncle, his wife, and happy sons and daughters were seated at their cheerful board, when suddenly a sound was heard without like a pack of Russian wolves. At the next instant, with cries of 'Death to the rascal, we've tracked the fox to his hole,' a band of brutal kurds burst into the room. Seizing my white haired uncle the brigands slew him without mercy. Next they turned upon my innocent cousins. Not satisfied with this the villains bound my helpless aunt, while in a moment every corner of the house blazed with the incendiary's fire. A trusty servant saved her mistress' life at the sacrifice of her own, and now my broken hearted, desolate aunt alone remains to tell the tale. This, Ahmad Pasha, is the myth. Cans't thou then ask love for the supporter of a monarch, who permits his defenseless subjects to be destroyed like this?''

''My fair Olma, thou dost misjudge the character of the peerless Abdul Hamid, who in no wise smiles upon, and was in fact quite ignorant of the chance uprisings of the somewhat unruly kurds.

''A sovereign in truth, worthy of all honor, who cannot acquaint himself more nearly with the actions of the people over whom he rules!'' answered Olma. Her tone was one of sarcasm, yet her glance betokened sorrow.

''Yet believe me,'' continued the Turk, ''by the great Mohammed, the omnipotent 'Commander of the Faithful' lends a willing ear to every suggestion for the improvement of his empire, but can'st thou wonder that he sometimes fails, surrounded as he is by courtiers, each counselling a different policy?'' Consider calmly the position of our Sultan. His enemies call him a coward. Tell me, is it cowardice that makes a man boldly mount a throne, the former occupant of which, his uncle, was foully murdered? When the fleet, a monarch's rightful defense, hath turned traitor to its sovereign lord? When Russia, with relentless cries for bloodshed, compels the Turk to fight? When all the land is rife with treachery and strife? Moreover, when his subjects, as thy Armenian people, refuse to bear their burden in taxation, can he allow these unruly rascals to be unpunished and thus establish a dangerous precedent to be followed by many another state within his vast dominions? Thy people indeed, say the kurds have robbed them at the instigation of the Turkish powers. Can the Sultan give credence to this report in direct opposition to the combined denial of the supporters of his throne?

That Abdul Hamid is fierce and warlike, nay even somewhat overhasty, I will not deny; descent from all the others sends a passion through his veins not understood by common men. But believe me, lovely Olma, our glorious Sultan suffers cruelly, as distrustful of his Ulema he sits monarch of this realm. Blame not, but the rather pity Turkey's ruler in these troublesome times!''

''Doth necessity compel him to be so hampered and suspicious? Are there no worthy courtiers, whose object shall be Turkey's glory and not her shame?'' Urged the girl. Olma was evidently deeply moved, and learning the position she had taken a while before opposite the Turks, she resumed the seat upon the divan.

''Peace, my peerless Olma,'' pleaded the noble. ''In the ardor of his zeal Ahmad Pasha hath surpassed the bounds of gallantry. Surely such words as these are ill suited for thy fragile being.''

''Is it because Olma is a woman that she is deprived the power of independent thought?'' was the reply.

''Gently my beloved maiden; can'st thou not turn from controversy, and give thy mind to happier thoughts. Daughter of the honored Punjah, wilt thou not be mine?'' The words were uttered in a low passionate tone, and the girl turned toward the noble with a look of sad entreaty in her beautiful eyes.

''Speak not thus my honored Pasha! I beseech thee, for the love of heaven, ask not the Armenian maiden to turn traitor to her people.''

''No not traitor, rather saviour'' said the Turk. ''Only trust thyself to me and I will right the wrongs thou said'st are perpetuated against thy people.''

''Pasha, press the matter now no farther, for my soul is pierced with anguish. Yet it seemeth, despite thy Turkish blood, thou hast a noble heart, worthy of a woman's love.''

''Surely Allah is propitious!''

''Loved one, only say thou wilt be mine.'' And as a humble suppliant the proud coutier knelt before her.

''Spare me, bow not thus before the Armenian Olma. In the honor of thy manhood, for the love thou dost profess, urge not the sad, unhappy maiden for her final answer now. Hark! I hear my mother calling. We will meet another time.'' The girl passed within the silken folds which draped the doorway. The Turk stood gazing far across the Bosphorus, and on the twilight breeze there floated the words ''We will meet another time,' yes, and then she must be mine.''

MAUD E. HANNA.

THE PEOPLE SITTING IN DARKNESS.

The words of the ancient prophet
A vivid picture make;
In childhood's times the Scripture lines
Mysterious meaning take.

In years agone I shuddered
At the image that they brought,
For the darkness drear is filled with fear
In the realm of childish thought.

I saw the helpless beings
Crouching in dismal gloom,
And felt the fright of one at night
In solitary room,—

I fancied how the brightness
Of the marvelous "great light"
Would bring surprise and hope to eyes
So long inured to night.

And now the verse seems altered;
I knew the gloom so dense
Enshrouded the soul, the life of the whole,
And not the eye of sense.

But still I see the pagan
Peering into the gloom
Without the light of our hope so bright
Of a life beyond the tomb.

Though centuries have vanished
Since spake the ancient seer,
The Light that first on Israel burst
Hath still new hearts to cheer.

In the "valley of the shadow"
Dwell many millions still.
O, quickly haste, Earth's darkest waste
With God's own light to fill!

O. M. W.

PROMOTION.

It was Cromwell who said that none go so far as they who know not whither they are going. His own life was the best illustration of the truth of his maxim. The farmer of Huntingdon became sovereign of England and Arbiter of Europe by doing the duty which lay nearest. If he had not been a superior captain he would not have been made colonel nor would he have been made commander-in-chief, had he not been a good lieutenant. The advance is opened by the step that precedes it, and the end is never in sight. I would name three conditions of promotion. First being worthy of it. Men are usually not advanced because they are not prepared. The poet is true to numberless biographies when he says:

> "The heights of great men gained and kept,
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they while other men have slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night."

The man who is prepared will find or make his opportunity. Not many persons have heard of Choconut, Pa. But the Rector of the little church at Choconut wrote a work which became immediately an authority and has been quoted in the United States senate, in the British partiament, in the Corps Legislatif. It was for the author an honorary docterate of laws from Yale—A second book secured him a full professorship in Harvard. The distance from Choconut to Harvard was only a step for the man who was prepared to take it.

A second condition of advancement is the faithful performance of the present duty. A man must date from somewhere. If his first case is missmanaged, if his first task, of whatever kind, is not well done, it will be hard for him to rise above it. On the contrary if the present task is well done, it not only opens the way to another, but it is a moment in the habit and power of doing well. The world is eager for men who *can*, but it will accept them only upon the Napoleonic test, what has he done?

Again, a man must not be too modest to accept promotion when it is offered. Much no doubt is lost to the world by the lack of confidence which so many men have. Few work up to the full measure of their powers, because they distrust themselves. Self-conceit is no doubt an evil; but self-distrust is much more common, and is doing the world much greater harm.

DR. HARRIS.

ECHOS FROM THE INSTITUTE LITERATURE CLASS.

What do I think about the sunlight? Why, I cannot answer that question. The mind does not take hold of such an analysis. I can only bask in the sunlight, too contented to speak, and it seems to be unnecessary labor to do anything but lie on the grass and feel lazy and murmur "Go way, you! let me alone."

I don't care where Shakespeare was born. He had to be born somewhere. But he isn't dead yet. Yet somehow, when I read his works, I don't see the man.

I am one of the crowd in a court-room. Near me is Shylock. I know him well. A sinister, bitter smile is on his dark face and his bony hand trembles, now and then opening just enough to resemble an eagle's claw, then the finger-nails dig into the wrinkled palms. He cries excitedly—

"An oath, an oath, I have an oath in Heaven and shall I lay perjury on my soul?

Only a few of us recognize Portia in that black gown and boyish tone. It is a good thing that we have seen her before, else we, too, should be deceived. Of course Bassanio does not know her—"Love is blind."

If there is one trait in Shakespeare which is richest, it is that he knows every man's mind. You recognize an old friend in the man he pictures to you, and now and then see your own face in the mirror he holds up so knowingly. The thought which you have struggled to express appears in the flowers of the language. But it is the thought which you see, not the man, as though he had put his life into words. You are full of emotion as you read a thought in living lines, and when he pictures emotions, you are ecstatic or mournful at his will. Portia has been led on by doubts and fear until Bassanio makes the wise choice. Then her joy seems boundless.

> "How all the other passions fleet to air,
> As doubtful thoughts and rash embraced despair,
> And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
> O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy.
> In measure reign thy joy, scant this excess:
> I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
> For fear I surfeit."

But in view of Bassanio's next step, ours is the "green-eyed jealousy."

What a talker that man Gratiano must have been! Hear him: "A Daniel still say I; a second Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

Then his cutting suggestion: .

"Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself; and yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the State, thou hast not left the value of a cord. Therefore thou must be hanged at the State's charge."

Who wouldn't be Shylock, too, if he were "spit upon, spurned," called "misbeliever, cut-throat, dog" and likely to be treated so always!

We would, like him, be taught to execute villany and "better the instruction."

Hum! I have forgotten *the man.*

Shakespeare,prism like, presents many different sides to our view. We can not take one side of him, describe it, and say we have given a description of Shakespeare. He seemed to be doctor, lawyer, lover, soldier, sailor all combined in one man. In fact after studying him we come to the conclusion that he must have had at least a smattering of a great many trades and professions.

A thorough study of Shakespeare leads one to believe that he led, during the obscure period of his life, a very checkered career, a life of many ups and downs. He was a man possessed of a great stock of perseverance; for without this he never could have acquired such a vast knowledge of persons and things. The wisdom displayed in all his writings could only be acquired by patient toil and untiring study.

Shakespeare was a thorough student of human nature both the good side and the bad. His character of Shylock vividly pictures a man undefended by law and unable to protect himself. It shows the hate that a down trodden man bears his oppressors. It shows his love of revenge, which all pleadings, all threats could not turn. In this character Shakespeare brings home in a forcible way the old adage that "even the worm will turn."

This great author, himself, must have been a good hater or lover, as the case might be. Critics say that he was a mild mannered and benevolent man; but when we read his works this question unvariably comes to the front. Could any man give such a graphic description of the passions if he had not experienced them himself? But we do not presume to contradict learned men. How then did he establish for himself so good a reputation. There is but one conclusion left; he did it by being master of himself. It is this that leads us to believe that Shakespeare possessed a wonderful will, a plodding perseverance which would not be balked by any force brought to bear upon it.

But Shakespeare was capable of looking upon the comic as well as the tragic side of life. He possessed an inexhaustible supply of humor.

His wit is sometimes hard to see; the point is often very finely drawn but, when we finally do catch the meaning we are struck by the subtle humor of it all.

In conclusion we add that there was, is, and will be but one Shakespeare.

AIM LOW.

It is a wholesome fact that the 19th century method of approaching a so-called truism puts it on its defense. But there is danger, in this very method, of assuming untenable conclusions.

The writer has read with interest in the MIRROR of February 10, an article called "Aim High." Its author has attacked with wit and spirit several old saws.

No doubt there is exaggeration in—"nothing is impossible to him who wills." But this is no argument against aiming high; much less an argument to aim low.

Does aiming high spoil "good servants?" Our friend says it does and he offers in proof that "their spirit will not submit to being 'bossed.'" Notice carefully his assumption here i. e. that good service is submission to being "bossed." It is sufficient to say in answer that no true man submits willingly to being "bossed" and that a good servant never needs to be "bossed."

Aiming high, when coupled with at least a common school education which our friend grants makes the best possible servant because it makes the best possible man or woman. Edison was one of the best operators or servants the Western Union people ever had—I presume our friend will admit that his aim was not very low. It is a high aim to be the very best possible workman in your line, and to outgrow your present limitations as soon as you can fit yourself to do so. The college student or business man who works on a more indifferent principle than this seldom amounts to much.

It may or may not be aiming high, to aim at woman's rights or the Presidency. Our friend brands both as high aims.

Our friend says "the lives of great men all remind us they have made their lives sublime, but it is no assurance that we can make our lives like their's." Ah! No,—We may not make our lives exactly like their's—a man is not great, as a man, if he gives up his individualism and becomes an exact copy of some one else. But lives of great men do remind us that in our sphere we can win true greatness and sublimity.

I wonder if fame and honor from the world at large are the *only* foot prints on the sands of time? I wonder if time does not go on within the "native village," outside of which some names are never heard? I wonder if no sublime lives have made prints on both time and eternity, in this very village of Lewisburg whom the outside world has never known? I wonder if we are not unconsciously breathing vital influences in this very town, in which are prints left by those whose names are long since forgotten?

No! the poet did not make a mistake, he knew the depth of what he spoke.

Those who aim high may not fully reach their aim, but those who aim low will surely never rise above their own level.

VINCENT B. FISK.

SONG BOOK.

The University Song book which has been under way for nearly a year is gradually nearing completion. Three fourths of the material has already gone to press and April 1 will find it ready for distribution. This is to be no April Fool as the date might indicate. The book is a future reality. The song book will contain about thirty *new* songs together with certain old pieces which have claimed a place in the heart of every college man, making in toto a book (octavo form) of fifty pages more or less.

The character of the music may be indicated by the names of some of the composers: Dr. Lowry, well known to every Bucknell man, Dr. Doane, a composer of ability, Dr. Johnson of Crozer Theological Seminary, Prof. Stanley of University of Michigan and many others of ability have assisted in this work. Equally important is the assistance received from those furnishing suitable words.

The aim of the board of editors has been to secure songs which will be sung by all. How far they have succeeded in this particular, time alone can tell--they trust that some may outlive the mere novelty of their newness, but they are not so sanguine as to hope that all will do this. Some are bound to die and they shall be satisfied if a few shall remain to be a nucleus for future publications. In attempting the publication of a Bucknell Song Book, the board realizes that they lay themselves open to the criticism of incompetency. They claim no superior ability; but some one had to take the matter in hand. In presenting the Bucknell Song Book, the board feel that they have a right to claim the support of every loyal wearer of the orange and blue. They expect criticism in their work, but remember, that no selfish interests have prompted them to spend much time in the preparation of the books; every student should be willing to purchase at least one copy and thus testify as to your appreciation of the effort put forth by the editors. W. M. BUNNELL, Ed-in-C.

* * *

ATHLETICS.

The schedule of the basket ball team is as follows:

February 27, Williamsport Y. M. C. A., at Williamsport.
March 5, State, at Lewisburg.
March 12, State, at State College.
March 20, U. of P., at Philadelphia.
March 27, All Pittsburg, at Pittsburg.
March 29, Western U. of P., at Pittsburg.
March 30, Geneva College, at Beaver Falls.
March 31, Mount Union College, at Alliance.
April 1, Cleveland Y. M. C. A., at Cleveland.

BUCKNELL DEFEATS U. OF P.

A large audience saw Bucknell defeat the University of Pennsylvania basket ball team in the Gymnasium, on Saturday evening, February 6. It was an interesting game, and a clean one, there being only one foul called in the whole game. For the first seven minutes neither side had much advantage. Then, by a succession of rapid passes, the ball was handed to Weymouth who threw the first goal. After eight minutes of play, during which Bucknell's defensive work was especially good, Weymouth lifted the ball into the basket for Bucknell's second goal. In two minutes after this, her third was thrown by Bevan. The ball was in play but a short time when Weymouth again placed it in Penn's basket. The half closed with the score: Bucknell, 8; U. of P., 0.

Fifteen seconds after the second half began, Deloffu threw U. of P's first goal. The electric lights went out several times during this half, the game thus being delayed. During the intervals of light, Milligan threw a clever goal for U. of P., and Mulkie, by skillfully bouncing and rolling the ball, carried it the length of the floor and threw the most difficult goal of the game. Neither team was able to score again. The game closed with the score: Bucknell, 10; U. of P., 4. Deloffu and Stewart played well for U. of P. It would not be fair to make especial mention of any of the Bucknell players, since the play of the entire team was fast and brilliant throughout the whole game. The line-up:

U. OF P.		BUCKNELL.
Deloffu, - - - - -	attack	- - - - - - Mulkie,
Milligan, - - - - -		- - - - - - Smith.
Schrack, - - - - -	centre	- - - Weymouth.
Stewart, - - - - -	defence	- - - - Catterall,
Buckley, - - - - -		- - - - - Bevan.

Goal from field, Weymouth 3, Bevan, Mulkie. Referee, D. H. Elliott, Bucknell. Umpire, E. M. Abbot, U. of P. Time-keeper, E. W. Cober, Bucknell. Time, twenty minute halves.

It was a cause of much disappointment to all present at the game with U. of P. that the reception, which was to be held at the close of the game, was prevented by the lights going out.

Wassel has been elected captain of the second team, Warren having resigned.

The conscientious work in practice being done by the basket ball team calls for the heartiest approval. The victory over U. of P. is an earnest of what may be expected when the team makes its trip West during the Spring recess.

The prospects of a winning baseball team are bright. Captain Mulkie has eighteen men at work in the cage. Of this number, five held positions on last year's team.

Bucknell has been invited to participate in the relay races under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, on April 24. Dickinson, Gettysburg, Franklin and Marshall and Bucknell are classed together. The most prominent schools of every grade in the East will send teams. The results will be eagerly watched for all over the country. Let Bucknell's name appear in the list of winners. To this end every man who is able should start in training for the team, and, when the athletic director is ready to take the men in charge, should present himself as a candidate. All who are interested in Bucknell's athletic standing can help by giving their moral and financial support.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At a recent meeting of the State Board of Health Nelson F. Davis was appointed Assistant Bacteriologist.

(Dr. P. in Literature class just before calling roll) "What fools we mortals be: Allen, Ballentine, Conover, etc., etc." To whom did the quotation apply?

Dr. Perrine delivered the "Founders Day" oration at Peddie Institute, Heightstown, N. J., on Friday, February 12. In the evening he presided at the annual banquet.

The *Union Signal* the national organ of the W. C. T. U. in its issue of February 11, contains a clipping, from the *Baptist Standard*, on the subject of "prayer" by President Harris.

At the local election on Tuesday, February 16, Registrar Gretzinger was re-elected a member of the Lewisburg Town Council having been nominated on both the Republican and Democratic tickets.

On account of an insufficient supply of gas, the electric dynamo failed to furnish light in the gymnasium during the game of basket ball between U. of P. and Bucknell. The game was thus prolonged.

At the regular meeting of the Mirror Association, held February 6, the following editors were elected: Seniors, Kunkle and Sprague; Juniors, Wiltbank and Diggs; Sophomore, Nesbit; Freshman, Strayer. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Koch; Vice Pres., Hague; Sec., C. E. Bunnell; Business Manager, Davis.

A number of the boys and girls from the University had a very enjoyable sledride to Milton on Saturday evening, February 13. They spent a very pleasant evening at the home of the Hills where they were agreeably entertained by Mrs. Leslie a missionary from Africa.

Prof. (in Physics)—"If you were gigging for a fish where would you aim?"

L— "Behind it.

Prof. — "Suppose it is a large fish what part of its body would you scrape?"

L— "Its tail."

The last issue of "The University of Chicago Record" says that Ralph Charles Henry Catterall (Bucknell '91) has been accepted as a candidate for the degree Ph. D. and Mary B. Harris (Bucknell '94) for the A. M. This means practically the examinations and the degree in the near future. Congratulations!

Dr. Perrine has introduced a noval plan for the class in Economics. The class is divided into groups, each group taking up for discussion and study some topic in economics. Each individual in the several groups will then prepare a thesis upon some phase of the question which was under discussion in their particular circle.

"The unexpected Freshman Banquet always happens." Thus soliloquized a member of the Sophomore class on February 9. "And all because we expected too little of them." Indeed such was the case. The class of '99 had solemnly vowed that the Freshmen should not get away to their banquet. They posted sentinels, watched class meetings, followed Freshmen, were guyed by the class of 1900, and yet in spite of all this the Freshmen left Lewisburg *in broad day light* and the Sophs knew it not. The consciousness of the surprise and chagrin of their enemies added pleasure to the feast which the Century Class enjoyed at the Hotel Haag in Milton, on the evening of February 8. The presence of the Sophs, during the evening showed very clearly that they were anxious to learn how a banquet should be conducted and for that reason it is to be regretted that they did not get near enough to the banquet hall to see or even hear anything whereby they might have profited. The banquet was declared a success in every respect by each of the forty Freshmen present and will appear in history as the first triumph of the class of 1900.

A throng of students, kitchen window, female pugilist, dish water, chicken salad, front window, clubs and defeat is the epitomized account of the Sophomore banquet held at the Cameron House, Lewisburg, on the night of February 4. The arrangements of the symposium were effected so secretly and the time and place suppressed so perfectly that the Sophomores eluded the vigilance and escaped the detection of the Freshmen, who only became aware of the feast after the completion of the second course of the menu—about 12 o'clock. Shortly after midnight a crowd of Freshmen attempted to enter the banquet hall by way of the kitchen window, but the employees of the cuisine prevented them by virtue of feminine fists and by dint of chicken salad and dish water which they threw into their faces. Then an assault was made on the front windows, but again failure resulted, owing to the efficient manner with which the proprietor and clerks handled good, stout clubs. As a final resort, a generator of H_2S was placed at the window, the person presuming that the odor would be of more avail than mere physical force to accomplish their purpose, but this device also proved futile, as it was immediately seized by one of the banqueters. It was toward morning when the gathering disbanded with the perfect assurance that the occasion could not have been more replete with merriment.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

The class of '98 has elected the following officers: President, Miss Virginia Noyes; Vice President, Miss Manetta Anderson; Secretary, Miss Edith Phillips; Treasurer, Miss Katherine Johnson.

Miss Minnie Morris, Ex-'97, is now taking the course of study at Newton Centre, Mass. Miss Morris intends to graduate from the training school in June when she will begin her work in the foreign field.

Through the kindness of Dr. Hoffa, his son Sidney of the Academy, entertained, at his home in Washingtonville, a number of his friends among whom were some of the Institute girls. The tables were loaded with the best the land affords and the guests will long remember the gracious hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Hoffa.

The talk which Mr. Phillips gave at the regular Y. W. C. A. prayer meeting, February 9, on the prayers of Christ as recorded in the Gospel of Luke, was spiritually earnest and helpful, and gave the girls a fuller realization of what should be that "effectual fervent prayer" which "availeth much." If any thing may be judged from the zest with which the girls entered into the singing, the new books which were used for the first time, added much to the enjoyment of the meeting.

A most delightful reception was given by Mrs. Larison, Saturday, February 6, from four until six to the U. of P. and Bucknell basket ball teams. Among the tasteful decorations of the parlors and the school-room the red and blue and the orange and the blue were conspicuous. Sherbet and wafers were served by the young ladies. All evidently were loathe to leave, as many lingered until long after the tea-bell had sounded.

The Ian Maclaren meeting of the Lewisburg Alumnae Club was more than usually interesting. The program rendered was as follows:

Music	Dr. Aviraguet.
Critique on Dr. Watson	Mrs. J. T. Judd.
The teachings of Dr. Watson	Mrs. A. B. Stewart.
Music—Quartette	Misses Walls & Goddard, Messrs. Bunnell & Meeker.
Review of the Mind of the Master	Miss Katherine P. Baker.
Music—Vocal Solo	Miss Irene Walls.
Readings—Selections from Ian Maclaren	Mrs. Martha Wolfe.

The critiques were all worthy of insertion in the Forum or Review of Reviews.

ACADEMY NEWS.

Cat stealing seems to be contageous. One of our boys was recently relieved of his feline pet by some party who knows not when to respect the rights of others.

The recent drive to Washingtonville terminated in the serious disaster of losing a blanket from one of the carriages. It cannot be accounted for in any other way than that the boys were otherwise engaged at the time.

Dr. Stephens was a visitor at the Y. M. C. A. meeting on February 9, and gave a very interesting and instructive talk to the students. On February 16, Prof. Hulley had charge of the meeting and presented the need of Bible study.

The Academy was represented at the Y. M. C. A. convention at Reading by Messrs. Shields, Earl, Rowe and Ranck.

The students have commenced to take an interest in spring sports. Many of the boys are working hard in the gymnasium. It is to be hoped that we can make a good showing at the Interscholastic Meet.

The boys took advantage of the recent snow by going sleighing. A jolly party went out for a lark on Monday evening, February 15.

The "Preps" were very much incensed at the treatment of their Proctor on the night of the Freshman banquet. They turned out in full force to see that no harm befell him.

Members and ex-members of Hermania Literary Society entertained their lady friends on Friday evening, February 12. It was entitled "An Evening with Flowers." The office was prettily decorated with red and white, the society's colors. After spending some time in guessing the names of flowers, refreshments were served. All report having a pleasant time.

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PERSONALS.

In view of the fact that the interest of the students and Alumni, especially, is not what it ought to be toward our college publications, we have decided to look up and make mention of the doings and whereabouts of each living member of Bucknell's Alumni and Matriculates as near as this will be possible.

A start will be made with the class of '51 and each succeeding one will be taken up in order, to the present year.

Since there is a certain necessary delay at first in correspondence, it is hoped the subscribers will not be discouraged if the first one or two issues are lacking in this department. [EDITORS.]

'51. Rev. John M. Lyons is one of the three surviving members of the first class graduated from the University. He is the only remaining minister of the class, and is still preaching, being pastor of the Baptist Church at Richland, N. J.

'61. O. W. Spratt, Esq., has been elected Treasurer of the Penna. Baptist Education Society.

'64. Rev. T. A. K. Gessler, D. D., has resigned the pastorate of the Grace Baptist Church, New York City.

Ex-'65. Thos. J. Baldrige has taken his father's practice and is not practising law in Blair county.

'66 and '65, Inst. Mrs. Judge Dean and her sister Miss Clara Bell are spending the winter in Philadelphia at the Bartean. Judge Dean is Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

'69. Judge Martin Bell, of Hollidaysburg, is now in his fourth year as Judge of Blair Co., Pa.

'70. Rev. C. J. Hallowell has been called to supply the First Baptist Church, Duluth, Minn., until May 1.

'83. Rev. A. W. Hand, of Keene, N. H., has declined the call of the First Baptist Church of Salem, N. J., but has accepted a call to Putnam, Conn.

'84. Howard H. Baldrige is District Attorney at Omaha, Neb.

Ex-'88. Rev. P. F. Delancey, of Waynesburg, Pa. has declined a call extended to him by the Baptist Church at Wilkinsburg, Pa.

'89. Rev. Chas. A. Walker is now located at Bellwood.

Ex-'89. Rev. John Skym has succeeded in clearing the debt on the Baptist Church at Lansford.

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EXCHANGE.

John D. Rockefeller has been made an honorary member of the University Convocation of the University of Chicago. This is the highest honor within the gift of the University.—*The Holcad.*

An International University catalogue is published at Strassburg, Germany, of which the sixth volume has just appeared. It is a book of over one thousand pages and contains the names of practically every scholar or academic officer in the world.—*The Madisonian.*

THE MIRROR is on file at the editorial rooms of the *University Review*, 236 Fifth Avenue, New York, where all college men are given a hearty welcome.

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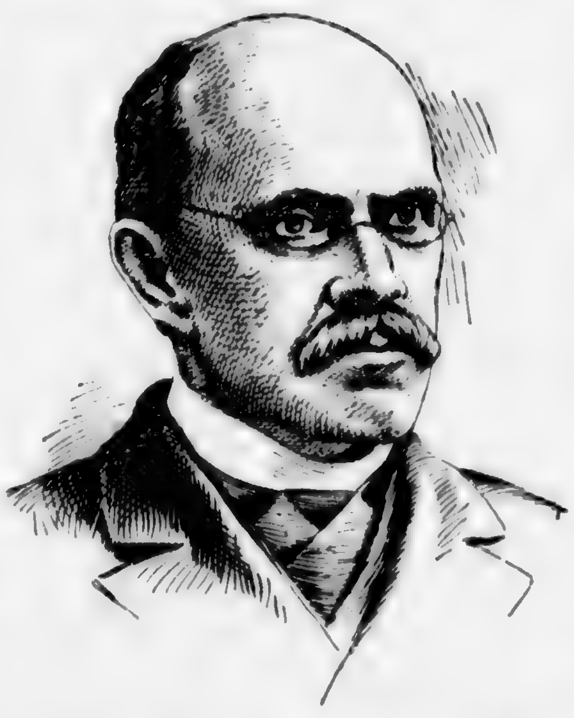
BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XVI. Lewisburg, Pa., March 10, 1897. No. 10.

DEATH OF CAPT. J. MERRILL LINN.

Captain James Merrill Linn, an honored and esteemed Alumnus of Bucknell, died suddenly at his home in Lewisburg, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 23, from paralysis of the heart. The death of Capt. Linn removes another living member from the first class, that of 1851, graduated from this institution ; the remaining members being Rev. J. M. Lyons, of Richland, N. J., and Henry Pomerene, of Philadelphia.

Capt. Linn has always maintained an intense and loyal interest in the affairs of the University. He has used his voice and pen on many occasions in behalf of *Alma Mater*, and he has frequently written articles for the Mirror on the early history of the University.



Mr. Linn was the third son of James Fleming and Margaret Irvin Linn, late of Lewisburg, dec'd. He was born Oct. 17, 1833, hence his age is 63 years, 4 months and 6 days. His early education was at the Lewisburg Academy. When the first session of the University commenced, in Sept., 1846, he entered what was then called the senior academic class. The next year he entered college and graduated Aug. 26, 1851, with the salutatory, being not quite eighteen years of age. Mr. Linn was a member of the Pa. Gamma Chapter of the Phi Kappa Psi, and during the early history of the chapter he took an active interest in its affairs. In 1853 he went to Lancaster to read law with James Black, a former student of his father. The same year he was appointed a tutor in Franklin and Marshall college in that city, teaching Greek and Latin. He returned to Lewisburg and was admitted to the bar in Sept., 1854. For six months he practiced in Phœnixville ; then returned to Lewisburg, and in 1858 he became a partner of his father under the firm name of J. F. & J. M. Linn. When the war broke out and the call for 75,000 troops was issued he was at a lawsuit in Snyder county. The suit came to an end at once, when he hastened home, enlisted and served as Second Lieutenant in Co. G, 4th Regt. Pa. Vol., for three months. Then he aided in recruiting a company, of which he was commissioned Captain, Co. H, 51st Regt. Pa. Vol., in which he served from Nov. 1861, until April 14, 1864, when he resigned on account of greatly impaired health. During his last enlistment he served as a staff officer a considerable part of the time, and particularly as judge advocate of the division, on account of his legal training and equipment. After his return from service it was several years before he could resume his profession. His father dying in 1869, he entered into partnership with Andrew H. Dill, which continued for ten years. The partnership then dissolved, when he practiced his profession alone. On Dec. 26, 1867, he and Mary Ellen, eldest daughter of Philip Billmyer, were married. They have one son, Philip Billmyer. Linn, Esq., who was associated with his father in the practice of the law. Surviving him are the wife and son, and his brother, Hon. John Blair Linn, of Bellefonte, and a sister, Mrs. John S. Angle, of Stafford.

A LETTER FROM KEYSTONE.

Mr. Editor:—Your request for a brief article on the main features of life at Keystone came a few days ago. The subject is a pleasant one, and yet difficult, in that you require brevity.

Geographically the Academy is situated sixteen miles North of Scranton on the main line of the D. L. & W. railroad. A branch of the Tunkhannock creek, locally called Nokomis, skirts the foot of the hill on which the buildings stand and hurries on through the boro of Factoryville, hard by the school. The Academy is placed in a grove of twenty acres and consists of a cottage dormitory for boys, a brick hall for girls, containing the general dining-room, and a large main building, containing the library, gymnasium, recitation rooms and additional dormitories for boys. All the buildings are heated by steam and supplied from an unfailing spring with the purest water.

The usual courses are given, special attention being paid to the classical, scientific and business branches. The Academy has a well stocked library and a good reflecting telescope.

Affairs of a special nature receive much attention. There are frequent entertainments at the school and in town, numerous socials, banquets and suppers. Two societies keep up a lively interest in parliamentary and library work.

The religious exercises of the school are well attended. Tuesday afternoon nearly all the students gather for services under the auspices of the Young Women's and Young Men's Christian Associations. There is a large prayer circle conveniently divided. The churches in the neighboring town are well attended on Sunday at the various services. It is a common saying among those who have been students at the Academy, that the moral influences of the school are remarkable. The towns people are noted for the purity of their lives and so the students who meet them are much benefited.

During the past few years there has been a gradual developement of athletic spirit among the students. They have supported teams in most departments of athletics. Base ball has attracted much attention every Spring when the natural grand stand, similar to that at Bucknell, is lined with spectators twice a week. Field and track work occupied one end of the ahtletic field while the base ball practice was going on at the other, so that the ground presented a lively appearance. The base ball club generally defeats the principal clubs of Wyoming County, with which there is great rivalry. Last season the Academy sent out its first athletic team. Several prizes were won in competition with the best talent of the Central New York high schools and academies. In foot ball Keystone has an enviable record—this year especially. Every game last Fall was a victory, and only once was the goal line crossed by any opposing team. The students felt much elated, for the teams had always to meet older and heavier opponents, and yet victory came. The reasons of course are easy to find. There is present among the students a great deal of true school spirit. Loyalty to the interests of the Academy, enthusiasm for all that pertains to its welfare, and a genuine desire to keep their foster mother in the front rank, all these are felt by each student and are encouraged by a devoted faculty.

AFTER FORTY YEARS.

[The following appeared February 25, 1897, in the *Morning Journal* printed at Dover, N. J., and is from the pen of David Spencer, D. D. The paper referred to in the article below is the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, and the manager, M. W. MacAlarney.]

Among our exchanges there comes to our office a wide-awake and up-to-date paper. It is published at the Capital of a neighboring State. The name of the manager of the publishing company which issues it seemed very familiar to us. The initials and name seemed like those of one known in college days, and they called up many pleasant memories of recitation room scenes, ball games, the climbing of college hill together, literarary society experiences and many other matters of forty years ago. Daily the paper has come to our sanctum, and daily we have asked the question, "wonder if this is our old school mate?"

The other day we concluded to solve the mystery and wrote the party. The reply comes back this week and says : "The same one who was in the University at Lewisburg in the fifties, and remember you very distinctly. Very glad to hear from you, and hope you are doing well."

The companionships and friendships of school days were never forgotten. Forty years ago, with the above, we met each day on the campus or in the class room. Our paths have diverged, we had lost track of each other, and yet, after all these years, a question brings the answer, and the old fire of interest shows the common touch of a fellowship formed in college life that neither distance, time nor separation can annihilate. Our old friend has worked his way up grandly. Congratulations, good cheer and best wishes are gladly tendered, not from the dear old college hill we climbed together, but from the hill of life, whose meridian height, so far as age is concerned, we have doubtless reached, and for the ascent of which we were both fitted in the same class rooms. Could we see you and the boys of '57, you and they would find that while we are beginning to wear the grey, our heart beat and hand grasp are just as strong and warm as they were when we used to meet forty years ago. The years have wrought their changes. With one or two exceptions, the presidents and professors of those days sleep their long last sleep. The dull, cold ear of death prevents many of "the boys" from hearing again the then familiar tones of "the old college bell." But could all the boys of '57 gather upon the old campus, what stories they could tell ! The flow of soul would almost make unnecessary for the time at least the feast of reason.

BUCKNELL'S MICROSCOPIST.

Recently, the subscriber has come into possession of a lot of finished material from the microscopcial laboratories of two of the oldest and richest Universities in America. The material was prepared by and under the direction of teachers of world wide reputation. The methods of these teachers were employed, and the products show the results of their methods. On careful examination this material is found to be practically written for class use. It is prepared under antiquated methods. Compared with the work turned out by Instructor Nelson F. Davis it is of no value whatever to Buckuell students. This note is written that students and friends of the University may know that they have in their midst a man who has developed a marked aptitude in microscopical tecnique and research, and who is at the present moment capable of doing work superior to that done in leading Universities. The work done in the Bucknell laboratories in Histology, Embryology and microscopical methods under the direction of Mr. Davis, compares more than favorably with that done in other Institutions.

If Instructor Davis has not been known at home, his work has been recognized at a distance. The Pennsylvania State Board of Health has made him an Assistant Bacteriologist to the Board. Michigan University has offered him the position of Assistant to the Professor of Histology, and he has been made instructor in Bacteriology at the summer school of science at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., in the medical preparatory work. Mr. Davis has been an invaluable assistant, and students will discover when they enter the medical school, that his work and methods are not inferior to the best there offered.

G. G. GROFF.

ECHOES FROM THE INSTITUTE LITERATURE CLASS.

Walking along the highway, we may often see the street lamps burning in broad daylight. We pass them with scarcely a thought, but we will welcome their rays a few hours hence when we will not be able to take our steps with the same confidence.

Chaucer's works are like lights shining out of a dark age. Standing within the range of their radiance, we may see the customs and the character of the period.

Still, Chaucer was a man for all time. Reaching into the past for plots, he used them to express his own ideas. Improving upon the old legends, he gave them a perpetual beauty. Boccacio would never have used his own plan, originated in Decamerone, with the same success, for he was like the child who has found a valuable tool and knows not how to use it. Speaking of Chaucer, Lowell said, "Wherever he found anything directed to Goeffry Chaucer, he took it and made the most of it." A Chaucer or a Shakespeare must express a thought before we may see all there is in it.

Chaucer was one of those rare characters who touched life everywhere and spoke with confidence. He took many sayings and proved them from his own experience.

Perhaps he is at fault in not using his powers as a reformer, being contented to take life with "buxomnesse." His poem "Good Counseil" is good counsel for people of tastes like his own. It would not help every man.

The "Nonne Prestes Tale" is one of those humorous fancies which bring the sleepy man out of his dreamy consciouness with a laugh, and keep him awake with a stern warning; he must not be conceited. There are many sly foxes who can catch him, even when he is most sure of his safety, and remind him that all this world's fools are not dead yet.

In that inimitable prologue to the Canterbury Tales, Chaucer shows a knowledge of men, and women, too, which is not biased by outward appearances. He does not see the cassock and cowl and decide that they cover a priest. He understands the *man* immediately. With an eye that would make a lawyer's reputation, he discovers all deception. Perhaps he feels indignant, but his own inclinations, so nicely expressed—"*Peyne thee not eche croked to redresse*," overcome him, and he laughs in spite of himself. But his laugh does not teach us to respect the fat friar.

Chaucer can teach us more in a laugh than Dryden in a sober moment, for back of the laugh is *his character*.

One of the most striking qualities of Chaucer's writings is his comprehensive knowledge of human nature. His life as a soldier, ambassador, Controller of Customs and Member of Parliament, gave him the opportunity to study "all sorts and conditions of men." The gift of insight into character does not seem in the least to have saddened him. He accepts the good with the bad and faithfully describes both, only showing us by his gentle ridicule, his perception of the defects and vanities of his fellow men. He does not attempt, in an impassioned way, to right all the wrong he sees, but concludes that he will not, as he says in "Good Counseil:" "Peyne him not *eche* croked to redresse."

In the Prologue, we have a perfect picture of the dress and customs of the fourteenth century. With a careful pen, he draws the portrait of each pilgrim, leaving out nothing which would help to make a speaking likeness. "What a beautiful ideal of the country priest he gives in the character of the "poure Persoun!" But it is more than an ideal; it is the vivid description of the life of a heroic man whom Chaucer deeply reverenced. The knight, another fine character, personifies the type of true bravery united with gentleness and tenderness. As Victor Hugo says: "When both are sincere and good, no men so penetrate each other, as an old priest and an old soldier. At bottom the man is the same. The one has devoted himself to his country here below, the other to his country on high; that is the only difference."

And so the priest and the knight exemplify moral and physical bravery; the one in the conflict with the physical power, death; and the other with spiritual power, sin.

In the "Nonne Prestes Tale" Chaucer's delicious humor appears. Chaunticleer and Dame Pertelote are quaintly amusing. Chaucer has noted the ways of the inhabitants of the hennery. He contrives to give Chaunticleer and Dame Pertelote something of the controversial spirit attributed to husband and wife. Ascribing to these feathered folk the qualities belonging to the "lords of creation," is diverting from its very incongruity.

These three selections from Chaucer's writings give us many glimpses of the man himself —his sympathy, humor and reverence for true sincerity and simplicity.

'98 L'AGENDA.

The tenth annual edition of L'Agenda is now in course of preparation, and we are proffered the use of these columns to make our *apologia* (using the word with the meaning of Socrates). For no apology is needed in presenting a publication which stands alone in its opportunity to reproduce and record faithfully the events of the present year of Bucknell's active life ; for truly the days, and nights as well, are being filled with events which must not be permitted to go "unhonored and unsung."

Few of our friends, however, even among the students of the university (excepting, of course, our Senior brothers and sisters), have an adequate conception of the amount of labor required to successfully edit and distribute an edition of L'Agenda.

The board of editors, consisting of eleven members elected from the Junior class, have been actively at work for many weeks already upon their several departments. The literary editors are busy recording events of importance and common interest, and, with the aid of pen and ink, paste pot and brains, will reproduce them in striking and attractive form.

The board congratulates itself upon having as artist member Mr. F. C. Katherman, whose skill in designing and etching is amply evident in the large number of drawings already executed. To him we are therefore indebted for the excellence which we can safely promise for this feature of the book. We propose that the designing shall be wholly original, including that for the cover, and will all be done by the members of '98, except the page devoted to the Art Dept. of the Institute. This page will be designed and managed by the members of the studio, and will therefore, we are sure, be a model of taste.

But all this costs money ; '97 will affirm the statement, and our energetic business manager, Mr. H. L. Purdy, is using every effort to secure the $700 to $800 needed to publish the edition. The necessary co-operation of the student body is being heartily given, and we intend that the character of '98's annual shall prove that their confidence is not misplaced. Being aware that

"'Tis not in mortal to command success,
We will do more—deserve it !"

Some of the new departures we desire to keep secret until the book is published, others, however, we may mention at this point : In the first place, there are changes in proportion and arrangement which we think will meet with favor ; notably in the abridgement of space heretofore devoted to eating clubs, the creation of a department of religious work, and variation of details in departments of classes and fraternities ; also the amount of literary work of every appropriate style will be largely increased, and no time or effort is being spared to make the details as varied and attractive as possible.

A complete index to the respective departments and subjects will avoid the confusion which has heretofore been a source of criticism. A notice of the principal features of Bucknell's 50th anniversary commencement, including class day of '96, we think quite worthy of record.

We may not omit to add that our honored President will describe in his well known style "My Ideal Student,"—an article which will be read carefully and often by very many desiring to know and copy the safe ideal therein presented.

The work will be dedicated to the memory of the late Prof. F. W. Tustin, of the college, whose long term of earnest service, and lamented death, is fresh in the minds of many friends of the institution.

We think it wise to limit the edition sufficiently to make sure of its sale promptly. We are not unmindful, however, of the apparent unusual interest and expectancy that awaits the issue of the annual, and take pleasure in announcing May 1st as the date of the publication. This interest is indeed gratifying, and we are preparing to produce a book that will be a real satitfaction to every one who is fortunate enough to secure a copy of "L'Agenda '98."

E. H. DUTTON, Editor in Chief.

An honest man who says Yes or No, deserves to be believed ; his character swears for him.

THE SENIORS AND CLASS FIGHTS.

Shall the Seniors take a hand in class fights? This seems to be a much mooted problem in college ethics, especially when debated from the student stand-point, but when considered by the Alumni and friends of the institution the answer naturally and forcibly comes back in the shape of an emphatic "No." If the Senior class of a college is to have any share at all in a class "scrap," then it would rather be as "preventer" than as "promoter." Heretofore it has frequently been the custom to select a committee from the Senior class to act as an arbitration board to settle disputed points between the lower classes on certain occasions. But, now that class fights are "going out of style," it should behoove the Seniors to neither act as "promoters" or "arbiters," but as "preventers," when such fights are being promulgated by excitable under-classmen. This function is accorded them by reason of their position in the college community; by reason of the dignity accorded to members of the graduating class; and, by reason of the moral influence which they, as natural leaders, and as matured college men, should exert on the lower classes.

It is greatly to be regretted that certain members of the present Senior class at Bucknell, as rumored—a class known for stability, character and scholarship—encouraged the recent escapades between the Sophomore and Freshman classes. A few of the Seniors encouraged the class by word of mouth, "Just for a little fun," they said; whilst others, whose deportment during their entire college course was such that better things were expected of them, looked on and thereby gave silent encouragement.

Let the Senior classes at Bucknell, hereafter, establish the precedent and create the prestige of non-participation either by word or presence in class fights. A SUBSCRIBER.

MY FIRST BALLOT.

Probably most of the youth of the land look forward to the casting of their first vote as one of the important events in their career, when citizenship becomes a real and vital privilege.

Having arrived at that age of majority, I anticipated Nov. 2, 1896 with no little anxiety; in fact many sleepless nights were spent thinking of the coming election, and for whom and for what my first ballot should be cast; whether it would be cast for the Gold-bugs and Protection, the Silver Anarchist and Free Trade or whether the Cold Water Sentiment should flood my undeveloped political opinions and form the basis of my action.

Having come to a decision and having aired it considerably, with the necessary pass in my possession and after spending several long hours riding upon smoky and disagreeable passenger trains which form the rapid transit between Lewisburg and Honeydale, I at last arrived at my home. Dagoes, Irish and Dutch all gave me a warm welcome in terms such as these: "For the good of all the country, the farmers, the pumpkin and squash crop," and "The laboring man's salvation lies in to-morrow's election."

Spending a quiet night visiting my old retreat, Mike O'Dares' Den, early in the morning, after partaking of a light breakfast, I, along with my venerable pater, wended my way to the polls. There a conglomerate mass of voters, tax-collectors, saloon keepers and election officials viewed me, some with a beam of pleasure in their eyes, others, knowing my sentiments, with a look of disgust and disappointment.

My turn coming on, I, with a feeling of self-importance, proceeded to take the oath. When I came to the phrase "over twenty-one and under twenty-two," I fainted, excused myself, walked out and said "Damn! Why was I born a year too early? How is it that everything goes wrong? Fate decreed that I shall not vote! Shall my voice, that of an American citizen, be as naught?" Such great and momentous questions as these went fleeting through my mind, and then another, "A property owner and tax payer not to vote?" "Is it possible?" "I'll vote yet." So gathering together my tax receipts, deeds, with my pater and a lawyer, I again tried my luck. Age was set aside, and legal understanding, justice and right, were put in its place. Then a second time I took an oath, but of a different kind.

Receiving what appeared to be a newspaper, and spending about an hour in the stall deciding *how* to vote, I, without any more hesitation, cast my ballot. Like a young Spartan fresh from some great victory, I again went out, but this time not an oath fell from my lips, but thoughts as these went through my mind: "The potato crop is assured, the pumpkins will grow, my country is saved. A voter who has done his duty."

The rest of the day was spent in roaming about the town. As soon as darkness came on, the whole town became excited. Long before ten o'clock reports were heard, some saying "Immense majorities for McKinley !", others for Bryan, and some had the nerve to suggest that the Prohibitionists had won. These were of that fraternity of beings who had imbibed too freely in The Indian's Fire Water or the Dago's Bolinke.

Later, during the night, the result was declared favorable for McKinley, being of the opinion that Protection and Gold were the requirements of the day, I felt highly elated. My first vote had been cast on the winning side.

SIDE PLAY IN CLASS.

"To-day." began Prof., "we take up the Psalms. First as to their setting: Mr. A, "What was the condition of the people ?"

A recited, (*deserves special mention.*)

* * * * *

B tried to listen, but thoughts somehow *will* wander.

"The Hebrews were"—*sleighing—gorgeous morn,*—"A conservative people"—*cold, oh no !* —"Situated near together they could easily go to Jerusalem"—

* * * * *

That was the last he heard of the Hebrews.

"*Pretty fine, wonder if it will last till to-morrow night. Yes, I'll see you before class—"Enjoyed it immensely."—"Go to-morrow ? Oh do you think ?*"

* * * * *

B awakes with a start, rubbing his eyes.

"Let up, will you."

A laughed—and so did the rest.

Prof. "If the class will listen more attent"—

EXCHANGES.

The Pharetra, the publication issued by the young women of Wilson College, is neat in form and well edited. Its February number is a model.

The Perkiomen Seminary Bulletin of Feb. 20, prints extracts of Dr. Evans' oration before the Bucknell Alumni in June last. The quotation is from the MIRROR. We thank our contemporary for thus aiding us in giving a wide circulation to the points in so scholarly and instructive a production.

The present speaker of the Japan House of Representatives graduated from the Yale Law School in 1879.—*Ex.*

The Messenger of Richmond College contains charter sketches of Prof. H. H. Harris whose recent death has taken from the field of labor one of the most eminent and best known of Southern Baptists. These sketches are from the pens of eminent men.

Most of our exchanges are well worth reading by the student body. They help us to live and move in a wider College world.

The Villanova Monthly has a thoughtful article on the change of our National Administration. True patriotism !

The Irving Sketch-Book is one of the literary gems among our Exchanges. The young ladies who publish it know what such a periodical should be.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

He upon Highlands and law upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rode out on a day.
Saddled and Bridled and gallant rade he ;
Home com' his horse, but never com' he.

Out come his auld mother, weeping fu' sair ;
And out com' his bonnie bride, riving her hair,
Saddled and bridled and booted rade he ;
Toom hame cam' the saddle, but never com' he.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,—

[Wordsworth.]

We should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world saw the motives which cause them.

[La Rochefoucauld.]

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

MARCH 10, 1897.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.00 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIALS.

Beginning with the present issue, Mr. W. L. Kurtz, of the Lewisburg JOURNAL, will have charge of the printing of the MIRROR for the ensuing year. Although the work of the former printer, Mr. Shamp, was very satisfactory, and it is with regret that we leave him, it is hoped and believed that the change will be for the better. New type, increased facilities, and a decrease of one-half in the time required for getting out the paper, are certainly great inducements and cannot fail to be of great advantage in making our paper fresher and more attractive.

We understand that there is a movement on foot in the school to publish a weekly paper, devoted chiefly to athletics and local news. It seems plain to us that the school cannot support two papers—a weekly and a bi-weekly; one or the other will have to go under, or perhaps both. The financial conditions are such that both cannot long exist. The chief complaint of those interested in the other paper was that news, athletic and local news especially, had to be in the hands of the printer so long before the issue came out that everything was very stale when it appeared. This was true, and to remedy it a contract was made with Mr. Kurtz by which the local and athletic columns may be held open until within two days, and if the matter is an important one, within a day and a half or less of the appearance of the issue. This certainly cannot be bettered much. Now it stands to reason that if we divide our strength and try to support two papers, one will have to succumb or else both will be hampered. Why not combine and make the one better, brighter, and more attractive? If it is thought desirable, increase the board of editors and make the MIRROR a weekly paper, but let us not divide our forces. It is fatal to the interests of one of the papers if not of both.

Before our next issue the annual gymnasium exhibition will have taken place. This is a very pleasing part of the athletic exercises at Bucknell and lends zest and interest to the work of the students during the term. The drills this year have been better than usual and more regularly attended. There has been an average of nearly sixty throughout the term. No doubt the offer of the faculty to count two terms of gymnasium work as one honor study is in a great measure responsible for the unflagging interest manifested. We are glad to see so many avail themselves of this opportunity for physical exercise, since gymnasium work is valuable, perhaps more valuable than any other form of athletic exercise, for thorough, systematic, physical development.

It is a lamentable fact that there is so little singing among the College students. It is true that once in a while a few lovers of song will break the monotony and humdrum of every day life by rendering a few selections, or that occasionally a party of friends will gather in a room, and finally, for want of something better, start some of the old familiar songs dear to the hearts and memories of everybody; but college singing, singing in which all feel at liberty and desire to join, anywhere, everywhere, in the halls, on the college steps, the campus, wherever a half dozen students meet, is practically unknown. Perhaps this is partly because there are so few distinctively college songs that we can call our own and that really appeal to our hearts and stir us with a deeper feeling of love and loyalty for our common mother; this need we hope the coming Song Book will supply. But we have the universal college songs, the songs that we have known from childhood, that have ceased to be the property of college men alone, but are dear to the hearts of young people everywhere, because they express the sentiments, the longings, the aspirations of careless, happy, hopeful youth. How often do we hear old men and those most busied with the cares of this life say the happiest and brightest memories of their college days are of the hours they spent with classmates and friends in a very abandonment of careless, happy song! Let us sing! Sing as the bird sings, beeause it cannot help it. We will never regret it.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to call the father of our brother Robert J. Powell, be it

RESOLVED, That we extend to our brother our heartfelt sympathy in his deep bereavement, and be it

RESOLVED, That we commend him to the care of the One who is the Father of us all. Be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the "Bucknell Mirror" and in the "Ridgway Advocate."

E. L. PECK,
C. S. KEENE, } Com.
T. H. SPRAGUE,

COLLEGE NOTES.

The father of E. L. Peck was in town on the 24th ult.

F. C. Ballentine, '99, is wearing a Phi Gamma Delta pin.

Prof. Phillips occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church on the evening of the 28th ult.

The Pi Beta Phi fraternity had their picture taken on the 26th ult., at the Ginter & Cook studio.

Monday Feb. 21, President Harris attended the gathering of College Presidents in Philadelphia.

Messrs. C. A. Weymouth and G. Livingstone-Bayard were in Lock Haven on Washington's Birthday.

B.—(Translating French) "She had the most beautiful head of hair I ever saw, she was bald headed."

Miss Eddleman of the Institute faculty occupied the professor's chair in Biblical Literature class on the 26th ult.

During the late snow, Dutton, Pearse and Morris (1900) with companions from the Institute enjoyed a sleigh (?) ride to Northumberland.

Miss Goddard, '97, Taylor, '97 and Purdy, '99, delivered addresses at a missionary meeting held in Mifflinburg on the evening of the 28th ult.

Judge William M. Ashmead, of Philadelphia, has accepted the invitation to deliver the address to the College graduating class, next commencement.

Prof. Aviragnet, instructor in French, Spanish and Italian, will again be at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua next summer, and will have charge of the Modern Languages.

The new gas engine recently put in the laboratory was furnished by the Pennsylvania Iron Works Co., Philadelphia. It is an eight horse-power engine for operating the dynamo.

Mr. Guy H. Hubbard, Brooklyn, N. Y., was the guest of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity on Washington's Birthday. Mr. Hubbard is the Archon of the first district of the above fraternity.

The Scranton Alumni club, of which Hon. Lemuel Ammerman is President and C. W. Dawson, Esq., Secretary, is arranging to hold a banquet at the Hotel Jermyn, Scranton, very soon.

The '97 girls of the College delightfully entertained their class brothers in the Institute parlors on the evening of Feb. 22. The '97 boys are fortunate in having such loyal and devoted class sisters.

To-morrow evening the Bucknell band, assisted by the School of Music and talent from town, will give a grand band concert and musical in Bucknell Hall. Doors open at 7 o'clock, entertainment to begin at 8. Admission 15 cents.

The following took in the Inaugural Celebration at Washington, D. C., March 4: Davis, '98, Diggs, '98, Hill, '98, Nelson, '97. Hill spent the week with his father. Davis visited his old chum Harland, Ex.-'98.

E. W. Cober, '99, captain of the foot-ball team, has been appointed director of Athletics at the Conneaut Lake Christian Culture Assembly to be held next summer at Conneaut Lake near Meadville. President Harris is one of the lecturers at this assembly.

On Tuesday evening of last week the following Y. M. C. A. officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Chas. W. Harvey; vice president, John J. Anderson; treasurer, E. C. Conover; recording secretary, Chas. E. Hankey; corresponding secretary, R. T. Wiltbank, Jr.

A large attendance is desired at the Monday evening Bible classes. It is to be hoped that all those connected with the several Bible classes, will do their utmost to so arrange their studies and other affairs, that they will not interfere with the members attending their classes. The classes meet at 9 o'clock and any-one is most cordially invited to attend any of the sessions.

The exercises on Washington's Birthday bestowed honors upon Abraham Lincoln. The address, which portrayed Lincoln's literary excellence, was given by Dr. Perrine. Mr. C. A. Lindeman read Lincoln's letter to Greely; J. R. L. Diggs his second Inaugural, and Prof. Phillips his Gettysburg speech. The orchestra by rendering the national airs inspired all with true patriotic devotion.

On Friday evening, Feb. 26, '97, the "L'Agenda" Board of '98 assembled at the home of the editor-in-chief, E. H. Dutton, at 8 p. m. The "grippe" had secured such a tight hold on G. M. Davis, that he could not be present; but the other members showed their appreciation of the repast spread before them. The board—not the "L'Agenda" Board—groaned under its weight of good things. A dainty little menu card, bound with the class colors, gave a list of the edibles. Conversation, witty and courteous, repartee, and, "Please pass the ——," occupied the moments—how many we will not say—which were not spent in satisfying the demands of appetite. When this pleasant task had been attended to, "foot-ball" and "Pillow Dex" were indulged in. Why do we relate *our* pleasures? It points to the perfect hospitality of the host and his mother. May they live long and read many L'Agendas!

JOINT CLASS BANQUET.

"E duobus unum" was the inscription on the card worn by the members of both the Sophomore and Freshman classes at the reception tendered the class of 1900 by '99 on the evening of March 1.

"True class spirit," said Pres. Harvey in his address of welcome, "does not consist in class fights on the campus but in earnest, conscientious work in our rooms."

Realizing that men and women, having a common purpose, should be friends, not enemies, the class of '99 has established a precedent of which it may well be proud.

The members of both classes assembled at the gymnasium at eight o'clock. Not long afterwards Pres. Harvey, of the Sophomore class, in an address of welcome made all feel that they were welcome. Pres. Morris, of the Freshman class, responded with an address which showed the good feeling which exists between the classes.

The class yells were then given by all present, after which Keen, '99, sang one of our own college songs. The Bucknell Yell next rent the air and resounded until the whole building vibrated as if in sympathy with the loyal students within its walls. The cornet solo by Weymouth, 1900, richly merited the storm of applause which compelled Mr. Weymouth to respond with another selection.

This program was followed by the grand march led by Mr. Wassell, 1900, and Miss Watkins, '99. There were about fifty couples who took part in the march, each couple consisting of a Sophomore and Freshman.

Later in the evening refreshments were served by the class of '99.

The decorations of orange and blue mingled with scarlet and gold together with the pleasant evening enjoyed by all were the result of the earnest labors of the committee of the Sophomore class, consisting of Wm. M. Warren, Miss Watkins, Miss Allen, Leroy Hall and E. C. Conover.

ATHLETICS.

On Thursday 24, the basket ball team journeyed to Williamsport and defeated the Y. M. C. A. of that city by the score of 16 to 8. A large audience, among whom were many Bucknell rooters, viewed the contest. The feature of the game was "Artie" Smith's throwing Bucknell's first goal from a very uneasy and awkward position. The passing of Bucknell's team was not as good as usual. The four posts in the middle of the floor might be sufficient reason for this.

Mulkie Smith	Attack	Sarvey Hoagland (Sims)
Weymouth	Centre	Keissling
Bevan Catterall	Defense	Lamade Harman

Goals from field: Mulkie 2, Smith 2, Weymouth 2, Bevan 2, Sarvey, Hoagland, Sims, Harman.

Referee, Salmon, Y. M. C. A.; Umpire, Garner, B. U.; Timekeeper, Golden; Time, 20 minute halves.

"Eddie" Shortell, who has pitched on the St. Mary's Lyceum team, one of the crack amateur teams of Paterson, N. J., has entered school and will try for the pitcher's box.

The game with U. of P. scheduled for March 20 has been cancelled. The Western trip, which our team was to make during the Spring recess, is also off, since several of the dates have been cancelled.

Manager Lesher announced that the base ball season will open at home with Milton and Selinsgrove. Games have been scheduled with Franklin and Marshall, Gettysburg and State. The latter plays here on May 29. Bucknell plays at State the following Saturday.

The outlook for the relay team is encouraging. Seventeen candidates have presented themselves to Captain Meeker, who says that no one shall go to Philadelphia who has not done a month's faithful training. During this month, if the weather permits, he will have them out every other day; and next month every day. The material is good, and, if the boys follow out the prescribed training program, a team will be turned out that will be a credit to old Bucknell, and that will retrieve the loss of last year.

STATE COLLEGE IS BADLY BEATEN.

Bucknell defeated State last Friday evening by the score 24 to 4. State was outplayed at all points. Bevan threw Bucknell's first goal at the very opening of the game. After this goals were thrown by Bucknell at regular intervals of two minutes, the half closing 14 to 2. The second half was more exciting, being replete with brilliant plays. For a moment State seemed to have the advantage, but a few accurate passes carried the ball to Weymouth, who dropped it in the basket. Then Smith executed a play that won a round of applause, and caused the recording of another goal. Fulton threw one for State. Bucknell threw three more, and then gave an exhibition of fancy passing which was much enjoyed by the spectators. The game closed 24 to 4.

Stevenson and Fulton played well for State, while Smith and Weymouth excelled for Bucknell. The line-up:

BUCKNELL.		STATE.
Mulkie (Capt.) Smith	Attack	Stevenson (Capt.) Fulton
Weymouth	Centre	Clinton
Bevan Catterall	Defense	Lockwood Pearce (Specher)

Goals from field, Smith 5, Weymouth 4, Bevan 2, Mulkie, Fulton 2. Fouls, Catterall, Weymouth, Stevenson, Lockwood. Umpire, Dr. S. B. Newton, U. P. '94. Referee, Mr. Garner, B. U. '99. Time, 15 minute halves.

INSTITUTE ITEMS.

Miss Margaret Montgomery made the Washington's birthday vacation very pleasant for the Misses Miller, DeWitt and Vaughn whom she entertained at her home in McEwensville.

One of the most enjoyable occasions of the term was the program meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, February 28. The subject was "Our graduates who have become eminent in missionary work."

The program, which may be of interest, was as follows:

Singing. Scripture Reading. Prayer.
"Miss Flora M. Clymer, '93"
Miss Myra Sprague.
"Mrs Margaret Thompson Corson, '92"
Miss Jessie Wheeler.
"Mrs. Annie P. Evans Coe, '86"
Miss Edith Phillips.
"Miss Carrie M. Purdy, '84"
Mrs. Larison.
Vocal Solo,
Miss Grace Pretzman.
" Miss Sara C. Krigbaum, 72"
Miss Bertha Watkins.
"Miss Lottie McCreight, '66"
Miss Harriet Vaughan.
"Miss Florence Dysart, '65"
Miss Eliza Bell.
"Miss Mary E. V. Pardoe, '60"
Miss Grace Dewolf.
"Miss Mary W. Burhoe, '80"
Miss Mary Owens.

On the morning of February 22, the Institute girls attended chapel in Bucknell Hall. The program in honor of Lincoln and the patriotic airs as played by the orchestra were greatly enjoyed by all.

Miss Emma Patchin, ex-'94, of Patchinville, recently spent a short time with Miss Viola Pensyl.

We are sorry to say that the "Grippe" has a strong hold upon some of the members of the Institute.

What can be the colors of the class of '98, that they should wish to keep the matter secret until Soiree? Will they surprise us with the red, white and blue?

ACADEMY ITEMS.

At the recent Athletic meeting Rowe was elected manager and Young captain of the Track team.

The weather has been just right for La Grippe and quite a number of the students have been under its power.

Mr. Powell was called home by telegram on Feb. 24th. Very sad news awaited him. Before his arrival his father had passed away. We extend our deepest sympathies in his bereavement.

Many eager glances are cast by anxious eyes from the campus into that promised place where some are not permitted to enter. Patience boys. It is only thirty days. It meant forty years expectancy for the Israelites.

Sixteen members of the Third Form took part in the preliminary contest of declamation on Feb. 27.. The following members were chosen to compete for the prize: Bell, Cunningham, Davis, Elliott, MacCracken, Pitts, Slifer, Steineger and Stewart.

The close relation of College and Academy has been manifested during the past few weeks at the Y. M. C. A. meetings. Few weeks ago Prof. Hulley spoke to the students and on March 2nd Mr. Harvey presented The Student Volunteer work throughout the world. It was a very helpful and interesting meeting.

The Academy challenged Dickinson Seminary to an Interscholastic Debate. All are anxiously awaiting the reply as we are eager for the debate, feeling confident that we will stand chances of winning. Prof. Edwards has offered to defray the expenses of the debate if we win. This should be an incentive for double effort on our part.

PERSONALS.

Stearns—Bucknell. A large wedding of especial interest, which occured recently was that of Miss Margaret Crozer Bucknell and Mr. Chas. Falconer Stearns, of Providence, R. I. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Emma Ward Bucknell and the late Wm. Bucknell, well known during his lifetime for his many magnificent gifts to religious institutions, and now gratefully remembered by Bucknell University which Institution bears his name in honor of his interest manifested in the University in the time of need. Mrs. Stearns is a decendant of the Rev. Dr. William Ward, for twenty-two years Missionary to Assam. The groom is a prominent lawyer in Providence, and a member of the Rhode Island State Legislature. Mr. Stearns is an Alumnus of Amherst College and of the Harvard Law School.

'77. FOLLMER—HASSENPLUG. On the 16th of February occured the wedding of Mr. W. R. Follmer and Miss Eudora Hassenplug, at the residence of Dr. Jacob H. Hassenplug, of Phila. After a sojourn of a few days they returned to Lewisburg, to their home on East Market street. Mr. Follmer is a member of the Union County Bar and is practicing in this place.

'84. Ernest L. Tustin, Esq., a member of the Board of Trustees of the University, will leave in the Spring for a three-months trip through the West and Alaska for the health of his wife who will accompany him.

Ex.-'86. Mr. Jonathan Heaton, a member of the Board of Education of Spokane, Washington, recently acknowledged the receipt of one of our catalogues, at that place.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel lectured in the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 12, on "How our New Testament Grew."

'92. At a recent meeting of the Chicago Baptist Ministers Conference, a paper was read on "Foot Ball." Rev. A. R. E. Wyant, pastor at Morgan Park, who was called out in the discussion, said that most of the reports in the papers about men being hurt seriously in the game are untrue. He vigorously defended the game. Mr. Wyant was for seven years a member of the foot ball elevens of Bucknell University and of the University of Chicago.

'94. Mr. E. A. Bush is a travelling salesman for the Lackawanna Lumber Co., of Scranton, Pa.

'95. R. H. Simpson is the first assistant engineer in the Maintenance of Way Department of the "Big 4" Railroad with his office at Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Simpson attended Cornell after leaving here and was here for a few days during Commencement week two years ago.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XVI. LEWISBURG, PA., MARCH 25, 1897. NO. 11.

A WOMAN IN LITERATURE.

About forty-five years ago, in the far-away Island of Tasmania, a little girl was born. (Her father, Thomas Arnold, an able writer, is the second son of the great teacher of Rugby. Her mother was the daughter of an ex-governor of Tasmania.) The wee girlie's early years were not passed in her birth place, Hobart Town, but happily, at the very fountain head of learning, at Oxford, England. Her uncle, Matthew Arnold, was at that time, Prof. of Poetry at Oxford. No wonder that, reared in this stimulating intellectual centre, with inherited aptitude for literary expression, she was known, when quite a young girl, as a writer of learned essays. Not long ago, being called upon to distribute some prizes at Canning Town in connection with the Mansfield S. S. movement, she made an admirable address, from which I quote: "Much of what I have done in literature is due to the fact, that, as a young girl, I was able to feed my imagination in the shady corners of the Bodteian library at Oxford. Having a free hand there, I picked up a deal of desultory information covering a wide field; and I laid the foundation for that love of books which has become a part of my life. Especially do I set value upon the uses of biography. Dr. Jowett was wont to say that in the future instruction would be conveyed almost entirely through the medium of biography, beginning with the Life of Christ and so proceeding through all the records of great examples, left by the heroes of history as foot prints on the sands of time. Finally, I think largely through books and reading, humanity will be prepared for the foundation of that Kingdom of God upon earth, for which poets and philosophers have sighed and dreamed since Plato wrote the Republic, and St. Augustine his "City of God." When twenty one years of age, Mary Arnold became Mrs. Thomas Humphrey Ward. Her husband was at that time on the staff of the London *Times*, as writer on Art topics. Her country home is not far from the home of the Rothchilds, in the quaint little hamlet of Aldbury, numbering about 800 souls. This sleepy village nestles at the foot of the Chiltern Hills, and the quiet is disturbed only by the ring of the blacksmith's anvil or the occasional rattle of a cart.

You catch a glimpse of the house through the white painted lodge gates, and you approach it through an avenue of tall trees; in front is a well kept lawn. On entering the house, one is immediately impressed with the size of the hall and reception rooms; another notable feature is the prevailing lightness of tone, increased by light furnishings. On the walls are choice pictures from the old masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, also some water colors well worthy of inspection. On the shelves are a wealth of books. From the windows one sees a beautiful country with grand old trees; peeping out from among them is Ashbridge monument, erected in memory of the Duke of Bridgewater. Should you have the good fortune to meet the gentle mistress of this quaint mansion, you will be charmed by her gracious manners, and the quiet dignity of her bearing. You would not call her a handsome woman but very winning is the merry glinting of her luminous eyes, which vary in hue, being a child-like blue when she smiles, and a soft brown when she is in deep thought, her hair is bound to break into waves though she combs it as smoothly as possible, on either side of her forehead. She is fair and of medium size. Her voice is clear, sympathetic and finely cadenced, and her conversation, couched in the choicest words, is refreshing and suggestive. She planned to visit the U. S. in 1890, being greatly interested in us, partly because of our enthusiasm over her first famous book and partly because of what her uncle Matthew Arnold had told her of us. You may be interested to hear what he wrote of us in one of his letters home:

"I do not find much *real* DEPTH in American life. I have seen no American yet, except Morton of Cambridge, who does not seem to desire constant publicity, and to be on the *go* all the day long. It is very fatiguing. I thank God it only confirms me in the desire to 'hide my life' (as the Greek philosopher recommends) as much as possible. Yet I find the people very *kind, inconceivably kind.*"

Mrs. Humphrey Ward began her literary career by contributing to periodicals, essays on Spanish literature. Her first published *book* was a child's story, next a short novel "Miss Bretherton," the heroine of which, the public asserted, must be Mary Anderson, because the young woman was good, charming, handsome, a great theatrical success, but not a great actress.

In 1888 "Robert Elsmere" appeared. Her father states that she and her family were simply astounded at the sensation created by that novel. Wise and devoted counsellors, after reading the manuscript, gravely advised her not to have it printed, and it is a mystery to them, why that book became a land-mark in fiction. It has been justly said, that, in spite of its great power of passion and style, "Robert Elsmere" is scarcely more than a "tract for the times." Its immense and immediate popularity, notwithstanding its grave theme, was a sign that it was a book of the *hour* rather than of the *centuries*. Its spell lay not so much in *enduring qualities*, as in the passionate intensity with which it touched questions that were tormenting the minds of this generation. If you will read the North American *Review* for January 1889, you will find that Wm. E. Gladstone, Joseph Cook, E. E. Hale, Julia Ward Howe, and others have thoughtfully reviewed the moral problems suggested in this remarkable book, one of which is, Shall righteousness be founded upon facts of human consciousness, or upon doctrines taught by creeds and churches. One thing is certain, "If Mrs. Ward's understanding has erred, the inner sanctuary of her heart is at one with Christ."

"David Grieve," her next book, is in every way a stronger and finer piece of fiction, it gives the history of a number of persons with dramatic ease and freedom. Every portrait is distinct, not one is blurred—this shows a master touch. Mrs. Ward is a true artist by the grace of God, as well as by culture. Some critics think the key-note of this book is the power of heredity, but I think the true note is struck in these words, "It seemed to David that he had been taught of God, through natural affection, through repentance, through sorrow." Mrs. Ward teaches that *life itself* gives illumination to see the way homeward to our father's house. "Bessie Castrell," a short story of about 25,000 words, narrates a catastrophe in the lives of these people, coming swiftly and passing away as suddenly—forgotten by all but its victims. The story is full of bitter experience, but it is a triumph of literary art. Mrs. Ward received for serial and book rights in this story the tidy sum of $15,000, or about sixty cents a word! For her last book she received for the serial rights alone, $20,000, the largest sum ever paid for a serial. Finally we will consider her latest books, which gave to the world the grandest woman in fiction. "Dinah Morris" and "Rom-o-la" conceived with all the dramatic art of Geo. Elliott, fall far short of "Marcella Maxwell," in magnetic power for arousing what is noblest in every life she touches.

We follow with absorbing interest the development of this ideal woman, from her turbulent childhood, as told in "Marcella," until in the closing chapters of Sir George Tressady. As Lady Maxwell she is the truest earthly friend that man or woman can know. With what loving tenderness she helps the shallow, selfish Letty Tressady to rise to a better self. One is the nobler for an acquaintance with such a woman as Marcella Maxwell; and if we look at the world through *her* eyes we shall feel how responsible women are for present social conditions. There is doubtless no more learned woman in the world to-day than Mrs. Ward, certainly no woman who can equal her as an author. She is an *example* to *all writers*, in her painstaking revision of her works. Sir Geo. Tressady was re-written several times before it was put in print, and the "Critic" is authority for the statement, that, even after the pages were stereotyped she virtually rewrote it twice. This book reached its second edition before it was a month old. Whoever has a message to the world, will find in Mrs.

Ward a model in profound research, dignity of expression, and earnestness of purpose, but, you may say, not in BREVITY, no ; and this is why ; she considers everything that interests humanity as material for fiction, and naturally, social problems, politics, philosophy, religion, all enter into each of her models. The power of a great genius throbs in the books, —the glamour of a great imagination plays over her pages. She is in daily intercourse with the most thoughtful and cultivated people of England. She worked with Dr. Martineau and Stopford Brooke in founding the "*University Extension Course*" in order that the poor of London might have the best lectures on science, literature and religion. She has just succeeded in raising funds for erecting in the Bloomsbury quarter of London, a "Passamore Edwards House" after the plan of the Loynbee Hall. Like her grandfather, Dr. Arnold, she has a practical sympathy and an untiring energy in carrying out her clear convictions. No woman is so at the heart of English life and thought, or is more effectively helping to solve some of the great problems of democracy, that our republic has not reached. "*Self-denial*" is the law of her life, though the word never passes her lips.

KATHERINE B. LARISON.

MY VISION.

Once when midnight winds were beating on my home with dismal sleeting,
And the moments swiftly fleeting soothed my weary soul to rest;
With the lamplights o'er me streaming, fell my soul to restless dreaming,
In my feverish fancy, seeming lost within a wilderness.

All my soul within me trembled, for the frowning hills resembled
Titan gods in league assembled, and the night winds in the trees
Seemed like slow funeral dirges, rolling on in billowy surges,
Over wild sequestered verges in disconsolate harmonies.

All my silent dread enhancing through the gloom I saw advancing
A shade of darkness, un-entrancing through the silence moving slow ;
A shade that roamed by waters stygian, one of those who from bright regions,
Swift were hurled in shrieking legions downward in blaspheming woe.

All the burden on me pressing, and my secret sorrow guessing,
He approached me, and addressing my sad soul in this wise spoke :
"Lost one in the forest dreary, why thus wander weak and weary,
When no friend with accents cheery can thy burden lighter make.

"Why this sad and doleful sighing, why this voice in darkness crying,
Why not seek relief in dying, and the peace for which you crave ?
Then when stormclouds high are sailing, o'er the hills their vapors trailing,
Rest, while midnight winds are wailing a sad requiem o'er thy grave ;

"N'er shall loved ones hear thy greeting, all life's joys are swift and fleeting ;
E'en thy throbbing heart is beating but a death-march to the tomb."
Thus this scheming shade and craven, banished from the joys of heaven,
Black as plume of crow or raven plunged my soul in deeper gloom.

All my soul within is burning, and in bitter grief is yearning
For a dear one ne'er returning, who received my love and trust ;
But I'll be a wanderer weary, crying in the forest dreary,
None to soothe with accents cheery, ere faithless to the Good and Just.

Cease that sad and bitter longing, for the vagrant memories thronging
In thy mind are those belonging to a dead and happier day,
Cease thy spirit's doleful quaking, cease thy sad heart's inner aching—
Angel music o'er me breaking drove the shade in haste away.

O, that loving words endearing, tender, comforting and cheering,
When no gleam of hope's appearing might renew my peace destroyed.
In answer to my heart's appealing a whisper came, the Sight revealing,
Sweet, like twilight music, stealing downward from the azure void.

All my weary spirits thrilling and new faith and hope instilling,
Like the thrush's sylvan trilling seemed the whisper to my ear ;

It renewed my spirit yearning, changed to joy my bitter mourning,
And my former peace returning filled me with content most dear.

And the night wind in the larches seemed like slow majestic marches,
Ringing through the lofty arches of some gray cathedral dome;
All my pain and sorrow fleeing, joy came trembling into being,
And my eyes were blest with seeing from afar my heavenly home.

For as with prophetic vision, when I made my wise decision,
Gazed I over realms Elysian where the saints immortal be.
And my spirit heard the singing, heard the chimes celestial ringing,
And beheld bright seraphs ringing o'er the tideless crystal sea.

Banished all my ancient grieving, and the light and truth receiving,
I am trusting and believing when I cannot understand
When the sunset's golden glory falls on craggy summits hoary
Angel footfalls in the glory call to mind the better land.

O my brother are you mourning for the loved ones ne'er returning,
Is your soul within you yearning for the dear ones passed from earth?
While the hours are swiftly flying is your soul in sadness sighing,
Gazing on the embers dying as they glow upon the hearth?

O, if blest with spirit hearing where no ray of light's appearing
Many loving words endearing might we hear in accents low;
We might hear the thrilling chorus of our loved ones gone before us
In the ether breaking o'er us in the midnight of our woe.

J. E. Millen.

MT. PLEASANT LETTER.

Mr. Editor Mirror:

In complying with your request of a recent date, I am at a loss to know the scope allowed me in speaking of the conjoint interests of the Institure and Bucknell. Academy life is much the same everywhere, and altogether uninteresting to the man who has been through it all, so that I much fear I shall tax the patience of many of your readers with facts which are of interest only to those who have both schools at heart. However, I shall aim to speak very briefly of Bucknell's interest here in general without dwelling upon details. And I may say by way of further introduction, and in anticipation of what follows that at no time previous to this has so much attention in this section been directed to Bucknell and her successes.

For many years there has been an interchange of students and teachers between the Institute and Bucknell which has knit the two together in a way not otherwise possible. With the Institute we have come to couple Bucknell as a matter of course, unquestionably to the advantage of both. The feeling of affiliation has turned the attention of many to Bucknell and have kept students who have entered its halls in touch with all the interests of the Institute. In consequence, a fellow-feeling has grown up, rather than sprung up, between the two schools which will not wither so long as their mutual confidence remains unshaken. This is as it should be. Diversified interests engender feelings of dissatisfaction and disunion fatal to the best results in a school of this kind which draws from all classes of people.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the Institute can turn over to Bucknell or to any Baptist college all her college aspirants. Though itself denominational, like most schools, it draws from many denominations, and the more because no school of its kind competes with it in its vicinity. It has always had and has now representations in most of the colleges of the State and in a few of other States. But there is a growing tendency, as it seems, to look upon Bucknell as a college, and not alone as a Baptist college open to Baptist students—a tendency which may culminate in a more or less complete breaking down of the denominational barrier, and in a recognition of superior advantages over denominational preference so strong in this section. Nevertheless, it is at least safe to say that nearly nine-tenths of all Baptist students enter Bucknell not so much through the influence of adherents as by reason of its own prevailing influence over this section, and its marked progress within recent years as well as its convenient location. And at present we have several promising students who are looking forward to Bucknell as the college of their own choice, regardless of any existing conditions which might have influence. As for anything further, it would be much the same with us as with any school similarly situated. The claims of Bucknell are ever before us, not thrust upon us, but silently, and unostentatiously asserted in numerous ways. Upon our reading tables, for instance, may be found the MIRROR, copies of the L'Agenda, Views of Buildings and Grounds, and a neatly bound Catalogue. From time to time may be seen in our daily press accounts of athletic victories and an occasional Waterloo, and that austere body "The Faculty and Other Officers," engage our respectful attention through various channels. Our interest, doubly strengthened by bonds of denomination, and by sameness of purpose, is not likely to die out when each year gives new cause for growth. What the Institute promises Bucknell is the best it can give—the best prepared students under the circumstances, the best influence it can exert in its sphere, and its continued best wishes. Sincerely,

F. W. JACKSON.

A LETTER FROM BURMA.

[Through the kindness of Prof. Phillips we are enabled to give to our readers a brief extract of a letter from Dr. Elton S. Corson who, with his wife, sailed for Burma from America last December. Dr. Corson is a graduate of the University of the class of '92. Mrs. Corson a graduate of the Institute of the class of '92.]

RANGOON RIVER
JANUARY 27, '97.

MY DEAR LLEWELLYN:

We are now lying at anchor, the voyage nearly ended......We left Liverpool on the staunch ship Burma Dec. 21......There were but eleven in the company......We had a good supply of standard novels and other books and were content to walk and read for the first few days, but wanted to change, so various games were introduced .....We had worship on board on Sundays and were much benefited..... After a few days we sighted Portugal and ran along the shore watching the villages with their churches and nunneries.

Then Gibralter was the topic of conversation......Morocco soon appeared in the darkness with its street lights......The next morning revealed the Sierras of Spain snowcapped and reflected in a glassy sea as smooth as any lake and reflecting the deep blue of a fathomless abyss.......The next day found us on the classical *Mare Magnum* where the fleets of Rome and Carthage once ruled supreme . .. But we are bound for Malta and wondering what we shall see at classical Melitus. We approach the island in the gray mists of the morning and the hills and fortresses were ablaze in the sunlight while cool and crisp the sea breezes blew across the deck......We dropped anchor in a bay surrounded with fortress crowned hills......The ship was surrounded by gaily painted gondolas and a jargon of voices tried to bargain with us to carry us ashore......At the quay cabmen and guides fusiladed us, but we determined to go alone. .....We ascended a series of stairs to reach the main portion of the city where we saw the Governor's palace, closed on account of its being a legal holiday. Beautiful courts surrounded the palace and a band was playing martial airs......Malta with its 75,000 people and 4,590 priests is the ancient seat of the Knights of St. John. We went to the cathedral where the Archbishop was to officiate. We saw him enter with a large retinue of priests. They went inside the altar and the show began the chant which one of the party likened to a load of calves bawling.......The church dates its foundation back to the time of the Crusades. On the exterior it is far from attractive, but once inside you see the work of the ancient masters, frescoing by Raphael and a long painting of the beheading of John the Baptist, rare mosaics and castings of coats of arms......St. Paul was wrecked on an adjoining island ......The Maltans are typical beggars.

Next we steam away for Port Said. The muddy water apprises us that we are approaching the Nile mouths. We had hoped to find a typical oriental city but French engineers had constructed the plan and instituted the style of the buildings...... This place depends upon the traffic through the canal for its maintenance. Having several hours we went ashore, walked to the post office and several English shops, and then rode to the Arab Quarters where we saw the sons of Ishmael much as their father begat them. The Mohammedan mosque was the centre of attraction. With sandals on our feet we entered the sacred precints, where the dim religious light revealed the devotees sitting and standing with their anxious faces toward Mecca.

We come to the ship and soon passed on through the canal...... From Suez we steamed out upon the Red Sea...... We saw Mt. Sinai in the distance and of course passed over where the Jews crossed. We saw Mocha, and doubted much if such a barren region could produce so much celebrated coffee. I was told that not more than a ship load is sent from there a year... ..On the Indian Ocean great schools of flying fish skimmed over the water, some falling on the deck...... A few days brought us to Ceylon, a bright gem in the ocean, green from shore to hill tops, palms waving their tressy frondes in the sea breezes, pogodas towering above the hill tops, very beautiful to look upon "and only man is vile." After six days we sighted the low lands of Burma...... We had a splendid reception at Rangoon. We are now pleasantly situated at Taungoo, 166 miles from Rangoon. Fraternally Yours,

ELTON S. CORSON.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

College spirit of the right kind is a good thing.

There is a kind of spirit existing which is called by the frivolous and unthoughtful student College Spirit. Were it the criterion by which College Spirit in general is judged, it would reflect badly upon student life in the Institution. This spirit is a great hinderance to the development of true College Spirit. It is manifested in several ways:

First, in the so-called class spirit as exhibited in class fights, which are a result of encroaching upon the rights of other classes.

According to this standard, the student who does not possess such spirit, and in consequence does not put forth every effort to make things as unpleasant as possible for his fellow student, is not a man, but lacks courage and manly spirit.

This so called manly spirit finds expression in waylaying a fellow student, in taking him by force, in binding him as though guilty of some great crime, in depriving him of all rights to act according to his own desires or judgments, and in decorating another in such a manner as would be suitable to an American Indian or some other wild, uncivilized being.

This gentlemanly spirit is further manifested in encroaching upon the rights of railroad companies, (as was done by certain students when they boarded the train for Milton without paying their fare) in encroaching upon the rights of business men and property owners, by destroying property and forcing an entrance into private apartments. If such things were done under other circumstances, the offenders would be dealt with as housebreakers and thieves; but, because they are the expression of class-spirit they are admissable, even justifiable.

This spirit, when judged by the standard of true ethics, is condemned. According to our moral laws we are duty bound to love our fellow-men. A child in a family is under obligation to love its brother because he is his brother. We are all members of one great family, and are under obligation to love all men as our brothers.

Such College Spirit is further condemned by the fact that it exerts an evil influence upon the younger element connected with the Institution. It arouses in them a spirit of antagonism, of pugnaciousness and of rowdyism. Furthermore, it counteracts to a great extent the refining influence of education upon the intellect, morals and manners.

The argument advanced in favor of this so-called college spirit is: that it develops in a man that spirit necessary to meet the difficulties of life. It is a blessing that most students do not think thus.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

MARCH 25, 1897

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIALS.

The action of the Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors in playing inter-class games of basket ball in order to reduce the debt of the Athletic Association is a very commendable one. Despite the strenuous efforts that have been put forth to lessen it, the Association is still badly in debt. The hearty support of every member of the entire school is needed to relieve the burden. Will you do your share towards it?

The basket ball season closed very auspiciously. Our team is to be congratulated on its efficient and faithful work. Beginning the season almost under the ban of the Executive Board as far as financial matters go, they have more than fulfilled our most sanguine expectations, our wildest dreams. Of the five games they have played, one with Danville Y. M. C. A., two with State College, one with the University of Pennsylvania, and one with Williamsport Y. M. C. A., they have suffered defeat but once. All honor and praise to our victorious team!

Commencing with the present issue, a series of articles will appear from time to time on Woman in the various spheres of Literature, Music, History and Art. This series, written by prominent women, promises to be very interesting and instructive. The first, "A Woman in Literature," by Mrs. Larison, is well worthy of the attention and careful perusal of everyone.

Several new electives have been offered for next term. Among these a much needed course in Elocution has finally been added to the list. This course is especially valuable to those who expect to engage in public speaking to some extent, yet do not intend to take a course in a professional school, or if they do, have not the time nor opportunity to attend to the matter there. The medical preparatory department has been strengthened by the addition of a course in Materia Medica and one in Bacteriology. Also an elective in Comparative Philology is now offered to the Seniors for the first time. These branches are all important and are deserving of a place in the already extensive Curriculum.

Since another paper, *The Orange and Blue*, devoted almost exclusively to athletics and local news, is being published weekly by the students, it has been deemed expedient and advisable to change the character of our paper to some extent. Heretofore the MIRROR has tried to touch college life on all sides, to be a faithful reflector of all the doings of the University. Now, since we have another paper devoted to matters of local interest, the policy of the MIRROR will be to give more attention to matters that are of interest to the Alumni, for to them, more than ever before, it will have to look for support. The local column will be a mere calendar of events, briefly stated. The number of editors in the literary and personal departments will be doubled, especial stress being placed upon these two departments. The others will remain the same. It is hoped that the MIRROR may interest and meet the needs of the students through its literary productions, which will be of the highest possible degree of merit, and that it may appeal to the Alumni through its personal columns especially. As the number of the Alumni increases each year, some common bond is needed to draw all hearts into closer touch with each other, a closer brotherhood, and to keep alive in every breast a pure and warm love for old Bucknell. This mission the MIRROR hopes to fulfill.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'51. By the death of J. Merrill Linn, Esq., Rev. S. M. Lyons of Richland, N. J., who was mentioned in our last issue, and Prof. Henry Pomerene of Philadelphia are the only surviving members of the first class graduated from the University. Prof. Pomerene is a Professor of Music at 2813 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Rev. Lyons now the oldest Alumnus is still in active service, though seventy years of age, and in a letter to the editor recently, expressed the hope that he might stand on the "Hill" again in 1901, the 50th year from his graduation.

'52. The Rev. A. J. Hoy, formerly of N. Cramer Hill, N. J., is now living at 221 W. Johnson St., Germantown, Pa.

'52. Dr. Geo. J. McLeod is a prosperous physician of West Philadelphia.

'52. Rev. Amos B. Still retired from the ministry several years ago and is now living on East Market St., Danville, Pa.

Ex-'52. Mr. John A. Grier was one of three young men who left college at the beginning of the Senior year. Mr. Grier served as third assistant engineer in the United States Navy for ten years, including 1860–1865. Some years later he began a term of nearly ten more as an employe in the Mint, at Philadelphia. He gained quite a reputation as a speaker and writer during the "late campaign" through a little book entitled "Our Silver Coinage." Mr. Grier has been engaged in mechanical pursuits for some time, with an office at 1436 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Illinois.

'53. Rev. J. Spencer Kennard is now located in Pittsburgh.

'54. Mr. Edwin R. Peckens, who is Asst. Supt. in the Coal Dept. of the D. & H. Canal Co., at Plymouth and who has general supervision over five of the company's breakers there, replied to inquiries most pleasantly and enclosed the amount of a year's subscription.

'54. Of the Class of '54, five of whom are now living, probably the one best known among the friends of Bucknell is Dr. Robert Lowry, of Plainfield, N. J. Dr. Lowry came to Lewisburg at a time when all the classes were held in the old Baptist church and fifteen years after graduation he again returned to assume the double duties of pastor and teacher of Rhetoric in the University, which position he held for a period of six years. It has been his custom to attend the Annual Commencements since that time and he hopes to be present again this year.

'55. Mr. Alfred Hayes continues to practice law at this place.

Dr. Geo. A. Peltz, an earnest friend of the University, associate pastor of Grace Temple, Broad and Berks Sts., Phila., in a few words expresses exactly the sentiment at Bucknell when he says, "A serious fault in all things at Bucknell has been the new generation, which seems to ignore the old. The first students of the institution should not be permitted to drift away. The tide of time does that fast enough. If the early work at Lewisburg, and the workers too, can be recognized more fully, it will win many a friend and helper."

'57. Mr. J. A. Seiler is reported to be doing well in the produce business, at 8th and Vine Sts., Phila.

'72. Rev. J. H. Chambers, pastor of the First Baptist Church of West Chester, has resigned his position and has taken up his abode for the present in Philadelphia.

'85. A number of articles have appeared in recent numbers of the *Commonwealth* written by Rev. Samuel Z. Batten, pastor of the Baptist Church of Morristown, N. J.

'88. Rev. F. H. Senft is at the head of the Christian Alliance organization of Penna.

The American Baptist Publication Society has published a volume entitled "Christianity and Prosperity," written by Dr. A. E. Waffle, formerly professor of Rhetoric in our institution.

'93. Mr. E. M. Heim, who has been pursuing post-graduate work at the University of Chicago for several years, appeared in the *Journal of Political Economy* of March in a review of Keasbey's "Nicarauga Canal and the Monroe Doctrine." Mr. Heim is at present making a "little visit" at Bucknell.

'95. Ezra Allen, who has been an instructor at Perkiomen Seminary for a year or more, is expecting to spend the Easter vacation with his sister in Lewisburg.

'96. Rev. E. R. Powell, pastor of the Laporte and Eaglesmere churches, has accepted a call to the church at Rock Run.

NOTES FROM THE COLLEGE WORLD.

While Johns Hopkins University is closing its doors to women, it is cheering to quote from *Brown and White* the following: "A women's gymnasium, to cost $50,000, will soon be built at the University of Michigan."

Apropos to the above it may be interesting to know that of the 8175 medical students in the University of Paris, 154 are women; also that, in 1891, Mr. Washington Duke gave $85,000 to Trinity College, Durham, N. C., and that recently he offered the same institution $100,000 more provided it opens its doors to women." The quotation is from *The Teacher*.

A professor of systematic theology, being unable to meet his classes on account of illness, posted the following notice: "The Seniors may keep on through 'Purgatory,' and the middle class may continue the 'Descent' through Hell," until further notice.—*Ex. from St. John's Collegian.*

The University of Berlin, the largest in the Christian world, has 8343 students. About one fourth of these students are Americans. *The Stetson Collegian.* Excluding the University of Paris?—[Ed.]

The Teacher is a welcome visitor. We are glad to number it among our exchanges. Its articles are of a true educational character, and up to date. It seems a real addition to our school literature. In its "notes on persons and things" there is given an amount of information, with respect to the college world, that is found probably in no other one journal. [Ed.]

Will our esteemed contemporary, *The St. Johns Collegian*, please kindly suggest the kind and character of the matter that should be found in a fortnightly publication? The answer will probably help many college papers, provided it *defines* "literary matter."—[Ed].

There are a few of the exchange editors of our contemporaries who seem to think they know more about what ought to go into other college papers than those who edit them.—*The Thielensian. Good.*—Ed.

The public schools of the country furnish four-fifths of the students at Cornell.

UNIVERSITY ITEMS.

COLLEGE.

The attention of all the students of the University is called to the visit of Mr. Chas. T. Studd who will spend April 3d and 4th at Bucknell in the interests of Y. M. C. A. work and the cause of Missions. Mr. Studd is a graduate of Cambridge University, Eng., and is widely known as the champion cricketer of England and as the leader of the famous Cambridge Band which received such widespread notice some years ago. Mr. Studd will give most of his time during his stay here to private interviews. Besides a few other open meetings Mr. Studd will speak in the Baptist church on Sunday, April 4.

On Sunday April 11, Dr. Barnes, of Pittsburg will deliver the annual sermon before the Christian Associations of the University. On Monday evening following, he will lecture in Bucknell Hall. The lecture will be free. Pres. Harris will preach in Dr. Barnes' church on the same Sunday.

A very interesting and instructive lecture was given before the Chemical and Physical Society on Thursday p. m. Feb. 18, on the subject of "Polarized Light." The lecture was illustrated by an electric Polariscope.

The Junior Debate was held in Bucknell Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 19. Messrs. Anderson, Diggs, Dutton and Forrester were chosen for the final debate.

Owing to unexpected delays the Song Book Board wish to announce that the University Song Books will not be ready for distribution before April 10, '97.

Instructor Davis will have a class in Bacteriology next term. A high-power Bausch and Lumb microscope has been secured for the use of the class.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 13, the annual contest in elocution between the ladies of the Sophomore and Freshman classes took place in Bucknell Hall.

The College Literary Societies gave their first Annual Reception in Tustin Gymnasium on Thursday evening, February 18.

Registrar Gretzinger recently made a ten days trip through the lumber and oil region in the interest of the University.

The University band gave a concert in Bucknell Hall on the evening of the 11th inst.

Every one should read Mrs. Larison's article on "A Woman in Literature."

INSTITUTE.

The March meeting of the Alumnæ Club was an occasion of especial interest owing to the presence of Mrs. Horace Brock, President of the Women's Federation of Clubs of Penna.

The program rendered was as follows :

Welcome to Mrs. Brock by the President,
MRS. W. C. GRETZINGER.
Music. Orchestra.
A Woman in Music,
MISS SARA VANGUNDY.
A Woman in History—"Colonial Period,"
MISS ANNIE EVANS.
Music. Orchestra.
A Woman's Success in Art,
MRS. WM. E. MARTIN.
Music. Orchestra.
A Woman in Literature,
MRS. K. B. LARISON.
Woman's Federation of Clubs,
MRS. HORACE BROCK.
Refreshments.

On Tuesday evening March sixteenth, Dr. Lincoln Hulley read some beautiful selections from Burns, for the benefit of the Literature class, in the Institute parlors. A number of friends of the class were also present. We are very grateful to Dr. Hulley for this literary treat.

The prize essay contest for the members of the Senior and Fourth Year Classes took place Friday morning, March nineteenth. The subject for the Seniors was the Deserted Village and for the Fourth Years, scenes from The Courtship of Miles Standish.

Miss Emma Kunkle, '96, who has been ill with typhoid fever, has left the hospital and is at her home in Newberry. During her convalescence, she expects to pay a visit to her friends in Lewisburg.

The School of Music will furnish a large contingent to the teaching force at Mt. Gretna during the summer of '97. Dr. Aviragnet, Miss Aiken and Mr. Brown Martin have accepted engagements.

Mrs. Larison has the itinerary ready for the party of Bucknell girls who will accompany her to the Capital. The party will leave Lewisburg by the Penna. railway March twenty-fifth.

Miss Anna Pensyl, Class '93, spent Sunday, March fourteenth, with her sister at the Institute.

ACADEMY.

Hermenia elected the following officers to serve during the spring term : Pres., Dewitt ; Vice Pres., Ayars ; Sec'y., Riemer ; Treas., Cunningham ; First Critic, Jacquemin ; Second Critic, Burpee ; Censor, Senn ; Sergeant at Arms, Sherbondy.

The officers for Adelphia for the spring term are as follows : Pres., Alexander ; Vice Pres., Pitts ; Sec'y., Stephens ; Treas., I. S. Hoffa ; First Critic, M. Davis ; Second Critic, Thomas ; Chaplain, Skinner ; Sergeant at Arms, Wolfe.

The following have been elected officers of the Y. M. C. A. for the ensuing year : President, James McCrackan ; Vice President, David Pitts ; Rec. Sec'y, T. A. Sherbondy ; Cor. Sec'y, L. R. Rank ; Treas. J. N. Evans.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs Whitman the Hermenia Literary Society enjoyed a pleasant evening on March

ATHLETICS.

The Gymnasium Exhibition given on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20, showed that effective work has been done by the instructors, Messrs. Bunnell and Cober.

The Sophomore Class holds the championship in Basket Ball having defeated the Juniors 17 to 7 and the Freshmen in two games which resulted with the following scores: 14 to 8 and 12 to 10.

STATE COLLEGE WINS.

The basket ball team was beaten at State College on Saturday evening last by the score 10-7. Weymouth being ill, Mulkie played centre. Because of the rearrangement of the men, they were unable to execute the system of play that they have practiced all season. Considering the disadvantage, they made a creditable showing.

THE LINE UP.

State 10.		Bucknell 7.
Stevenson (Capt.) Fulton	Attack	Smith, Garner.
Curtin,	Centre	Mulkie (Capt.)
Sprecher Lockwood	Defence	Catterall Bevan

Goals from field: Stevenson 4, Fulton, Mulkie 3. Goal from foul, Mulkie.

Referee, Dr. S. B. Newton, U. P., '94. Umpire, Mr. H. B. Wassell, B. U., 1900. Time, 15 minute halves.

Bucknell plays Gettysburg on May 14 at Gettysburg.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XVI. Lewisburg, Pa., April 10, 1897. No. 12.

A COLONIAL LADY, MARGARET WINTHROP.

Dr. H. L. Wayland has, in one of his inimitable after dinner speeches before the New England society, expressed the hope that there may one day be Pilgrim Mothers' celebrations which shall outnumber the gatherings of those who now meet to honor the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, adding that these worthy matrons have an especial claim upon the consideration in view of the fact that they had to endure the Pilgrim Fathers in addition to all else that fell to their lot.

Alice Morse Earle, in her "Colonial Dames and Good Wives," describes a group of these colonial women who lived neighbors to each other in Boston and says the dame of highest degree and perhaps the most beautiful personally in this little group was Margaret Tyndal Winthrop, the "loving, faythful yoke-fellow" of Governor John Winthrop.

Margaret Tyndal's home had been in sunny Essex in England, and down the narrow byways and lanes of this sunny Essex, there rode one September day, over two centuries and a-half ago, an English gentleman a-courting. He was not a gay and gallant cavalier, but a grave Puritan lawyer and country squire. The widowed Lady Anne Tyndal looked with much favor upon John Winthrop's courtship of her daughter Margaret.

Early in the progress of the courtship, a love-letter was written to Margaret Tyndal, not by her lover, but by her lover's father, Adam Winthrop. In quaint expression he faithfully promises that his son would be a "kinde and lovinge husbande" and Margaret would be "haypye in matchinge" with him.

Mrs. Earle quotes portions of John Winthrop's letters to Margaret to show their remarkable Biblical wording so characteristic of the man and the times. Margaret said of one of these letters that it served as a sermon to her.

We must pass over the coming of Margaret Tyndal to the old manor-house, the home of John Winthrop, how his profession and office kept him much time in London, the letters exchanged between them which have been several times printed, and the struggle undergone by John Winthrop in making his final decision to come to the new colony. There was one sad element in this important decision, Margaret Winthrop must be left for a time in England. The tears still stain the sad and loving letter which he sent to her after the parting.

But the weary time of separation passed and Margaret Winthrop came to her home in the new, strange land. For the arrival of his wife and oldest son, John Winthrop, Jr., the governor's journal says: "We kept a day of Thanksgiving at Boston."

On the main street in Boston, now Washington St., near the site of the Old South Church, was the home of Margaret Winthrop. The tract of land came to be known as "The Green," the choice in this matter being undoubtedly determined by the spring of water that bubbled up and overflowed just to the north of the spot on which was to be the home. In a certain deed it is described as "that my lott or parcel of land in Boston aforesaid called 'The Greene' lying by the Springe." We can imagine Margaret Winthrop taking pail in hand to go down to fill it from the spring that still flows under the basement of the new Post Office. The house was fairly commodious, for we read of large gatherings being held in it. It stood until Revolutionary times, occupied later by the Old South Church as a parsonage, and its fate was to be destroyed later for firewood by British soldiers, as was the row of fine buttonwoods that skirted the street.

Margaret Winthrop, known as the "Governor's Lady," was happy in her Boston home, for here she "could most glorify God and enjoy the presence of her dearest friends."

Around the Governor's house as a centre revolved the the town, almost the colony,—it was the original "hub." I cannot believe Margaret Winthrop was ever lonely; she was far more in danger of nervous exhaustion from over-excitement, not the excitement of anything like modern social life, but a life crowded with a series of interesting, novel incidents. The courts met in her house ; we would like to tell of the trial and sentence pronounced upon Samuel Gorton. Foreign visitors came there, among them Sir Harry Vane. Indian ambassadors there held meetings and sent tribute of wampum and scalps, and Indian Sachems came with their squaws to visit. Foreign ships came in at the foot of the street, sometimes bringing strange gifts, once a "fair sedan chair worth £50," was presented to the Winthrops which had been sent by the Viceroy of Mexico to a sister and captured in the West Indies by pirates. The church was under her very eyes, and, also, the stocks and the whipping-post.

On the spot where now stands "The Old Corner Book-Store," so near a neighbor to Madam Winthrop that their pitchers were filled at the same spring, lived Anne Hutchison. We have no word to tell of Madam Winthrop's personal feeling towards Anne Hutchison ; perhaps they were intimate friends during her first year in Boston when she was respected and loved by all.

An exciting event in Margaret Winthrop's life was the visit of La Tour, the French governor of Acadia, who landed right in the Winthrop's garden, and the still more surprising visit, a few days later, of Madam La Tour, his young wife, who flashed upon the chill New England scene like a brilliant tropical bird. And soon afterward came D'Aulnay, a rival governor of Acadia to whom to appease his fancied injuries the famous sedan chair was given, as the Winthrop's said "it was of no use to us."

No portrait or description of the "Governor's Lady" exists, and the only references to her personal appearance are as "a very gracious woman" with "sweet face" and "lovely countenance." It was given to Margaret Winthrop to endure in her fifty-six years of life a far wider and deeper range of emotions and experience than has fallen to the lot of many women. A sheltered girlhood was rudely shocked by the murder of her father ; she was parted from her beloved husband by an unknown ocean ; she bravely faced and endured that venturous voyage herself, and was brought thither "through the swelling seas, through perills of pyrate, tempests, leakes, fires, rocks and starvings." She was saddened by the death of children, and had to bear that rending of a a mother's heart, the burial of a child at sea ; she experienced entire loss of fortune, yet her life was a happy one.

She ever displayed traits of character and disposition that were most noble and beautiful and render her fit to stand as the emblem of one of the purest types of womanhood,—the Puritan wife and mother. This type belongs to an existence that has forever passed from this earth, but it has an immortal soul which speaks to us teaching the lesson of Margaret Winthrop's life, not the spiritual lesson of her trusting piety and affection, but a lesson which is far more urgent to-day, a regard of the beauty in woman's life of home-loving, home-keeping and home-influencing and a consideration of the true dignity which comes from simplicity of living.

Annie Evans.

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2 − 1 + 2 = 3.

A man had been run over and gentle friends were carrying him into a neighboring drug store. A crowd tried to force its way in, out of curiosity, but the clerk stood guard while the druggist and a few others were trying to make the man comfortable behind the dispensing case.

A policeman had summoned an ambulance, whose bell was now heard clanging to clear the track. It dashed up to where the crowd had congregated and the white-coated surgeon and his assistant, with the Red Cross Society's emblem upon their arms, hurried into the drug store where the injured man lay. The car wheels had run over the man's left leg and his trousers were soaked with blood ; taking a pair of of scissors from the instrument-case which his assistant carried, the surgeon split up the trouser leg and proceeded to sop up the blood with absorbent cotton. As he worked he told his assistant to fill a hyperdermic and give the sufferer an opiate, for the wound was a painful one. Finally the surgeon finds the artery, which he ligatures and then the veins. Now the stretcher is brought in from the ambulance and the man being placed carefully upon it is carried out.

On its way to the Hospital the ambulance drives slower and does not leave the cart-track till the Hospital gates are reached. The gates swing open and the ambulance drives up to the door, where the man still upon the stretcher is carried in, placed upon the elevator and taken up to the receiving ward. Here a careful examination is made and it is found amputation would be necessary.

This was on Monday and the surgical clinic was not to be held till Wednesday, so the man was put to bed for a two days' rest. The quiet, high-ceilinged room seemed strange; he looked to either side and found men in beds like his own; he looked across the room and saw a long row of similar beds, and a number above each. So he looked above his own and found he was number 20. Supper time came and all were fed; some had substantial suppers, but his was only broth. The night was long and he could not sleep. At about three o'clock in the morning he saw the nurse go to the patient in number 15 and then hurry from the room, to return shortly with the physician. They took two white muslin screens from a closet and placed them around the bed. Our friend in number 20 did not know what this meant, but could easily guess, and when, several hours later, two assistants went behind the screens with a stretcher and came forth with a sheeted body upon it, then his guess was verified and he knew the man from number 15 was being carried to the dead-house. The screens were taken away, the bed was made up anew, and there was now a vacancy in the accident ward.

Next morning after breakfast these same screens were brought out and placed around the bed of each patient and he was bathed. The house surgeon came into the ward and, going up to the little table between 19 and 20 took up 20's temperature chart and went over it with the nurse. Then he told the man in 20, in a very kindly way, that it had been found necessary to amputate his limb and the operation would be performed the next morning. The man groaned and tears involuntarily came to his eyes. At dinner-time they gave him a scant allowance of broth, and at supper time the allowance was lessened.

Tuesday was visitors' day at the Hospital, but the man in 20 had no friends, and it only made him sad to see the wives, sisters and children of the other patients come in with cheering smiles. As he lay there with closed eyes thinking of the sorrow which had deprived him of all his beloved ones he heard a voice, gentle, as in a dream, saying: "Won't you have this orange"? He opened his eyes and saw the sweet face of the girl who had come to see the young fellow in 21. He knew the nurse would not allow him to eat it, but he took it and said he would save it till after the operation. At the word "operation" a look of pain came upon the girl's face, but it quickly changed to a tender glow of compassion as she said: "May our Loving Father guide you through," and turned to her young husband.

That night the man slept, but awoke early in the morning with a dread of the impending operation. At breakfast time the nurse came and told him with a smile he could not have anything till after the operation, for the ether would probably make him sick. At 9 o'clock two young surgeons in white coats came in and had the screens put around 20, then they carefully washed the skin around the wound and told him to be ready to be taken to the operating theatre in about an hour. At a quarter of 10 a rolling cot was brought to his bed and he was carefully placed upon it and wheeled away to the anesthetizing chamber, where the anesthetist greeted him kindly and said: "I am going to take everything from you but life." He then placed a towel wet with ether over the patient's nose and mouth. The room seemed to swim round, going faster and faster, till there was a slow uprising and a sudden fall, and the patient knew no more.

In the operating theatre the amputation was very successfully performed. Early in the afternoon our patient, now back in number 20, opened his eyes and said: "Oh! don't do it to-day," then looked around to see who had heard him; the man in 21 was smiling at him and said: "Good for you, old man, you'll pull through." The nurse who had been watching at the foot of the bed lest he disturb the bandages now came up and took his temperature with her little clinic thermometer.

Our patient became stronger and finally solid food was allowed him. The only breaks in the monotony of the long weeks of his recovery were visitors' days, at which times he watched the door as expectantly as the man in 21, for he knew the young wife would have a cheerful greeting in store for him. At night time, as he lay awake staring at the single lamp on the nurse's table, he would trace geometric figures upon his upper sheet with his right great toe and try to imagine himself tracing similar ones with his left great toe.

One day they brought a rolling chair to his cot and helping him into it guided him as he wheeled to a window overlooking the Hospital grounds. Every day now he would get into his chair and wheel away to a table where he rolled bandages for the use of the surgeons. As he was becoming much stronger, one day he was brought a pair of crutches and took a lesson in their use with the nurse behind him to steady his steps. He rapidly gained proficiency in their use and finally there came forth from the Hospital on three legs the man who, weeks before, had gone in with only two.

NOLI SPE.

A ROMANCE OF THE GYM.

They were loitering idly along the cinder-path that runs from the Chapel to the Laboratory,—a Sophomore and a Freshman. There was nothing very antagonistic in their attitude to each other, however, and one might have supposed that they were loyal members of the same class. That was a characteristic of Bentley students. Class-spirit existed only in a crowd.

"Do you know," he said, carefully avoiding the pronouns of the first and second persons, "the Sophs and Freshies are getting over their stupor and actually show some spirit. What do you think of last night?"

"What about last night?" she said evasively.

"The storming of the Gym," he answered.

"I don't think," she said.

"Why not?"

She did not answer immediately. They had stopped at the bridge and were leaning against the low wall.

"I lost by it," she said, after pondering a little.

"Lost?" he echoed. "How do you mean?"

"A friend of mine was in the besieged party. He had a—a—something of mine, and lost it. He came around this morning in dust and ashes and said he must have lost it in the Gym., as he had it when he went in and missed it just before he started for Millville."

He looked down quickly at her hand.

"It was your ring," he said.

"I don't know why you should conclude that," she said confusedly, hiding her hand.

He smiled and then they walked on.

"If I should find it, what would you do?" he asked.

"Make you give it to me, of course."

"But if I didn't want to?"

"Report you to your class and they'd make you."

"Think so?" he asked. "Let's wait and see."

Then they came to the parting of the ways, and, following a Bentley custom, he touched his hat gingerly, as it had been a hat of iron, and walked on. He was thinking rather profoundly of a little ring hidden in some crevice of the Gym. floor.

"The hound! The hound!" he said between his teeth. "I'd like to know who he is and I'd teach him to wear a girl's ring and lose it for her!"

The scene was a bright one, for the electric light made night day in the old Gym. Music, addresses, conversation and refreshments, all lent their several and peculiar charms to the peacemaking between the rival classes. There was a great deal of fuss made over this hatchet. To judge by the proceedings, one might think it was loved and honored and they were sorry to bury it; but the general merriment contradicted such an idea.

During the first part of the evening our two friends saw little of each other. He was silent and abstracted. Five separate times in the last week had he searched the Gym. through for the lost trinket, and five separate times had he left the building, vowing vengeance on "the hound." And now, from time to time, he might be seen peering into this or that corner and turning away disappointed.

About the middle of the evening he gave a little start and was on the point of yelling "Eureka!" but checked himself. He stooped down and picked up a tiny gold circlet.

"It'll take more than the class to make me," he said.

He was her partner in the grand march that followed and kept trying to pluck up courage to speak of his find. Finally he said in a low voice:

"If I give you your ring, will you wear it always for me,—or until I can find you another?"

She was paralyzed with surprise.

"You crazy child!" was all she could say just then, but a moment later the idea seemed neither appalling nor unreasonable.

"Will you?" he asked once more.

"On one condition," she said in a low tone. "You must keep it secret all through our stay at Bentley. Do you agree?"

Of course he said yes, and, at a moment when everybody's attention was providentially turned elsewhere, he slipped the ring on the same finger which a few weeks previous it had left.

"Remember," he said, "it is for me and not for that hound that lost it."

"Perhaps," she said, "if I don't forget."

The Freshman and the Sophomore walked home hand in hand that night, for it was dark as Egypt; and besides, there wasn't a little bit of hard feeling after the interment of the hatchet and why shouldn't they go hand in hand?

If you should ask any one at Bentley about it, he or she would laugh you to scorn; for our friends are very clever and haven't breathed it to a living soul, except—perhaps—to the chronicler of these events. A. L. H.

A REVERIE.

One cold winter's evening when the wind was howling around the street corners and snarling down the chimneys with that mournful, moaning sound that makes one thankful for home and shelter, I sat in my bachelor apartments before a bright, blazing fire. Everything about the room wore an air of coziness and good cheer. At my left, contentedly dozing on a rug and basking in the genial warmth, lay the sole companion of my joys and sorrows, my old Tabby. Seated in a comfortable arm-chair with my feet perched upon the fender, quite satisfied with myself and the world, I gazed for a long time into the fire, watching the little pieces of wood as they fly crackling to one side of the hearth and then, separated from the parent stem, gradually become charred and finally go out—forever. As I gazed into the dying embers, while the fire burned lower, my fancy began to wander, my head to nod. I was asleep.

Once more I am a boy, a joyous, happy boy. Once more I am playing with my brother and sister in heedless, infant sport, cared for and loved by a tender mother and a kind, gentle father, Then there comes darkness—a blank. They tell me I have been sick. When I ask for my brother and sister, for my father and mother, I am told they have gone away. Anxiously I wait, as the days go by, for them to come again; but they never come. I am left alone.

Then comes youth with its dreams of fame and glory, high resolves and lofty ambitions. Fired with a high ideal, I resolved to carve for myself an illustrious name, and sacrifice my all on the altar of my God and my country.

Now I am seventeen, a young man, attending school away from home. The home ties have been partially, painfully broken and the great future looms up before me. Now for the first time I meet *her*. She is a very modest, bright little girl and she inspires in me new hopes, new doubts, new fears. I cannot bear to see her smile at any one else but me. I am entranced by her purity, her modesty, her grace. I could fight that baker's boy for presuming to speak to her when she comes to the gate to give her order for the day because her mother is an invalid. I spend long hours in wondering if she loves me. I hope, I fear. I cannot study. I dream of her. I am beginning to worship the ground she walks on. I dare to hope for a fire to break out in her home so that I can rush in, rescue her from the flames, be a hero in her sight, and, as she faints in my arms, hear her confess that she loves me. She is my idol.

Now I am a man, comfortably situated,—and with a good position. One day at the house of a friend, I meet Mary, gentle, sweet, winning Mary. We seem mutually attracted to each other. We spend many pleasant hours together. As the days go by, we see each other very often, and a pure, warm affection for each other springs up in our hearts. How different from the wild, extravagant dreams of youth! I do not care to be a hero now, for I would not want Mary in any danger. I want to be a true man and worthy of her. As we know each other better, we seem to need each other and our lives seem to be growing closer together each day. Our tastes, our desires, our hopes are one. I ask her to join her life to mine.

Years have passed, happy, fleeting years, full of work, of joy, and of happiness. Mary has been a true helpmeet to me, planning for and advising me in all that that has concerned my life and my business. One child has been born to us, a bright baby girl, the pride of both our hearts. Life has been very happy for us. Now I hear the mother's footstep on stair outside the door, singing a gentle lullaby to her sleeping child. She enters the room, comes over to me, and, bending over me with a face full of tenderness and devotion, lays in my arms the empress of both our hearts, our own little Margaret. I take the sleeping child and, in the warmth of my affection, I clasp it to my heart. But dear me! in my fervency I have clasped her too tight. A murmur comes from those parted lips. I feel a tingling sensation in my finger as the mother gently pinches me for not being more tender with our child. Then I awoke.

As the fire burned lower and the embers died out one by one, Tabby, who has tired of her position on the rug, thought she would exchange it for her favorite one on my lap. In my dream I have mistaken her for my child and pressed her to my breast. Not accustomed to such usage, she has remonstrated at first by a gentle "mew" and then, finding that of no avail, has set her teeth and closes, cannibal-like, into my finger. All my dreams have vanished. I am again John Jones, the Bachelor.

R. H. Rivenburg.

THE FEVER'S CAPTIVE.

With pen in hand though prostrate still,
I'll now describe my recent ill;
Although now free from piercing pain,
All but distracted is my brain;
My body feeble, weak my nerve,
My tongue alone, my force-reserve;
And like unto the Sylvan dell
When tempests rage and torrents swell,
And boulder tumbling from the ledge
Lay crumbled near the water's edge,
When ash and elm, oak and pine
Like whipstocks to the storm incline
With mad tornado's sweeping train:—
Thus raging fever racked my brain.
Then seething, foaming, tossing wild,
Now calm and helpless as a child.
Or like the grass which low is lain
Completely drenched with summer rain,
Until the sun with mantle spread
Invites the blade to raise its head,
Then lifts the burden, dries the stain
And gives it strength to stand again.
'Twas thus dame Hunger came at last
And bade me break unwilling fast;
I then complied with all my greed
And filled "the gaps of human need."

T.

Be thorough in every study. Passing over a field of study has been compared to conquering a country. If you thoroughly conquer everything that you meet you will pass on from victory to victory; but if you leave here and there a fort or a garrison unsubdued you will soon have an army hanging on your rear and your ground will soon need reconquering. Never pass over a single thing without understanding all that can be known about it.—From Sheldon's "World Studies."

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

APRIL 10, 1897.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIALS.

Spring has come. The birds, the green grass, the budding trees, betoken its approach and mark its advent. And with it comes the busiest, the liveliest, the pleasantest term of the year. As all nature seems to spring forth in renewed life and activity, so she endows her children with new zeal and energy to carry out the plans they have formed for further advancement, further growth. Let us then not be slow to improve the moments, as they pass, for they are precious. For some this is the last term of preparation for their entry into and struggle in the greater and broader world-life. A few short weeks and their school days are ended—forever. We should, therefore, be careful to employ to the best advantage the few weeks that remain of this year of preparation for future work, future study, future usefulness. We cannot be too careful of how we spend our time.

It has been suggested and thought advisable to devote a page or so in the coming issues of the MIRROR to a brief review of the educational career of our various Professors, embracing their academic or preparatory training, the time and place of their college career, their course of study and the degree to which it led, where they have taught, the degrees subsequently received, the time they became members of the College Faculty, subjects taught, books published, travels abroad and anything of interest regarding their strictly educational and scholastic career. The editors hope to make this biography of our Professors both interesting and instructive, and to make it a valuable contribution to the already published history of our growing University.

A special and valuable feature of the MIRROR in the future will be a list of the best and most authoritative articles on the subjects taught in the different departments as they appear in the papers and magazines from time to time. This list will be as nearly as possible, complete, and will give, of all the mass of material that appears, only such articles as are really worthy of consideration, and deserve the attention of the student who is interested in a further pursuit of any special branch. The references will cover all the subjects taught by the various Professors and will be especially valuable to those who wish to specialize in some particular line, as well as to those who desire to keep abreast of the times along several or all lines, yet have not the time to read all that appears on every subject, to sift the material, take the good, reject the bad. This list of references will be, it is hoped, valuable both to the student and to the graduate, a complete index as nearly as possible of the best and worthiest that is appearing in current literature on the problems and subjects that are taught in the college curriculum and that perplex and interest the graduate mind. The first list will appear in the next issue and will be followed by similar lists in the last issue of each month.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Much as we desire to have the articles, contributed by friends and patrons of the MIRROR, appear free from typographical errors, we nevertheless find ourselves unable to keep them out. Any and all errors due to oversight or carelessness on the part of the proof reader will always be acknowledged and rectified in the issues that follow if our friends will kindly call our attention to them. We are fully as much grieved at serious errors as the composer of the production in which the errors are found. We therefore take pleasure in rectifying the typographical errors found in the article entitled "A Woman in Literature" in the March 25 issue: in proper names, Bodtein for Bodlein; Rothchilds for Rothschilds; Morton for Norton; Castrell for Costrell; Lonybee for Tonybee. On page 116 in the second column, line eleven, the word printed *these* should be *three*. A little below the middle of the same column, after the words Sir George Tressady a period is placed, and the next word is printed with a capital,—"As", when it should have been "as" with a comma before it. On page 117, first column, line seven, the word printed *models* should be *novels*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'52. Mr. Virgil M. Blanding, of Rock Island, Ill., has for many years past been engaged in Railway Construction. At present he is Secretary and Treasurer of the Davenport and Rock Island Bridge, Railway and Terminal Company. This bridge, when completed, will be the second over the Mississippi between the cities of Rock Island and Davenport.

Ex-'52. Through information misinterpreted we said in our last issue that Mr. John A. Grier served as a 3rd Assistant Engineer in the U. S. Navy for over ten years. As is well known to his many friends in Pennsylvania, he was regularly promoted from grade to grade by competitive examinations, receiving a commission in the early part of the late war as Chief Engineer. At the termination of the war, he resigned his commission for private life. As Chief Engineer he served on two of our largest and most powerful vessels during the war—the New Ironsides and the U. S. Frigate Powhatan. Mr. Grier has presented his little book, "Our Silver Coinage" to the Bucknell Library since our last issue.

Ex-'53. Rev. C. C. Bitting is living at 1625 Diamond Street, Phila.

Ex-'53. Rev. Joseph N. Folwell, now nearly 70 years of age, is pastor of the Emanuel Baptist church, of Camden, N. J. This church was founded by him three years ago.

'54. Rev. Chas. M. Deitz is now located at Frenchtown, N. J., where he has been pastor of the Baptist church for two years.

'55. Mr. Henry I. Budd, who is extensively engaged in farming near Mt. Holly, N. J., is also State Commissioner of Public Roads with an office in Trenton. "He has for a number of years acted as President for the Burlington County Agricultural Society, Mount Holly, Lumberton and Medford Railroad, Vice-President, Trustee and Curator of the Burlington County Lyceum of History and Natural Sciences, Secretary of the Burlington County Board of Agriculture, Secretary of the New Jersey Horticultural Society, also a member of other state, county, historical, literary and agricultural organizations." "Mr. Budd was, on the 21st of May, 1895, appointed by Governor Mertz to his present position, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Edward Burrough, and in 1896 he was reappointed by Governor Griggs for a full term of three years." His salary is $1500 a year.

'55. Dr. Chas. H. Malcom is now in his third year at St. Stephens College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y. He is Professor of History and English Literature. For some time previous to his coming to St. Stephens he was Corresponding Secretary of the American Church Building Fund, with his office in New York.

'56. Mr. George W. Fries, a Mifflinburg boy in his college days, is now editor of the Friendship Register, of Friendship, N. Y. He was President of the Board of Education of that place for two years.

'56. Mr. John A. Gundy is still engaged in agricultural pursuits on his farm a mile below town.

'56. Rev. John R. Shanafelt resides in Lawrence, Kansas. He was recently incapacitated for his regular duties by a stroke of apoplexy which has left him almost helpless.

'58. Major Thomas Chamberlin has an office at 424 Walnut Street, Phila. For the last twelve years he has been Secretary of the Teutonia Fire Insurance Co. of that city. His title was received for active service during the Civil War in which he gained great prominence as a brave soldier. Major Chamberlin is well remembered in this town as an eloquent orator by several addresses he delivered here on different occasions.

'59. Mr. O. P. Chamberlin, a prominent lawyer of Flemington, N. J., among other noteworthy state and county offices was appointed Supreme Court Commissioner by the Supreme Court of New Jersey on Feb. 17, 1887.

Ex-'62. W. S. Shallenberger has been nominated by President McKinley for the position of Second Assistant Postmaster General.

'84. Rev. A. W. Hand has become pastor of the church at Putnam, Conn.

'88. Rev. W. H. Clipman, of Harrisburg, has been for several weeks in Phila., under treatment for his eyes. He has been a guest of his class brother, Rev. R. B. McDanel, of Oak Lane.

'94. Raymond J. Davis, at the same time while pursuing his course at Crozer Theological Seminary, is pastor of the Angora Baptist Church in Philadelphia.

'96. T. L. Josephs has returned from his visit to England and made his appearance not long since in the town of his college days.

'96. Albert W. Johnson has removed from his former home, New Berlin, and is now residing in Lewisburg.

Ex-'96. A. H. Catterall, M. D., has opened an office at 3100 Cottage Ave., Chicago.

Uniontown, Pa., March 24. "Assistant District Attorney W. E. Crow and Miss Ada Curry were married here to-day by Rev. Dr. H. F. King. They left immediately on an extended wedding trip, and on their return will go to housekeeping on Wilson Avenue. Mr. Crow was formerly a newspaper man in Pittsburg, and later of this place. He was admitted to practice law a year ago and was soon appointed assistant district attorney, which position he now holds. Miss Curry is a graduate of the female department of Bucknell University."—(Pittsburg *Times.*)

The names of S. F. Forgeus, D. D., '72, A. C. Lathrop, '94, and F. I. Sigmund, '95, appear on the program of the Ministers Conference of the Center Association, this State, to be held at Philipsburg, April 5–6.

UNIVERSITY ITEMS.

COLLEGE.

Wager, 1900, now has the oversight of the Laboratory.

L. H. Burge, '98, has been made assistant to Prof. Owens.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club gave a recital in Bucknell Hall on Thursday evening, the 8th inst.

Because of the shortness of the vacation an unusually large number of students remained in town during that time.

Chas. S. Studd, Cambridge '84, spent Saturday and Sunday with us at Bucknell delivering several addresses in the interest of Missions.

The graduates of Bucknell Institute will not read their essays this year at graduation, but an address will be delivered by some prominent speaker instead.

The following have been chosen for the Junior Exhibition: Davis, Fithian, Lauderbaugh, Lindemann, Miss Rodgers, Miss Slifer, Stober, Wiltbank and Cooke.

The base-ball diamond was prepared for use during vacation and we may soon expect to see practice games which will enable us to form some idea of the strength of our team.

Dr. Harris delivered the opening lecture of the term on Monday the 5th inst. His subject was "Moral Pathfinders." Among those mentioned as such were: Socrates, Paul, Regulus, and Washington. He laid great stress on the necessity of honesty, truth and righteousness if one would be successful.

The lecture course which will be given for the benefit of the Athletic Association consists of the following: James Whitcomb Riley by Dr. Lincoln Hulley on April 22, Venezuela, Illustrated, by Col. Geo. Nox McCain of the Phila. *Press*, on April 29th and Some Proverbs, not Solomon's, by Dr. Enoch Perrine on May 6th.

The Literary Societies have elected the following officers for the ensuing term: *Theta Alpha*: Pres., Fithian; Vice Pres., Meserve; Sec., Conover; Treas., DeWitt; Critic, Collins; Censor, Huntzberger, Curator, Diggs. *Euepia*: Pres. Kunkle; Vice Pres., Rawlinson; Sec., Bell; Critic, Smith; Treas., Todd; Sergeant-at-Arms, Calvin.

A life size cast of Julius Cæsar has been presented to the University by J. Ackerman Coles, M. D., and sister, of Scotch Plains, N. J. It is the only one of the kind in America being an exact copy of the one in the Louvre, Paris. The cast was presented in memory of Abraham Coles, M. D., Ph. D. LL. D., an honorary Alumnus of the University.

At a meeting of the Muncy Alumni Association held recently at Williamsport the toast "The University in the Scheme of Popular Education," was responded to by Dr. Lincoln Hulley. Prof. W. W. Kelchner, '86, Principal of the Williamsport High School, spoke on "The High School in the Scheme of Popular Education." Eight graduates of Muncy Normal are now attending Bucknell, namely: C. D. Koch, G. T. Ritter, A. A. Smith, D. H. Robbins, H. F. Stabler and E. Reed.

INSTITUTE.

A new piano has recently been put in room B for the benefit of the school of music.

We hope to give in the next issue some notes on the recent visit of the Bucknell girls to the National Capitol.

We learn that L'Agenda will be out by May first and we are eagerly waiting its appearance. A number of the Institute girls have contributed to its columns.

We are very sorry that our welcome could not be extended to all at the opening of the term, April first, but only a faithful few were prompt in returning. However at this date all are here but one.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club, under the direction of J. Brown Martin, gave a delightful serenade to the young ladies of the Institute, in the Study Hall, on the evening of April 5th. Listening to the

> "Notes with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out"

one easily understands why this "L'Allegro" Club was so popular.

ACADEMY.

Mr. Gordon Forster has changed his place of residence and is now living at the Academy.

During vacation a few of the boys remained in town. Consult Mr. Alan Cunningham concerning the pleasant time we had. We think his account would be very enjoyable.

A new feature of Adelphia's last meeting was the Shakesperian Reading by the members with the Introduction by Prof. Phillips. This proved to be very interesting and profitable to all.

We are glad to welcome a former student, Mr. M. L. Anthony and also the new students, Messrs. G. M. Fehr, J. E. Parker, J. A. Haines, C. N. Steinenger, W. N. Lorenze, E. J. Shortell, and W. E. Mannuel.

ATHLETICS.

The following is an abstract statement of the Treasurer's report for the year ending 1896:

Received from ex-treas Kunkle...	18 88	
Dues..............................	16 00	
Athletic Meet Washington's B....	18 95	
Settlement of Folmer Acc't... ..		30 00
Receipts from Basket Ball........	52 36	
Expenditures on " "		71 13
Receipts from Base Ball........ ..	227 17	
Expenditures on " "...........		387 17
Receipts from Foot Ball..........	1110 50	
Expenditures on " "		1135 77
Total Deficit............	180 21	
	1624 07	1624 07

C. D. Koch, Treas. B. U. A. A.

The following is the report of the Treasurer of the Athletic Association for the basket ball season:

RECEIPTS.

Danville Y. M. C. A. vs. B. U.	$13.00
University of Pa. vs. B. U.	57.50
State College vs. B. U.	25.00
(1) Sophomores vs. Freshmen	11.40
(2)Sophomores vs. Freshmen	4.75
Juniors vs. Sophomores	13.10
Total	$124.75

EXPENDITURES.	
Danville Y. M. C. A.—Guarantee	$13.00
University of Pa.—Guarantee	45.00
Burge Electrician	1.50
E. K. Tryon—Equipments	15.20
State Trip	21.90
Chronicle Print	4.50
Journal Print on Acct.	8.00
Postage, Telegrams and sundries	11.95
Total	$121.05
BILLS UNPAID.	
Bal. due E. K. Tryon	$3.85
Bal. due Journal Print	5.75
Team Cut for L'Agenda	6.00
Total	$15.60
Receipts	$124.75
Expenditures	$121.05
Bal. in Treasury	$3.70
Bills Unpaid	$15.60
Bal. in Treasury	$3.70
Deficit	$11.90

J. C. HAZEN,
Treas. B. U. A. A.

BASE BALL.

The first game of the season is with Milton this afternoon.

It is likely that a game will be arranged with the Carlisle Indians to be played here.

It is hoped every student will show his interest in the team by attending all the home games. The success of the team abroad will depend much upon the encouragement they receive at home.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XVI. LEWISBURG, PA., APRIL 25, 1897. NO. 13.

WOMAN IN MUSIC.

Under existing circumstances it seems expedient to eulogize woman. A program concerning women, prepared by women, and for the purpose of encouraging women to greater effort along various lines of development had perhaps better suppress the dark or discouraging side of the question. In the relation of woman to music this is not difficult, for her position is unquestioned. Here she is no innovation. It is not by elbowing or by doubtful achievement that she has been acknowledged in the world of music. This science is sexless,—this art the only one taught by the angels who combine grace and strength in their being. In some manifestations of this art, however, it is only present day conditions that render woman a competitor with man. Though the legend goes that a woman invented that most soulful of instruments, the organ, it is but recently that she has played it with skill and strength equal to man's. A similar change in popular opinion is noticeable in regard to the use of many wind instruments requiring force of lungs. It is easy to foretell what revolutions in regard to such questions will accompany the new physical education of woman. Then, too, in this woman's age, woman has become a valued teacher. As pianist, violinist, and orchestra leader she is winning a place for herself with something of the struggle she has found necessary in other arts when in competition with men, who, whatever else they have or have not, have possession.

It is in the realm of song, however, that woman is pre-eminent. There she finds her own, or song finds its own—a faithful medium, an earthly voice for heavenly truth, and woman has been the world's most blessed messenger when she has with clearness and accuracy interpreted such truth for men. It has come as lullaby or as war cry, as song of victory when the Lord triumphed gloriously and horse and rider were thrown into the sea or as song of praise when her soul hath magnified the Lord and her spirit hath rejoiced in God her Saviour. Wherever men have struggled her voice has inspired, wherever they have triumphed it has heralded in song the victory of truth and peace.

Many women who have devoted their lives to song as a profession, and who have sung perhaps not because they were compelled but because it was a paying business, have nevertheless been hailed as benefactors of the world and crowned with highest honors.

By her power over the heart we hold Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, highest in our praise. Her biography is an household possession, so we need not recount it but attempt to find in her individuality the secret of her power. First to be considered is the marvellous instrument, her voice, rare both by its range and its sweetness. Then she made the most of it by closest application. She was master of her art,—"The greatest artist I have ever known" were Mendelssohn's words of her. This voice she regarded as a gift, one she must put to sacred uses, so she never degraded her art. Her singing was a noble consecration. Does not the secret of all this lie in her entire womanliness, so that the most distinguished praise that can be rendered her is to say that she was a rarely endowed woman conscious of the sacredness of her gift? This has been the object of using Jenny Lind's name—to prove her the fullest development of the age in her art, and to suggest something further,—perhaps to make a modest prediction for the future. While this paper has greatly claimed an exalted place for woman as an interpreter it has wisely been silent upon her rank in the creative realm. We look in vain for women's names to rank with the world's great composers. It does seem a little strange that, if women are to be composers, there have not been any in the past; but are there not parallels enough in other spheres to make it fair to state that even genius is a development, and that after awhile, perhaps after a few centuries, when women grow accustomed to the greatness that seems to be thrust upon them these days, this also may be granted to them ?

Then, too, may we not hope devoutly for another development—that when this queen of composers be granted the earth that still rarer gift may be hers,—power to rule her own life by the glorious harmonies she creates.

MISS SARA VAN GUNDY.

JOHN HOWARD HARRIS, PH. D., LL.D., PRESIDENT.

John Howard Harris was born in Indiana county, Pa., April 24, 1847. His early years were spent on a farm. During the years from 1860 to 1865 he prepared for college at Mechanicsburg Academy. His studies here, however, were interrupted, for at the age of fifteen he taught his first class in school, and in the following year he enlisted and served as a private in the Second Battalion, U. S. Volunteers, in West Virginia. Afterwards he served as a sergeant in Company H, 206th Pa. Volunteers, in front of Richmond, from August, 1864, until the fall of the city. The incidents attending the fall of Richmond and the impressions of the event are now embodied in a lecture which has elicited great interest and much favorable comment. During these seventeen months of service in the army, he continued his studies and completed his preparatory course.

In 1865 he entered the University at Lewisburg and graduated in 1869 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He had intended to study law, but while at college he became a member of the Baptist church and at the close of his course had decided to study for the ministry.

In 1869 the Baptists of Northeastern Pennsylvania purposed to establish an academy, to be located at Factoryville, and to be known as Keystone Academy. Dr. Harris was offered and accepted the position of principal of a school which had yet to be created,—a position which he held from 1869 to 1889. The school was opened, with sixteen pupils, in the basement of the Baptist church at Factoryville. When Dr. Harris resigned, twenty years afterward, he left an Academy second to none in the state, with several hundred pupils, a large faculty, and with three large buildings situated on a campus of about twenty-five acres. In all this work, the principal of the school was the guiding spirit, and it is not too much to say that Keystone Academy is the work of Dr. Harris. The position gave him a thorough training and experience in the administration of a school, as well as constant contact with men interested in education. It was therefore eminently fitting that he should have been selected, in 1889, to the presidency of Bucknell ; nor have the friends of the institution been disappointed.

In 1872 he was ordained to the ministry. In addition to his duties as principal he was pastor of the Factoryville Baptist Church from 1880 to 1889.

In 1883 Lafayette College conferred upon him the degree of Ph. D. ; and in 1891 he received the degree of LL. D. from Dickinson College and from Colgate University.

These are, in brief, some of the main facts of his life ; but they do not portray the man nor his greatest and most lasting work. His greatest glory will always be the lasting influence he has exerted upon young men. Whenever his former students meet they speak of him with affection and admiration, and always with the utmost trust and confidence in him, and with the admission that no greater influence than his ever entered their lives.

E. M. H.

FREEMAN LOOMIS, A. M. PH. D.

PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE.

Dr. Freeman Loomis, senior professor in Bucknell, was born in Waterville, Me., May 21, 1844. His father, J. R. Loomis, LL. D., for twenty years the honored president of Bucknell University, came to Lewisburg about four years after the founding of the institution. The name of Freeman Loomis is enrolled among the students of the Academy two years later. And as he has always sustained a close relationship to the University ever since, we may safely conclude that no one has been for so long a time intimately acquainted or associated with the work and progress of the University at Lewisburg.

He continued at the Academy through his course of preparatory study; and during this time was admitted to the fellowship of the Lewisburg Baptist church. His baptism occurred April 10, 1859, the pastor, Rev. S. H. Mirick, officiating.

He was admitted to the college in 1862. His preparation had been thorough and enabled him to hold his own with such brilliant classmates as Charles S. Wolfe and Alfred Taylor, afterwards trustees of the University, the latter his intimate friend.

Soon after entering college he joined the Theta Alpha literary society and throughout his course was an active and leading member. He was also initiated into the Phi Kappa Psi Greek letter fraternity.

Upon completing the usual four years classical course he was graduated in 1866, being awarded the Salutatory address, the second honors of his class. Upon that occasion, in addition to the Latin address, he delivered a noteworthy oration on Theodore Parker.

A Theological department under Professor Curtis, having a two years course of study, had been established in the University in 1854; upon leaving college he passed at once to this course and was graduated from it in 1868. While pursuing his Theological studies and for two years after, or until he went to Europe, he held the responsible office of Superintendent of the Lewisburg Baptist Sunday School, which post he filled with singular acceptability.

In 1868 the board of trustees elected Professor Loomis Principal of the Academy, with Norman Ball and Miss Nettie Dunham as assistants. The following year the classical preparatory department became distinct from the Academy and Professor Loomis was placed at the head of the Classical Preparatory. This position he held for ten years or until 1879, at which date the Academy and preparatory school were again united.

In 1870 Professor Loomis was granted leave of absence to pursue his studies abroad. In carrying out his plans he entered the University at Berlin; and we find his name enrolled in the catalogues 1870 72, under the head of Students in Philosophy.

At this time "King Frederick William's University" was reduced in attendance more than one-half by the fierce struggle in which France and Germany were contending for supremacy. Politics and war were then every-day themes, and Professor Loomis in the spirit of the times wrote home some interesting and valuable letters for publication. We remember reading his vivid descriptions of "the First German Reichstag," with Count Moultke, Prince Bismarck, and Emperor William, the creator of United Germany, in attendance. We were not less interested in his letters describing the "Festivities at Berlin," when the victorious German army was reviewed with imposing ceremonies at the capital,—the idea being carried out of giving to the victorious warriors the honor of an official reception.

Subsequently Professor Loomis occupied himself for some time in the city of Paris in the study of the French language and its literature.

During his absence in Europe, in 1871, the trustees of the University at Lewisburg elected him to the chair of Modern Languages. Up to this date the modern languages had constituted no part of the college curriculum. The entire linguistic training, other than English, had been confined to the ancient classics. Accordingly the return of Professor Loomis from Europe marked a considerable expansion in the courses of the University,

He re-entered upon his work at Lewisburg in the fall of 1872, as Principal of the Classical Preparatory; and at the same time began to organize the new department of Modern Languages.

His previous experience as a teacher, his studies at the famed University of Fichte and Hegel, of Neander and Rose and Eucke, his residence for two years at this centre of Germanic scholarship affording as it did unusual opportunities for collateral culture, and a subsequent visit to Paris, enabled Professor Loomis to bring to the work of instruction in the new department of Modern Languages very superior qualifications.

Since 1879 his work has been confined to his department in college; his instruction has been faithfully given; and his elective courses have been deservedly popular.

Professor Loomis has spent his life at Lewisburg; his best services have been given to the University, which has conferred upon him the degrees of A. B. in '66, of B. D. in '68, of A. M. in '69, and of Ph. D. in '89. In the various movements for the improvement of the University grounds, and in the numerous efforts to increase the endowment fund, no Alumnus has contributed more liberally of his means than Professor Loomis.

AWAKENING.

While winds, their fury spread abroad,
  And raging torrents rush along,
There wakes beneath the heaving sod,
  The notes of universal song.

Throughout cold winter's cruel night,
  Beneath their shroud of freezing snows,
The dormant bulbs have nestled tight
  And gathered strength in sweet repose.

But now the robin's warbling notes
  Are calling them to break their sleep;
To cast aside their heavy coats;
  From every nook and dell to peep.

Sweet flowers! lift your welcome heads!
  Your fragrance spread o'er all this land!
And ye shall be in your own beds
  Protected by the mortal hand!

ERUTAN.

BUCKNELL ALUMNAE CLUB.

The Bucknell Alumnæ Club of Philadelphia met on Monday, March 29, at the Foulke and Long Institute. Twenty-eight were present. The luncheon, which is usually supplied by a caterer, was prepared and served by the girls in the senior class of the Foulke and Long Institute. Never had the tables been more tastefully arranged, and never has the luncheon been better prepared or more daintily served. All were delighted with the work of the girls and felt like congratulating most heartily the teachers whose instruction has made possible such good results.

We were glad for the opportunity of allowing our members to see what a splendid work the Foulke and Long Institute is doing.

After luncheon was served Mrs. Spratt, the President of the Club, referred to a few matters of business and then introduced the subject for discussion: "Resolved, that the intellectual culture of women does not increase the sum of human happiness."

Before opening the discussion, however, Mrs. Spratt read a paper on "India, the Paradise for Housekeepers," written by Mrs. R. M. Luther, a physician in Newark. Mrs. Luther was to have been our guest and to have read the paper herself. Since she was unable to be present it was thought fitting to read the paper, though it did not bear directly on our subject, and we were exceedingly glad for a glimpse of life in India through the eyes of one who had really experienced its delights and difficulties. The paper was written in a very clever way and was thoroughly enjoyed.

The discussion of the subject chosen for the meeting followed immediately. Mrs. T. S. Scott opened the discussion, arguing for the affirmative. She was supported by Mrs. Tustin and Mrs. Cobb. Mrs. Sütter and Mrs. Stubbs discussed the negative side of the question.

The following are some of the arguments given in support of the affirmative:

1. Intellectual culture of women breeds discontent. An intellectual woman has ambitions which very often cannot be realized. Domestic life offers no opportunities for satisfying her desires. Home duties are irksome and she seeks enjoyment and gratification elsewhere. In her relations with other women this discontent is evident. The intellectually-cultured woman withdraws from the society of women whom she does not consider her equals or superiors intellectually. She avoids the society of those who are no advantage to her intellectually.

2. Intellectual culture makes women critical. Into art, music, literature, religion the intellectual woman brings her criticisms, and what she once was able to appreciate now fails to attract her.

3. Intellectual culture often comes at the expense of heart-culture. A woman whose desires are for mental culture more than anything else seeks intellectual friendships of the

heart. Having exhausted what is accessible to her in the mind of another she loses all interest in this person and their relations cease. Such a woman gives her time to mind-training, forgetting the need of heart-culture.

4. Intellectual culture is often obtained at the cost of woman's personal charms, which are her greatest power.

The following fact was stated in support of the argument:

Among the Yaro nation, a people of Asia, the women are supreme. They woo the men, they control the affairs of the home and nation; property descends through them, and in everything they are dominant, but—note the sequel—they are the very ugliest women on the face of the earth. The dreadful example is probably enough to make the average woman seek for diminution of brain rather than enlargement.

Some of the arguments for the negative were these:

1. The intellectual culture of women is an advantage to those in the home. The women of to-day who are not intellectnally cultured find themselves unable to be a help to their sons and daughters who have had higher educations. Many of the girls of to-day have grown away from their mothers because these mothers are not interested in the same lines of thought and work. There is not as much sympathy between cultured daughters and their mothers as there might be if the women who are mothers had greater intellectual culture. The girls of the future will have greater advantages along this line than those of to-day have had. They will have mothers who can sympathize with them intellectually as well as in other ways, and the value of this cannot be overestimated.

2. The intellectual culture of women fits them for positions of greater usefulness outside of the home. There is a growing demand for women as teachers in these days. Unless a woman has had the advantage of higher education she cannot now fill a desirable position in any school. The majority of schools want collegebred women on their faculties.

3. The intellectual culture of women tends to command sincerity. When women have the most culture men are more open and sincere. By the side of an uncultured woman a man finds it necessary to avoid saying anything beyond the narrow range of her information lest he make her uncomfartable. He is obliged to be cautious, and sometimes is insincere in expressing himself. With a woman of culture equal to his own he has no cause for apprehension, and he is himself.

An interesting discussion of the arguments given followed the more formal debate. The topic seemed to have been well chosen for all manifested great interest in its discussion. We have found our meetings to be so much more helpful, since we've adopted the plan of having subjects which admit of a discussion. If the interest continues to increase in the ratio in which it has begun we will look forward to having many delightful meetings.

VOICE FROM A STREAM.

I stood beside a stream one day;
It seemed to say:
"My child, hast thou at last come home?"
Unseen a gnome
Appeared to guard the rippling brook
From secret nook.
O'er head the sun in sapphire sky,
Shone clear and high
Against the jagged rocky hill
So grand and still;
Here oft I climbed in youthful days
To hear sweet lays
That echoed from each clift and scar
Along the bar.
Green-briers were close enwreathed o'erhead,
In tangled spread,
To screen the sylvan nymph's abode.
Their viewless road
Inwound among the blooming trees.
I saw the bees
Collecting sweets from scented flow'rs,
Where petal show'rs
Were bathed in a familiar spring.
With silv'ry ring
It gushes from the slimy earth
In joyous mirth.
Through fens and ferns it roll'd along
With ceaseless song;
It kept refresh'd a mossy bank
On which I sank
To dream of days that now are o'er
For ever more.

N. P. E.

IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN APRIL PERIODICALS.

ART.

Art and Literature in Schools. W. T. Harris. *Educa. Rev.*

Art, the Priesthood of. Stinson Jarvis. *Arena.*

Æsthetics, Syllabus for Study, Oscar L. Triggs. *Poet-Lore.*

Sculptor, a New American. W. A. Coffin. *Century.*

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

Free Church in England. R. F. Horton. *Fortnightly.*

Genesis, Cosmogony of. Henry Morton. *Bib. Sacra.*

Homer of the Hebrews. A. Kidder Fiske. *New World.*

Jonah, the Book and Its Author. Editorial. *Bib. World.*

Kant's Influence on Modern Theology. C. C. Everett. *New World.*

Preacher's Study of Classical Literature. Jas. O. Murray. *Homil. Rev.*

Rationalism and Scholarship. H. Osgood. *Homil. Rev.*

Scripture Errancy Conflict. B. F. Burnham. *Arena.*

Wellhausen's Latest Critic. S. Holmes. *Westminster.*

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Adams and Jefferson, Friendship of. E. P. Powell. *New England.*

Drummond, Henry. W. R. Nicoll. *Contemporary.*

Emerson and Thoreau. F. B. Sanborn. *Forum.*

Grant, Ulysses S., The Tomb of, &c. Horace Porter et al. *Century.*

Hamilton, Alexander. Henry Cabot Lodge. *McClure.*

Morris, William, the Artist. H. H. Winslow. *New England.*

Rhoades, Cecil. C. D. Baynes. *Fortnightly.*

Washington, George, and the French Craze of '93. J. B. McMaster. *Harper.*

William II. of Germany. W. T. Stead. *Contemporary.*

Wordsworth's Youth. Leslie Stephen. *Eclectic.*

ECONOMICS, HISTORY AND POLITICS.

American History, Comment on Recent Books. *Atlantic.*

Anglo-Saxon Expansion, a Century of. G. B. Adams. *Atlantic.*

Legal Tender Paper, Security of. C. F. Dunbar. *Q. Jo. Economics.*

Nominating System. E. L. Godkin. *Atlantic.*

President Cleveland. Harry T. Peck. *Bookman.*

Revenues, Government, Raising of. D. A. Wells. *Popular Science.*

Senate the. Has it Degenerated. G. F. Hoar. *Forum.*

The Man in History. J. C. Ridpath. *Arena.*

EDUCATION.

Coeducation in Schools and Colleges. May W. Sewall. *Arena.*

College, Choosing a. C. F. Thwing. *Review of Rev.*

College Fraternities. P. F. Piper. *Cosmopolitan.*

College Honors. Lucy M. Salmon. *Educa. Review.*

Modern College Education. J. B. Walker. *Cosmopolitan.*

Spelling—Grind, Futility of the. J. M. Rice. *Forum.*

State Universities of Middle West. A. S. Draper. *Educational Review.*

Universities, the New French. G. Compayre. *Educational Review.*

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

"As You Like It." Study Programme. *Poet-Lore.*

Brandes, George, Living Critic Series. W. M. Payne. *Bookman.*

Bryant, William Cullen. H. D. Sedgwick, Jr. *Atlantic.*

Bryant, William Cullen. DeWolfe Howe. *Bookman.*

Evil, Poetic Personifications of. A. F. Agard. *Poet-Lore.*

Shakespeare as Critic. J. W. Bray. *Poet-Lore.*

Tennyson's "In Memoriam." T. W. Hunt. *Bib. Sac.*

Whitman, Woman and Freedom in. H. A. Michael. *Poet-Lore.*

SCIENCE.

Electricity, Epoch-making Events in. Volta. A. H. Stockbridge. *Engineering Magazine.*

Kite, a Modern, and Government Experiments. H. C. Hunter. *Outing.*

Mercury, and Recent Discoveries. Percival Lowell. *Atlantic.*

Paleontological Progress of Century. H. S. Williams. *Harper.*

Racial Geography of Europe. W. Z. Ripley. *Popular Science.*

Spencer and Darwin. Grant Allen. *Eclectic* and *Popular Science.*

SOCIOLOGICAL.

Christianity and Social Problems. Z. S. Holbrook. *Bib. Sacra.*

Co-operative Stores in the United States. Edw. Cummings. *Q. Jo. Economics.*

Drink Evil and its Cure. A. G. Herzfield. *Westminster.*

Municipal Reform. H. S. Pingree. *Arena.*

Social Life, Changes During Queen's Reign. Algernon West. *Nineteenth Century.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Africa, Central, New Conditions in. E. J. Glave. *Century.*

Africa, Southern. *Eclectic, Fortnightly, Harper.*

Boer Indictment o f British Policy. H. M. Stanley. *Nineteenth Century.*

Crete. *Contemporary, Fortnightly, Review of Reviews, Watchman.*

Cuba and the United States. Henri Rochefort. *Forum.*

Germany, Imperialization of. Thos. Davidson. *Forum.*

Greece, Modern. *Cosmopolitan, North Americen Review, Scribner's.*

Ireland and Great Britain, Financial Relation of. *Fortnightly, Westminster.*

Ottoman Empire, Integrity of. W. Reed and G. A. Rogers. *Nineteenth Century.*

Russia and Re-Discovery of Europe. Olva Novikoff. *Fortnightly.*

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

APRIL 25, 1897.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIALS.

Unfortunately we go to press a few hours before the result of the relay races at the University of Pennsylvania meet can be known. But whether our team wins or loses they shall have our sympathy and hearty support. They have trained well and faithfully and deserve a well-merited victory.

The annual reception of Dr. and Mrs. Harris to the Senior classes of the College and Institute is one of the most pleasureable and most anticipated social events of the year. There, enjoying the privileges and pleasures of social intercourse, the two classes stand united,—perhaps for the last time. This reception is merely another cord that binds the hearts of all in a more common sympathy, a more fervent love for old Bucknell.

A great deal of interest is being manifested in tennis, the courts having been put into better condition than ever before. The boys have worked hard in leveling them down, rolling them, and putting up an excellent system of wire netting, so that they present a more pleasing appearance than formerly. Every fine afternoon they are in constant demand, and even then they are scarcely able to accommodate all those who desire to play. A Tennis Association has been formed for the purpose of promoting an interest in Collegiate and Inter-Collegiate tennis, and this Association is to have full control of all tournaments played on the home grounds. All this points toward a successful season and an excellent tournament.

To the class of '97 belongs the credit of originating and successfully carrying out the plan of publishing a really good, neat and attractive College Song Book. The editors have worked faithfully in securing the music, and the names of such men as Drs. Doane, Lowry, Johnson, Wood and Whitman, Profs. Stanley of Michigay, Manchester of Keystone, etc., among its contributors are a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. It contains seventy-three pages has thirty-eight songs, all entirely original except five, and is neatly bound in a serviceable cover. The book comes up to the most sanguine expectations of the friends and members of the class, and all connected with it deserve hearty praise for their efficient and successful efforts.

It is with feelings of regret that we learn of the resignation of Mrs. Larison from the Principalship of the Institute. During her entire career as Preceptress she has always been held in the highest respect and esteem among the students, and her influence, which is great, has always been for the pure and true, a higher, better, more exalted standard of manhood and womanhood. Many a boy and girl will never forget the kind, motherly face of Mrs. Larison, or some word, look, or tone of hers that made life better, brighter, more worth the living. It seems a pity to lose one who has been so useful, so energetic; but she has abundantly earned a well-merited rest from her arduous labors, and as she goes forth we bid her "God speed."

The prospect for a victorious and successful season in baseball has been seldom, if ever, brighter than at the present. The diamond has been put in good condition, an abundance of fairly good material is at hand, a series of practice games either against the second team or neighboring local teams has been and is being played to give the men practice and confidence, and we have a pitcher who, to say the least, thoroughly understands his business and is in every respect first-class. Mr. Shortell's former record in baseball is an enviable one. We have every reason to believe that during the coming season he will fully sustain his former reputation, and even add greatly to his laurels. His coaching and management of the men on the field are of a high order. All that is needed to make our team able to compete successfully with those of other colleges of like standing, is thorough, systematic training. This they *must* have.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'59. The class of '59, after thirty-eight years, is still unbroken, its six members all living, Prof. H. L. Atkinson, Dr. W. H. Finn, Rev. Thos. P. Coulston, all of Phila., O. P. Chamberlin, Esq., of Flemington, N. J., Rev. A. J. Furman, of Indiana, Pa., and Rev. A. D. Hawn, of Delaware. Ohio.

Rev. Thos. P. Coulston, D. D., is living at 1120 Ogden St., Phila., having retired from his pastorate some time ago.

Dr. Finn is a prominent and well-to-do physician living at 627 N. 10th St., Phila.

Rev. A. J. Furman, on leaving Lewisburg, became pastor of the Baptist Church at Lock Haven. At the end of two years he resigned to enter the army as Chaplain of the Regt. P. R. V. C. During part of his term of service he served as postmaster of the regiment and while doing so noticed that a great deal of obscene literature was coming through the mails. At the request of the Postmaster General at Washington, with whom he afterward conferred, he prepared a statement of the facts as he saw them. A postal law was promulgated immediately authorizing the postmasters to send to Washington any matter suspected of such a nature, and there it was destroyed This law is still in existence.

'60. Mr. C. V. Gundy is now conducting a Home School for girls and boys at his residence on Sixth street.

'60. Mr. William A. Marr is practicing law at Ashland, Pa.

'60. Hon. Simon P. Wolverton, who served two terms as State Senator of Pennsylvania and one as Representative at Washington, is practicing law in Sunbury. He is now holding the office of Attorney for the Reading Railroad Company.

Ex-'60. Rev. Geo. W. Folwell, who has completed five years' ministry at South Broad St. Baptist Church, Phila., has had printed his anniversary sermon, which shows largely increased and substantial gains in membership and benevolence in the church.

Ex-'60. Arthur Malcom, Esq., has been elected Treasurer of the Baptist Orphanage, Phila.

Ex-'60. Mr. Franklin C. Derr has held the position of teacher in the public schools of Danville, Pa., for a number of years.

'61. Rev. Dr. T. M. Shanafelt is Superintendent of Missions for South Dakota and lives at Huron, S. D. He is author and compiler of Biographical Sketches of Four Hundred Michigan Baptist Ministers. He is also the author of a Baptist History of South Dakota.

'62. Mr. Thos. K. Jones is Vice President and Executive Officer of the National Safe Deposit Savings and Trust Company of Washton, D. C. He graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1868. From 1865 to 1872 he was Accountant in the U. S. Treasury, from 1872 to 1884 he was Cashier of the National Savings Bank, Washington, D. C., and from '84 to '92 was Manager of the New York Branch American Baptist Education Society. In 1892 he entered upon the office he now holds.

'62. Mr. D. Bright Miller is President of the Lewisburg National Bank. He was for a number of years President of the School Board of this place and since the death of David M. Reber has been acting Cashier of the above bank.

'62. Mr. David M. Nesbit is living at College Station, Md. He has for a number of years been a member of the firm of D. M. Nesbit & Co., which operates a large planing mill in East Lewisburg.

'62. Rev. W. H. Conard, D. D., Secretary of the Pennsylvania Baptist State Mission Society is now in his seventeenth year of service in State Mission work. In these years the denomination has made very considerable progress in Pennsylvania. In 1880 there were 568 Baptist churches in the State with a membership of 64,572. In 1896 there were 709 churches and 103,308 members. There are seven counties yet where Baptists are not represented.

'62. Arrangements are being made to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Mantua Baptist church of Phila,, of which church Rev. J. S. Walker, D. D. has been the only pastor.

'62. By the death of Rev. T. Doughty Miller D., D., who, for almost 33 years was pastor of the First African Baptist Church of Phila., Dr. Walker becomes the senior Baptist pastor of the city.

'68. A paper entitled "The Latest Word on Christian Journalism" was read by the Rev. J. Sexton James, D. D., editor of the *Commonwealth*, before the Philadelphia Ministers Conference, on the 12th inst.

'71 & '91. W. R. Patton and A. Lincoln Moore have articles in the "Commonwealth" for the 17th inst.

'72. John Ballentine, Ph. D., is principal of the Clarion State Normal School.

'88. Daniel M. Jones preached at the Milton Baptist Church on Sunday, April 18.

Ex-88. Rev. A. W. Hodder is president of the New York Baptist Ministers Conference.

CUPID VS. BUCKNELL. '89. On April 15th, occurred the wedding of Rev. William C. Leinbach, of Chester Springs, to Miss Clara Clark, of Lancaster. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's grandparents Mr. and Mrs. William Neider.

'90. Rev. Wm. Courson was in Lewisburg and conducted the devotional exercises at the Chapel on the 15th inst.

'91. Foster H. Starkey is one of the instructors in the city schools of Shamokin.

'91. Hon. John T. Hyatt, Vice Consul at Santiago de Cuba, has suffered the loss of his wife and little child. An article from the hand of Mr. Hyatt appears in a recent issue of the *Lewisburg Journal.*

'92. The engagement of Rev. A. R. E. Wyant to Miss Louise Hubbert, daughter of E. B. Hubbert, Dean of the Divinity School of Univ. of Chicago, has been announced.—*Morgan Park Town Talk.*

Ex-92. On April 1st occurred the marriage of Mr. Clayton Bennett, now of San Francisco, to Miss Gertrude Myer of that city. Mr. Bennett was formerly from Lewisburg, but for three years past has been located in San Francisco. He is Superintendent of the San Francisco Lime and Mortar Company Works.

'96. Last Sunday Charles Berger and Miss Mae Sanders, of Lewisburg, were married at Elmira, N. Y.—*O. & B.*

Ex-96. Invitations for the wedding of Mr. Roland Webster, of East New Market, Md., and Miss Blanche Davis, of Federalsburgh, Md., on Thursday afternoon, April twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred and ninety seven, were received recently at Bucknell.

'96. Herbert F. Harris is teaching at the Muncy Normal School.

Ex-'97. Rev. John C. Stock, pastor of the First Baptist Church, York, Pa., was married to Miss Ceema Woodington, of Philadelphia, on Monday evening, April 12th.—*The Orange and Blue.*

Ex-99. R. A. Davis is teaching school at Paterson.

There are forty-five graduates of Bucknell who are members of the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist ministers.

Bucknell in Pennsylvania Legislature: House of Representatives, W. L. Nesbit. '60, Ward R. Bliss, '74, J. J. Philips and C. W. Herman, '85. Senate: Hon. W. H. Hyde, of Ridgeway, who was a former student.

EXCHANGES.

"The Power of Music" is the title of a worthy and commendable article in the April issue of *The College Folio.*

Teacher : "In what direction does the Danube flow ?"

Rachel : "Crooked."—*The College Folio.*

The Sorosis, published by the young women of the Pennsylvania College, at Pittsburg, is attractive in matter and form—above the average in literary merit.

The Muhlenberg, April number, contained an article entitled "The Silent Wrestlings of Joel Simmons" which shows careful attention. It teaches a beautiful lesson and reflects great credit upon its author.

From an editorial in *The Thielensein* we glean the fact that the novel plan of having the recitations begin at seven o'clock in the morning has been proposed at Thiel College. This plan is to go into effect during the Spring term.

The April number of *The College Mercury* contains a very able essay on "The Religious Sentiments of Robert Burns, as expressed in his Poems." The production is worthy of note and shows great care and labor on the part of its author. It would make a fitting introduction to the study of Burns.

"CHE(E)CKMATED.

In the parlor all alone,
They were playing chess ;
He was shy, she was not
That I must confess.
He was speaking of the game,
"Can I mate you Bess ?"
She said, "This is so sudden,
But I suppose I must say—Yes !"
—*Anon.*

"These College men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease ;
For even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees."—*Ex.*

"A Record is the Athlete's goal,
He struggles hard to make it ;
But when its made, he turns around
And straightway tries to break it."
—*Ex.*

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

COLLEGE.

Dr. Harris tendered a reception to the Senior Class on Friday evening, April 23.

The Athletic Association will hold a fair and festival on May 29th and 30th.

Dr. Aviragnet is delivering a course of lectures on music in Bucknell Hall on each Saturday morning.

A Tennis Association has been organized with the view of promoting inter-class and inter-collegiate tournaments.

Dr. Hulley has been invited to deliver the oration at the quarterly banquet of the Maryland Baptist Social Union in May.

Dr. Perrine delivered an address on Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar before the Theta Alpha Literary Society last Friday evening.

Dr. Hulley delivered a lecture on James Whitcomb Riley on Thursday evening, April 22, under the auspices of the Athletic Association.

The Alumni expect to continue "The Twilight Concert," inaugurated during last year's Commencement week. This year a stand will be erected on the hillside for this purpose.

The University Song Books arrived on Friday morning. The edition consists of 500 copies. They will be found for sale at the two book stores where all who wish can secure a copy for 50 cents.

Dr. L. C. Barnes, of Pittsburgh, preached the sermon before the Christian Associtaions on Sunday morning, April 11. He also delivered a lecture in Bucknell Hall on Monday evening—his subject being, "The Temptations and Joys of a Bishop."

The following well known men have been secured as Commencement orators : Oration before the Literary Societies—President Whitman of Columbian University ; Oration before the Society of the Alumni—Albert Foster, D. D. ; Poem, George Whitman, D. D. ; Address to the Graduating Class of the College—Hon. William N. Ashman, LL. D. ; Miss Myra Reynolds, Ph. D., of Chicago, will deliver the address before the Institute Class.

INSTITUTE.

The regular Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting was led on Tuesday evening, April thirteenth, by Principal Edwards and it was an occasion not soon to be forgotten. We wish that we might frequently have such a spiritual treat.

We want to extend our earnest sympathy to Miss Bessie Freas, of the Class of '95, in her recent great loss in the death of her father, and also to Miss Margaret Montgomery, who was called home last week on account of the death of her brother.

ATHLETICS.

BUCKNELL VS. MILTON.—The base ball season was opened by a game with Milton on April 10. Though the weather was raw and only six innings were played, still it was possible to get a line on the team in general, and Shortell in particular. The team played together well, while Shortell's work in the box was excellent. Score :

Bucknell, ... 2 1 0 5 0 * —8
Milton .... 0 0 0 1 0 0 —1

WATSONTOWN DEFEATED.—Bucknell had no trouble in defeating Watsontown on the 17th. The latter played a loose fielding game, and could not solve Shortell's delivery, twelve of them being struck out. Score was : Bucknell 24, Watsontown, 9. Bucknell plays the Milton Professionals at Milton, May 12.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XVI. LEWISBURG, PA., MAY 10, 1897. No. 14.

TWO KINDS OF PHILOSOPHY.

Chill your longings, quiet your desires,
Chide your soul for its burning heart fires;
Brook no feeling, pleasure or pain,
Let them not touch you—they strive in vain.

Be a stoic: let Father Time
Paint all the past with mem'ries sublime;
View these pictures, see in them naught:
Live by the rule of cold, logic thought.

Be it Christmas, frown on its mirth,
Its "Glory to God" and "Peace on earth,"
Children happy, joyful and gay,
Be thou still feelingless on that day.

Be not cheerful and be not sad,
If others are happy, be not glad;
Care for no one, neither for foes;
Joyed by no pleasures, pained by no woes.

⁂

Hearty feeling, genuine soul,
Having strong yearnings under control;
Touched by sorrow, trouble and pain:
Such careful lives are not lived in vain.

Thrilled with nature's melody sweet—
Songsters above you, brooks at your feet:
Let your soul-life uplifted be
Towards God who made both flowers and thee.

Is it folly for us to love,
That which the infinite God above
When he had finished, "saw it was good,"
As he viewed it all from where he stood?

Are we to crush all sentiment,
And with food and raiment be content?
Shall no breath of higher things,
Float into being on zephyr wings?

Why was this world of nature made?
What is the use of sunshine and shade?
Is there any reason for trees?
For meadows of flowers, for sands, for seas?

It is not folly for us to love
That which the infinite God above,
When he had finished "saw it was good,"
As he viewed it all from where he stood.

There's good in all that God has made;
There's reason in the sunshine and shade;
There's wisdom in each tiny flower,
E'en though it fades in a single hour.

VINCKNT B. FISK.

REV. JOSEPH GREEN MILES.

The subject of the following brief sketch, although not an alumnus of Bucknell, nevertheless had a very close connection with the University from its very beginning. His services rendered in behalf of the school in its early days deserve at least this quiet and brief recognition.

Joseph Green Miles was born at Milesburg, Pa., Dec. 2, 1817. He spent several years in school at Haddington and when its doors were closed he spent several years more at Denison University, Granville, Ohio. After leaving Denison he decided to enter the ministry and was accordingly ordained at Milesburg in 1841. He was converted at West Chester at 17 years of age.

His connection with the University at Lewisburg began in 1845. He was one of the committee of five appointed to consider the advisability and prospects of founding a Baptist school. His labors relative to the accepted plan of the committee were zealous and unremitting, spending much time in presenting the enterprise to the Baptists of the State, and in raising funds. He is catalogued a member of the Board of Curators during the years 1857–'63. From 1863–'66 he was an industrious and prominent member of the Board of Trustees.

During the war he collected funds in connection with his pastoral labors for the maintenance of the University. His services were earnestly sought for as chaplain in the army by Gen. Gregg. He was, however, detained from going to the front by his friends for good reasons. After his official connection with the school was severed he still continued to his death a firm friend and active supporter of the University.

His ministry was a long and successful one, covering over 55 years. During that time he held twenty or more pastorates. He was beloved by all who knew him. His counsel was eagerly sought in all matters of difficulty in church circles. A friend of the poor, his loss is widely felt. His grave and reverential bearing never failed to win the respect of friend or foe. True to his mission until death, he leaves his record behind engraved on the memories of a host of widely scattered acquaintances. He fell asleep at his home in White Deer Valley, Nov. 18, 1896.

GEORGE G. GROFF, M. D., LL. D.

George G. Groff was born on "Welsh Tract," near Valley Forge, Chester conuty, Pa., April 5, 1851. He was educated in the public schools, Freemont Seminary, Norristown, Pa., also West Chester Normal School, Michigan University, Long Island College Hospital and University of Leipzig.

He prepared to enter the Junior class of Brown University at Freemont Seminary in 1870. Received the degrees of B. A. from the State Normal School at West Chester in 1875, M. D. from the Long Island College Hospital in 1877, M. A. from Lafayette College in 1882, and in 1885 LL. D. from Judson College.

He taught in the public schools three years and in West Chester S. N. S. two years, was Laboratory Assistant at the University of Michigan one year and has been at Bucknell University since 1879.

Dr. Groff has held the following prominent State and County positions: Coroner of Union county 6 years, Assistant Surgeon of the National Guard of Pennsylvania 4 years, member and Sanitarian of the State Board of Agriculture 10 years, and of the State Board of Health 11 years, and Entomological Expert of State Board of Agriculture. He has also been editor of the publications of the State Board of Health since its organization, as well as author of numerous charts and note-books for use to students He is the regular correspondent of the New York *Independent*.

Dr. Groff has introduced the following branches of study into Bucknell and with them laboratory methods of instruction: Biology, Zoology, Analytical and Quantitative and Physical Chemistry, Toxicology, Human and Comparative Anatomy, Animal and Vegetable Histology, Embryology and Sanitary Science. He was also the originator of the system of Lectures for class instruction, which is a prominent feature of the course.

Before he became professor the Science Work in Bucknell was limited to General Chemistry two terms, Geology one term, Physiology one term, Botany 6 weeks.

Ex-President David J. Hill has said that Dr. Groff is the Father of Coeducation at Bucknell University, he having at once begun to agitate in favor of the movement on becoming a member of the Faculty.

He became a member of the Great Valley Baptist Church in 1869.

WILLIAM CYRUS BARTOL, A. M., PH. D.

William Cyrus Bartol, professor of mathematics and astronomy in Bucknell University, was born in Huntingdon, Pa., November 24, 1847. He prepared for college in the public schools of his native town and entered the University at Lewisburg in the fall of 1868, graduated with honor in 1872, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The class of 1872, numbering twenty-one, was the largest that had been graduated from the University up to that time. As a class they have been loyal to their Alma Mater, and at their reunions which have been held regularly at intervals of five years since their graduation, Dr. Bartol has never failed to be present.

During his college course, Dr. Bartol was known as a thorough and conscientious student, who had, however, a surplus of time and energy to devote to athletics and social interests. Base-ball was at that time the all-absorbing attraction of the college world. The 'Varsity team was named the "Olympians" and rarely fine was the record they made. Dr. Bartol was one of their best players, having been for one season captain of the team.

He was an active member of Theta Alpha Literary Society, in which he held office as censor and president. On the staff of the *College Herald*, he served both as business manager and editor. He was also a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

During a series of marvelous revival services held early in the year 1869, he, with many other students of the University, among whom was President Harris, was converted and joined the Baptist Church. Since his return to Lewisburg as a member of the faculty, he has been actively identified with the work of the church, which he has served as trustee for fourteen years and as deacon for three years.

After his graduation, he entered immediately upon his life-work as an educator. During the early years of his teaching, he gained experience in varied phases of school work, being successively instructor in mathematics in the Lime Rock academy, Connecticut; principal of the high school at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania; Superintendent of the common schools in Union Grove, Wisconsin ; principal of the Huntingdon academy, Pennsylvania; and instructor in mathematics in the Pennsylvania State Normal School at Mansfield. While teaching at Mansfield, he was frequently called upon to address teachers' institutes upon methods of teaching mathematics. Having become by this time well and favorably known to the educational world, it is not surprising that he was offered almost simultaneously positions in three different institutions. He accepted the call to the chair of mathematics in his Alma Mater and entered upon his duties in 1881.

When the Bucknell Observatory was built, Dr. Bartol superintended the construction and equipment. In addition to his arduous duties as a teacher, he finds time to write occasional articles for the press, has assisted in the revision of the mathematical works of Dr. French, published by Harper and Brothers, and has himself written a text-book on Solid Geometry, published by Leach, Shewell and Sanborn. In June, 1895, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on him by Adrian College, Michigan.

On April 13, 1874, Dr. Bartol married Miss Belle Africa, of Huntingdon, Pa. They have had four children—three daughters and one son. His oldest daughter Mary is now studying Greek and modern languages in the graduate department of the University of Michigan. His second daughter, Belle, graduated from Bucknell Institute in 1896.

There is no other professor on the faculty more deeply and unselfishly interested in everything that concerns the happiness and welfare of the students. He has contributed generously to the Endowment Fund and is confidently appealed to by the Athletic Association and other organizations, whenever it is in his power to give them practical assistance of any kind. By intimate personal contact with his pupils in his home and on the campus, as well as in the class-room, he has won their respect and love.

WILLIAM GUNDY OWENS, A. M.,

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS.

William Gundy Owens was born on a farm near Lewisburg, May 14th, 1858. On his mother's side he comes from the hearty Gundy stock, from whom he inherits a ruggedness and degree of good health so characteristic of that family. His father is Capt. John A. Owens, of Lewisburg.

He received his rudimentary education in the public schools of Pittsburg and Allegheny. In 1874 he entered the preparatory department of the old University at Lewisburg. In 1876 he was matriculated in the Freshman Class of the University, pursuing the classical course, and at the end of which, in 1880, he received his Bachelor's degree. Three years later he was awarded the Master's degree in Course. After graduation, he became an instructor in the University Academy, a position which he filled with great acceptability until 1885. During these years of practical experience in teaching, Prof. Owens was not idle. He was continually broadening out and developing his education along scientific lines, either by personal investigation or under private instruction. During the summer of 1885, he took a special course in Chemistry at Harvard. On August 18th, of the same summer, he married Miss F. Jeanette Waffle, who previous to that time had been an efficient teacher in the Institute.

Owing to the increasing attendance the board of trustees in 1885 created the position of adjunct professor of Natural Science, and called Prof. Owens to the place which he held during 1885 and 1886. In 1887 the Chair of Chemistry and Physics was established and Prof. Owens was made the professor of that department, a position which he has held since.

Prof. Owens has thus far given his entire active life to his *Alma Mater*. In 1889 he took the summer Semester at the University of Berlin, and also visited a number of Laboratories abroad for the purpose of securing ideas for the new Bucknell Laboratory, the plans for which were then under discussion.

Prof. Owens has always been loyal to all interests at Bucknell. He was a member of the Euepia literary society and the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. It was under the guidance of his master hand that the department of Chemistry at Bucknell has attained to-day the place that it relatively holds, not only for the amount, thoroughness and character of the work, but for the completeness of the course. It is a signal fact that a student after having taken a course of chemistry at Bucknell, is so fully equipped in that department that his work is recognized and accepted by the great medical schools of the community.

Prof. Owens, by his great energy and careful management, has added much to the material equipment of his department. Naturally a genius, he has constructed a vast amount of experimental apparatus, representing hundreds of dollars, and for the time spent upon its construction he has not exacted a single dollar from the institution in the way of recompense.

He is a man endowed with a personality of firmness and at the same time possesses an element of kindness. He is a strong man among young men and wields a powerful influence for good over those who come under his instruction.

LINCOLN HULLEY, A. M., PH. D.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND HEBREW.

Lincoln Hulley was born May 3, 1865, near Camden, N. J. His educational career has been marked and his strides forward very pronounced. While quite young his parents moved to Chester, Pa., where Lincoln attended school, graduating from the high school at a very early age as valedictorian of his class. Soon after he entered Keystone Academy, pursued with distinction the classical course, and graduated with highest honors. In 1884 he entered Bucknell, where he kept up his unbroken record for scholastic attainment, winning seven out of the nine prizes awarded to his class. After graduating at Bucknell he secured a scholarship at Harvard, spent one year there specializing in philosophy, and graduated in '90 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In the fall of '90, in which year he was ordained to the ministry, he returned to Bucknell, where he taught for three years in the Academy and Institute.

In the summer of '91 he studied Hebrew at Chautauqua under Dr. Harper, then of Yale, and won the admiration and firm friendship of that gentleman. In '92, when Dr. Harper became President of the University of Chicago, Professor Hulley accepted a fellowship in Semitic languanges at that institution. While in Chicago he was elected to the chair of Hebrew and Biblical Literature at Bucknell, a position which he accepted.

During a part of and since '94 he has taken charge of the Department of History in addition to his Hebrew and Biblical Literature.

In 1895 he was invited to become a member of The Jerusalem Council, an organization consisting of seventy or more of the foremost biblical students of our country.

During the summer vacations since '93 he has presided over, lectured at, and taught in various summer schools, such as Lakeside, Ohio, and Mt. Eagle, Tenn.

During the present year, in addition to his class-room work, he has filled the pulpit of the Immanuel Tabernacle in Baltimore with marked success.

During the coming summer vacation Dr. and Mrs. Hulley intend to go abroad in the interest of history, and to spend three weeks in London, three in Paris and three in Berlin.

This sketch has been concerned entirely with Dr. Hulley's educational career. Not that he has no other sides, for he is a kind husband, a loving father, an earnest christian, a true man.

FLOWER FANCIES.

Long ago there lived happily together in a woody dell a family of Dog Tooth Violets. They were a happy little group. The winds fanned their fair faces in the heat of noon, and hushed them to sleep with tender lullabies as the sun slowly sank in the West. All day long the bees and ants with an occasional beetle or butterfly worked busily around them. Contentment gave each little blossom a confiding nod to the world at large. But, one day, I remember it was just after that diligent little Wren had flown by with a delicious morsel for her clamoring brood, a dashing Butterfly came flitting down the meadow. He was as splendent as the rainbow. Dew drops seemed to have crystallized on his graceful wings. As he coquetted from flower to flower, the glory of this "imprisoned rainbow" burst upon our happy family in their quiet home. Lo! The wonderful vision was coming towards them! Such honor was seldom bestowed on such shy little sisters. Each cast gentle glances toward the gay intruder. He floated over the little group in indecision. Poising himself in princely survey, with a flutter of his wings, he alighted on the meekest and most unobtrusive. With fond caresses he woed her. At such preference the others looked amazed; but, in the main, were kind-hearted enough to rejoice in their gentle sister's good fortune. But one, the largest and most brilliant, tossed her head in assumed indifference, and with an angry look at the happy pair turned her back upon them. We regret anger and jealousy in our flower friends. But, nevertheless, jealous she was, for the attention she thought was hers by right. Feasting on these evil thoughts her delicate petals turned a darker yellow in her rage. Our little friend revealed her passion in her face.

Now it so chanced that as Dashing Spray (such we will call our butterfly friend) came merrily down towards his fate,—an old crumpy professor was out seeking for what he could find. With spectacles resting lightly on the tip of his nose, his damp hair escaping in unruly locks from his broad farmer's hat, he made a comical picture—especially in his frantic endeavors to ensnare in his mosquito net the meadow butterflies, or as crouched before some favorite flower he loved. Now it happened that the old professor perceiving in Dashing Spray a rare addition to his collection, invaded stealthily the mossy sanctum. As his eye chanced upon our little friend, with a loud exclamation, he fell on his knees in wonderment and rejoicing before the haughty Violet.

"Tis different,"—he cried, "Eureka! I have discovered a new variety! My name shall be added to the roll of Fame. See! Is it not a deeper yellow, is not the flower poised with a more haughty grace!", and he carefully loosened the mould from about her tiny rootlets. Our envious sister has found an admirer! Her anger and rebellion have resulted in her being tenderly carried away in the professor's botanizing case, to be talked of, gazed upon, and mayhaps, loved. But, is she as happy as when living contentedly in her little dell, happy in the home cluster? Adder's Tongue they christened her, our once gentle little Violet! How she spurned herself! How she writhed under the slur implied. Never has she regained her old-time gayety. The soul of the flower wasted away when anger and resentment entered. Her sister Violets still bloom, side by side, in their little dell, the same bees hum, and sing them to sleep, the same gorgeous butterflies cheer them, but—there is a gulf between the two. They are still the modest Dog tooth Violets, kith and kin, but she is now the Adder's Tongue. E. M. B. '98.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

MAY 10, 1897.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

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Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIALS.

Class Day will be observed this year as heretofore, and the class hope to make these, perhaps the most novel and interesting of the commencement exercises, rival, if not excel, in originality and charm those of all preceding years. They have in view a very entertaining and novel program, and will spare no time nor labor to make it a success. They intend to devote a whole day, as near as possible, to strictly Class Day exercises. and to make that day, the last on which they will ever be together as students and friends, a fitting memorial of the class of '97.

The Song Book published by the class of '97 is being favorably received on all sides. It is gratifying to the Board of Editors to know that they have succeeded in meeting the expectation of the students and alumni. Competent judges are expressing their favorable opinions. To be sure the book is not perfect; this was not expected by the Board. Neither will any considerate persons pronounce the book a failure because of errors or defects. It is hoped that the songs will soon become familiar to all and that there may ring out nightly on the evening air the sweet sound of melodious voices.

A very commendable plan is to be put into execution during the coming vacation by Dr. and Mrs. Hulley. They are to go abroad in the interest of history and spend three weeks each in the cities—London, Paris and Berlin. This reminds us of the plan that is pursued in some of our leading universities, that of giving to the professors a Sabbatical year, one year in every seven in which they may travel, study abroad, or do anything that will make them better teachers, better thinkers, better men. No one doubts the wisdom of this plan where it can be carried out, and would that this might be done at Bucknell.

One of the most important athletic victories of the year was gained by our relay team on April 24th, at the University of Pennsylvania Inter-collegiate Relay Races,—important because it opens up to Bucknell a wider field, a broader horizon, a larger scope for more extended athletic advancement and progress. This is a comparatively new branch of sport at Bucknell. Base ball is as old as the college, foot ball has attained is ripe maturity, tennis is a child of many summers, but field sports are in their infancy. We hope that the impetus gained from this victory will bring these most exciting and pleasurable sports into a more prominent place in the athletic world of Bucknell. Each one of the four runners received as a prize a neat and tasty gold watch, and in addition to these the team as a whole received a splendid banner as a trophy of their victory.

Lewisburg is a quaint and beautiful town. Her fine old trees and shaded walks, her antique bridges of stone, and the Susquehanna's fair expanse lying at her feet, all appeal to the aesthetic within us. The country on every side of the town stretches away into hills of peaceful blue; and everywhere the eye is enticed by the exquisite forms of natural beauty it beholds. And when one has left the dear old town, rich in the memories of halcyon days—how he longs to vivify again the dreamy scenes of the past. This is the experience of those who have spent a few short years here and then have gone forth. You can prevent this mournful longing. You can carry vivid pictures of these happy days with you. Have you seen "Labor Omnia Vincit," "The Old Home Farm," "Engine 390," "Old Bruin" and "Golden Days" at "The Cabinet"? Have you asked Mr. Fisk to show you his fine collection of views of all the interesting scenes in and about Lewisburg? Don't wait another day without giving your eyes this treat.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'58. Mr. Elisha Rittenhouse, of Asbury Park, N. J., in reply to correspondence states that after about 8 years of teaching in different parts of N. J., he was compelled to engage in outside employment on account of his health. He spent some time as a travelling agent, at building, contracting, house decorating, etc. He says: "I still feel an interest in the University and have aided some men to get their education there."

'58. Immediately on graduating Mr. Jesse Dean Cooper and his classmate Mr. Milton Opp, who has died some time since, started for the South. They took charge of the High School at Moulton, Ala. After teaching a session there Opp returned to Pennsylvania and Cooper to Chapel Hill, Tenn. He entered the army at that time and fought the remaining four years in some of the greatest and most severe battles of the war, coming out finally without injury. In 1869 he was married and accepted the position of Principal in the High School at Centreville, Ala. Being the owner of a cotton plantation he turned his entire attention to farming thereafter. In 1878–9 he was elected State Representative. In conclusion he says,—"I have lost all traces of my classmates and know nothing of their doings in life. A little sketch of the life of each one would be a most interesting document to me." It is the aim of the Board that it may be possible for each one of the Alumni to obtain just such a "document."

'59. Dr. Abraham DeHart Hawn, the last named member of this class, was born and reared in the vicinity of Lewisburg. He was licensed and ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church the same year of his graduation. For the first twenty years of his ministry he occupied pulpits in Shamokin, Williamsport and Zanesville, Ohio, and for the last eighteen has been in his present pastorate at Delaware, Ohio. His church has a membership of six hundred and the town is the seat of Ohio Wesleyan University, one of the largest of Methodist Institutions. Dr. Hawn has been five times a delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and in 1896 was a delegate from that body to the Pan Presbyterian Council which met in Glasgow, Scotland. At the close of the Council he spent some time in travel in England and the Continent. In June 1883 he received the honorary degree of D. D. from his Alma Mater and in 1884 was elected Moderator of the Synod of Ohio and its sessions in Cincinnati. Since his licensure in June, 1859, he has been continually engaged in the work of the Gospel ministry and will this year complete thirty-eight years of successful labor.

'63. Rev. Henry C. Monroe is now in his second year as pastor of the Baptist churches of Moreland and White Hall, Pa.

'63. Rev. W. W. Winten, who is pastor of a small church at Corwith, Iowa, after graduation here attended Rochester University and graduated there in 1866 as A. B. In 1868 he graduated in theology and in 1872 as D. D. S. at the Penna. College of Dental Surgery. For eleven years thereafter he practiced dentistry in Philadelphia, at the same time supplying destitute missions and churches. He still practices in his profession and attends to his duties as a pastor as well.

'63. Rev. Dr. Owen P. Eaches, of Hightstown, N. J., who has been Secretary of the New Jersey Baptist Education Board for the past 55 years, taught one year in college after coming home from the army. Many or all of this class received their diplomas in this way upon their return from the war. He was ordained at Nicetown, Phila., in 1866. He is now finishing his 27th year in the pastorate at Hightstown. Dr. Eaches is a member of the Boards of Crozer Seminary and Peddie Institute.

'63. Rev. W. W. Case, of Rutherford, N. J., was ordained a Baptist minister at Berwick, Pa., Nov. 5, 1863. Dr. J. R. Loomis preached the Ordination Sermon. He became Chaplain of the 195th Penna. Volunteers in 1864 and served until mustered out in the fall of that year. For more than ten years he was pastor at Hamilton Square, N. J., the home of Mr. E. C. Conover, of great renown in Athletic circles at Bucknell. During his pastorate of twelve years at Holmdel, N. J., a parsonage and chapel were built and the church edifice remodeled at an expense of $14,000. He is now Secretary of the Education Committee of the Board of Corporators of Peddie Institute on which board he has served the greater part of eighteen to twenty years. Rev. Case has three daughters. One of whom is a graduate of the Woman's Art School of New York and another is a medical student in the Woman's Medical College of that city.

Ex-'63. Rev. David Spencer, D. D., is editor of the *Morris Journal*, Dover, N. J. In a letter to the Registrar, Dr. Spencer says—"I have about recovered my health, but I have not regained fully the old grip and courage, and, perhaps never shall again, but I do not murmur, my old love for the University abides, and I rejoice in its prosperity."

'64. Prof. Robert A. Townsend was admitted to the Lancaster County Bar in 1867, after graduating three years before, with the highest honors of his class. The same year he became a professor in the Lancaster High School. He later held the following positions,—at Winchester, Tenn., Professor of Mathematics; in Mary Sharp College, Professor of Languages; at Ghent College, Ghent, Ky.; Principal in the High School and Superintendent of city schools at Vincennes, Ind., and Professor of Languages in the Reading High School where he is now located.

Ex-'64. Mr. A. K. Marr is a practicing lawyer in Shamokin, Pa.

Ex-'64. Rev. E. C. Romine has inaugurated and carries on a successful Baptist Mission at 27th and York Sts., Phila.

'65. Rev. E. E. Jones, late of Clinton, N. J., is in ill health, and has taken up his residence in Plainfield, N. J.

'65. Clement B. Lowe, M. D., has been nominated for the professorship of Materia Medica and Physiology in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. Dr. Lowe has been an assistant professor in this institution for some time.

Ex-'70. Rev. H. H. Leamy, pastor of the Warrensville, Pa., Baptist Church, has been for the last four and a half years serving three churches in a country field. More than 130 new members have been welcomed and missionary collections have been increased. He has just presented his resignation. Mr. Leamy served the Home Mission Society in Southern Delaware for nearly two years and has been a missionary of the Pa. State Mission Society for more than ten years.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

'82. Dr. M. G. Evans read a paper on "The Christ of the Synoptists and the Christ of Paul" before the N. Y. ministers Conference.

'82. The Chestnut Hill Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Rev. R. M. Hunsicker, pastor, has recently celebrated its 63rd anniversary.

'86. On April 21st occurred the wedding of Mr. Wm. A. Lewis, of Rutherford, N. J., to Miss Elizabeth B. Kieffer, at Hagerstown, Maryland. Mr. Lewis, familiarly known in town as "Will" Lewis, is in the insurance business in New York City. He was here during last Commencement. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will reside in Rutherford.

'92. George Shorkley is home from the Medical school in Philadelphia. He returns again in the fall.

Ex-'92. Rev. G. F. Love has been called to the pastorate of the West Baptist Church, Oswego, N. Y.

'96. R. B. McCay has been appointed

assistant in the Chemical Dept. in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia.—*Orange & Blue.*

'96. T. L. Josephs is connected with the churches at Augusta, Treverton and Mt. Carmel. He expects to make his home at the latter place.

Ex-'99. S. J. Cleeland is now pastor of the church at Bangor.

Notice of the death of Prof. J. B. Reese, principal of the Ridgeway, Pa., schools, on Feb. 25th, 1897, has just lately been received. Prof. Reese was at one time a student at this place. Although this is quite late it is hoped that it may be news to some of the readers of the MIRROR.

At a meeting of the board of Managers of the General Alumni Association of the College, the annual tax was levied upon all the Alumni. The tax this year is one dollar per caput and it is hoped that there will be a general response to the treasurer's call for the same, inasmuch as the Association has made a more liberal donation than usual this year toward securing a band of note to furnish the Commencement music.

EXCHANGES.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
She said in tones polite,
"I am indeed for getting you,
That's why I came to-night."—*Ex.*

Oxford University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Civil Science on Nansen, the explorer.—*Ex.*

The Oxford and Cambridge crews each contained an American among their number in the recent boat race.—*Ex.*

The Madisonensis gives us some spicy and pleasing poems under "Colgate Verse." Seven beautiful poems on one page! This is worth noting. The long drawn-out effort at verse-making is not popular in college journalism.

We fear that a few of our exchanges do not feel bound to answer questions put to them along the line of their criticisms and suggestions. If there is to be improvement, questions and answers as to method are valuable aids. [ED].

The suit brought against the Board of Trustees of Brown University to compel them to pay taxes on the corporation property has been decided in favor of that famous old institution. The State Supreme Court rendered the decision.—*Ex.*

The Hackettstonian for April has two good articles, one on the "Majesty of Laws" and the other on "Lincoln." We do not agree that Lincoln's place, however, is second to that of Washington. No name is dearer to Americans of the true type than that of Lincoln.

"Ye Olden Days," in *The Washington Jeffersonian* for April is interesting. Few colleges can point with more pride to alumni who have won greater fame in the realms of theology, politics and statesmanship than Dr. Cuyler, Senator Quay and Hon. James G. Blaine respectively.

"Recollections of an Old Boy," by Josiah Ryland, A. B., one of the two members who composed the first class to graduate from Richmond College, is one of the best and most interesting articles in the April exchanges. It is, in fact, a brief history of the college. P. S. Hensen, D. D., LL. D., was the lone classmate of Mr. Ryland when they completed their course in 1849. Dr. Hensen is pastor of the First Baptist Church in Chicago.

UNIVERSITY ITEMS.

COLLEGE.

Prof. Martin delivered an address before Euepia Literary Society on last Friday evening.

The contest in elocution by the pupils of the Institute was held in Bucknell Hall last Saturday evening.

Dr. Aviragnet will give a cantata on the 3rd of June for the benefit of the Christian Associations of the University.

The University will have five thousand Commencement programs printed and will issue thirty-five hundred invitations.

The Soiree of the Fourth Year Class of the Institute was held in Bucknell Hall on Saturday evening, May 1st.

Field-day will be held on May 29. Besides the awarding of the MIRROR cup it is probable that prizes will be awarded to the winners of each event.

W. C. Gretzinger will deliver the address at the McEwensville Academy Commencement on June 11th. J. Brown Martin will have charge of the music.

Dr. Perrine's Lecture, "Some Proverbs not Solomons," which is the last of the popular Lecture Course will be delivered on May 24, in Bucknell Hall.

Dr. Hulley has obtained leave of absence from the school of Hebrew and English Bible at Lakeside, Ohio, and with Mrs. Hulley will spend the summer in Europe in the interest of history.

Either the Ringold Band of Reading or the Third Brigade Band of Pottsville will be secured to furnish music during Commencement week. Two twilight concerts will be given instead of one, as formerly.

Prof. Consor, Principal of the Public Schools of Sunbury, as a guest at the Laboratory, on Friday evening April 3d, witnessed several interesting and successful experiments in the construction of Lantern Slides.

It is expected that steps will soon be taken with a view of putting down a quarter of a mile cinder track on the campus. It seems absolutely essential now for the proper development of running that a track should be built. This is especially true since the University now holds two first place pennants.

Dr. Hulley delivered an address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of Hon. Joshua Levering's Sunday School on Sunday, May 2; on Monday morning he addressed the Baltimore Conference of ministers and in the evening delivered an oration before the Maryland Baptist's Social Union at their quarterly banquet.

A festival and entertainment will be given in Tustin Gymnasium May 28 and 29 for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Refreshments will be served and amusements of all descriptions indulged in. It is urged that all interested in Athletics will lend a helping hand. The following ladies have been chosen as an auxiliary to the finance committee: Representing the ladies of town—Mrs. Wm. Leiser and Miss Kelly; College girls A. A.—Miss Hartley; Institute Faculty—Misses Bell and Armitage; Institute—Misses Batten and O'Donnell.

INSTITUTE.

Miss Marion Crary, of Sheffield, a former student, has been visiting friends in the Institute.

The Senior Class of the Institute will render the "House of Martha," dramatized, on June 17 and 18 in Bucknell Hall.

Miss Rebecca Leibensperger, of Allenwood, came to the Institute on Thursday, May 6th, to visit her friend Miss Marguerite Miller.

Mr. J. Colin Vaughan who has lived for the last six years in California and Arizona recently spent several days with his sister, Miss Elspeth Vaughan.

The elocutionary contest, which was held in Bucknell Hall, Saturday evening, May eighth, did credit to all who took part and to the instructor, Miss Armitage. The contestants were Misses Elizabeth Rossiter, Gertrude Ross, Mabel E. Batten, Isabelle Schweier, N. May Lochman, Elspeth Vaughan, Margaret Runyan, Charlotte Shields and Clara Slifer.

At the regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on Tuesday evening, May 4th, the annual election of officers was held. The following have been elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Anna Rodgers; Vice President, Miss Edith Phillips; Recording Secretary, Miss Myra Sprague; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Jessie Wheeler, Treasurer, Miss Alicia Zierden.

The Soiree of the Class of '98 on Saturday May first, was greatly enjoyed by all who attended. The platform was tastefully decorated with easy chairs and palms while on the wall hung the class banner of pink roses, the figures '98 being in silver. The literary exercises were fully up to the standard established in previous years. Literature for Young People was the subject of the evening's entertainment. The authors considered were Wordsworth, Ripling, Riley, Whittier, Mrs. Ewing, Field, Lewis Carroll, Kingsley, Mrs. Browning, and Hawthorne. While Miss Moses, in her essay on Lewis Carroll told the story of "Alice in Wonderland", four little people acted out the story in pantomine, affording a pleasing surprise.

ACADEMY.

Principal Edwards will receive the members of the Fourth Form the evening of May 20th.

ATHLETICS.

BUCKNELL WINS THE RELAY.

On the 28th, Bucknell lost to Lafayette at Easton, by the score 9–0.

The base ball team was defeated at Williamsport by the Y. M. C. A. of that place on April 24. Score: Y. M. C. A. 9; Bucknell 8.

The relay race participated in by Bucknell, Gettysburg, Dickinson and Franklin and Marshall on April 24, at Franklin Field, was won by Bucknell in 3.42 1-5. Meeker, who ran the first lap, finished second; Riemer and Conover finished third in the second and third laps, and Pearse, in the last lap, jumped to the front winning easily from Gettysburg.

Bucknell vs. Danville.—Bucknell won easily from Danville on the 8th. Danville played a very good game and it looked like a victory for them at the end of the first inning, but from that time on they could not hit Shortell's curves. Bucknell played excellent ball. Shortell's pitching being the feature of the game, striking out eleven men. Umpire, Eichholtz. Score:

Danville,	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0— 3
Bucknell,	2	4	0	5	1	1	4	3	*—20

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XVI. Lewisburg, Pa., May 25, 1897. No. 15.

QUOTATION.

Enoch Perrine, A. M., Litt. D.

"The next best thing to being witty one's self is to be able to quote from another's wit."

A. *The value of an apt quotation.* It shows the writer's (1) taste, (2) accuracy; and (3) reenforces his thought by the power of a great name whose form of expression is supposed to be well-nigh faultless.

B. *The essentials of an apt quotation.* (1) Accuracy. A writer's form of expression is his own—he can sell nothing but the right to use it. When one buys a copy of Shakspere, he may use the words just as he finds them. He may not alter them, any more than he may add an arm to the Venus of Melos or obliterate the warts from Cromwell's portrait. Every expression worth quoting is a work of fine art—the child of the artist's brain. Over it he has supreme jurisdiction. He may alter it the better to suit his judgment; but when once sent forth, neither bungler nor superior artist has the right to change it. One may make another and a better if he can and pleases; but this is not his to meddle with any more than is the chaste lily his that he should paint it. Those who have tinkered the church's hymns to fit their own dogmas—how can they escape the scorn of all honest folk?

These are the ethical and æsthetic sides to the matter, but there is a practical side as well. When one quotes incorrectly, he shows haste or slovenliness or vagueness in his work—and people are less willing to trust his thinking. Moreover, those who know will lament and perhaps resent the barbarous deed—he has put a fly in the ointment whose savor was so sweet to them. Cherishing indignation, they will lose the force of or miss altogether his thought, if he have any. An old friend of theirs has been maltreated—dressed up in toggery that saddens and mayhap disgusts them. Milton says:

"and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon";

but Burke quotes: "and the rude swain Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon." A slight mistake, to be sure, but sufficient to lessen its power with those who know the original, causing the judicious to grieve that Burke could or would commit the crime. St. Paul says: "carried about by every wind of doctrine"; but Burke says: "blown about by every wind of fashionable doctrine"—and we feel that even if there be not an inaccurate quotation, Burke would better have thrown his thought into some mould less like that we know so well. Shakspere says: "as broad and general as the casing air"; but Burke says: "as broad and general as the air"—and here there is as much grief for the omission of a word as in the former case there was for the insertion of one.

And yet mere accuracy in quoting the words of an author is an easy and of itself by no means a profitable task. One may quote another's words and at the same time misquote his thought. Men say: "Brevity is the soul of wit"—and they mean that the witty man is brief in his sentences, that you cannot be both "lengthy" and witty, that wit is short, sharp, epigrammatic. But when talkative and tedious old Polonius says that "brevity is the soul of wit," he uses the word wit in its etymological sense of knowledge, information, deriving it from the Anglo-Saxon word *witan*, to know. He is trying to tell the queen that Hamlet is mad, merely conveying information to her. And instead of saying: "Your son is suffering from mental hallucination," he bluntly blurts out: "Your noble son is mad." He seems to understand, for once at least, that the use of many words may hide the meaning, and that the "plain" fact is more easily comprehended when expressed by the fewest words possible. And he is right. But one readily sees that in almost every case Polonius is misquoted—his words are used, his thought missed. Hence when used in this way, the quotation grates harshly upon the ears of those who know their Shakspere—they have their doubts about the writer's ability or trustworthiness—while those who know nothing of

Shakspere are either misled or not led at all, and in either case there is a miserable business.

Nevertheless, one may quote accurately the words and thoughts of an author, and yet really misquote after all. Another reflects upon your character and in hot indignation you exclaim:

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

That is fine! But when you remember who says it—Iago, "this hellish villain," the "Spartan dog, More fell than anguish, hunger or the sea"—and that he said it while like a demi-devil he was ensnaring the soul and body of the great-hearted Othello, then you say: "Is the Devil quoting Scripture again? Have we another Iago on our hands?" The force of the quotation is lessened, since good words must come from the lips of a good man or else the heart is taken out of them. If one makes the point that a bad man may speak good words to hide his villainy, he does well to quote Iago; but if he is merely hurling back the slurs upon his own good name, he has no business with the words Iago, "this damned villain" and "pernicious caitiff" as Othello called him and had good reason for believing him to be.

(*To be continued.*)

FRANK ERNEST ROCKWOOD, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

The subject of this sketch, Frank Ernest Rockwood, is a native of New England. He was prepared for college at Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., and was graduated from Brown University in 1874, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, at which time he delivered the Latin salutatory. In 1877 he received the degree of Master of Arts from his Alma Mater. In 1885 he pursued graduate studies under Prof. Lindsay, of Boston University, and in 1888 he went abroad and spent some time in study in Leipsic and in Berlin. He had the legal profession in view and to this end he spent one year in his brother's law office in Providence, R. I. Teaching being more to his inclination he abandoned his preparation for the law and became an instructor in South Jersey Institute, Bridgeton, N. J. Here Prof. Rockwood spent nearly ten years teaching Latin and Mathematics. In 1885 he was elected to the chair of Latin in Bucknell University.

Since Prof. Rockwood has been at Bucknell he has spent much time in writing, and as a result has given to the educational world two of the finest Latin text books now used in American colleges. His first production was "Selections from *Velleius*," which he edited in 1893, and which was put out by Leach, Shewell and Sanborn. This book has had an unprecedented sale and is now being used extensively in the best colleges. In 1894 Prof. Rockwood edited "*Cicero de Senectute*," published by the American Book Company. This publication has been given more than usual attention by text-book reviewers, and has brought to Prof. Rockwood a great reputation as a scholarly Latinist.

Prof. Rockwood is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity and of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He is also a distinguished member of the American Dialect Society and the American Philological Association.

Although not an Alumnus of the University, Prof. Rockwood is intensely interested in all that pertains to the welfare of the University. He has been exceedingly interested in the improvement of the library and has been of no little assistance in aiding the development of this department. But above all things, Prof. Rockwood has given his greatest attention to Athletics. He has done more to make Bucknell an athletic institution than any one person now connected with it. He has given his time, his money and we might say his "undivided attention" to the development of Athletics at this institution.

Prof. Rockwood not only commands the respect of the students for the solidity and character of his work in the class room, but he has won their admiration for his unalloyed interest in their sports. He is a model of accuracy and precision; and his fondness for good, clean college sports, has given to him the friendship of the entire undergraduate body.

ENOCH PERRINE, A. M., LITT. D.

JOHN PRICE CROZER PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Enoch Perrine was born at Hightstown, N. J., Nov. 18th, 1853. He was prepared for college at Alexander's Classical Institute and at Peddie Institute, graduating from the latter institution in 1870. He was graduated from Brown University in 1874, and received the degree of A. M. from that institution in 1882. In 1875–76 he was the editor of the daily *True American*, published at Trenton. N. J. In 1877 he studied law, which he relinquished to help establish and edit *Seaside*, a paper printed at Manasquan, N. J. This was in 1878, and in 1879 he was chosen to conduct the Latin Department in Peddie Institute, a position which he filled until 1886, when he was called to the chair of Rhetoric and Literature in Bucknell University. Whilst in college he was always known as a great student of Literature and Political Economy. He spent much of his time in writing and served several terms as editor and finally as editor-in-chief of the *Brunonian*, a college publication of very high grade. Dr. Perrine is a member of the Delta Phi Fraternity.

Outside of his class room work at Bucknell, Dr. Perrine is known as a writer and speaker of great ability. He has lectured and preached in the most prominent places in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, having been licensed to preach by the Lewisburg Baptist Church. In 1887 and 1888 he was one of the lecturers at the Seaside Assembly held at Avon, N. J. He was also one of the lecturers in the University extension course. Dr. Perrine's literary, historical and economical addresses are known for the fine rhetorical finish and literary merit which characterize all of his productions, either uttered or written.

In 1882 Prof. Perrine was the recipient of the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from Gettysburg College. He is president of the Alumni Association of Peddie Institute; and has delivered orations on scholastic occasions at Peddie Institute, South Jersey Institute, Keystone Academy, Maryland College and Gettysburg College. Dr. Perrine has written very largely for the various publications of the Baptist denomination and is a regular contributor to the *American University Magazine.*

Dr. Perrine's greatest achievement has been the building up of the department of Rhetoric and Literature at Bucknell until to-day it ranks with the best. The popularity of this department is attested by the large classes that greet him each day and by the large numbers of students who take elective work with him or select "honor" work under his direction.

Among the new subjects introduced by Dr. Perrine at Bucknell might be mentioned English Oratory, Advanced Composition, English Versification, Anglo-Saxon, Shakspere, and Lectures on the Essay and the Oration. He has also developed "honor" work in Chaucer, Milton's Paradise Lost, Skeat's Specimens of English Literature, Skeat's Piers the Plowman and The Ormulum and The Ancren Riwle.

Dr. Perrine's experience in journalism fitted him peculiarly for the position he now occupies, for the correction of essays and orations is by no means a small part of his work at Bucknell. He is a friend of the boys and his advice is often sought by students needing the confidence and wisdom and judgment of a teacher.

THOMAS FRANKLIN HAMBLIN, A. M.

NEW JERSEY PROFESSOR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Thomas Franklin Hamblin was born near Winona, Minnesota, December 4, 1856. His father was a Baptist minister, but, after a few years preaching was compelled, on account of heart trouble, to give up his chosen profession and enter into business. Prof. Hamblin had the first part of his preparation for college at Groveland Seminary, Wasioga, Minn., and the later part at Cedar Valley Seminary, Osage, Iowa.

Previous to his entering college he taught two years in the common schools of his native State, Minn. Hamlin Garland, the author of a number of short stories, including a serial on the life of General U. S. Grant, published in the current numbers of McClure's Magazine, was one of his pupils.

At the age of sixteen he was admitted into

the fellowship of the First Baptist Church, of Wasioga, Minn. He is a man strong in his conviction and a staunch advocate of the right.

In the fall of 1876 he was entered as a classical student in the freshman class of Colgate University (then Madison University) and was graduated in 1880 with the degree of A. B. In course of time he received the degree of A. M. from the same University. While a student at Colgate he took an active interest in college athletics and was the founder of "Field Day" which has been observed there ever since. He was also the original proposer and one of the organizers of the New York State Intercollegiate Base Ball League. The first convention in its interests was held at Syracuse, New York, during the winter of 1879. He is still a strong advocate of pure college athletics.

Immediately after graduation in 1880, he was elected Professor of Latin and History by the trustees of Des Moines College, Des Moines, Iowa. This position he held with marked success for two years. For the next five years he held a similar position in the Ottawa University, Ottawa, Kansas. While there he spent the greater part of his vacation in traveling through the State representing the University. He was successful in securing for it many friends and much financial aid. He resigned this position to travel in Europe and the greater part of 1887 was spent abroad. He visited and spent several weeks each in London, Berlin, Florence, Rome and Paris. This was a valuable year of sightseeing and study.

In 1888 he was elected Instructor of Greek and Science in Bucknell Academy and in connection with this work he gave instruction in elocution.

In 1892, upon the resignation of Professor C. F. Castle, Ph. D., he was elected Professor of Greek Language and Literature. This position he now holds. His work is characterized by thoroughness and by kindness. Each student is made to feel that he has a personal interest in him and his work. He is the student's friend and the students are all his friends.

WILLIAM E. MARTIN, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF LOGIC AND ANTHROPOLOGY.

William E. Martin was born in Saltsburg, Pa., May 15, 1848. He attended the Academy in the town of his birth, afterwards entered the Junior class in the University at Lewisburg.

While in college he was a member of the Euepia Literary Society. He graduated from the University with the class of 1871, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Three years later (1874) the University conferred the Master's degree upon him.

In the university year 1869–1870, the Academy was divided into the "Classical Preparatory" and the "English Academy." During his senior year Prof. Martin was assistant in the Academic department, and during '71–'72 assistant in the Preparatory department. In 1873 he became principal of the Academy, and finally, in the year '78–'79, the Preparatory department being united with the Academy, Prof. Martin was appointed Principal of the now one Academic department, which position he held until 1894.

In the year 1887 he was elected chairman of the Gymnasium Committee, which had for its object the procuring of funds for the erection of a suitable structure for gymnasium purposes. The excellent work of the committee is evidenced by the dedication of the present structure in 1890.

In 1894 Prof. Martin was elected Professor of Logic and Anthropology in the Collegiate Department of the University, and in the same year was appointed Librarian. Under the Professor's supervision the library has made great strides forward, which is indicated by the fact that whereas in '94–'95 there were only upwards of 13,000 volumes, in '95–'96 there were 16,000 volumes.

Prof. Martin is a member of the First Baptist Church of Lewisburg, of which he has been the clerk since 1883.

His longtime connection with the University and his great interest in her advancement and prosperity, both point to the fact that Bucknell has no closer friend than Prof. Martin.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

A boy on his vacation went
  To regions cool and shady,
By woodland stream he pitched his tent,
  Great show of fishing made he.
A girl her summer outing took
  Down by the dashing ocean,
In certain quiet little nook,
  Just suited to her notion.

Yet, strange to say, that girl and boy,
  In their month apiece vacation,
Took very little joy,
  Got small exhilaration.
The boy among the *pines* re*pined*,
  The girl *sighed* by the sea*side*;
"O were she only here!" *he* whined,
  While "All is lonely!" *she* cried.

When re-united were the pair
  Who'd suffered separation,
They vowed henceforth thro' life to share
  Both work and recreation,
Now live they in a little cot
  On means that scarce would board one,
Their former outings pleased them not,
  But now they can't afford one! O. M. W.

ALBERT BURNS STEWART, A. M.

INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS.

Albert Burns Stewart was born at Ridley, Pa., Jan. 9, 1851. He received his elementary education in the Public Schools of Ridley and Chester Academy.

He entered Bucknell preparatory department in 1870 and completed the course in about one year and a half. He entered the Freshman class of the college in 1872 and was graduated in 1876, receiving the degree of A. B. Three years later the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him. Since his graduation Prof. Stewart has spent two years at Chautauqua, N. Y., studying languages and attended the Lehigh summer school one year where he studied Civil Engineering and Geodetic Surveying.

Immediately after his graduation Prof. Stewart began to teach. His first year was spent in the public schools of Delaware Co., Pa., the next, in Doylestown Seminary. In May 1878 he was elected County Superintendent of Delaware County, which, it may be interesting to note, stands at the head of the list in Penna. both in regard to the average length of term and the salary paid to teachers. He was twice re-elected to this position defeating the opposing candidates by overwhelming majorities. During his term of office his salary was increased until in was three-hundred dollars beyond the limit fixed by law. While Co. Supt. he published a map of Del. Co., giving the boroughs, townihips and school districts, to be used in teaching local geography. During the years 1887–88 he had charge of the Mathematical department of Pierce's Business College, Phila., Pa. In the fall of 1888 he became the teacher of Mathematics and Latin in Bucknell Academy. In 1892 he was made instructor of Mathematics in the College giving up his work in Latin in the Academy. Since he has had charge of the Mathematics in Bucknell Academy, he has had the requirements for admission to college increased.

While Prof. Stewart's work as an educator has been marked with success we would also mention his work in the Sunday Schools with which he has been connected as being worthy of our attention. He has been Superintendent of Springfield, Prospect Hill, Montandon, and Lewisburg Baptist Sunday Schools. His work at Prospect Hill was particularly successful, the outgrowth of his work there being a church with 160 members and a property worth $15,000.

During his work as Superintendent of the Lewisburg Baptist Sunday School the room has been entirely refitted and over one hundred pupils have become members of the church. Thus he has been enabled to help many spiritually and morally as well as mentally and he has won the respect and esteem of all those with whom he has come in contact.

VIRGO ROMAE.

Dulcissima virgo amo te,
  Cors omne meum est tibi;
Tuus spiritus est optima,
  Virgo, fides, carrisima. V. B. F.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

MAY 25, 1897.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIALS.

Several months ago *The Orange and Blue* first began to make its weekly visits among us and to claim a share of our attention and consideration. Since it has proved its right to exist by the commendable manner in which it has supplied a need of the students for purely local news concerning the doings in our college world, and since the MIRROR has made no official recognition of it in the past, the MIRROR Board desire to extend to their co-worker their hearty symyathy and interest in the movement *The Orange and Blue* has inaugurated. The paper is bright, full of news and items of interest to the student body, and unusually free from typographical errors and other objectionable features. It has proved its right to exist, and marks a distinct advance toward a higher standard of journalism among the students of our college. All honor to *The Orange and Blue.*

The tennis tournaments bid fair to be of more than usual interest this year. The number of entries is large, the courts are in good condition, and the players have practiced faithfully. The handicap tournament just being played is a new feature in tennis at Bucknell and has aroused considerable interest. Heretofore it has been found difficult to induce the poorer players to enter the tournaments at all, because they knew they stood no earthly chance of winning and would be beaten in the first game. To put all players on an equality, as near as possible, and to give the poorer players a chance of winning when matched against the more skilled, the handicap tournament has been held. In some cases the superior player has been handicapped three points each game when matched against a new beginner. This has proved very satisfactory and has created a much greater interest in tennis among expert and novice alike. The regular tournament for the championship of the college is to be held after the conclusion of the handicap, and will doubtless prove very close and exciting.

We regret that we have to speak of a very common practice of some of the students, which practice moreover is very discouraging and exasperating to the teacher, if he notices it, and very detrimental to the student himself, that of studying in one class for the recitation in another. Next to "getting up the point" for recitation behind some one else's back or a convenient row of seats, this is harmful to the student who practices it, although it may not have the same disastrous moral effects on his character as the former. It is not so much an insult to the Professor as it is an injury to the student himself. It is cutting off his nose to spite his face and he does not accomplish either end, for he not only can pay no attention to and therefore gets no good from the lesson that is being recited, but he cannot half study, since he has to keep a pretty close watch upon the Professor to see that he is not caught at it. If he would spend the same amount of effort in studying at the proper time that he does in trying to elude that Professor's eye, how much he could accomplish! It would be productive of far better results to the student and a source of satisfaction to the Professors, if such an one would take a day off now and then, get the lessons out on time, and then pay strict attention to the business in hand. Such a practice as studying in class is exasperating in the extreme to the Professor and is harmful mainly to the student himself, but indirectly to the whole class.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'51. Rev. J. M. Lyons has become an inmate of the Nugent Home for aged Baptist ministers, in Germantown.

'53. Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, D. D., has returned from a six months tour in Italy. He has made a special study of the religions and political conditions there, and expects to give the result of his observation in newspaper articles and lectures.

'55. On April 30th, 1897 occurred the death of Joseph B. Burchinal, at Gans, Pa. Mr. Burchinal was 66 years of age at the time of his death.

'63. William J. Wolverton holds a position as teacher in the public schools of Lock Haven. Prof. Wolverton for a number of years was principal of the Lock Haven Schools, but on account of his hearing having become very much impaired through an attack of the Grip he was compelled to resign his position for a less responsible one. His hearing is now slowly improving.

'64. Rev. T. A. K. Gessler, D. D., has closed his pastorate with the Grace Baptist Church of New York City, which at a social given before its uniting with the 23rd St. Church, presented Dr. Gessler with a $1000 check, an onyx and gold cabinet and three beautiful vases.

'65. Rev. H. B. Garner is pastor of the Baptist Church at Downingtown, Pa.

'65. Dr. John B. Probasco is a prominent physician of Plainfield, N. J.

'66. Rev. John A. Hutson, who is now located at Allegheny, Pa,, rendered valuable services to Rev. J. V. Stratton, of Scottdale, Pa., during a series of special services being held at that place.

'66. Dr. Freeman Loomis has resumed his duties at the "*Hill*" again, after a two weeks absence from his classes. He met with a very serious accident, in the shape of a stubborn hemorrhage which resulted from having several teeth extracted.

'67. Rev. Webster R. Maul, to whom the *Mirror* is indebted for some very interesting Alumni Notes in and around New York City and Brooklyn, is pastor in charge of the Second Baptist church of Brooklyn.

'67. Mr. David E. Rue is one of the most influential men in educational circles in Hoboken, N. J. He has a life lease on the schools, public and normal, of that city. His wife is remembered by many in Lewisburg as Miss Maggie Yoder.

Ex-'67. Mr. Leon B. Wolfe is one of the members of the Central Electric and Foundry Company, of this place.

'68. Dr. Sexton R. James and Dr. Leroy Stephens and their works are too well known to the friends of Bucknell, to require any further comments here.

'69. Hon. Martin Bell, of Holidaysburg, is at present Judge of Blair County, and is in demand in other districts than his own on the bench.

'69. Andrew A. Leiser is one of the most prominent and popular lawyers at the Union County Bar.

Ex-'69. Matthew R. Calvin, Esq., is practicing law in Hollidaysburg, Blair Co., Pa.

'71. Rev U. S. Holt is stated supply for the Baptist Church at Philipsburg, Pa. His address is Bellwood.

'71. Rev. John Humpstone, D. D., has been elected Vice President of the Baptist Church Extension Society of Brooklyn, N. Y.

'71. Rev. James Rainey has resigned the pastorate at Lacyville, Pa., and will make his home at Tunkhannock.

'72. Rev. J. H. Chambers is pastor of the new Olivet Baptist Church, of West Chester, Pa., formed by the withdrawal of 112 members from the First Church.

Ex-'72. Rev. J. W. Putnan recently resigned the pastorate of the Trinity Baptist Church, New York City, but yielding to the urgent solicitations of the people he will remain. It is the intention of the church to sell the present property and build in a more desirable location.

'83. The *Ledger* for May 20, contains a cut of Rev. Spencer B. Meeser, Pastor of the First Baptist Church on Salem Square, Worcester, Mass.

'85. The Baptist church of Burlington, N. J., during the four years and a half of the pastorate of Rev. J. M. Hare, has received 202;—151 by baptism. The membership is now 600.

'87. Howard L. Calder, Esq., of Harrisburg, was recently elected Grand Commander of the Knights of Malta Lodge, which convened at Sunbury, May 11, 12, 13.

'88. Dr. Lincoln Hulley gave an address on the "Psalms" before the Baltimore Ministers Conference on Monday, May 3.

'88. W. H. Clipman, pastor of the Tabernacle church, Harrisburg, is preaching a series of sermons on "The Old Book."

Truman L. Purdy, Ex-'89, and George Deppen, '93, have recently been admitted to the Northumberland County Bar, and are fitting up offices in Sunbury.

'91. Rev. A. Lincoln Moore, pastor of the Spruce Street Baptist Church in Phila., has had conferred on him the degree Doctor of Divinity, by the Regents of the American Temperance University.

'92. Prof. Chas. Grant Shaffer, A. M., has charge of the department of Latin at the State Normal School, Natchitoches, La.

'94. C. F. McMann, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Lancaster, graduated from the Reformed Theological Seminary at Lancaster on the 13th.

'95. Married at the Passyunk Ave. Baptist Church, by Rev. H. B. Harper, Rev. Franklin I. Sigmund, of Ebensburg, Pa., and Miss Anna McDonald.

'96. H. T. Colestock, who has been attending Hamilton Theological Seminary, has been awarded a scholarship in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

EXCHANGES.

The current issue of the periodical of Ursinus College is the work of young women. It is up to the standard and deserves commendation.

B.—"I see by the posters that F., the tragedian, travels under his wife's management."

D.—"*So do most men, only they don't advertise it.*"—*Ex.*

"Visions of the far East," concluded in the May numbers of *The Campus*, is a creditable production. It is rich in suggestions on social development.

Our Dumb Animals is one of the best of our exchanges. It, more than any other paper, represents a distinctively humane work. Every college student should know of this work and share in it.

The Mountaineer deserves a place among worthy college periodicals. Its last issue has a portrait of President Allen, a fit representative of the intellectual and spiritual life of that well-known Maryland college.

Lafayette's team has defeated U. P., and Yale at base ball. This victorious nine also met Princeton's team on Wednesday, the 12th. Her most worthy victory was that won in the debate, May 3, with Lehigh University. Congratulations.

"And you asked her father for her hand!"

"Yes. He said I must be an idiot to think of it."

"What did you reply?"

"I told him that of course *he knew his own family better than I did*, but I would take the chances."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Many poems in current issues of college papers seem to lack unity of thought and purpose. A good poem should be free from such blemishes. The best poems must be free from them. The most unfortunate poet is he whose idea of poetry is a medley of thoughts. Thus most poems in these papers are "long." They would be shorter if they possessed more "unity," and had a "definite aim."

Our sister journals will bear with us in urging that no one of them neglect the exchanges. *The Folio* made an appeal in a late issue for this popular and instructive department. Editorial boards cannot disregard the popularity of the exchanges without injury to their papers. This department serves as an index whence the busy student may learn what periodicals contain matter which they should first read.

"Meditation," in the same issue, is a well-written poem, suggestive of the attitude of Olymnia, but a little to melancholy for these days of cheering hope. Many will rightly reject the third and fourth lines in the third stanza. The fourth stanza is obscure. We would hardly speak of the body as having or not having hope. We *cannot* thus speak of the immortal soul. Love is a ruling passion of the soul. Is it also locked in death's embrace?

UNIVERSITY ITEMS.

COLLEGE.

The Seniors are rejoicing because recitations in Theism are over.

The Senior banquet was held at the Cameron House on Friday evening, May 21.

None should fail to read the article on the first page of this issue by Dr. Perrine.

The Ringgold Band, of Reading, will furnish the music during Commencement week.

The Junior Exhibition in Oratory was held in Bucknell Hall on Friday evening, May 21.

Mrs. Larison tendered the Senior class of the College a reception on Tuesday evening, May 25.

A Northfield meeting will be held in Bucknell Hall, on Thursday evening, May 27, at 7 o'clock.

Dr. Lincoln Hulley delivered the address to the class at the High School Commencement, of Emporium, Pa., on Thursday evening, May 13.

Dr. Perrine delivered his lecture, "Some Proverbs, Not Solomon's," which was the last of the Popular Lecture Course, in Bucknell Hall, last Monday evening.

A fine concert was given in Bucknell Hall, on Thursday evening, May 20. The music was rendered by two male quartettes, a mixed quartette and a male chorus and was selected from the Bucknell Song Book.

Every Alumnus should purchase a copy of the University Song Book. It contains a number of pieces suited especially for class reunions and alumni meetings which were composed by Drs. E. H. Johnson and W. H. Doane. Copies can be had by writing to E. C. Kunkle. Price 50 cents per copy. By mail 5 cents extra.

INSTITUTE.

Prof. Hamblin led the Y. M. C. A. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening, May 18.

On May 13 and 20 a large number of Institute girls greatly enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Edwards at the Fourth Form reception.

On the evenings of May 17 and 18 the members of the Senior class, assisted by Messrs. Clement. Geary, Hall and N. F. Davis, presented "The House of Martha," as arranged by Miss Armitage, from the novel of Frank Stockton. The class is to be congratulated upon their success.

ACADEMY.

On Saturday, May 15, the "bachelors" and "bachelor maids" held a picnic at Blue Hill.

Principal Edwards occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, Sunday May 16th.

The Fourth Form were tendered receptions on May 13 and 20 by Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Edwards respectively.

The class of '97 have received their Commencement invitations and are now busy sending them to their friends.

The Fourth Form class will have eleven graduates, seven in the Classical course and four in the Scientific course.

Principal Edwards, Prof. Phillips and John Evans attended the convention of Welsh Baptists, held at Mahanoy City, May 22 and 23.

ATHLETICS.

Bucknell defeated Gettysburg in an interesting game on Monday, 17th. The game was postponed from Friday, it having rained on that day. The score :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Bucknell	2	0	0	0	5	0	2	0	–	9	9	5
Gettysburg	0	0	0	3	0	3	0	0	0	6	9	5

On Wednesday, 12th, Bucknell was defeated at Milton by the league team of that town. The game was close and well played. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	5	7	8	9	R	H	E
Milton	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	3	0	5	5	4
Bucknell	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	–	3	5	2

Our team was revenged on the following Wednesday when they defeated Milton on the campus. Shortell pitched a good game, the team fielded well. Conover and Grim made good catches in the outfield. The score :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Bucknell	4	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	–	7	11	0
Milton	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	3	7	2

Bucknell journeyed to Selinsgrove on Saturday last and defeated the local team. Shortell pitched great ball. The score :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Bucknell	1	0	0	0	2	1	2	0	0--	6	7	2
Selinsgrove	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—	1	5	5

The Annual Field Day in athletics will be be observed on the campus, on Saturday, May 29.

TENNIS.

The handicap tournament opened on Saturday, 15th. The games played up to date are :

Kaufman Sprague	won by Kauffman.
Phillips Weymouth	won by Weymouth.
Bunnell Dutton	won by Bunnell.
Ballentine Alexander	won by Balletine.
N. Davis T. Morris	won by Davis.
N. Davis Ballentine	won by Ballentine.
Shorkley Hollinshead	won by Shorkley.
Wassell Hyde	won by Wassell.
Foster Kulp	won by Foster.

Upon application, the Registrar will furnish card orders during Commencement, good for ten days, on the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, (exclusive of Pittsburg and Erie.)

By special arrangement good board can be had at private boarding houses from $1.00 to $1.50 per day. Hotel rates, $2.00 per day.

Special information concerning accomodations will be furnished, by the Registrar, on application.

All Commencement visitors are cordially invited to register in Room No. 2, College Building, during Commencement week. Writing, mailing and messenger facilities can also be found at the same place. Polite attendants will be furnished, free of charge, to escort visitors over the grounds and through the various buildings.

Mail sent in care of the Registrar, will be promptly delivered.

IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN MAY PERIODICALS.

ART.

Artist in Greenland. R. W. Porter. *New Eng. Mag.*
D. C. French, Sculptor. Mrs. H. B. Emerson. *N. E. Mag.*
Brahms and Classical Tradition. W. H. Hadow. *Con.*

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

Dillmann on Old Test. Religion. F. B. Denio. *Bib. W.*
The Barrows Lectures in India. *Miss. Rev. Bib. W.*
Harnack's Chronology. *Bib. World.*
Theol. Seminaries and Quality of Ministry. Prof. Walker. *Hartford Rec.*
Kingdom of Heaven in the Gospels. Prof. Beardsley. *Hartford Rec.*
Rationalistic Criticism. H. Osgood. *Homiletic Rev.*

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Booth, J. Wilkes, Death and Burial of. R. S. Baker. *McClure's.*
Drummond, Henry. Ian Maclaren *N. A. Rev., Miss. R.*
Emperor William II. Paul Lindenberg. *Forum.*
Grant at Outbreak of War. Hamlin Garland. *McClure's.*
Grant, Campaigning with. H. Porter. *Century.*
Jowett, Benjamin. *April Edinburgh.*
Mill, J. S. Letters to Prof. Nichol. *Fortnightly.*
Sheridan. *Westminster.*
Webster, Life Portraits of. C. H. Hart. *McClure's.*

EASTERN QUESTION.

Crete. *Century, Fortnightly, Nineteenth Century.*
Greece. *Fortnightly, North American Review.*
Russia. *Contemp., Fortnightly, North Amer. Review.*
Turkey. *Contemp., Fortnightly, Rev. of Reviews.*
The Powers. *Contemp., Nineteenth Century, Forum.*

ECONOMICS AND POLITICS.

Autocrat of Congress. H. L. West. *Forum.*
Bank, Working of a. C. D. Lanier. *Scribner's.*
Citizen and City. J. B. Thacher. *Arena.*
Congressional Extravagance. R. Ogden. *Yale R.*
Constitutional Law, Limits of. T. Thacher. *Yale R.*
Industrial Combinations. A. T. Oliver. *Forum.*
Senatorial Degeneracy. C. H. Miller. *Forum.*
Street Railways. C. E. Curtis. *Yale R.*
Transportation, Cheap, in U. S. J. A. Latcha. *North American Review.*

☞ PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS. ☜

EDUCATIONAL.

Armour Institute. C. L. Snowden. *New Eng. Mag.*
Athletic "Training." Randolph Faries. *Outing.*
Eton and Modern Public Schools. *April Edinburgh.*
Harvard College, 2 articles. *Scribner's.*
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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XVI. LEWISBURG, PA., JUNE 10, 1897. NO. 16.

QUOTATION.

ENOCH PERRINE, A. M., LITT. D.

[*Concluded.*]

Besides Accuracy, an apt quotation should be of the

(2) PROPER LENGTH. Not too short, else not enough be given to fortify one's position,—vagueness, abruptness and looseness of style being the result. Not too long, else the main thought will drag and the style become dull. One quotes to maintain in some way his point ; but rarely do the thoughts of two people run exactly parallel for any length of time, and generally he who uses a long quotation will find that he has introduced not only material that helps his thought along but very much of different effect, the reader being greatly tempted to turn aside into new and pleasant paths that have been suggested to him and are in no wise connected with the point of departure. For this reason it is hazardous to quote Lowell of all our writers in English. You think your quotation is apt—merely that and nothing more. You find that Lowell's lines are crowded with suggestion and your reader has gone off in many directions from which you cannot coax him back. One would better err in being too short than too long. A "lengthy" prose quotation may be used with less disaster than one in verse, since the involved sentences, the multiplicity and rapidity of figures generally employed in verse, will be more likely to confuse the mind. A little gem flashing in appropriate setting, not a blazing carbuncle that might throw even the High Priest's breastplate into the shade—this is the effect of an apt quotation.

(3) NOT TOO FAMILIAR. A quotation to produce its proper effect *as such* must be familiar. The reader is glad to see one of his treasures used in this way, is pleased to be thus complimented by the writer and accepts the more surely his proposition. Should the quotation, however, be too familiar, since it has been used by everybody and for all purposes time out of mind, it will fall flat like the same old clown in the same old circus with the same old jokes. How meaningless many patriotic expressions have become—"great and glorious republic," "the land of the free and the home of the brave" and the like ! No matter how fine these expressions were in their young days, like the current coin of the realm their definiteness and force disappear with constant using. The pity of it is that unlike coin they cannot be called in and recoined. One sometimes feels that even "the best laid schemes" of Burns and "the ignorance is bliss" of Gray and the "flat, stale and unprofitable" world of Hamlet have really done their work and should now be retired on a pension equal in each instance to that one Dr. Johnson received for his great influence in literature. Men sigh when they meet them and the effect is like that to which Pope alludes, speaking of the rhymers in his day :

"Where'er you find the 'cooling western breeze',
In the next line it 'whispers through the trees' ;
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep',
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with 'sleep'."

But while not too familiar, the apt quotation can not be *unfamiliar.* Otherwise, however apropos the expression may be, it comes largely as the speaker's own and without the power of his fame who coined it. And this criticism applies as well to the *author* not familiar. It is vain to call upon Smith's reputation unless that reputation be well established. To quote Chaucer to hoodlums, is like casting pearls before swine ; to quote Bill Nye to scholars, except in ridicule, is none the less absurd and ineffective. The middle course between the too familiar and the unfamiliar is best. Indeed in pressing the point, the present writer, for this very reason, would prefer Ovid's "medio tutissimus ibis" rather than Horace's "auream mediocritatem," which latter after centuries of constant service by this time has become quite like "sounding brass."

(4) ON LEVEL WITH WRITER'S THOUGHT. If below his thought, from any point of view, it is conspicuous for its ugliness like the death's head at a royal feast, calling exclusive attention

to itself, adding nothing but, on the contrary, detracting from the main idea. If too far above his thought, it is a mere "purple patch," new cloth on an old garment with the disastrous effect of such a combination. Some one—I know not who—has likened such a quotation to "the dolphins that are said to have brought to the shore the dead body of Hesiod. They saved from the deep what, after all, was but lifeless clay." One cannot give even a local habitation to airy nothings by leading them out in fine company—the glaring contrast will be detected and the critical will either laugh or become disgusted. Instead of degrading, the quotation should carry along the main thought to upper regions; and it ought to be of such a character that, to quote Blanchard, it must "be introduced with something like the pomp due to a foreign ambassador." Young writers especially should get rid of the personal equation when judging whether a quotation be unfamiliar or not. To them, it may be as fresh as the morning; to their audience, as stale as last year's corn-stalk and as juiceless. "Books of Quotations" unintentionally mislead many an inexperienced person who runs to them for help and selects that expression which, new and bright to him, is old and faded in the eyes of others. For this reason there ought to be some way by which writers could be warned from these smiling but decrepit veterans like Keats's "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" and Wordsworth's "the child is father of the man."

(5) Duly Appreciative of the Author. There is a practice of saying: "a distinguished writer has said," or "one of the greatest men of his time writes," and the like. As quotation this is very weak. The mind pays no attention to the assertion or else begins to locate the reference. In the former case, of course, there is no result; in the latter, some one other than the person alluded to is selected from the hundreds who might be thought of in that connection and an entirely wrong conception is entertained or influence exerted. What can be more effective than to write Tennyson or Emerson, as the case may be, without adding a string of commonplaces that are exasperating to those who really know?

(6) In due Proportion. Good writing is never suggestive of the "crazy quilt" nor the mosaic, however skilfully arranged and beautiful these may be. The reader who has a retentive memory for words will hold in mind the attractive expressions he meets and unless he takes great care will, for the joy he has in the labor, bring them out in troops at times when a single bold sentinel only is needed. His work, then, is not his; it lacks the organic life of style which is set on fire when thoughts have been fused in his heart; it is a thing "of shreds and patches" and takes its place with all the other literary "hash."

C. *The growth of an apt quotation.* Such a quotation is a growth, not the result of search. One reads a great author and finds there perfect words to perfect music. He holds them in memory for their own sake alone, never expecting to use them. In time they become a part of his mental being; and long afterwards when he writes on a certain theme, they fall from his pen ere he is aware and take their places with the rest of his thought—they have a vital, an organic connection with what he is saying, they are not merely glued fast mechanically. It is fatal when one must rack his brain for apt quotations—they come not out in that way. It is equally fatal to rely on books of "Familiar Quotations"—Bartlett's and the rest—hunting in them for you know not what because you fancy that a quotation would be more powerful just at that point. These books are beyond value in verifying a quotation about which one is not sure, but they should never be used as a soldier uses the armory to which he may run for a loaded weapon on occasion.

Since we are finite we have need and do well to call upon the past for help, and to the literary worker much of this help comes by way of quotation. "It is only the Divine who never quotes"; and yet, even He, when on earth, summoned the aid of Moses and David. But the practice should be indulged only with the artist's fine appreciation of what is fitting. Scott was not happy when at the beginning of his chapters he pretended to quote from an "Old Play" verses of his own making; Disraeli was not happy when in his speeches and novels he professed to take from the lips of other well-known men words they never uttered

--a practice to-day charged against Joseph Chamberlain. A man is said to be known by the company he keeps; and a writer may none the less be known by the men he quotes and the way in which he weaves their cloth of gold into his own worthy homespun. For example of perfect quotation none better could be selected than that upon the stone over the grave of Edwin Booth, prince of Hamlets. It is Horatio's adieu to his friend:

> "Good night, sweet prince,
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

Here, *me judice*, we have every excellence that should charactize an apt quotation.

KATHERINE BROWN LARISON, A. M.

PRINCIPAL OF THE INSTITUTE.

The history of the life of Mrs. Larison divides itself into three periods; her quiet home life on a farm and her early school days in New York state, covering a period of nineteen years; then a period of three years, from '59 to '61, brief but significant, spent in teaching and study at the Albany Academy in Georgia; and lastly, her life since she came to Lewisburg in 1865, including the ten years after her marriage, which were spent at her husband's home in Ringoes, New Jersey.

The eldest of three daughters, it early befell Mrs. Larison to share the burdens of her widowed mother in her efforts to gain a livelihood from the farm. How hard such a struggle may be, none but the widows and orphaned daughters of farmers can know. From her earliest school days in the district school until the present time Mrs. Larison has been devoted to study. After having learned all that was to be learned in the country school near her home, Mrs. Larison was sent at an early age to a private school on the Hudson. At the age of fifteen she began work as a teacher in the district schools of her native county until her nineteenth year.

In September, 1859, she went to Georgia to study and teach, an undertaking upon which she would scarcely have ventured could she have foreseen the momentous events which were so soon to alienate the South from the North and foster the spirit of sectional pride and partisan hatred. Upon hearing the results of the battle of Bull Run, she resolved to return to her home in the North. She was accompanied by her cousin, a fellow-teacher. They chose a circuitous route, leading through Macon, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Louisville, Marietta, Cleveland and Dunkirk, crossing the Confederate lines a short distance from Chattanooga. Their first sight of the Union flag was in Louisville, July, 1861.

In September of the same year she went to Monticello, New York, where she taught a public school for one year and served as vice-principal of the Academy for two years. She entered the University Female Institute of Lewisburg in September, 1865, and took rank at the head of her class. Immediately upon her graduation in '67, she was appointed an instructor in the Institute.

On October 6, 1869, she was married to the Rev. Andrew B. Larison, M. D., and went with him to his home in Ringoes, New Jersey, where he was called to the pastorate of a newly organized Baptist church. In January, 1870, Dr. Larison and his brother established a boarding and day school, known as the Seminary at Ringoes. Mrs. Larison taught English Literature and French. Dr. Larison died September 25, 1872, of disease incurred while serving in the army. His widow courageously took up his work in the school and in 1874 assumed the sole charge of it. By her faithfulness in many spheres of activity during her ten years' residence in Ringoes, she won an abiding place in the affections of the people. As a pastor's wife she had been singularly efficient and universally beloved; as a Bible class teacher she had been unusually successful in cultivating an intelligent, enthusiastic interest in the study of the Scriptures; and as a teacher and principal of the Seminary, she had demonstrated the high order of her literary and executive ability. Her home had become the favorite resort for the most cultured people of the town, and it was with genuine regret that they learned of her intention to leave Ringoes to become vice-principal of the Institute at Lewisburg.

After the death of Principal Jones, in January, 1882, the Board of Trustees appointed Mrs. Larison to succeed him. Her work while at the head of Bucknell Institute is too well known to all readers of the MIRROR to require extensive comment. The organization of three important societies—the Students' Loan Assotion, the Lewisburg Alumnæ Club and the Young Women's Christian Association, the many changes and improvements of the last seventeen years in the domestic arrangements, the curriculum and the government of the school have been almost wholly due to her influence and will endure as her lasting memorial. In 1889 the University, in recognition of her scholarly attainments, confirmed upon her the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

Mrs. Larison has not as yet formed any definite plans for the future. Her first care will be for her aged mother, who still lives with her youngest daughter at her old home in Cochecton Centre, New York. Mrs. Larison has given the best part of her life to the cause of education and is bound to the school she has served so admirably and unselfishly by indissoluble ties. She has scores of friends in the school and in the town, who gratefully remember her cheery, encouraging words and many kindly acts, and who sincerely hope that in the future she will return to Lewisburg to make this her home for at least a part of each year.

THOMAS A. EDWARDS, A. M.

PRINCIPAL OF BUCKNELL ACADEMY.

Thomas A. Edwards was born in 1850 in Oneida county, N. Y. His boyhood was spent upon a farm. From the time that he was able to reason the boy was always feeling out to learn something new, and when he had attended winter school for awhile the longing came to him to learn more of knowledge. He accordingly worked early and late so that he might go away from home and secure more further education. Later, he successively and diligently studied at Arcade Academy, Attica Acadmy, Cook Academy, and Wyoming Seminary, in New York state. He also studied at Rochester, doing two and a half years work there. Acquiring a taste for teaching he served for a time as assistant principal of Attica Academy, and as associate principal of Genesee and Wyoming Seminary. During his experience as a teacher the conviction was thrust upon him that he could accomplish more good in the world as a minister of the gospel. He, therefore, was ordained. This was in 1876. He then became the pastor of the Baptist church at Groton, N. Y., over which he administered until 1880, and in 1881 he served the Baptist church at Union City, Pa., for one year.

Keeping still before him the long cherished idea of completing his college education he seized the opportunity to pursue a course of study in Allegheny College, from which institution he was graduated in 1885 with the degree of A. B.; three years later the same college bestowed on him the degree of A. M., in course.

For nine years Prof. Edwards was principal of the Union City schools. It was here that he demonstrated his ability as the headmaster of a school and as a successful educator of youth. He raised the standard of the schools of that place and introduced a course of study preparatory to college, and as a consequence, many young people have entered higher institutions of learning from the above place, largely through the efforts of Prof. Edwards. He so endeared himself to the people of Union City that when the call came to become the principal of Hall Institute, established but a short time before at Sharon, he was offered flattering inducements to remain. Seeing an opportunity, however, for a broader field of usefulness and realizing that there was a large constituency back of the new enterprise at Sharon, he concluded to accept the principalship of that institution, and to do his share in aiding the development of the Institute. For three years he was the principal of Hall Institute. He then resigned to extend his researches in Latin at the new University of Chicago.

In 1894 he was called to the headship of Bucknell Academy, a position which he is now filling with great acceptability to the Board of Trustees and the patrons of the school. Although Prof. Edwards has been at Bucknell but three years, he has won the hearts of the people. He has great influence over boys and young men, and in the short time that he has been at the head of the Academy, he has influenced the lives of a number of young men for good, and more than one young man dates the beginning of his moral make-up back to

Bucknell Academy since Prof. Edwards has become its principal. Firm, yet kind, he knows how to handle boys and he does it in such a way that he wins the respect, admiration and love of all the students who come under his care.

ELYSEE AVIRAGNET, A. M., Mus. Doc.

DIRECTOR OF THE BUCKNELL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Elysée (full name, Jean Francois Elysée) Aviragnet was born in France, July 30th, 1828. In October, 1838, he entered the Royal College at Bordeaux and pursued a literary course of study. In 1845 he went to Paris, and in 1847 he graduated from the Sorbonne, after which he entered the French military line, in which service he spent three years. In 1851 he took up the teaching of French, Greek and Latin, and in 1852 he received the degree of *Licencie es lettres*, corresponding to the degree of Master of Arts. During all this time he spent his leisure moments in developing his taste for music, studying under Duprez, Delsarte and Revial. He later studied vocal music under Lamperti in Italy. He then took up the study of harmony and composed many songs which were published by *Le Menestrel*, a publishing house belonging to Heugel. Hartman, the publisher, also put out some of Prof. Aviragnet's music.

Later Prof. Aviragnet went to Mauritius and became a teacher in Latin, Greek and the Romance Languages in Bourbon College ; at the same time he was the musical critic of French editions of *Le Mauricien*, *Le Cerneen*, and the *Commercial Gazette*, papers published in French and English. Up to 1865 Prof. Aviragnet was an amateur musician, at which time he became a professional. Previously, however, he had taken part in concerts and conducted a Philharmonic Society of Amateurs. After leading operatic orchestras for a time, he attracted the attention of composers, among whom was Ambroise Thomas, the celebrated author of "Mignon," "Hamlet" and many other master-pieces. These famous composers presented Prof. Aviragnet with well merited testimonials of his worth as a musician.

Prof. Aviragnet has traveled a great deal and has spent many months in Italy, Spain, Egypt, Greece, India and the West Indies, leading orchestras and teaching vocal music and the languages.

At the beginning of the Prussian war, 1870, Prof. Aviragnet chanced to be in his native country. Like a noble son of France he at once entered the service of the French army as a private and later became a lieutenant and aide-de-camp of the Commandeur Superieur of the 10th Arrondissement. At the beginning of the Commune the government of the *defense Nationale* was obliged to go to Versailles. Lieut. Aviragnet was sent several times as a special messenger to Versailles, to the National Assembly. Being obliged to remain in Versailles he was made officer d'ordonnance, by commission bearing date April 18th, 1871, for the organization of the legion of the 10th Arrondissement, which was with the army when it entered Paris and ended the Commune by bloody battle upon the streets of that city, May 21st to 28th, 1871.

For four years before coming to the United States Prof. Aviragnet was a teacher of comparative languages at Bolivar College, Port of Spain, Trinidad. Although not connected with the music department of that institution, he organized a band composed of students of the college. This organization, during the vacation, made a successful tour in Venezuela. He then went to New York where he taught music for one year, when he was engaged by Mr. S. W. Murray, of Milton, Pa., to teach music and the languages to his daughter and the children of several prominent Milton families.

In 1887 he became a teacher at Bucknell Institute. The department of music was then a part of the Institute. Through dint of application and by thorough work, Prof. Aviragnet raised the standard of the music department until the Board of Trustees deemed it wise to create a School of Music, with Prof. Aviragnet at the head as Director. The School has flourished since, and if it continues to grow as rapidly as it has done in the past decade it will soon become necessary to add a conservatory of music to the growing group of University buildings.

In 1893 the University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music, an honor which he wears with dignity and merit.

Dr. Aviragnet is a member of the Society of Arts and Sciences of England (Mauritius branch). He is a life member of the association of French opera artists, to which organization Patti, Calve, Plancon, Lassalle, de Reske Bros. and many other well-known artists belong. He is also a member of the Music Teachers' Association of America, and is widely known throughout eastern Pennsylvania as an instructor at the Mt. Gretna Chautauqua.

Dr. Aviragnet is proud of his native land and has at all times proved his devotion to it, but he proclaims the United States to be the best country in the world.

LLEWELLYN PHILLIPS, A. M.

INSTRUCTOR IN ELOCUTION.

The subject of this sketch was born April, 1869, in Wales ; later on he emigrated to this country with his parents. He prepared for college at Bucknell Academy and entered the College in 1888. He successfully pursued the classical course and in 1892 was graduated from the college with honors, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Mr. Phillips was awarded the Chaplain J. J. Kane prize for the delivery of the best graduating oration. In 1895 he received the degree of A. M. from his Alma Mater.

Immediately after graduation Mr. Phillips was elected Instructor in the Greek Language in Bucknell Academy, which position he has held ever since with credit.

For several summers Mr. Phillips has pursued select studies in the University of Chicago. During the summers of '94 and '95 he took special work in elocution and oratory, after which he was made Instructor in Elocution in the College. He also spent the summer of '93 at Cornell doing special work in elocution.

Mr. Phillips was ordained to preach in September, 1896. He has received several calls to pastorates but has declined the calls, preferring to continue in the service of his Alma Mater.

He is a friend of all the students and takes an active interest in the religious and moral welfare of the students. His advice is frequently sought by the students in these matters.

L. G. C. RIEMER, A. M.

Mr. L. G. C. Riemer was born at Münchenbernsdorf (Saxe-Weimar), Aug. 27, 1873. When he was eight years of age his parents moved to America and settled at Brookston, Pa. Here he attended the public schools for seven years, being obliged to learn the English language at the same time. After leaving the public schools he assisted his father in the lumber business for a year or two. In 1889 he entered the Clarion State Normal School, where he remained, preparing for college, until the spring of 1892. While at Clarion he became a member of the Presbyterian church. During the spring term of 1892 he attended Bucknell Academy, taking at the same time, some college studies. He entered the Sophomore class at Bucknell in the fall of 1892 and graduated in 1895 with the degree of A. B. In the following year, in addition to his teaching, he continued his graduate work, and at the end of the year received the degree of A. M.

After graduating, he was appointed Instructor in German and Latin at Bucknell. In the following year several courses in French were also assigned to him. In order to prepare himself more thoroughly in the French language, he spent the summer of 1896 studying at Paris. He intends to go abroad again this coming summer for the same purpose.

Mr. Riemer is a student who combines care and diligence with native ability. As a teacher he has given a new impetus to the study of the modern languages at Bucknell. Being master of both German and English he has most excellent qualifications to teach the former to English students, and we feel confident that he will secure the very best results. E. M. H.

NELSON FITHIAN DAVIS, Sc. M.

INSTRUCTOR IN ORGANIC SCIENCE.

Nelson Fithian Davis was born at Shelley, Cumberland Co., New Jersey, August 10, 1872. After leaving the public schools, he entered South Jersey Institute, Bridgeton, N. J., where he prepared for college, and was graduated from that institution with the class of '91.

From South Jersey Institute he entered Bucknell in the fall of 1891 and was graduated from this institution with the class of '95, having pursued with honor the English Scientific course. He secured upon graduation the degree of Sc. B. and later received the Master's degree.

While still a Sophomore in college Mr. Davis was appointed assistant in Organic Science, which position he held with great satisfaction to all until 1896, when he was appointed Instructor in Organic Science, which position he now holds.

During the summer of '96 Instructor Davis attended the Summer School of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences located at Cold Springs Harbor, Long Island. For three years Mr. Davis has been doing microscopical work under the direction of Professor H. N. Conser, of Sunbury, Pa. He is also a member of the State Board of Bacteriology and has been appointed by the University Instructor in Bacteriology, which position he will assume at the beginning of next year.

WILLIAM CHRISTIAN GRETZINGER, PH. B.

REGISTRAR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

William Christian Gretzinger was born in Reading thirty years ago. He comes from a vigorous German ancestry who were among the first settlers in Berks county, Pa.

Mr. Gretzinger received his rudimentary education in the public schools of Reading. After leaving the public schools he took a course in the Reading Business College. Later on he entered Carroll Institute, a preparatory school for college. While at that institution he received a gold medal for deportment. After finishing his course he started to read law, but feeling the need of a more thorough preparation for his chosen profession he took a course at Perkiomen Seminary, and from there entered Bucknell College and was graduated from this institution with a first-class oration in the Latin Scientific Course with the class of '89. Mr. Gretzinger received the Chaplain J. J. Kane prize for the best graduating oration and also won the Junior oratorical prize.

During his college course Mr. Gretzinger was always active and prominent in all the important affairs of the University. In 1887 he founded the *Commencement News* as a means of assistance to the MIRROR. He was also the prime mover in founding *L'Agenda*, and became the Business Manager of that publication. He was the Assistant Manager for one year and the Business Manager of the MIRROR for two years, and served on the Board of Editors during his Senior year.

In 1889, before his graduation, he was elected Business Agent (now called Registrar) of the University, which position he has held with credit to himself and with honor to the University ever since. He has made the office what it is, having systematized the business affairs of the four departments of the University under one central office with perfect satisfaction.

On February 11, 1891, Mr. Gretzinger married Mary Adelaide Stoner, who graduated from the Institute with the class of 1887. Their marriage has been blessed by one daughter, Margaret Christine, aged four years.

While in college Mr. Gretzinger spent his vacations either in reading law or doing work for city newspapers. For a time he was editor of the Lewisburg *Chronicle*. He also served one year as editor of the *Shield*, the official organ of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

Mr. Gretzinger has always been actively identified with the interests of Lewisburg. He was re-elected to the Town Council at the last election. He is also a member of the Lewisburg Fire Department and of the I. O. O. F. Lodge, No. 96. He has been mentioned several times for political preferment in the Republican party but has steadfastly declined political honors.

Besides his secular duties he still is able to devote time to religious matters, being Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Lewisburg Baptist Church and Secretary of the Sunday School.

Mr. Gretzinger is also intensely interested in athletics. He is a standing member of the Finance Committee of the Athletic Association, in which capacity he is a tower of strength to the Association by his sympathy and wisdom always so desirable to the student body.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Alumni editors take this opportunity to thank their friends for any items which may have been contributed for publication during the last nine months. Although this will be the last issue of the school year, the same scheme will be taken up again in September, and we hope that contributors will not discontinue their good work. All correspondence addressed to the MIRROR Box throughout the summer will be received and prepared for the next issue.—[EDITORS.]

'65. Dr. C. B. Lowe has given up the practice of medicine since his election as Professor of Materia Medica in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

'75. From a Parsons, W. Va., paper we learn that Fred M. Kelly, a former graduate, is Mayor of the town and is dispensing law and justice in a manner that commends him to all good people, and makes him equally unpopular among evil doers.

'86. Lincoln S. Walter, Esq., of Mt. Carmel, has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

'86. Rev. I. D. Mallory, who recently commenced his seventh year as pastor at Cherryville, N. J., has been compelled to resign on account of ill health.

Ex-'88. Rev. A. W. Hodder has been elected President of the New York Baptist Ministers' Conference.

'89. Rev. T. W. Booth has resigned the pastorate of the Russell St. Baptist Church, Columbus, O.

'90. The tenth anniversary of the organization of the Second Baptist Church of Norristown, Pa., and the fifth anniversary of the pastor, Rev. J. H. Haslam, will be jointly observed this month.

'91. Rev. A. O. Stevens, of Rochester, Minn., has severed his connection with the Baptist denomination and united with the Congregationalists.

'91. The Regents of the American Temperance University, of Tennessee, have conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. A. Lincoln Moore, pastor of the Spruce St. Baptist Church, Phila. Rev. and Mrs. Moore suffered the loss of their only daughter, Marion Wolverton, aged seven months, on May 17, 1897.

'92. Rev. R. J. Holmes preached the introductory sermon at the annual meeting of the Central Union Baptist Association at Pottstown, Pa., on May 25.

Inst.-'93. Miss Oriana Williams, for several years a student at the Institute, has been the recipient of very complimentary notices in the Scranton papers for her ability as a poet. She recently won two competitive prizes offered there.

'96. Thos. L. Josephs has been called to the pastorate of the newly-organized Baptist Church at Mt. Carmel, Pa.

EXCHANGES.

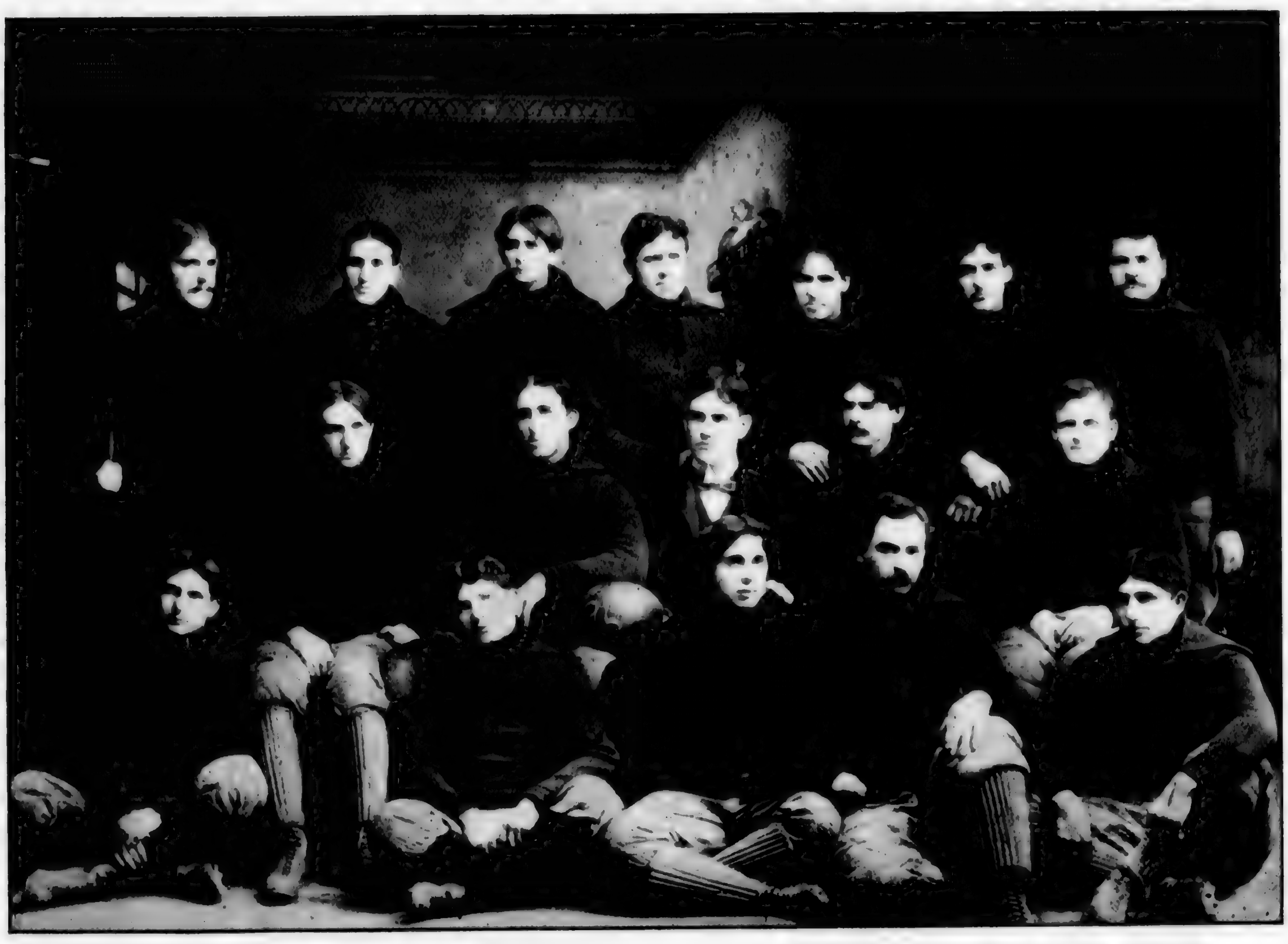
The exchanges for May are excellent. The most busy student will be fully compensated by a careful reading of these visitors to our table. Among the terse flashes of wit, the following is a fair sample:

"The Religion of Homer," in *The Dickinsonian*, is one of the best articles in the May exchanges.

The authorities of Brown University have decided that the students must either give up the use of tobacco or leave college.—*The Lafayette.*

Why was it so cool on the side of the line? Because the Gettysburg team fanned the air with their bats. Why would the Gettysburg team make good workman in a ship yard? Because they have so many pitchers. *The Indian Helper* (on game at Carlisle, May 22. Indians, 27; Gettysburg, 1).

"Unknown," in *The Folio*, is a beautiful and thoughtful poem. It holds forth the garland that the nation should entwine around the tomb of its dead heroes, beginning with Crispus Attucks, whose monument is one of the proudest in Boston, and ending only when loving hands shall strew flowers upon the grave of the last patriot who bore a part of the burden and died or offered to die for his country.



BUCKNELL MIRROR

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

JUNE 10, 1897.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of the Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS.—Subscription price, $1.50 per year, strictly in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Advertisements, $18.00 per column, $9.50 per one-half column, $3.00 per inch.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIALS.

The work of the present MIRROR Board has now come to an end. Whether we will or no, we are forced to say, to our readers at least, good-bye. We pass on, but another will come to take our places, and will, we hope, keep ever raising the standard of our paper. We have done our best, and the result, good or bad, we leave with you. For the last time we greet you—then, farewell.

To the list of our publications has been added the '98 *L'Agenda*. The book is well gotten up; the literary matter is good, the cuts are distinct; it is bound in a very neat and attractive cover. Altogether the book makes a very neat and attractive appearance and seems to be an improvement in many respects over the *L'Agendas* of former years. It is creditable to the class, the Board of Editors and to Bucknell.

The Y. M. C. A. Hand-Book for 1897–98 has just made its appearance and is a model of neatness and excellence. It contains a great amount of useful information for new and old students alike. The very fact that many of the former hand-books have been carried throughout the college year on account of their useful information and handy references bespeaks for this, the fifth number, a hearty reception and a wide use.

At the close of the year we can look back upon a long, almost unbroken list of athletic victories for Bucknell. Our teams have been pre-eminently successful. Our foot ball team was probably the strongest in our history. Our basket ball team lost but one game, winning from such teams as the Williamsport Y. M. C. A., State College and the University of Penna. Our track team won first place from Dickinson, Gettysburg and Franklin and Marshall in the University of Penna. Relay Races at Philadelphia. Our base ball team has been the best in years. We vanquished our old rival, State College, in foot ball, once in basket ball, and once in base ball. Can any one say that the season has not been successful?

At the close of the present year the question comes to us very forcibly, what shall be the future of the MIRROR, what course will it pursue? Since *The Orange and Blue* has so effectively taken up its share of the work, the course of the MIRROR must necessarily be modified to some extent. Whether it shall be made a monthly literary magazine with the price reduced to one dollar a year, as some have suggested, or whether it shall be published as heretofore, is a matter of grave deliberation. At any rate, since *The Orange and Blue* furnishes news of especial interest to the student body and confines itself largely to items of local interest, the MIRROR will necessarily look to the Alumni more for support and will deal more largely with items of general interest to them. It will also try to touch student life in all its phases. Whatever its form or policy, it is the wish and hope of the retiring Board that the MIRROR will ever be kept in the front rank, a faithful reflector of the progress of Bucknell. Long may it live!

The Fair and Festival held May 28 and 29, in the Armory, for the benefit of the Athletic Association, was a success in every particular. Over one hundred dollars were netted from the proceeds of the two nights. Too much credit cannot be given to the ladies of the town and Institute who willingly gave their time to the task of making the affair a success. They deserve and receive the hearty thanks of all loyal members of the school. By their aid the debt of the Association has been reduced to about fifty dollars.

UNIVERSITY ITEMS.

COLLEGE.

"The Galilean" was rendered in Bucknell Hall on Saturday evening, June 5th.

The Delsarte class gave an exhibition in Bucknell Hall, last Tuesday evening.

The Student Volunteer Bands of the University had a picnic in Bower's grove, in White Deer Valley, June 5.

The fair and festival which was held in the Armory on Friday and Saturday evenings, May 28th and 29th, reduced the debt of the Athletic Association one hundred dollars.

The staff of the *Commencement News* is as follows: Editor-in-Chief, L. B. Sinnette; Assistant Editors, M. R. Collins, E. C. Kunkle, J. V. Lesher, V. B. Fisk, L. T. Butler, Ed. Flint, O. J. Decker, Miss Watkins, E. P. Gilchrist and J. M. Rowe.

INSTITUTE.

Miss Grace Wales, class of '69, is visiting Mrs. Larison.

A reception was given by Mrs. Larison, on the evening of May twenty-fifth, to the Senior classes of the College and Institute.

ATHLETICS.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES PLAYED.

Bucknell 8, Milton 1.
Bucknell 24, Watsontown 9.
Bucknell 8, Williamsport Y. M. C. A. 9.
Bucknell 0, Lafayette 9.
Bucknell 20, Danville Y. M. C. A. 3.
Bucknell 9, Gettysburg 6.
Bucknell 3, Milton 5.
Bucknell 7, Milton 3.
Bucknell 6, Selinsgrove 1.
Bucknell 6, State 0.
Bucknell 3, State 4.

On Saturday last, at State College, Bucknell lost to State by the following score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
State	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	*	4	5	4
Bucknell	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	3	4	4

IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN JUNE PERIODICALS.

ANTIQUITIES AND ART.

American Excavations in Greece. J. Gennadius. *For.*
Parthenon, a Riddle Unraveled. E. P. Andrews. *Cen.*
Sculptor St. Gaudens. N. A. Coffin. *Century.*
Shaw Memorial. Edw. Atkinson. *Century.*

BIOGRAPHY.

Burritt, Elihu. E. S. Bartlette. *New Eng. Mag.*
Clough, Arthur Hugh. F. R. Statham. *Eclectic.*
Cowper's Life and Work. T. W. Hunt. *Homil. Rev.*
Queen Victoria. *Century and McClure's.*

ECONOMICS AND POLITICS.

Garfield-Conkling Tragedy. T. B. Connery. *Cosmop.*
Government, a New Form of. J. B. Bishop. *Forum.*
Greater New York, Albert Shaw. *Atlantic.*
House of Commons, Celebrities of. T. P. O'Connor. *Horper's.*
House of Reps., How It Does Business. Speaker Reed. *North American Review.*
Primary Election System, How to Reform. E. Insley. *Arena.*
Sugar, the Amer. Question of the Day. H. Myrick. *Review of Reviews.*
Trust and Working Man. Lloyd Bryce. *No. Am. Rev.*
Trust-Cure, The Ultimate. Gordon Clark. *Arena.*

EDUCATION.

College Admission Requirements. *Educa. Review.*
Degrees, Honorary in U. S. H. T. Lukens. *Ed. Rev.*
Educational Method, Study of. J. A. Reinhart. *Ed. R.*
Modern Education. Pres. H. Morton. *Cosmopolitan.*
Princeton, Undergrad. Life. J. W. Alexander. *Scrib.*
St. Paul's School. W. D. McCrackan. *New Eng. Mag.*
Science as Instrument of Education. M. P. E. Berthelot. *Pop. Sci. Monthly.*
Spelling-Grind, Futility of. J. M. Rice. *Forum.*

HISTORY.

Assyris, Egypt, and Israel. *Biblical World.*
Cabot, When Did He Discover N. A. H. Harrisse. *For.*
Grant's First Great Work in the War. H. Garland. *McClure's.*
Pontiac and Henry Gladwin. Chas. Moore. *Harper's.*
The Queen's Empire, a Retrospect. W. T. Stead. *Review of Reviews.*
The Queen's Parliaments. H. W. Lucy. *No. Am. R.*
The Record Reign. Marquis of Lorne. *No. Am. Rev.*

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

Allen, Jas. Lane. Jas. Mac Arthur. *Bookman.*
Birds of Tennyson. Edgar Valdes. *Eclectic.*
Brunetiere. *Atlantic, Review of Reviews.*
Dante in America. *Dial.*
Essayists, Contemp. American. B. W. Wells. *Forum.*
Herrick, a Poet of Spring. *Eclectic.*
New York's First Poet. E. S. Van Zile. *Lipp.*
Revue des deux Mondes. Th. Bentzon. *McClure's.*
Willis, Halleck, and Drake. D. W. Howe. *Bookman.*

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Agnosticism, G. Smith on. J. B. Thomas. *Homil. R.*
Individ. Acquirement or Inheritance ? C. A. Kofoid. *Dial.*
Jesus the Ideal Man. J. M. Whiton. *N. World.*
Job, the Problem of. Josiah Royce. *N. World.*
Mysticism in Mod. Thought. W. W. Fenn. *N. World.*
Prophets, Helps to Study of. W. Muss-Arnolt. *Bib. W.*
Theism of China. F. H. James. *N. World.*
Thought as Remedial Agent. E. F. Hayward. *N. World.*

SCIENCE.

Arago; Epochs in Electr. G. H. Stockbridge. *Eng. M.*
Evolution, The True. J. C. Ridpath. *Arena.*
Electric Traction. C. H. Davis. *Engin. Mag.*
Flying Machine. S. P. Langley. *McClure's.*
Food. How Used in Body. W. O. Atwater. *Century.*
Meteorological Progress. H. S. Williams, M. D. *Harp.*
Muir Glacier, Silent City of. C. S. Jordan. *Pop. Sci. M.*
Mythology, Max Muller on. F. Starr. *Dial.*
Observatory, Harvard. M. L. Todd. *Century.*
World's Geologists at St. Petersburg. W. H. Ballou. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*

SOCIOLOGY.

Civilized Too Much ? H. C. Merwin. *Atlantic.*
Dispensary, a Propagator of Pauperism. G. F. Shrady, M. D. *Forum.*
Mohonk and the Conferences. B. F. Trueblood. *New Eng. Mag.*
Negro, Amer. Awakening of. D. L. Pierson. *Miss. Rev. of World.*
Social England before Waterloo. A: B. Woodford. *Dial.*
The South, Tendencies of Higher Life in. W. P. Trent. *Atlantic.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cliff-Dweller, an Elder Brother to. T. M. Prudden. *Harper's.*
College Athletics. Albert Tyler. *Lippincott.*
Constantinople. Peter Mac Queen. *Cosmopolitan.*
Exposition of 1900. J. C. Charpentier. *Engin. Mag.*
Golf, Advent and Status of. *Outing.*
Greece and Eastern Question. B. I. Wheeler. *Atlantic.*
Indians, Home Life Among. Alice C. Fletcher. *Cent.*
Inter-Collegiate Cycle Championships. *Outing.*
Inter-University Rowing in 1897. *Outing.*
New Library of Congress. Mont. Schuyler. *Scrib.*

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XVII. Lewisburg, Pa., Jan. 10, 1898. No. 1.

BOTTLE GENTIAN.

Securely closed thy sapphire door
Against the rain ! as downward pour
Refreshing drops from clouds that weep
O'er Autumn's gloom and flow'rs that sleep.

Thy gown is tinged with heaven's blue :
God's artist has not slighted you,
Tho' faries loved thy rivals so,—
They fringed their lids and let them blow.

Hast thou offended Flora Queen ?
That thou must keep thy face unseen,
Nor welcome in the glowing sun
Nor twilight's rays when day is done.

Unfavored thou, sweet Gentian rare,
Of bottle shape, and sealed with care
From honey lovers winging round,—
Save one the bumble bee hath found,

The secret way to enter in
From perfumed pollen favors win
No fault in Mother Nature's plan
For flower kind as well as man.

Nannie P. Eigelberner.

THE LAST CHANCE.

The wonder was not so much that it happened as that it all came to pass in so short a time.

Just one week before Christmas the heavy curtain of a window in the Southern Express was pulled back, and a pair of blinking eyes peered out through the gauzy wire ventilator for their first peep at Dixie. The blinking gave way to a wondering stare, and a little gasp of disappointment could not be suppressed.

"What is it Laurie ?"

"Nothing. Are we in North Carolina yet ?"

Then another pair of blinking eyes were rubbed and raised far up before the window.

"Why Kitty, somebody will see you."

"I'd like to know who !"

"Well they might. Do you know where we are?" And the timid eyes ventured above the sash.

At a little distance the red roads and fenceless fields faded in a dense mist. A solitary horseman, sitting very straight in a colorless coat, was passing in the mud. The whistle blew. A large brick building with innumerable windows slipped past. Kitty said it was a cotton mill. And then the train stopped.

Again the eyes were down behind the ventilator. Right before the window stood a colored boy singing in time with a shivery shuffle. Laurie listened to hear her first real southern song. Between the shouting and dragging on the platform she caught the words,

——"Me an' Maggie O'Rook, skipped de light fastaskus o-o-o-o-n de side walk of New Yo'k."

"Well, I didn't expect to hear that down here."

"O," laughed Kitty, "the New South is getting civilized very fast."

At breakfast Laurie watched the dingy log-cabins, and the glaringly new mills, and the banks of red clay streaking past: while Kitty chattered almost hysterically in the excitement of reaching home.

"Mamma and Lil'll be at the station to meet us, with Bay and Grey, and old Pluto. And we'll drive into the old place; and George's dogs'll set up an awful racket—they know just as well as anybody that it's Christmas—and Aunt Calline'll wave her apron from the kitchen, and Sam'll try to make the dogs hush, and on the piazza'll be dear old Tom with his crutches, and a book."

Kitty's voice softened at mention of Tom.

"He's just the dearest fellow! When I get into trouble I always go to Tom. And he'll smile, and that helps, and he'll look at me with those steady blue eyes of his, and the clouds just roll away; and when it takes any planning, Tom's the one to do it. He's just awful smart—reads all the time, when he isn't in his "shop" doing experiments. That "shop" is a wonder to behold! He was cut out for a great man—but that dreadful hip-disease knocked it all sky-high."

And then as if she had forgotten the most important thing of all, she rattled on.

"But wait till you see George! Of course you've seen his picture, but he's lots handsomer. And I wrote and told him all about you, and that he simply can't resist this time. The idea of a big handsome, six-footer not looking at a girl, and just burying himself in business. But everything he touches just turns to money—he certainly has a way of making things and men do just what he wants them to. And if he don't fall in love with you, I'll never forgive him. You're the fourth of what he calls my "holiday display,"—you see I improve every time. And it's the last chance he'll get from me too, for its my last year—and if you don't suit I'll give up in despair. Wouldn't it be lovely if you and George only would get married, and you'd live down here all the time!"

Laurie reddened, and in another moment a look of mock perturbation came over Kitty's face.

"But suppose I'd marry—somebody, and live in Pennsylvania!

* * * * *

It was Christmas morning.

"Chris'mus gif' Miste' Geo'ge," called Aunt Calline from the kitchen door-way. "Chris'mus gif'! Yaw! Yaw!" And Aunt Calline's gibbous front shook with enjoyment. "I kotched you dat time."

George was not going any place in particular—just looking around. Of late he had become strangely uneasy, and had taken to loafing about the house. To be sure his mother and Laurie were cutting some holly from the garden hedge, but he was not going there. As he was just looking around, and as the kitchen commanded a view of the garden, he sauntered over to talk with Aunt Calline.

"Aint you gwine to gib de ole cook no Chris'mus?—Thanky, thanky, thousand times! Lawd bress you Miste' Geo'ge!" as a shining object sank into obscurity in the brown fist. "I'll jes' drap hit in wid de snuff. Kase hits good luck."

"Miste' Geo'ge!" Aunt Calline broke a long silence, save for the shuffle of her feet, and the clatter of pans. "Peers like you's mighty stracted 'bout sumpin in de gyardin."

George started, and then smiled almost confidentially in answer to Aunt Calline's genial grin.

"An' what's mo', you haint de on'y one nuther."

"Why, how's that Aunt Calline?" George's sudden interest lent a pleasing importance to the old woman.

"Well, in co'se I don't know zackly, but I spicions," she replied with an assumption of reticence, as she tucked in the ends of a huge pair of drum-sticks.

As George made no answer, and seemed about to leave, she played a trump. "But seein' as he's lame, I reckon he's got some discrepancy of conscience about gittin married." Aunt Calline looked up to note the effect of her move and the long words.

George turned quickly. "You don't mean Tom, do you?"

"Well, mebbe I do now, an' hit all happen bout dis hyar ve'y Miste' Tu'k, a layin hyar in the pan."

"Why, how was that, Aunt Calline?" asked George, studying the smoky ceiling with elaborate carelessness.

"Well, little Miss Laurie she come out in de back ya'd tother day jest when de sun was a gwine down--peers like she's jest allus a lookin' at de sky, an' de trees, and dat ole wood house, an hit kivered wid ole grey moss. An' Miste Tu'k was a struttin' aroun' jes' as bigoty as you please. An' bout dat time Miste Tom he come out to git a little tin bucket to put some sort o' kimical in,—but he never tuk none back wid him. An' Miss Laurie she had on a wrop wid a red linin' —jest a lovely wrop--speck she's mighty rich—dey all is up No'th whar she come from. An' when de ole tu'k kotch he eye on dat' ar red linin' he got bigotyer'n ever, an' he go gobble, gobble, and run at her, and Miss Laurie she clumb up quick on de wood pile. Dah she stood wid he' dress histed up jes' a little bit—like mebbe dey was mice in de wood pile—an' jes' de delicatest little ankle you eber seed—look like mebbe hit would break, if she warn't so slight. An' dat ole tu'k a struttin' aroun' on de groun', and de sky all goldy-like back of her. An Miste' Tom he stood a lookin' at her like he'd fo'-

got ev'ything else, like he seed her a heap fudder off 'n she was, sorte' like he was tranced. An' I'm so fergitless, I disremember his words but he said to me, ‘Aunt Calline,’ an' I look at him, ‘did de sky eber peer to you like hit was a big sea o' gole wid islands in hit, an' like if you could jes' git to de edge you could walk right up to glory?’ An I said ‘yes, Miste' Tom, hit has.’ An' I looked at Miss Laurie, an hit looked like de wood-pile was right up in de sea o' gole, an a floatin' in it. An Miste' Tom he say, ‘Aunt Calline, looks heap mo' like she b'longed up dar den down hyar, don't hit ?’ An I say, ‘Yes, Miste' Tom, hit do.’ An' 'bout dat time ole Miste' Tu'k do like he was a gwine to flop up onto de wood-pile, an' I tuk a broom, an' drub him off. An' Miss Laurie she laugh an say ‘thankemam’ jes' as pelite as if I was white folks. An' when I come back Miste' Tom was done gone—an' he didn't git nary little bucket, nuther.”

George thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, and with a prolonged whistle, strode out of the kitchen.

“Miste' Geo'ge,” came a solicitous voice after him, “you haint a gwine to say nothin' 'bout it to Miste' Tom, is you ?”

“No, Aunt Calline, I shall not say anything about it to Tom.”

His intention was to go to his own room at the other side of the house. But before he knew it he was in the library, which overlooked the garden. At the window sat Tom, reading.

“Well, Sir Isaac,” said George, running his finger along a shelf of novels. “what's the absorbing topic now ? Attraction of—”

“No,” interrupted Tom, and George saw only the buoyant smile, and not the quivers it overrode, “No, surface tension.”

George laughed, and wondered if the book could be upside down. It was not. And then George wondered again.

* * * * *

It was the last night of the holiday visit. George and Laurie walked very slowly under the leafless oaks. The gravel of the driveway crunched crisply beneath their feet, and overhead the moon swung in a roseate wreath from a dappled sky. George had chosen the time and place after no little thought, and in his usual masterful manner had consummated his plans. Even the form of beginning his declaration was decided upon. He would stop beside a certain large water-oak, lean one hand against the trunk, and, after a pause, he would say: "Laurie, I love you, you must see it." He had not enough imagination to prepare for following up the attack in the varying ways that the effects of his opening shot might make proper, so he depended on his genius for generalship to see him through the battle.

Laurie was telling him about an old fashioned novel that she liked so much. He feared she would not finish her narrative before they reached the tree, and besides he felt a strange uneasiness and shortness of breath. That would never do ; he wanted to be himself. The little performance at the tree was assuming the proportions of an ordeal. His heart was pounding like a force pump. Surely she would hear it. But Laurie obliviously ended her story, and looked up at him for comment. He had not heard her. He wondered whether his expression was appreciative or agonized. The tree was at hand. True to his programme he reached toward it. The tips of his fingers barely touched the bark about on the level with his chin. His attitude was not altogether favorable, but he turned resolutely toward Laurie, and met a look of quizzical timidity. And then in answer to her timorous, "What is the matter, Mr. Duval ?" he fabricated an invention that astonished him. "I was getting the distance to that tree. It is most too near for safety on a dark night."

To cover his shameful retreat he added with the air of one accustomed to move mountains : "Yes, it'll have to come out."

Laurie walked on without a word, and George fumed within himself ; he had been a fool. They were nearing the house. His chance to retrieve himself was slipping from him. That was not his way of letting things go. He cast about him for a rallying point. His mental horizon was beclouded on every hand. The universe was a blank. By chance his eye lit upon the moon. That was a beautiful and poetic object. A remark about it might lead to something better. At least it would break the stupid silence. But all he could think of was some absurd nonsense about a "ring around a rosy." That would not do, she would think he was crazy. Then for the first time it struck him that the situation was altogether ridiculous. Suddenly he stopped. He and Laurie stood face to face. His strange actions demanded an explanation. He would tell her all. But his tongue was paralyzed. A feeling of compression crept around his lungs and throttled him. For all his thirty years and his six-feet-two, George stood mute before the slight girl in front of him. Her head was turned a little to one side, she was looking at the ground. Was that coquetry? Did she know what was coming? The moonlight silvered a tiny curl just under her hat. What was going on inside that little head? Was it filled with serious thought at the necessity of telling him she could not love him? Or was it all alive with elfin merriment ready to ring out in laughter and to mock at him. In fact the little head was in a hopeless whirl, bewildering, yet delicious. One image only made a clear impression, their shadows cast on the gravel by the moon. And then—perhaps the moon grew tired, it had cast two shadows long enough, for suddenly it cast but one. That single shadow stood quite motionless for such a time the moon feared its experiment had proved disastrous, And afterwhile two forms moved slowly—very close together—toward the house.

In the hallway with one crutch laid across his shrunken knees sat Tom, reading.

And the wonder was not so much that it happened as that it all came to pass in so short a time.

SOME NOTES ON QUOTATION.

PROF. ENOCH PERRINE, LITT. D.

I.

In his *Commemoration Ode*, Lowell wrote speaking of Harvard students slain in battle :

> "We sit here in the Promised Land
> That flows with Freedom's honey and milk ;
> But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
> Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk."

Evidently the poet had in mind (1) King Hen. IV Pt. I Act II. Sc. 3 : "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety," and his use of Hotspur's words is very felicitous; (2) Josh. 5:6—"a land flowing with milk and honey"—and here he is not so happy. Certain combinations of words and phrases are handed from generation to generation and become a part of our common speech; e. g., "ways and means," "odds and ends" and the like. Should one reverse the order there is a jar and we feel that either he did not know or else he was attempting a sensation, the result being more or less a failure. Lowell is open to some criticism in the lines quoted. "Milk and honey" not "honey and milk" is the form in which that thought about the Promised Land has come down to us; and when the poet says "honey and milk" violence seems done to one of our treasured expressions. Moreover, "honey and milk" has in itself no advantage over "milk and honey: we see he used it in order that "milk" might rhyme with "silk." In other words, the poet had decided upon the expression of the fourth line and subjected the second line to that expression. Surely if this be not a mechanical way of writing poetry, one hardly knows where to find a typical instance. The quotation—for such it really is, since it is too close to the original for a mere allusion—is inaccurate and while accomplishing one purpose defeats itself in a vital point.

A critic ought to hesitate before he points out a fault in Lowell; but in this case we need not fear since the poet himself has incidentally given us a reason for the blemish. He wrote to Godkin; "I have not changed it except in striking out some of the weakest verses. The fact is one can't. They are like balloons that have snapped the cord. We can gaze wistfully after, but cannot overtake them." This proves that he saw defects. He wrote to Higginson: "The fact is that the 'Ode' was written at a heat—such a one, indeed, as leaves one colder than common afterwards—and I have hardly looked at it since" [Mch. 28, 1867]. In this very letter he suggests changes. Of the *Ode* he wrote to Thayer: "It bothers me sometimes in writing verses. The germ of a poem is always delightful to me, but I have no pleasure in *working it up.* * * * You will find some verses of mine in the next *Atlantic* the conception of which tickles me—but half spoiled (and in verse half is more than whole) in the writing." This proves that he had no delight in revision. But he saw the danger, for in 1865 he wrote to Howells: "The danger of our literature (with plenty of talent) seems to me to be carelessness and want of scholarly refinement. That is the rock I see ahead just now, and I fear we may go to pieces on it if we don't look sharp." Was he not correct in his warning when even the scholarly Longfellow wrote in *The Golden Legend*, "But it's a long *road* that has no turn"?

A HOT TIME AT BUCKNELL.

Written and sung by Samuel Sears Merriman, Class of '86, at the annual banquet of Philadelphia Alumni Club, 1897.

We are rollicking old boys, as free as birds upon the wing;
We are loyal sons of Bucknell, and her praise we proudly sing;
You may hear our joyful chorus through her groves and arches ring,
For on us she can depend as we our hearty tribute bring.
When we hear our Alma Mater call
You may know that into line we'll fall,
And as we swing in step around old Bucknell's Hall
"There'll be a hot time in the old town" that night, at Bucknell.

CHORUS:—
Yah, Yah, Yoo! Bucknell, Bucknell, B. U.!
Rah, rah, ree! Thy jolly sons are we!
And when this crowd you see, you may bet your last bawbee,
"There'll be a hot time in the old town" that night.

Then here's to Prexy Harris, Faculty and Trustees, too!
And if they plan for glory, why, we'll see the business through;
And they'll find us always ready for the thing that's square and true;
Then get the boys in line and whoop 'er up for old B. U.
Then you'll see, when the music does begin,
We'll do more than just blow our horns of tin;
We'll help to foot the bills, and each fellow will "chip in,"
"There'll be a hot time in the old town" that night, at Bucknell.
Chorus.

And here's to the undergraduates, the boys that make the noise!
Whose nights are filled with dreaming and whose days are rounds of joys;
But they will never fail amid life's trials or its joys,
For Mother Bucknell knows just how to train up sturdy boys;
For when they on the "gridiron" meet the foe,
Down the field for a touchdown sure they go;
And when the score proclaims them victors, we all know
"There'll be a hot time in the old town" that night, at Bucknell.
Chorus.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

JANUARY 10, 1898.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

STAFF:
C. ARTHUR LINDEMANN, '98, Editor-in-Chief.

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BUSINESS.
H. L. PURDY, '98, Manager. R. G. PIERSON, '01, Assistant.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.
☞In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.
☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

After a discontinuance of one term the MIRROR resumes publishing. Just why the paper ceased no one seems able to say, but lack of interest is the generaly ascribed cause. If inquiry be pushed further, and the reason for the lack of interest be sought, still greater difficulties might be encountered. Resilvering the MIRROR is no small task, for it will take about a hundred dollars' worth of metal to satisfy the creditors. It is hard enough to revive a dead paper under any conditions, but when a lagre debt is to be assumed and carried, why then the editors have a right to use this as a plea for indulgence andaid.

That Bucknell, with her records of scholarly achievement and with her strong and loyal alumni, should not publish a paper which should make some pretensions as a literary journal, was a disgrace. The *Orange and Blue* devotes its entire attention to matters of purely local interest, thus leaving the literary field quite clear for the MIRROR. There is a talent found with many, or most, college students which can be most readily and profitably developed in work upon a school-paper. Not only should the paper exist for the undergraduates, but it should be of interest and value to alumni. Now these classes of readers are very different in their wants, so different in fact that what is of interest to one may be of no importance to the other. This being true, it is very evident that if a school journal is to please both grads and undergrads, consideration must be shown by each party. Altho to those present at school some events recorded will have become ancient by thirty days, yet the reading of these will be very satisfactory to those who have gone before. Likewise the grey-haired alumni must not be displeased with the unripe attempts of their young author friends Remembering that the MIRROR has these two different classes of readers to please will make things easier for the editors.

Formerly about a dozen names graced the editorial staff, now only four are there. If an explanation would prove exceptable here it is: out of the eleven or twelve only four worked; sometimes there would be a discussion as to which four should do the work, and then there was trouble. With work for four editors and with only four editors to do this work things ought to move more harmoniously.

THE LIBRARY.

E. M. HEIM.

[This paper was read before the alumni last commencement, and motion was made by them that it be published in the MIRROR. ED.]

The work in the library during the present year, so far as results can be measured, was briefly as follows: There were catalogued, by author and subject cards, all departments of the Library except "Religious," "Medical," and Government Documents of all kinds. There were added to the library 750 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets and numbers of unbound magazines.

The library was kept open nine hours daily, for reference and drawing of books. Too much commendation can not be bestowed upon Prof. W. E. Martin for his management of the library; his thorough study of its needs, his interest and his untiring zeal to promote its usefulness and his unfailing courtesy at all times toward patrons of the library.

The work done by the alumni during the year was as follows :

T. A. Gill, D. D.,	gave	$ 20.00
W. J. Coxey, A M.,	"	254 vols.
F. B Hunt	"	1 "
W. G. Owens	"	1 "
J. A. Owens	"	1 "
L. G. C. Riemer	"	1 "
L. Philips	"	1 "
Dr. J H. Harris	"	11 "
F. G. McKeever	"	8 "
G Barron Miller	"	$ 50 00
D. P. Leas, for catalogues		100.00
E. L. Tustin	"	100.00

We would consume too much time were we to speak of all the present needs of the library. A library, from its nature, always is in need. But the lack in our library in some departments is so glaring, that we must briefly call attention to it. In the department of English are many gaps in very essential lines ; while of the literature produced in America, there is a sad need even of the most popular and common authors, such as may be found on the shelves of many a private library. The books relating directly to modern languages can be placed on a single shelf. The same is true, almost, of the department of Latin Language and Literature. Outside of the Lemaire edition of texts, there are less than a hundred available books, including lexicons, and few of them embracing the result of recent study. In History, half of the material has long ago been superseded by more modern investigation. In modern History especially, there is little of much value. College students are deeply interested in the political, social and economic questions of the day. They desire to know the truth, and to investigate other sources than the daily newspaper. But scarcely a day passes that students are not turned away by the librarian because there are no books by which they may carry on efficiently the courses offered. Even the public documents, state and national, which are so essential, are so incomplete that scarcely a question in economic or political science can be investigated with any degree of accuracy or thoroughness.

The additions mentioned are not only desirable, but absolutely essential in order for the professors and students of the respective departments to carry on their work effectively. Those who knew the library ten or twenty years ago can have no conception of the great change in the use to which it is put. It is no longer open only an hour or two every Saturday, at which time students drew books in a promiscuous manner. It is now open daily from early morning until late at night. The drawing of books does not give a fair showing of what is actually done in the library. In fact, no estimate can be made of intellectual work, when the library is made a study room, as ours now is. The modern library is a laboratory, not a museum for the collection of books. In science, chemical and scientific apparatus are not for exhibition but for use. In other departments, books are the material with which professors and students work. When a college offers courses of instruction and facilities for work and through facilities solicits the patronage of the public and induces young men to spend time and money in the school, it is its duty to provide what has been advertised. No matter what the curriculum may be, if the teaching force is inferior, it is a fraud upon the public. Bucknell has not an inferior teaching force. But we do little less, if we do not furnish the proper facilities by which the students and professors may do their best work. It is not fair to the teaching staff.

The practical question for us, is what can the alumni do? We do not wish to ask anything unreasonable, but suggest the following: 1st. Keep the library always in mind. If you have books, magazines, documents, etc , which you can spare send a list to the librarian. Look through your shelves and garrets. Do not think that because the book is an ordinary or common one, it is therefore not wanted or needed by the library 2d. Lawyers of the alumni can do an especial work by contributing books on elementary law, and especially reports of important cases in constitutional law. 3d. Bucknell should be made a public depository for government documents and publications. We have them even comparatively complete only for the years between 1850 to 1887. Either the alumni association, through a committee, or such alumni individually as are prominent or politically influential, should bring all their pressure and influence to bear upon our congressmen or senators to secure this result.

4. Contributions in money, no matter how small, are always acceptable and will be applied to the best advantage. A good library is a growth, and it grows by constant accretion in larger or smaller amounts. It is suggested, in order to prevent confusion or duplication, that persons should in all cases deal directly with the librarian, rather than with the individual members of of the faculty.

5. We suggest. further, that the balance of dues to the Alumni Association, if any, be contributed to the library.

PERSONALS.

'53. Rev. Malachi Taylor, who for twelve years conducted scripture readings at the Temple Court, New York, died in Brooklyn, Nov. 27, 1887. He was a poet, a profound biblical student and a thorough linguist.

'62. Wm. H. Conard, D. D., Secretary of Pennsylvania Baptist State Mission Society, delivered an excellent sermon in the First Baptist Church, of Lewisburg, Dec. 12, '97.

'62. Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., has been elected for the twentieth year, clerk of the Philadelphia Baptist Association.

'67. Rev. Wm. Barrows, of Oxford, Pa., has declined a call to North Chester, Pa.

'68. Rev. J. Sexton James, D. D., has retired from the editorship of the *Commonwealth*, and has become pastor of the First Baptist Church at Altoona, Pa.

'69. Rev. Wm. H. Shermer, pastor of the Central Baptist Church at Atlantic Highland, N. J., died of Bright's disease Nov. 19, '97, at Providence, N. J.

'70. Hon. Lemuel Amerman, one of Scranton's most prominent lawyers and an ex-member of Congress died recently.

'73. J. W. Hague, of Pittsburg, Pa.. made some valuable contributions to the Museum recently.

'74. Ex-President Hill delivered an address on "American Universities" at a banquet in Paris on Thanksgiving Day '97.

'76. Rev. Owen James, President of Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tennessee, delivered an able address on the Negro question in Bucknell Hall early last term.

'76. Prof. A. B. Stewart was elected vice president of Union County Sunday School Convention at their 25th annual meeting.

'81. Rev. H. F. Stilwell, of Minneapolis, Minn., has declined the call of the First Baptist church of Williamsport, Pa.

'82. Rev. H. C. Hall has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Erie, Pa., and has accepted a call from the Erie Ave., Baptist church of Williamsport.

'84. Ernest L. Tustin, Esq., of Philadelphia, while on an extensive trip through the West and parts of Alaska, was elected president of the Baptist Social Union of Phila.

'85. Rev. S. G. Reading has resigned his pastorate of the Erie Ave. Baptist church,of Williamsport, Pa., to enter Evangelistic work.

'85. Rev. Samuel Z. Batten, of Morristown, N. J., has been awarded a prize of $600 offered by the American Sunday School Union, for the best book written for the society on "Forming and Maintaining Character on Principles of the Bible,"

Mr, Batten is pastor of the Baptist church at Morristown,

'87. Mr. Chas. E, Grove and wife (Lizzie Laning Ex-'97) of Spokane Falls, Washington, made a visit to friends and relatives in the East last summer, Among relatives visited was Mr. Willard A. Laning, '92, of Jeanette. Pa.

'89. Rev. T. W. Booth has been spending some time with his parents recently at Reynoldsville, Pa., for the benefit of his health.

'89. F. B. Hargrove, Esq., is successfully practicing law at Greensburg, Pa.

'91. Prof. G. E. Fisher, of Susquehanna University, preached a very interesting sermon in the Lutheran church, at Lewisburg. Nov. 21, '97.

'92. Rev. A. R. E. Wyant was recently married in Chicago.

Ex-'94. A. M. Wyant, after a successful year as Principal, has been elected Supt. of Public Schools at Greensburg, Pa.

'94. Rev. C. F. McMann has resigned the pastorate of the Olivet Baptist church, Lancaster, Pa., and has received a call from the First Baptist Church, Concordia, Kansas.

'94. Prof. F. O. Schub, of Bethel College, Russelville, Ky., was united in marriage to Miss Clara Lesher, of Madisonville, Ohio, in August '97.

Ex-95. David Atkinson Solly, of Philadelphia, was married to Miss Mary M. Kramer (Inst. '91) of Centre Hall, Dec. 23, '97.

'96. The *Elkhart Baptist*, a sprightly church paper of Elkhart, Indiana, speaks very highly of the work of the pastor, Rev. A. A. Cober.

'96. Rev. H. T. Colestock is now attending the University of Chicago.

'96. A. W. Stephens is pursuing a course of post graduate work at Cornell. He also has charge of the student's co-operative book and stationery store and is doing a very successful business.

'97. M. R. Collins is principal of the Huntington Mills graded schools.

'97. Romeyn Rivenburg is teaching Sciences and English at Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J.

'97. H. B. Moyer is teaching Music, Latin and Greek at his home in Norristown, Pa.

'97. V. B. Fiske is teaching Latin and history at Keystone Academy, Factoryville, Pa.

'97. Louis B. Sinette is teaching mathematics at the Kutztown Normal School. He succeeds Prof. H. S. Schuyler, '95, who died last summer.

'97. John V. Lesher is reading law with Hon. S. P. Wolverton, '60, at Sunbury.

'97. L. T. Butler is now employed in the Lewisburg National Bank.

'97. P. L. Williams is studying law in the office of Attorney F. W. Fleitz, Scranton, Pa.

'97. E. C. Kunkle entered the Chicago University October 1st.

'97. A. Kate Goddard is now in Hing Po, China, engaged in Foreign Mission Work.

'97. On the evening of Dec. 1, in the Presbyterian church of Lewisburg, W. M. Bunnell, of Scranton, was united in marriage to Miss Irene Walls, of Lewisburg. Mr. Bunnell was very popular in college and he has the well wishes of many friends.

Ex-'98. Prof. J. Brown Martin is teaching music in Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, Pa.

Ex-99. Chas. W. Harvey has accepted for one year the position of College Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Pennsylvania. His duties are mainly the supervision and extension of christian work in the schools of higher learning throughout the State.

IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

BIBLICAL and THEOLOGICAL: Jesus, Feminine Interpretation of, Shailer Matthews, *Dial.* Paul, Life and Letters of, Lyman Abbott, *Outlook.* Song of Songs, B. Ives Curtiss, *Bib. Sacra.* BIOGRAPHICAL: Daudet, Alphonse, *Dial.* Drisler, Professor Henry, A Note on, H. T. Peck, *Bookman.* George, Henry, *Chautauquan* and *Homiletic Rev.* Grant and Lee as National Heroes, *Dial.* Huxley's Home Life, *Century.* Low, Seth, *Our Day Dec.* Lowell and His Friends, E. E. Hale, *Outlook.* Washington, Recollections of, *Century.* ECONOMICS and POLITICS: Bimetallism, Senator Vest, *Forum.* British Navy, *Rev. of Reviews.* Civic Reform, *Bib. Sacra.* Currency Reform, *Rev. of Rev's.* Gold, Production of since 1850, *Jour. Pol. Econ. Dec.* Greater New York, Political Inauguration of, *Atlantic.* The Municipality, The Old and the New, *New Eng. Mag. Dec.* Cheap Production, the Secret of, *Engineering Mag.* Tammany, *Eclectic Mag. Forum.* EDUCATIONAL: Education, Modern, *Eclectic Mag.* Socialist and Anarchist Views of, *Educat. Rev.* Education in Hawaii, *Forum*, *Educat. Rev.* Girard and His College, *Cosmopolitan.* Latin and Greek, *versus* French and German, *Eclectic.* A New Professor, *Educat. Rev.* Libraries and Librarians, *Bookman.* College Libraries in the U. S., *New Eng. Mag. Dec.* HISTORY: Maximilian's Empire, *Century.* Revolution, Story of, Lodge, *Scribner's.* Stuttgart, Ancient City of, *Harper's.* Waterloo, A Myth of, *Century.* Wolfe, General, Portrait of, *Century.* LITERARY and CRITICAL: Brook-Farm, *New Eng. Mag. Dec.* Drama, Relation to Literature, *Forum.* French Literary Circles, *Scribner's.* German Dramatists, contemporary, *Atlantic.* Lessing, *Chautauquan.* Literary Paris 20 years ago, *Atlantic.* Whitman, Walt, *Bookman.* SCIENCE: Electrical Advance of Ten Years, *Forum.* Volcanoes, Science and History of, *Dial.* City, Social Failures of the, *Bib. Sacra.* SOCIOLOGY: Feudalism, Belated in America, *Atlantic.* Government, Present Scope of, *Atlantic.* Lawlessness and Law Enforcement, *Bib. Sacra.* New Issues, by J. P. Altgeld, *Our Day, Dec.* New York Civic Aspect, *Rev. of Rev.'s.* Postal Savings Banks, *Our Day Dec. Chautauquan Ja.* Public Opinion, *Atlantic.* Self and Society, Problems of, *Dial.* Woman and Reformers, *Scribner's.* Working-Class, Incorporation of, *Forum.* MISCELLANEOUS: American Excavations at Sparta and Corinth, *Forum.* Asia, Present Situation of, *Miss. Rev. World.* Austria-Hungary. *Rev. of Rev.'s.* Berlin, City of, *Chautauquan.* Canadian Winter Pastimes, *Outing.* Heroism, Every-day, *Century.* Honduras, The City of, *Century.* Klondike, The Real, *Cosmopolitan. Eclectic Mag.* National Parks in the West, *Atlantic.* Ohio in National Affairs, *Chautauquan.* Opera, Modern, Tendencies in, *Scribner's.*

ATHLETICS.

Our basket ball team promises to be the best in the history of Bucknell. Last year we easily defeated all of our opponents, among them the University of Pennsylvania and State College.

We still have, with but one exception, the same players as last year with the advantage of additional experience. Mr. Artie A. Smith, who has played on the team for two years, has been elected captain, and Mr. D. H. Elliott, manager.

The following schedule has been arrranged:

Jan. 8, Danville A. A. at Lewisburg.
Jan. 13, Bucknell at Trenton, N. J.
Jan. 14, Bucknell at Millville, N. J.
Jan. 15, Bucknell at Camden, N. J.
Jan. 29, Bucknell at Williamsport, Pa.
Feb. 5, Williamsport at Lewisburg.
Feb. 11, Bucknell at State College.
Feb. 25, State College at Lewisburg.

In addition to this, other dates are open which are not yet definitely arranged.

Mr. George E. Jenkinson, '99, who has played right end on the 'Varsity for two years, has been elected captain for '98 and Rush H. Kress, 1900, manager.

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Some Important New Books for the Year

THE GREAT POETS AND THEIR THEOLOGY, by Augustus H. Strong, D. D., LL. D., President Rochester Theological Seminary. 12mo, 540 pp. $2.50. "A comprehensive general index makes the work a valuable one for any reference library, and no one who loves the music of true poetry or who has any ear for the divine harmonies from the pens of the 'immortals' in verse; can afford not to read and re-read this non-theological book of literary criticism."—Boston Globe.

HEROIC STATURE.—Addresses by Prof. Nathan Sheppard ("Key Note" of The Examiner). 12mo, 226 pages. Price, $1.00 Contains lectures on Luther, Wesley, MacLeod, Finney, Latimer.

EVENINGS AT SHADYCROFT, by Howard B. Hall, 16mo, 168 pages. Price 90c. Illustrated. "Here is a good healthful book for boys; will instill lessons of manliness."—The Evangel.

IN THE WAY, by Grace Livingstone Hill, a niece of the famous "Pansy." 12mo, 377 pages. Price $1.50. "A good book for girls, Gives a glimpse of a life worth living."—Christian Mirror.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XVII. Lewisburg, Pa., Feb. 10, 1898. No. 2.

TO THE PURITAN AT CHURCH.

O serious maid in monstrous hat,
How can you sweetly sing
After a sermon two hours long
And dry as anything?

Your lover sits so far away,
A lofty wall between—
Your feet must nearly frozen be,
How *can* you look serene?

The tithing man is stalking 'round,
But you he cannot rap,
For one with such an earnest face
Would scorn to take a nap.

The glances that are cast at you
From out the solemn throng
Are unobserved, unconscious maid,
Your soul is in your song!

We join in staring with the rest,
You will not mind the gaze,—
For just remember, we don't see
Such maidens nowadays.

THE OLD MAN.

A peculiar old man he was, but one could not say in just what his peculiarity lay. Every pleasant day when he would walk out to the children's play-ground in Central Park, passers-by would stop to turn and look after him. It seemed as tho an atmosphere of gloom floated around him as he walked slowly along with bowed head. His clothes were plain but neat. He always wore an old slouch hat pulled down so far over his eyes that below its rim there was to be seen only the old man's beard, upon which there always rested a fine, wel seasoned briar pipe, which seemed to be his only comfort and consolation.

The old man would wander up to a bench near where the children where playing, and sit there watching them from under the rim of his old hat. The first few days the stranger was among the children they seemed to fear him, and were inclined to draw away from him ; but they soon found that he was their friend, for when any one of them was in trouble with a bruised toe or a knock on the head, the old man ran to the unfortunate one, picked him up in his arms with surprising tenderness, wiped away the tears and soothed away the suffering. Within a week the old man was so dear to the children, especially the little girls, that they would run to meet him as he would come to the play-ground; they would stick to him till he sat down on his customary bench, then they would climb upon his knees and sometimes would kiss him. But he never kissed them; indeed he rarely took the pipe from his mouth to speak to them unless they were in trouble, and then when he spoke his words seemed to have a magic kindness in them.

I saw this old fellow so often that I became greatly interested in him. I knew he had a history, a sad history, and I felt as tho I might help him if I could learn his story. Sometimes I would go and sit beside him and offer him a friendly greeting; he would simply return my greeting; then his whole attention would revert to the children playing before him. As the weeks went by he finally thawed out enough to pass a few general remarks with me, but no more.

One day while passing thro one of the humbler streets near the Park, I saw my old friend walking on ahead with a little basket of provisions in his hand. It would be no harm to walk slowly and watch him, and thus I learned where he lived. The house was a small tenement, and as I stood watching it I saw the old man at a window on the second floor.

For a time I was no longer able to go out to the Park in the afternoons, so in the evenings I would walk thro the street upon which the old man lived and often lingered before his house. Sometimes my peculiar friend would be sitting at his window smoking his pipe. his only friend, with his slouch hat pulled down over his eyes as tho he did not care to see even so much of the world as the tenement house pavement. At other times I would hear him playing upon a flute and the plaintive melancholy of his music would hold me so that I had to stay and listen. At times the flute seemed to be a living animal wailing and moaning in tortured agony. At such times the children on the pavement would stop playing and go away as tho frightened. I could now understand better the gloom which surrounded the old man. He never played light and joyful airs.

One night, or rather one morning, for the town-clock had already struck the hour of mid-night, I wandered down to the Battery to look on the water at night, it has sort of a facination for me. I was not the only one there. Some were sitting on the benches and some were walking about, perhaps thinking of the day when they landed here. Out by the sea-wall I saw a figure which I recognized immediately; the well known slouch hat with smoke curling about its rim told me that it was the old man who was standing there looking so intently at the black and sullen water. I sat down on a bench and watched him; I could almost imagine I heard him playing the "Traeumeri" in his most doleful accents. He stood for a long time motionless watching the waves as they came up and broke themselves with a little splash upon the sea-wall. Once he stretched out his hands towards them as tho imploring for a secret. At last he turned, and with chin lowered upon his breast started upon his long walk home.

I now felt as tho I knew the old man well and determined to visit him in his room. Whether he would rebuke this as an undue familiarity I did not know; at any rate I was going to try.

It was evening when I called. I expected to see the glow of the pipe or hear the flute as I approached; but all was quiet, the old man was not at the window, a dim light was burning in the room. I entered the hallway and found his door ajar; he was rocking in a corner and something was upon his lap. Whatever it was, it was made of cloth and he would hug it up to his breast at times as he rocked and talked to himself. Surely I could not intrude now, so I turned to go away, but he had seen me and called to me. As I pushed the door wide open he said: "Oh ! it's you, is it ?" He went on rocking and then said : "Sit down and I'll tell you my story." I saw now that it was a woman's gown he had in his lap. He gathered this up and kissed it and then went on as he rocked : "Thirty years ago it all happened. My wife died and left to me our baby daughter. The child was my pride and my joy. She was pretty and blithe and beloved by all. I worked and slaved for her comfort; my life was lived entirely in her. She grew to be a beautiful girl, and promised to make my last days full of happiness. But a change came, she loved me the same but she was different. I knew what it meant, but could do nothing. One day when I came home she was gone. I knew what that meant too, but still could do nothing I went to places where she might have gone, but my daughter was not there. Life had nothing in it for me now but I still hoped on. Finally word came and terrible word it was. My daughter had been found dead in the river, drowned with her sin and with her secret. She was my child and I loved her still. I would have kept her yet, but could not. This dress is the one she had on when she threw herself into the river, it is all I have of hers, and I love it."

The old man kissed the faded gown again and then folded it away carefully in a wooden box. He did not look at me, but picked up his flute and played the "Miserere" as I had never heard it played before. The melancholy of the old man's playing was now no mystery.

SOME NOTES ON QUOTATION.

PROF. ENOCH PERRINE, LITT. D.

II.

There are at least three different forms of quotation, presenting as many grades of artistic skill. (1) Blackie in his *Life of Robert Burns* writes: "And in the full feeling of this [independence of spirit and integrity of soul] Carlyle says: 'Many poets have been poorer than Burns; noone was ever prouder.'" Here we see that the writer has made a mere mechanical connection between Carlyle's words and his own, fitted the one combination to the other as though both were blocks of wood. No skill is shown or required—the requirement is simply that what you take from another shall illuminate your own general position. (2) The same author in the same book writes: "Wherein then lay his [Burns's] defect? Simply in this, that, as Cicero says of virtue, '*Virtutis laus omnis in actione constitit*,' so we must say of religion that its whole praise lies not in sentiment but in action, not in 'calling Christ Lord, Lord! but in doing the things which He says.'" Here we have two quotations and but one sentence, the two sides of a comparison. The quotations are in closest connection with their surroundings; omit either of them and there is no thought; they are vital parts of the organism of the sentence. A finer artist has been at work. (3) Burns himself found, as he visited Canongate Kirkyard, that there was no memorial over the grave of his brother lyrist Robert Fergusson; he placed a simple stone over the revered ashes and inscribed on it these lines:

> "No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay;
> No storied urn, nor animated bust;
> This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
> To pour her sorrow o'er her poet's dust."

Instantly we recall the *Elegy* of Gray:

> "Can storied urn or animated bust
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
> Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

Notice that Gray's sentences are not used, although the verse is his; notice, however, that Gray's epithets are used—"storied" and "animated"—and that they are used in connection with his nouns. Notice the absence of quotation marks and this because (a) the *Elegy* has long since become common property in the literary world and (b) the quotation is now not a part of the sentence, not an addition to help on the thought; it is the sentence—indeed, it is the very thought.

The quotation is no longer obtrusive—it pervades the entire expression like the perfume in an "alabaster cruse of exceeding precious ointment." It is difficult to see how one could make a finer use of quotation than Burns has made in the lines of which we speak. Any one with a "Book of Quotations" or a blue pencil while he reads, might use acceptably the first and second of these forms; only he who has lived with the great writers until the result of their labor has become a part of his inner life would think of using or could use effectively the third form.

III.

A misuse of quotation is seen where, although the original words may be given, the reader is indignant that they should be found in such company. In the prologue to "*She Stoops to Conquer*," spoken by David Garrick, we find:

"Excuse me, sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week.
'Tis not alone this mourning suit', good masters:
'I've that within'—for which there are no plasters!"

Now Hamlet in 1. 2. 77 seq. says:

"Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,"

* * * * * * * * *

these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show."

The melancholy Dane, thinking upon his father's death, replies thus when his mother tries to comfort him. He feels the torture of his soul; his words, where'er we meet them, call up his condition, and we grieve when they are used expressive of a very trivial, physical annoyance, even for purposes of comedy. We feel that the author had very slight appreciation of Shakspere or he would not have laid such violent hands on the poet's lines.

Maria Edgeworth seems to have had little conception of the sacredness of a master's work. She is describing in her *Absentee* the rooms of a family who, that they may get into society, have ordered new hangings, draperies, cornices, candelabras, everything. She helps matters along, she thinks, by using Shakspere's immortal lines in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* v. 1. 12 seq. in this wise :

> "The upholsterer's eye, in fine frensy rolling,
> Glances from ceiling to floor, from floor to ceiling ;
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The form of things unknown, the upholsterer's pencil
> Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a NAME."

This is too close to be defended on the ground that it is a parody, and is so utterly weak that we can excuse the author only by saying that she could have had no well-defined purpose in mind. To mangle one of the finest passages in our literature by inserting now and then a word out of all keeping with the remainder of the thought, is not the way to be humorous, witty or sarcastic, and will cause those who love real literature to cry out : "An enemy hath done this !" In the novel referred to before Miss Edgeworth causes a superannuated militaire, who has been flattered, to say: "For though honour's voice cannot provoke the silent dust, yet 'flattery soothes the dull cold ear of *age*.'" Notice how she has caused the garrulous old warrior to quote that splendid line from the *Elegy* until the very close when, to show his wit, he changes the solemn word "death" into the comparatively weak word "age." We want to take up the cudgels for Gray, who sleeps under his own yew tree's shade, and flog both author and speaker into a better appreciation of immortal art.

Contrast DeQuincey's use of quotation. He describes one of his dreams produced by opium. Cavalcades file off ; innumerable armies march ; there is battle, strife, agony ; a great drama evolves to the music of organs. Down he seems to sink until the weight of twenty Atlantics is upon him. Then he says : "'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive." Backward our mind runs to *Tempest* v. 1. 56, where Prospero, abjuring his rough magic, drowns his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound"; and we see that Prospero's words and deeds are so in keeping with DeQuincey's experience that they fittingly assist in making vivid his thought.

A NEGRO CAMP-MEETING IN THE SOUTH.

Whenever you find an unbelieving southern negro, mark him well; he is as yet unknown, and when found would belong to a class entirely by himself. Religion has permeated and influenced the negro's whole being. The Bible is clear and plain to him; his mind is too unphilosophical for doubting or denying. He makes his own illustrations and metaphors with wonderful effect. Commentaries find little favor, he makes his own interpretations. On one point nearly all negroes agree. "De Bible is plain as A. B. C whar it says yer is got ter p'ent and be baptized, er ye'll be damned." Imagination does a great deal in forming his religious experiencs. His dislike for forms and conservatism in religion accounts for his very small membership in the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches. The greatest part of them belong to the Baptist and Methodist churches. Here they enjoy frequent revivals and freedom to their heart's content.

Revivals and camp-meetings are a necessity if the negro is to be continually on "praying ground and pleading terms." It is there that the backslider and "unjined sips again the cup of Salvation" and the seeker goes through and relates the desperate struggles with the devil, the hair-breadth escapes from hell, the brief sojourn in heaven, and his final covenant. The minister's prayer is always answered, when he prays: "Give dese sinners an almighty shake over hell but defer de dreadful drop."

In August 1894 I was visiting Mr. W— a class-mate of mine in a small village in Central Kentucky while a colored camp-meeting was in progress in the neighborhood. Accompanied by Sam—, the head negro of the farm, a black of the Uncle Remus type, who in his own words "had long ago spilt de cup of damnation," W— and I started for the camp on the last Sunday night of the meeting. Inside the tent it was very hot and crowded and the sweating of this black mass of humanity added little to the purity of the atmosphere. By singing "In de mornin" the meeting was opened.

"Oh, de worril is roun' 'en de worril is wide—
  Lord! 'Member deze chillun in de mornin'.
Hit's a mighty long ways up de mountain side,
  En dey ain't no place fer dem sinners fer to hide,
En dey ain't no place whar sin kin abide,
  We'n de Lord shill come in de mornin'!"

    "Look up en look aroun',
    Fling yo' burden on de groun',
  Hit's a gittin mighty close on ter mornin' !
    Smoove away sin's frown—
   Ketch up en git de crown,
  W'ot de Lord will fetch in de mornin' !"

The song rose and fell in strange weird cadences with subtle inflection almost impossible to catch, and the harmony swelled melting and rich with the rare melody of the African voices. The beautiful and sweet melody of the southern negro is probably not equalled in the world. Prayer by a visiting clergyman followed. Each sentence was repeated by the kneeling congregation after the minister. He at first asked some general blessings, for the public, then for each member in particular. Something like this:

Minister—God bress deacon Jones.
Chorus—God bress deacon Jones
Minister—God bress Uncle Ephraim.
Chorus—God bress Uncle Ephraim.
Minister—God bress Aunt Sall's boys.
Chorus—God bress Aunt Sall's boys.

In this manner appeal after appeal ascended. His voice was rising higher and higher till it became a roar.

N'ahs, amens, shrieks, wails and sobs burst out in deafening confusion from the audience, and followed in the train of the prayer. So great was the excitement and noise, that the audience forgot the presence oftheir leader, and it kept repeating and shouting each one according to what he imagined the preacher was saying, for some time after the minister sat down. Had not some one struck up a "spirit song" they might have been praying and shouting still. As soon as the audience caught the tune of the hymn—

Oh look at de Moses !
Look at de Moses !
Oh-h Lord !
Jus look at de Moses !
Smotin on de water !
Chillens we's all gwine home !

Chorus—Oh de ole ferry-boat stan awaiting at de landin
Oh-h Lord !
Oh de ole ferry-boat stan awaiting at de landin
Chillens we's all a'gwine home—

a tapping of feet and clapping of hands began, gradually increasing into a stamp until the noise was deafening ; as the excitement increased, some would jump up, and utter shriek after shriek. "Glory Hallelulah ! lamb of God, come," echoed from all over the house. When they all got on "de ole ferry-boat" a sister started

"Ef you want to catch the heavenly breeze
Get down in the valley on your knees"

By keeping this up for sometime the congregation was pretty well warmed up and bre'r Jones took it in hand. "Now breddern," he said "de time is whiskin on. We mus be brief. I's gwine fill you wid de spirit afore I leaves this holy place. I's gwine have all ye seekers and sinners tryin on de ole waistband of salvation to-night." "Dat's it yes, yes," and other signs of assent came from the congregation. "But fore I proceed we mus have a big collection; while de contribution is being taken in, we's gwine to open the meeting by singing a few songs, which I hopes will work up some sinners."

"Roll Jordan Roll" was sung,—

"King Jesus sittin on the tree of life,
Roll, Jordan, roll
Lijah sittin on de tree ob life
Watchin Jordan roll."

In this manner they first placed up on "de tree ob life" the saints and then their relatives, the congregation one by one, singing, shouting, and jumping marched by the pulpit dropping their offering in a basket. At last bre'r Jones selected his text. I do not remember it now, but if it was anywhere in the Bible he certainly touched it, for he was actively journeying from Genesis to Revelation and back again.

After some account of Adam, Eve, Elijah and some others he proceeded to “reform de bruddern and sistern” followed by a beautiful description of heaven; “a place where niggers did'n have to do nothing all day, but sitting under de tree ob life wid de white robes on, a-wavin de palm branches and a a shoutin Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory! to the Lawd dat was slain: For what do de Scripture say? Dey say: ‘What though their skin be as black as ink, dey shall be whiter dan snow.” And after some more heavenly description of the mouth-watering kind he took the imagination of the audience on down to hell. He told them how hot it was and that sinners had to hoe tobacco continually, and gave some other hair-splitting descriptions. What more he said I never heard. Right then a scene occurred, which when read of seems the exaggeration of a disordered mind; and when witnessed seems like a nightmare. So wild in the torrent of excitement that sweeping away reason and sense tossed men and women upon its waves, mingling the words of religion with the howlings of madmen.

During the preaching the excitement had been gradually increasing. Men and women groaned, shouted, shrieked; their bodies swaying forward and backward, until finally, a “seeker” uttering the most unearthly scream, jumped some feet in the air, and fell back entirely overcome; others followed uttering the most frightful yells, their bodies shaking in the most terrible manner and finally falling down. Men and women tore their clothes, screaming most savagely, stamping their feet and clapping their hands until they became exhausted and lay stiff and rigid as death. Wilder grew the excitement; the stamping became louder; the shrieks became more savage, while above it all was heard the chorus over and over again, each time faster and louder:

“Jesus said he would die no no
Said he would'nt die no no
So my dear chillen don't yer fear,
Said he would'nt die no no.”

We stood like statues, unable to move, the excitement was almost too much for us. Finally after all the “seekers had done broke the bonds and were shuck over hell,” and the rest of them filled with the spirit, the storm lulled away to a gale of wind, then to half a gale; the half a gale slowly rocked down to a calm; some minister pronounced the "benediction."

We thought this was the last of it, but such was not the case. "Shaking hands in love" began and as their hearts grew warmer, their steps became quicker, their bodies began to rock, their hands to swing, their mouths to shout and sing, till they broke out into leaping and jumping and it looked as if the former scene would be repeated. We determined we would stay no longer and after some pushing we got away minus Sam.

Going home in that beautiful moonlight night under the soft and warm Kentucky sky, we could still hear them sing:

"Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' er der trumpits en de banging' er der drums?
How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?
No use fer ter wait twil ter morrow!
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer!
Sin's ez sharp ez a bambor-brier—
Oh, Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!"

CEDARCROFT.

Rich in historic associations is Chester County. Here you are proudly shown the tiny, wide-curving Brandywine, Chads Ford, the old state road down which Cornwallis marched to meet Washington, the bridge over which he passed on the memorable Oct. 11, 1777, and even Washington's headquarters at Sconneltown. But by far the most delightful memories are those of a very different nature, for the country about Kennett Square recalls, at every step, the great poet and traveller Bayard Taylor. In prose and verse he has made immortal the quaint manners and customs of the simple, quiet Quaker folks of Chester Couuty.

Driving down the old state road, we come first to Kennett Square, a thriving country town the scene of the story of Kennett and of Hannah Thurston. These stories of homely country life teem with local interest, for all about us are the places he described, while the real names of his heroes and heroines are well known throughout the country. The story of Kennett is based on robberies committed by a well known out-law, while Hannah Thurston is a quiet satire on some of the peculiar views of the time. In both the characters are drawn faithfully from life. The old tavern, the meeting place for the fox hunts, once so famous, is still pointed out with pride, although now—

> "Gone are the olden cheer, the tavern dance and
> the fox hunt,
> Muster at trainings, buxom lassies, that rode
> upon pillions,
> Husking parties and jovial home comings after
> the weddings !
> Gone, as they never had been!"

Quite recently the people of Kennett have erected a beautiful little free library to the memory of their noted townsman, for at last they have begun to appreciate the true worth of the man whom they could never quite understand, and in whose plans and aspirations they never fully sympathized.

About two miles south of Kennett Square is the beautiful home, Cedarcroft, in the erection of which Bayard Taylor took so much delight, but where he passed only two years of enjoyment. A turn of the road gives us a glimpse of the tall, stately house, high on the hill and almost surrounded with cedars and chestnuts ; then it is lost from sight until having passed the quaint ivy-covered lodge at the entrance of the estate we drive slowly through the well-kept park and are greeted at the top of the slope by the loud barking of dogs.

The mansion is, as Bayard Taylor planned, a perfect dwelling, dignified and even stately in its proportions, plain, yet artistic. It is of brick of a pale color that harmonizes well with the granite of the corners :

"High is the house and sunny the lawn; the capes of the wood lands
Bluff and buttressed with many boughs, are gates to the distance.
Blue with hill over hill, that sink as the passing of music.
Here the hawthorne blossoms, the wood is blithe in the orchards.
Winds from the Chesapeake dull the sharper edge of the winters,
Letting the cypress live, the mounded box and the holly.

Very beautifully also does he paint nightfall at Cedarcroft:

"The evening shadows lengthen on the lawn,
Westward our immemorial chestnuts stand
A mount of shade; but o'er the cedars, drawn
Between the hedgerow trees in many a band
Of brightened gold, the sunshine lingers on,
And soon will touch our oaks with parting hand.
And down the distant valley all is still
And flushed with purple smiles the beckoning hill."

Recalling these lines, as we look upon the beautiful scene we are able to comprehend in a slight degree, the pain which drew from him the longing of L'Envoi:

"Now, if the tree I planted for mine must shadow another's,
If the uncounted tender memories, sown with the seasons
Filling the web of ivy, the grave, the terrace of roses,
Clothing the lawn with unwithering green, the orchard with blossoms,
Singing a finer song to the exquisite motion of waters,
Breathing profounder calm from the dark Didonian oak trees
Now must be lost, till haply the hearts of others renew them,
Yet have we had and enjoyed, we have and enjoyed forever.

In the old burying ground of Longwood meeting house we find Bayard Taylor's grave. It is surmounted by a simple

Greek altar, of granite, bearing a life size medallion of the poet, which is surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves and bay. Above are the words, "He being dead yet speaketh." Beside him lies Mary Agnew the woman whose tender sympathy sustained him through years of dark trials and who was the inspiration of some of his sweetest songs.

"With thee was ceasing of sorrow."
Hope from thy life have I drawn and subtler
strength from thy spirit.
Sharer of dream and of deed, inflexible measure
of beauty,
Though as a grace thou art dear—as a
guardian must thou art earnest,
Walking with purer feet the paths of song
that I venture,
Side by side, unwearied in cheerful
encouraging silence.

—R. H. S.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Every friend of the University may share in the good work of Library extension. Recent generous helpers have been,—Sam'l Bolton, Jr., M. D., the class of 1896; Wm. J. Coxey, A. M., H. E. Deats, Esq, Mrs. M. J. Derr, Prof. G. G. Groff, M. D., H. S. Hopper, Esq., Thos. R. Jones, LL. B., C. C. Law, A. M., C. B. Lowe, M. D., G. B. Miller, A. M., Prof. F. E. Rockwood, A. M., Alf. S. Sheller, Esq., C. H. Sembower, Esq., Geo. M. Spratt, D. D., Wm. V. Wilson, D. D.

Students preparing for the law need about one hundred well selected works on our shelves. Who will assist in starting the Alcove of Law Books? Lists of needs will be sent to any inquirer.

Friends having in their possession books or periodicals they are willing to contribute to the Library are requested to send list of same to the librarian, who will inform them of our needs.

Gifts of money will always be needed to purchase new books, and scarce old ones, to bind periodicals and to provide working appliances. Gifts can be specially designated.

A Memorial Alcove in a College Library is a living, working monument; a benefaction and a blessing. Enjoy it while you live!

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
FEBRUARY 10, 1898.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.
☞ In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid
☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

Glee Club.—The entertainment given by the Bucknell Glee Club afforded satisfaction and pleasure to those interested in music at Bucknell. The Club made a very successful trip during the Christmas vacation and their friends in the college and town were anxious to know by their own hearing whether the spirit of song had really deserted Bucknell. Great credit is due Dr. Aviragnet for the training he gave the boys, gratuitously of course, during the full term.

Singing at Bucknell.—Princeton's Glee Club made several thousand dollars on their trip. Bucknell's Glee Club did not make so much as this but it met with very fair success in all places, and proved that there are at least eight men in College who are able to sing. But these eight are not the only singers. Lately Bucknell gave a minstrel show at which it was made evident that there were at least twenty men at Bucknell who could sing. Further, the morning chapel exercises prove that there are more than an hundred men here who can sing. Now, at most other schools singing by the mass of students is one of the most enjoyable features in college-life. The singing at Princeton on the college steps has grown to be almost a ceremony. At other large schools similar customs prevail. Why can't there be such singing by the students at Bucknell? Surely no one can say there is no talent. The only reason to be ascribed is pure selfishness—no one has time. To be sure if a man really thinks that he has no time for a good thing, why let him miss it. But the students here do neither greater nor better work than is done at many schools where there is found time for singing. There is not space nor occasion here to speak of the obvious advantages of singing by college students. Let us make an effort to put aside our selfishness and start here a custom which we may ever look back upon as affording us some of the most delightful and unifying influences of college-life

The Man Who May Not Get Into Heaven.—There is a man here whom all might wish to be singular in his peculiarity, but alas! there are many more like him: he and his friends are Peeping Toms. One man will go to his room and study on a lesson for from two to four hours. His neighbor in class will go down town and do various things for from four to six hours. In class the next day the first man will get up and make a good recitation; his neighbor, who in the meanwhile has been looking up his point, will get up and perhaps make a better one. Just what does this all mean? The second man economizes, for he looks up one point instead of twenty; but no argument is needed to show that he practices a false economy. He is wronging those furnishing him with funds, for he is not getting the worth of their money. He is laying the foundation of bad work thro life. He is destroying self confidence. He is wronging his fellow students who work.

Now there are Toms of a different kind, but their chances of getting into Heaven are just as slim as those of the other Peepers. These are men who study hard and are ambitious to make good marks. They spend much time in preparing a lesson but are never satisfied that they have it out well; in class at the last moment before recitation a peep is taken.

This peep condemns them. It shows that they lack self confidence. It hinders the development of their independence. It lowers them in the eyes of their more honest fellow-students. It is robbery in the sight of some honest students who are just as anxious to make good marks and secure honors. In the case of the man who simply desires to get thro college in any way possible, who does not intend to wrong any one but himself and is satisfied that a poorly earned degree will compensate him for all acts of violence done to the moral standard of true students. why in the case of this man let him cheat. But the case of the "horser," who in striving for a high place uses dishonorable methods, there is to be spared no condemnation, and the *Summa Cum Laude* which he obtains on commencement day ought to be worked up into some sort of an anagram reading :—"I don't deserve this."

GENERAL AND LOCAL.

It is always pleasing to note progress. To see either an individual or a society rising into its highest sphere of usefulness is a satisfaction to all beholding.

The present year has witnessed a decided advance movement in the Bucknell Alumnae Club, which promises to give it increased influence as a literary factor. A change in the constitution has now made any woman graduate of Bucknell eligible to membership, thus making valuable additions from the collegiate department and the schools of music and art. A fixed course of study on art has been adopted for the year and a program, neat and tasteful, has been published. The meetings thus far have been remarkably well attended, proving that the changes have been satisfactory to the members. Each meeting is, as far as possible, made a loan exhibition of pictures, thus affording illustrations of the subjects under consideration. Cathedrals was the subject for January and the meeting was delightful. A collection of photographs represented the chief Cathedrals of Europe to the eye, while excellent talks were given on their construction. In honor of Mrs. Larison's return, refreshments were served after the literary program and a pleasant social hour was spent. That the Alumnae Club should be an important factor in keeping up intellectual activities of Bucknell's daughters, there can be no doubt; and we trust that each year may see her influence broader and deeper.

The Main Building at the Ladies' Institute has been considerably renovated since last year. New oak doors with plate glass have been put in the front entrance; the lobby has been made into a reception foyer and the hall-way has been entirely renovated to the second floor; the school room has been refurnished; new and improved folding beds are being introduced into the Institute and many other improvements are being made from time to time.

At the last meeting of the Bucknell Alumnae Club of Phila., held on December sixth, Mrs. Geo. Kendrick, President of the Alumnae of the Girls' High and Normal Schools of Phila., was the guest. Mrs. Kendrick gave a resume of the work of the club during the ten years of it history, and spoke of present methods of work.

The steam heating plant in the college building was extended during the holidays and now nearly all the studies in the East Wing are heated by steam. Steam heat has also been introduced in the dormitories of the West Wing, and the work of putting steam radiators in the East Wing dormitories is being advanced.

The men selected for the debate with Lehigh are J. R. L. Diggs, '98, and A. M. Forrester, '98, with C. F. Shipman, '99, alternate. The team for the Franklin and Marshall debate, which takes place at Lancaster, February 22, has been selected and consists of I. A. Dewitt, 1900, and M. A. Carringer, 1900.

Among the lecture treats booked for the current term is one on "Cuba" (Illustrated) by Col. George Nox McCain, of the Philadelphia *Press*. Hon. James Buchanan, of Trenton, N. J., will also lecture here this winter on "Eight Years in Congress."

The biennial convention of Province Beta of the Sigma

Alpha Epsilon Fraternity will be held in Lewisburg, February 21st and 22nd, under the auspices of the Pa. Zeta Chapter.

Three members of the Phila. Club of Bucknell Alumnae have been elected members of the Penna. Woman's Press Club.

Mrs. Katharine B. Larison, A. M., former principal of the Institute, is spending several weeks in Lewisburg.

A sewer line has been laid from the main at the Institute to to the Academy.

PERSONALS.

'54. The Baptist Young People's Union, of Philadelphia, gave a reception to Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., on Thursday, Dec. 16, at the Grace Temple, Phila.

'62. The Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., has been pastor of the Mantua Baptist Church, Philadelphia, twenty-five years. Such pastorates are a rare occurrance in these days of migration and change. The anniversary was very fittingly observed on the evening of November 22, congratulatory words being spoken by the Rev. Geo. Dana Boardman, D. D., the Rev. A. J. Rowland, D. D., ('62), the Rev. R. B. McDanel, ('88), Ernest L. Tustin, Esq., ('84,) Mr. Jas. S. Swartz and others. Dr. Walker has been the only pastor Mantua Church has ever had. With a constituency of 77 members, Dr. Walker has seen the church's progress until it now numbers nearly nine hundred. The Rev. W. H. Conard, D. D., ('62), holds his membership at Mantua, as does also his daughter, Miss Nellie W. Conard, ('95). Others of Bucknell Alumni who have come from under Dr. Walker's ministry are the Rev. R. B. McDanel, ('88), of Oak Lane, Phila., and the Rev. Chas. A. Walker,('89), of Bellwood, Phila.

'65. Rev. Edward Everett Jones died at Plainfield, N. J., on Jan. 7, 1898. He held several pastorates in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and was a faithful and earnest preacher. For some time he had been in ill health and unable to preach.

Lemuel Moss, D. D., LL. D., of Philadelphia, formerly editor of *The National Baptist* and later on, of *The Ensign* (Minneapolis), and at one time a member of the professorial staff of Bucknell, has recently been chosen editor of *The Commonwealth*.

'65. David Porter Leas, treasurer of the University, will sail for the Holy Land on Feb. 12.

'71. Died at her home in Towlerville, Columbia Co., Pa. Mrs. Harriet R., wife of Rev. R. Kocher, aged 42.

'72. The Rev. F. J. Parry, D. D., has resigned the pastorate of the Alexander Ave. Church, New York City, to accept a call from the First Baptist Church, Waterbury, Conn.

'76. Rev. L. H. Copeland has been called to the pastorate of the Central Baptist Church, of Riverton and Palmyra, N. J.

'77. The Rev. T. J. Collins has resigned the pastorate of the East Side Baptist Church, Salt Lake City, Utah, to accept a call to Bakersfield, Cal.

'77. LOWRY—ALDRICH.—At Port Jefferson, N. J., Dec. 22, 1897, by the Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., (class of '54), of Plainfield, N. J., the Rev. H. M. Lowry, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Rahway, N. J., (class of '77), and Miss Eva B. Alrich.

'78 The Rev. Isaac D. Moore has resigned the pastorate of the Riverton and Palmyra Baptist Church, Palmyra, N. J., to accept a call to become pastor at Meredith, N. J.

'83. Rev. W. J. Coulston has accepted a call to the Baptist Church, at Elizabeth, Pa.

'87. Rev. Miles O. Noll, of Carlisle, was one of the lecturers at the recent Union County Teachers' Institute.

'87. Married. Dec. 14, 1897 in the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, by Rev. Geo. Dana Boardman, D. D., LL. D., Howard L. Calder, Esq., of Harrisburg, Pa., and Miss Maud Hanna, daughter of Judge Wm. B. Hanna, of Philadelphia.

'88. The Rev. J. W. Griffith, of Edmeston, N. J., has resigned to become pastor at Sherburne, N. J.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel, pastor of the Oak Lane Baptist

Church has arranged a six week's bulletin of attractive services for his congregation.

'88. Rev. D. M. Jones has become pastor at Warrensville, Pa.

Ex.-'88. Died at Woodstown, N. J., Dec. 12, 1897, William S. Patrick, M. D., aged 33 years.

'89. Registrar William C. Gretzinger was unanimously re-nominated for a three-years term in the Lewisburg town council at the Republican primaries held in January.

'89. The Rev. T. W. Booth, of Columbus, Ohio, was a recent supply at the Erie Ave. Baptist Church, Williamsport, whose pastor, the Rev. S. G. Reading, ('85) recently resigned. Mr. Booth has accepted the call of the Baptist Church at Jeanette, Pa.

'90. The Rev. J. H. Haslam was installed pastor of the First Baptist Church, Williamsport, Penna., on the evening of Jan. 20. President Harris presided, and the sermon was preached by Kerr Boyce Tupper, D. D, LL. D., of Philadelphia. The Rev. H. C. Hall, D. D., ('82), pastor of Erie Ave. Church, Williamsport, and H. H. Leamy, (ex-'70) missionary pastor in the same city, participated in the services. Mr. Haslam was for six years a very successful pastor of the Baptist Church of Norristown, Pa. On the "day of prayer" for colleges, he delivered an able sermon in Bucknell Hall.

Ex.-'90. The Rev J. A. Knowlton, of Lebanon, Ind., has become pastor at Franklin Ind , the seat of Franklin College.

Ex.-'91. Rev. C. W. Haines has resigned his pastorate at Washington, N. J.

Ex.-'91. The Rev. Thomas J. Cross, after a very successful pastorate of seven years in the First Baptist Church, Atlantic City, N. J., recently presented his resignation which, however, was not accepted by the church.

'95. W. T. Paulin, now in his senior year at Crozer Theological Seminary recently visited friends in Lewisburg.

Ex.-'95. The Rev. C. F. Hall is a successful pastor in the Wayne Association. His post-office is Hollisterville, Pa.

'97. Mr. W. H. Parker who is now studying law in Columbian University was a visitor at Bucknell recently.

'97. L. B. Sinette, who is professor of mathematics at Kutztown State Normal School was a visitor at the college recently.

Ex.-'99. Mr. C W. Harvey, State Secretary of the College Young Men's Christian Association, conducted the devotional services at Bucknell on Tuesday evening Feb. 1st. Mr. Harvey is a very active Christian worker and always receives a hearty welcome among the students.

INSTITUTE.

'77, Miss Clara Beck who for several years has been editor of *The St. John's Parish Register*, the Church paper of the Lutherans at Centre Square, announces in the current number that the paper will be discontinued. In a spicy, valedictory editorial Miss Beck gives the reason for this action.

'78. Miss Cora Reese, of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, has recently written a book entitled, "And She Got All That." It is a story and yet a daintly written story, telling of a young and ambitious wife who longs for a broader field of work than that which her home offers. The lesson of the book is a good one. The mentally-trained women of the present day are too often ambitious to be successful everywhere but in their homes.

'90. Miss Mabel Schreiner and her sister Maude, have left London for a short trip on the continent, in Germany and Belgium.

'92. Miss Frances Montgomery is teaching at Miss Kennard's school on North Broad Street, Phila.

'93. Miss O. M. Williams whose poem appears in this issue of the MIRROR is now teaching in Olyphant, Pa.

'94. The Misses Nora and Ida Green, of Saltillo, Pa,, spent three months during the Fall in the West, visiting friends and relatives.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XVII. LEWISBURG, PA., MARCH 10, 1898. NO. 3.

THAT MULE.

BY T. H. PURDY.

I was walking in the market
  Of a dusty mining town
Where a sleepy mule was standing
  With his one ear slanting down.

He was meek, and seem'd so gentle,
  That I quite despised the rule
To be always telling stories
  Disrespectful of the mule.

I believed in Darwin's teaching,
  That development proceeds
In the organs of a creature,
  In accordance with its needs.

And I felt quite sure this fellow,
  With his over-growth of ears,
Had been thusly-wise projected
  By his wants, and hopes, and fears,

And felt certain that his hearing
  Would inspire him with alarm,
And would send him on a canter
  At the least approach of harm.

So I whistled, rather sharply,
  But the unexpected sound
Only put his tail in motion,
  As if flies had come around.

Then I yelled, uncommon spiteful,
  Sort o' jumped, and shook my hat,
But he never moved a muscle
  From the place where he was at.

Then I sang, a little gently,
  Like a sheperdess or swain,
And his north eye came half open,
  But he shut it up again.

Then I saw the driver grinning,
  Like as if he were amused,
And I said: "This mule is weary,
  And is shamefully abused—

Over-worked, and poorly rested,
  For he sleeps and would not hear
If a charge of mid-night thunder
  Were shot off, right in his ear."

But the driver's grin grew broader,
  As he handed me his whip,
Saying: "May-be if you'd touch him
  In the flank below the hip,

He might brighten up a little,
  And perhaps would undertake
To convince you that though sleeping,
  He am more or less awake."

So I touched him as suggested,
  And as quick as dynamite,
Both his hinder legs went flying
  Up and down, and left and right,

And so swift you could'ent see them,
  Till he left me much in doubt,
If he would not kick his body,
  Upside down, or wrong side out.

I ran back a little, feeling
  As I 'spose one mostly feels,
When he learns that the dependence
  Of a mule is in his heels.

And I felt quite disappointed
  As I sized him up again,
For the theory of Darwin
  Was so plausible and plain

That I thought I saw how nature
  Had been toiling on for years,
Just to put the mule's salvation
  In the largeness of his ears,

But this fellow in a moment,
  By the most persuasive means,
Kind o' kicked my faith in Darwin
  All to splintered smithereens.

THE VINE.

The old house which stood near to mine and had for so long a time been vacant was at last to have a tenant. It was nothing more than a large shanty and I wondered that any one except those in the most straightened circumstances should occupy it. There were only two rooms on the ground floor and one above. A small window in this attic room was the only opening on the side toward me, yet I had often wished that I might see a living being even at that.

When the occupants came with their household goods I did not wonder at their taking the house. They had only one small load of furniture and that was of the humblest kind—the smallest room in the shanty could hold it all. A little boy was with the driver and these two soon had the wagon unloaded and the things carried in. Of course I was curious and waited for the return of the wagon when it went away. Not long after it returned and in it wasa woman sitting in a decrepit rocking-chair, holding in her arms what seemed to be a child all bundled up in a shawl. The little boy ran into the house and got a chair, upon this the woman climbed down, carefully guarding her precious burden, and went into the house.

At last the shanty had occupants and somewhat peculiar they were. I felt as tho I ought to go and offer to help them, but as I remembered the woman's face it was proud, almost haughty and I was sure I should be intruding. The little window in the attic was now opened and I surmised that near it was a sick child, for most of the time there was a bottle of medicine, spoon and water-glass upon the window sill. In the evening when a dim light was burning I could see the mother fanning and fanning the child as tho she would never tire; occasionally a pale, wasted hand would be raised to stop the fan, but with a smile whose tenderness seemed a stranger upon a face so proud, the mother would kiss the hand and push it back upon the little sufferer's breast. It was fearfully hot those summer nights and the mother was always fanning.

I watched that little attic window all the time. I read in its vacant stare a sorrowful story. Sometimes I would see a wasted hand push its shrunken fingers out over the sill as tho lingering for a last touch of the sordid world before going to play upon a harp in the Celestial City.

One day I saw the boy out digging the earth beneath the window, into a little hole he carefully put some seeds and almost caressed the earth over them ; he lingered upon his knees as tho wondering whether he had not better dig the seeds up to plant them again and not so deep. Soon after I saw the little fellow up at the attic window with a ball of string in his hand ; he tied the end to something within the room so that he need do no pounding near the sick girl and then threw the ball from the window, the lower end he fastened to a stick planted near the seeds. The little fellow now watched his vine as solicitously as the mother watched her child. Twenty times a day, aye, twice twenty times a day would he come to look at the vine. Never was vine so watched over and cared for before, and strange to say it thrived and grew with great rapidity. It was a morning-glory vine and it seemed to enter into the race with zeal. One night when all was still and the fan had been laid aside, I looked down to the ground and there I saw in the moonlight the little boy upon his knees with hands clasped before his face in prayer ; as he arose and walked into the house I saw him brush tears from his eyes. Next day I was in my yard caring for my plants when I heard a voice from behind me calling :—"Mister." It was the first time the little gardener had ever spoken to me ; in his face was a look of fearful anxiety. "Mister," he said, "how long do you think it will take my vine to grow up to the window ?" I assured him it would soon be there. "Well," said he, "the doctor says it will have to hurry up or it won't get there in time." And then he burst into tears and went into the house.

The vine had at last grown up to the window sill and had bowed its tip end in toward the sufferer. Right at the window sill was a fine big bud forming. Next day this bud opened into a beautiful, bright morning-glory. The little gardener had won his triumph. I knew the flower would not be allowed to close again upon the vine and so I watched for its plucking. Ah ! there comes the shrunken hand toward the bright, fresh flower—what a pitiful contrast ! The hand falls, the mother helps it this time, the fingers seize the stem and the prize is won.

That night tapers are burned in the down stairs room all night. The next day I pluck a beautiful bunch of flowers from my garden and take it to the door. At the services in the afternoon I see my flowers in a jar upon the table, but in the little girl's hand is the morning-glory from her brother's vine.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOLIDAYS.

The wordly wise Lord Chesterfield in his "Letters to My Son" says that hard work is the best preparation for a holiday. The saying has a basis of truth but is by no means a comprehensive axiom. It may be worth while to examine the principles which govern mankind in the holiday or play activities.

We call in science to guide us in our work; in fact, the cry for technical education is becoming tiresome with its incessant iteration and sometimes sordid motives, but the play or holiday part of life is for the most part either neglected or suppressed or left to take any course that caprice may suggest. Of course work is the first in importance, but play should alternate with work in daily and yearly rhythm, or life becomes a gloomy, serious and melancholy episode. But a world without play, a life of work without holidays is hardly a possible conception, at least to the Anglo-Saxon mind. You may drive out sport as the early Puritans tried to do, and as some misguided people even now attempt, but it will rush in again, like the resistless tide. And yet what a failure many people make of their recreations and holidays! They return to work tired, bored and ennuyed and don't know what is the matter with themselves; or if by accident they meet with real pleasure and fuller health, they foolishly think that to go to the same place and do the same things will always have the same happy results. It needs not to urge further the necessity of a philosophy of play.

Every scholar and student who has grasped the meaning of the word law in science, knows that certain laws govern the life of man and all his activities whether he works or plays. If a man would succeed in study, in industry, in business, in any work or profession, he must fulfil certain conditions of success. Similarly if he would make the best and most of the play times and holidays of life, he must obey certain laws of his constitution.

The secret of success in play is not far to seek, although many seemingly wise people grope about and miss it. Watch the gambols of young animals the fun and frollick of children. It is the overflow from the reservoir of young life upon which work in the struggle for existence has made no draft. Childhood without overflowing energy and happy play is perhaps the saddest thing in the world. School and work come to absorb a great part of this overflow and energy, but if they absorb the whole of it no money nor opportunity can make a pleasant holiday to the overwrought mind and body. The primary fundamental condition of the enjoyment of play or holiday in any form is that the mind and body must have a saving or reserve of exhausted energy. The savings bank of the brain is a very confidential establishment and does not fully disclose the state of its private accounts. In a healthy organism there are stores of energy waiting for time and occasion to start into activity. It is the blessed function of holidays to make occasions for the exercise of unused energy. The tasks and work of life limit and confine us within certain necessary activities. We must bind and concentrate and keep down mad cap impulses until our tasks are completed. Then come music and the dance, sport and pastime. The staid worker is carried away and forgets fatigue and monotony. Every day and every year needs its holiday, and even restful sleep has its holiday of pleasant dreams. Sad is the lot of man, woman or child in whose life the play impulse is repressed.

Two other essential conditions of happy holiday activity emerge in these considerations Play must take its character from the individual genius and constitution, and it must be a change from the activities of regular toil. Unless it be a question of imperative morals, it is the blindest presumption of any governing authority, in the household, the school, the church, or the country, to limit and define the sphere of sport and play. The play impulse is the solace and renovation of life and expresses itself in a thousand forms. In play a man should follow his natural bent with absolute freedom. There is one open invitation to every one in the great play ground of the world. "Come" says Dame Nature, "will you join at a race, a country ramble,a game of foot ball, or will you revel in music, in poetry and the acts of imagination?" The intensest holiday enjoyment comes when the holiday maker finds the sport and recreation most congenial to his nature. There is a story of a London millionaire who retired from a life of incessant and unrelieved toil and found in his retirement that change and leisure brought no joy or relief. He went back to the old shop and begged his successor to give him employment. The long suppressed capacity for play was dead.

To these essential conditions of perfect holiday enjoyment, namely: a reserve of energy, a free exercise of unused force in congenial sport, and a change of interest from the ordinary routine of occupation, there must be added the condition of alternation of work and play. This is the principle of Lord Chesterfield's axiom. True play must come from the reserve of life and not from its working capital. It is the rush of fresh thought and feeling into new channels which gives a holiday its zest. If the search for new sensations and emotions is made the principal aim in life, as it is with certain rich idle members of society, then kind nature has no overflowing gift to bestow. A continual round of pleasure seeking wears out the faculties it stimulates, and even young lives become worn and jaded. In vain the idle pleasure seeker tries new devices, new luxuries of fashion, new routes of travel. The law is inevitable. The play energy must be held in reserve till our work is done.

Finally, it is a mistake to suppose that play belongs only to the young. It is not age, but over strain, unjust repression or vicious indulgence which kills the holiday spirit.

From all this one lesson comes. Cherish the reserve energies and do not exhaust them in over work or dissipation.

Give them free play, cultivate every act and pastime in which you take delight. While the holiday runs its course the working energies gather renewed strength. It is a simple philosophy and easy of application If some grave seniors feel doubtful and inclined sometimes to check or suppress the holiday spirit, they should stand aside and let the game go on.

PHIL. MERLYN

CAPTAIN NELLIE'S GUARDS.

(A BIT OF HISTORY.)

MRS. DORA E. W. SPRATT.

Early Sunday morning, March 9th, 1862, the United States steam transport "Atlantic" sailed up the Broad river and anchored in the spacious harbor of Port Royal, South Carolina. On board were sixty-two men and women, who were sent down to the Sea Islands by the Educational Commission, with orders to set the contrabands to work, to give them instructions upon their duties in field and cabin, "taking every occasion to urge the obligations of truth, honesty, frugality, forethought, respect for the rights of others and self respect." They were also to teach the children to read, and, at proper times, all adults who were desirous of learning,—"that they might as speedily as possible, be able to read the Bible for themselves."

Most of those who undertook this experiment, were men and women of experience ; but a few of the most sanguine and enthusiastic were less than twenty-five years old. Among this number was a young woman from Boston, whom the negroes soon learned to call "Miss Nellie." She entered into this new work with all the vim and energy of her nature. When the General Superintendent, Mr. Edward L. Pierce, moved his headquarters from Beaufort to the Pope plantation on Saint Helena island, he took with him Miss Nellie and three older women to begin their work upon Saint Helena and the neighboring islands.

Most young people enjoy rusticating. To them there is a charm in variety ; plain fare and hard beds do not lessen their enjoyment of new scenes. But when middle life is reached, it is a more serious matter to be deprived of accustomed comforts. This was probably one reason why many things, which seemed like heavy crosses to the three older ladies at the Pope plantation, were only small annoyances to Miss Nellie.

One of the hardest things for the neat Yankee housekeepers to endure, was the dirty habits of the colored servants. Of course Miss Nellie, who had charge of the house, tried her best to have the house-servants clean and careful. But she was not always able to answer with emphatic affirmation, when one of her fellow workers anxiously inquired :—

"Miss Nellie, are you sure this is PERFECTLY CLEAN?"

But the thing which drove two of the older ladies home, was the active and ubiquitous flea. During the daytime the little pests might be endured, but to have their constant attention at night was trying to the best of nerves.

At length both Miss Donalson and Mrs. Johnson were nearly sick, because of the strain upon their nerves from loss of sleep ; so they told Mr. Pierce that they could endure it no longer. Their interest in the work had not waned. Their spirits were full of courage ; but their bodies were not able to bear so much fatigue.

"Will you also leave me?" said Miss Nellie, as she threw her arms around Miss Walker, who had promised to be a mother to her. "If you go North I shall be here all alone ; for this work must be done."

"If I do go, my dear," the good soul replied, "I shall take you with me."

"That is easier said than done !" replied Nellie, with a laugh.

Three weeks from that time, word came that the Union gun-boats were to be removed from Hilton Head, which would leave these islands unprotected. This brought them face to face with a real danger ; so Miss Walker said :—

"Come, we must return to the North, for it will not be safe for us to stay here. Suppose the Rebels should come back to take possession of their plantations, what could we do ?"

"Do," cried Nellie drawing herself to her full height, "I would fight before I would see these poor Negroes dragged back into slavery. If God spares my life I'm going to stay with these poor people, until the war is over. Perhaps then they will be able to take care of themselves."

"I hope you will not be so foolish as to stay here without any other women," said Miss Walker, gently.

"I can fill the house with women if I want their aid, but good Aunt Beckie will do as well as a hundred. Don't you remember she said, when we first came, 'I's gwing ter take cah of yo', Miss Nellie !' "

"O, I know, the colored women, and men too, would stand by you ; but you will not have any society," urged her friend.

"Of course I shall miss you," said Nellie lovingly, "for you have been like an elder sister to me ; but even if you decide to go I shall stay and do the best I can."

"Then you will allow General Saxton to send a guard of soldiers, as he offered to do ?"

"Indeed I will not !" exclaimed the decided young woman. "I would be more afraid of the soldiers than all the Negroes upon the island." A bright thought struck her, so she clapped her hands and cried, "I know what I can do ! I will train a company of able bodied Negroes, and they shall be my guard. How glad I am that my brothers taught me the military drill, while they themselves were in training. I told brother Will that sometime the knowledge might be useful to me. I remember how he laughed, when he said, 'I guess, little sister, you will never have to fight ; but you will enjoy the exercise of the drill, whenever you are tired of knitting socks for your two brothers, away down in Dixey battling for the Union.' It looks now as though I myself might have to be a soldier. I am so glad that Will assured me that I knew the 'Manual of Arms' quite as well as he did."

"Well, if you don't beat any girl I ever saw !" said Miss Walker admiringly. "If you will not go North, I'm sure your pluck will bring you out all right."

"If I had nothing but my own pluck to trust in, I should not feel very brave; but I believe I am doing the work that God wants me to do, so I'm going to stick to it."

Notwithstanding her brave utterances Miss Nellie's heart was sad when she saw Miss Walker start for home. That evening she called together the plantation people and said:—

"I'm going to stand by you, and I expect each one of you to stand by me. In this time of danger we must have a picket guard. Now I would prefer a trained guard, composed of your able bodied men, to a company of soldiers. When my brothers were trained for soldiers they taught me how to drill; so I can train a company I am sure, if you will help me by trying to learn. How many of you men want to be in Miss Nellie's Guards?"

Each man held up his hand, so she was obliged to select those she considered best fitted for the work. She did this wisely and carefully; for she had to consider the feelings of those whom she rejected. To Quaker, whom she knew to be one of the worst men on the plantation and therefore undesirable for a member of the "Guards," she said:—

"You told me, the other day that you were feeling poorly. Then you have the oxen to drive all day, so I think it would be too hard for you to have to be on duty at night."

So few of the men could tell their right hands from their left, that "Captain Nellie," as they then called her, was obliged to begin the drill by tying a rag around the right arm of each soldier in the company.

While she had her guards in training, but before she had put them upon night duty, Aunt Beckie, who was constant in her effort to "take cah of Miss Nellie," heard a noise on the veranda while the white folks were at dinner. She hurried out, then in a moment rushed back crying, "Miss Nellie, I done seed Maussa Tom Pope, or his hant."

Mr. Pierce with one or two of his assistants happened to be there that evening. They went to search the premises, and found a letter lying upon the window-sill. It was addressed to

"Miss Nellie, the Yankee Captain."

The letter was written with a lead pencil upon brown paper, and was composed as follows :—

"This is to let you know that I saw you eating your dinner in my father's house. No doubt you think yourselves secure in your possession, but you can see how easy it would be for us to come and drive you out, if it should seem best.

"This cruel war will soon be over, and we shall have our homes and slaves as before. Where will the Yankees be then? We will never be defeated ! !

Yours, Tom Pope."

The letter caused them to decide to have a picket guard about the place, at all hours. Later events proved the wisdom of this decision.

(Concluded in April Number.)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

(A GENERAL SKETCH)

The aim of the writer of this sketch is to give the reader a general introduction to a few of the salient facts concerning The University of Chicago. Little or nothing is said concerning its material aspect. Articles treating on its special features will appear later.

The University is still in its infancy, a child of only five summers. It is by no means a small or puny child. It has not only grown in this short time to a commanding size but it has grown strong. Its strength has been proportionate to its size. The eminent Dr. Berry of England said in a recent address to the students of the University that "American genius knows how to cause a great university to spring up like mushrooms in a night." Unexampled development has thus far characterized the University's career. Its student life is vigorous and remarkably varied. The variety of events which fill the daily calendar are full evidence of this fact.

The sudden rise and phenomenal progress which have thus far characterized the University's career may safely be reckoned upon as an earnest of greater things to come. Other departments and schools than those already composing it and affiliated with it will soon be added to the present equipment. Much has been accomplished and much more is expected. Three forces have thus far contributed to present results. They are large financial resources, able scholarship to man the various departments and an inimitable genius presiding over the councils and shaping all important matters. Every great development or progress bears the stamp of some ruling character and master mind. The University of Chicago is no exception.

Important as the great financial help and able scholarship have been in its development, yet to Pres. Harper belongs the chief credit of what has been accomplished.

In the short time in which the University of Chicago has been in existence it has won an enviable reputation in the scholastic world. For thorough and advanced scholarship it is a close rival of the oldest and most renowned universities of Europe. It has already outstripped many of the American universities in the rank of scholarship and bids fair to become the leading one on the continent. At the recent dedication of the Yerkes' Astronomical observatory the leading astronomers of the world were present, which argues much for the high repute in which the University is held.

The location of the University is most favorable from the educational point of view. In the heart of a thoroughly up-to-date city, with every grade of social, moral and political life it affords unparallelled opportunities for special study. Three great libraries are open to the students of the University. Opportunities for students of limited means to earn their way through the University are plentiful and the opportunity to hear the best literary and musical productions is unbounded. From the point of view of the largest considerations few universities of the American continent offer better inducements.

The reader may ask, What is the characteristic of the intellectual life of the University? The writer wishes to say that it is most commendable. The intellectual spirit is not technically conservative, but progressive, broad-minded and liberal. To know the truth concerning things however much old beliefs and pious convictions may suffer is the chief end. No sham is allowed to attach itself to the intellectual body of the University. A fearless and independent research into current beliefs and theories is heartily encouraged. A solid foundation for convictions is the chief motive in the pursuit of truth. Superficiality can not long endure.

As a parting salute two of the leading yells of the University are subscribed.

Chi-cá-go
Chi-cá-go
Chi-ca-go-go,
Go'-it-chi-ca
Go'-it-chi-ca
Go'-it-chi-ca-go !

Who's the feller
Who's the feller
Zip-boom-bah !
Rock'-a-feller
He's the feller
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

What B. U. Alumni are doing at the University of Chicago.

'94. Mr. Geo. Waid is working for his Master's degree in the department of Church History and of Philosophy. Mr. Waid will take his degree in June.

'94. Mr. R. B. Davidson is working for his Dr's. degree in the New Testament department and in that of theology. He is Precentor in the Hyde Park Baptist church and has been much in evidence in many important musical performances since his coming to the University in 1894. Mr. Davidson took his B. D. degree last June.

'93. Mr. Edwin Maxey is working for his Dr's. degree in the department of Political Economy.

'94. Miss Mary Harris, who now holds the Bucknell Fellowship is working for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. She will receive her degree in the near future.

'96. Three of the members of '96 are working for the degree of B. D. viz: Messrs. Chas. Firth, Fred Finn and H. T.

Colestock. They will receive their degrees in '99. Messrs. Colestock and Finn each hold scholarships.

'97. E. C. Kunkle is doing work in the Divinity School in connection with holding a pastorate in East Lynn, Ill. He expects to spend four or five years in the University.

BUCKNELL ALUMNAE.

A luncheon was given by the Bucknell Alumnae Club of Philadelphia on Monday. February twenty-eighth in the parlors of the Foulke and Long Institute. Mrs. John H. Scribner, President of the Woman's Health Protective Association of Philadelphia, was the guest of the club, and read a paper prepared by her for a meeting of "The Sorosis," a Woman's Club in New York. Mrs. Scribner gave a clear and comprehensive account of the work accomplished by the Health Protective Association during the seven or eight years of its existence, and made a strong plea for the hearty co-operation of all women in this work of improving the condition of humanity in our large cities.

Public apprehension over a proposed new curriculum and the possible overworked condition of the school children of Pittsburg, led Miss Cara Reese, a former student of Bucknell Institute, recently to investigate the methods pursued in one of the largest schools in that city. She enrolled as a student in room number 1, and diligently pursued her way day by day until graduated from the high school class. She is making further observations and reserves her opinion.

At a banquet given Saturday, February fifth, by the Alumnae of Girl's High and Normal Schools of Phila., Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt, President of the Bucknell Alumnae Club of Phila., was one of the guests. The banquet celebrated the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Normal School. Professors Cliff and Rorer, Principals of the Normal and High Schools were also guests on the occasion.

The Lewisburg Alumnae Club has changed its constitution so as to admit women graduates of any department of the University.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

MARCH 10, 1898.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

STAFF:
C. ARTHUR LINDEMANN, '98, Editor-in-Chief.

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BUSINESS
H. L. PURDY, '98, Manager. R. G. PIERSON, '01, Assistant.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address' BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

Some Old College Laws.—No freshman shall wear his hat in the college-yard unless it rains, hails or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both hands full.

No freshman shall speak to a senior with his hat on, or have it on in a senior's chamber, or in his own if a senior be there.

All the undergraduates shall treat those in the government of the college with respect and deference; particularly they shall not be seated without leave in their presence; they shall be uncovered when they speak to them or are spoken to by them.

These are extracts from laws which were in force at Harvard in its early history. They seem strange to us and are apt to cause a smile as we read them, but their spirit still lives in colleges where the students are endeavoring to become men of manners and consideration as well as intellectual and muscular prodigies. Of course it would be absurd for a freshman to do obeisance to a senior, but it would in no wise lessen his manhood to show a great deal of deference to seniors, juniors, sophomores and fellow freshmen; nor would the senior lose any dignity by showing consideration to all those who on account of accident of birth or for other reasons have come to school later than he. But it is to the spirit of the third law quoted that particular attention is called, and in this case the letter of the law is very much narrower than the spirit. The men in control of a school are very often the intellectual inferiors of new born freshmen who, when they have lived to be seniors, find that their instructors are far, far beyond them; and when these seniors leave school and become men of ability they have still greater respect for their former teachers. It is commendable that even at a late day students should learn to honor those who in many cases are obliged to struggle with pompous ignorance in their effort to get students ready for the world, but it would be far better if these lessons of respect were learned earlier in the course. And it is by learning the lesson of reverence that one shall know in turn how to appreciate thecompliment if ever it be shown him.

GENERAL AND LOCAL.

The work on the running-track is being gradually pushed towards completion This track must be finished by April 1st if possible. The success of our team at the relay depends largely upon it. More funds are needed and the loyal friends of Bucknell are asked to contribute.

Before we again go to press, base ball season will have opened. Manager Ritter has arranged an excellent schedule and the rest remains with the players and with the support they receive from the student body. Last year Bucknell was said to have the best team she ever put on the diamond, and there is no reason why, with all of last year's players and several new men, we should not have a still better team this season. This however requires faithful practice and training, then our success will be certain.

The N. Y. alumni and matriculates held a meeting on March 7 for the purpose of reorganizing the N. Y. Alumni Club.

The following copies of the *Commencement News* are wanted to complete reference files in the Registrar's office :

1887	Vol. I	Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.
1888	Vol. II	Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.
1889	Vol. III	No. 4.
1890	Vol. IV	Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.
1891	Vol. V	No. 3.
1892	Vol. VI	No. 1.
1893	Vol. VII	Nos. 2, 3, 4.
1894	Vol. VIII	No. 4.

Also the following of the *Bucknell Mirror* :

1882	Vol. II	No. 8.
1882	Vol. III	No. 6.

The registrar would be glad to receive information regarding any of the above.

Registrar Gretzinger, '89, and A W. Johnson, '96, addressed the G. A. R. of this place on the 22nd. The subjects of their orations were: "The Boyhood of Washington" and "The Government founded by Washington "

A rare treat is expected in Col McCain's lecture on "Cuba " Col. McCain made a very favorable impression here last year and many will be glad to hear him again. The date is Mar. 14.

I. W. Huntzberger, Ex '00, has a profound and scholarly monograph on the "Supremacy of Conscience" in the *College Forum* for March.

Pres. Harris was an invited guest at Provost Harrison's luncheon in honor of Pres McKinley on the 22nd of February at U. of P.

Prof. F. E Rockwood delivered the Anniversary Oration here on the 22nd. His subject was: "Washington and Higher Education."

The scope of the Students' Loan Fund has been broadened and now young women in both the College and Institute receive its benefits.

The catalogs for the current year are now ready for distribution.

PERSONALS.

'53. Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, D. D., is the only surviving member of this class.

'59. All the members of this class are still living :—Prof. H. L. Atkinson of Phila., O. P. Chamberlin, Esq., of Flemington, N. J., Rev. T. P. Coulston, D. D, of Phila., W. H. Finn, M. D., of Phila., Rev. A. J. Furman of Indiana, Pa. and Rev. A. D. Hawn, D. D.. of Delaware, Ohio.

Ex '60. Rev. Geo. W. Folwell of Philadelphia who resigned his pastorate of the South Broad St. Baptist Church on account of ill health, is slowly recovering.

Ex.-'60. Rev. G. W. Folwell on account of ill health has resigned his pastorate of the South Broad St. Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

'63. Rev.O P.Eaches D.D., of Hightstown,N. J.,has an excellent article in the *Examiner* Feb. 24, entitled "The Courage of Jesus."

'68. The First Baptist Church, of Altoona, Pa , of which Rev. J. S. James, D. D., is pastor, is planning to make improvements and alterations to their house of worship, amounting to about $10,000.

Ex.-'69. The Rev. D. R. Landis, of Altoona, Iowa, has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, Lafayette, Ind. Mr. Landis is regarded as one of the best preachers in Iowa.

'69. Died in Philadelphia, Jan. 30. Lola, daughter of G. J. Brensinger.

'71. The Rev. W. S. Holt resides at Bellwood, Penna.

'72. Rev. R. W. Perkins, Ph, D., has entered on the eleventh year of his pastorate at Lock Haven, Pa. The longest pastorate in the history of the church.

'72. Rev. Geo. Whitman of Buffalo, N. Y., who read the Alumni Poem at the Commencement Exercises of '97recently set sail for Europe.

'73. W. P. Mervine, Esq., of Altoona, Penna , has been bereaved in the recent death of his mother.

'74. Hon. Ward Bliss is a candidate for Speaker of the next

House of Representatives of the Penn'a. Legislature.

'74. The fifteenth anniversary of Dr. John Humpstone's settlement with Immanuel Baptist Church, Brooklyn, and the twenty-fifth of his ordination to the ministry was appropriately celebrated Feb. 9. The church gave the pastor a beautiful silver loving cup. On the evening before, two members of the church called at Dr. Humpstone's residence, and presented the pastor and his wife with an envelope, which contained $1500 in bills. Surely a worthy mark of esteem and love for a worthy man.

'75. Mr. D. P. Higgins who served for several years as treasurer of Union county is now the popular postmaster of Lewisburg, Pa

'75. The Rev. W. H. Ellis, pastor of the Baptist Church, Jersey Shore, Penna., who lately resigned his pastorate, has gone to Philadelphia to engage in business.

'77. The Rev. Geo. T. Sheet, after a pastorate of ten or twelve years, at the Mt. Washington Baptist Church, Pittsburg, resigns to accept the call of the church at Braddock, Penna.

'81. The Rev. Herbert F. Stilwell, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minn., has been given a call to become pastor of the First Baptist Church, St. Paul ; and he has accepted the call. Mr. Stilwell will be remembered as the successful pastor for twelve years at Freehold, N. J.

'81. The Rev. Frank G. McKeever, pastor of the First Baptist Church, New London, Conn., has been chosen to deliver a course of lectures before the students of Crozer Theological Seminary.

'82. Rev. R. M. Hunsicker has entered on the fourth year of his pastorate at Chestnut Hill, Phila. The membership of the church is larger than it has been for seventeen years.

'83. Rev. W. G. Watkins recently read a paper before the Scranton Baptist Ministers' Conference on "Moral and Social Functions of Education." He is now in his fifth year as pastor of the North Main Ave. Baptist Church where his services are highly appreciated.

'84. The law offices of Ernest L. Tustin, Esq., are now located in the Crozer Building, 1420 Chestnut St. Phila.

'85. The Rev. Jos. E. Sagebeer, Ph. D., has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Flemington, N. J., one of the largest and most influential in that state, to accept a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Second Baptist Church, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Ex.-'87. Rev. E. M. Lake, formerly of Zanesville, Ohio, has accepted a call to Pontiac, Ills.

Ex.-'87. Miss Annie L. Hay is doing Public Kindergarten work among the Russian Jews in Philadelphia.

Ex.-'87. Rev. H. B. Rankin has completed five years pastorate of the Broad St. Baptist Church of Phila.

'88. The address of F. H. Senft is 1928 Mt. Vernon St. Philadelphia.

'88. Dr Lincoln Hulley has recently resigned the pastorate of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Baltimore, Md., where he has been preaching for nearly two years in addition to his teaching in the College.

'88. Rev. W. H. Clipman in addition to his work as pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Harrisburg, Pa., has been doing missionary work in a feeble Baptist Church at Wiconisco, Pa. Twenty-six have been added to the church recently.

'89. Rev. Chas. A. Walker, pastor of the Baptist church at Belwood, Pa., has been holding some very successful meetings at Pinecroft where his church is contemplating the erection of a chapel.

'90. A Baptist Ministers' Conference has been organized at Williamsport, Pa, of which Rev. J. H. Haslam is Vice President. Rev. H. H. Leamy, Ex. '70, is the Secretary and Treasurer.

'91. Rev. R. B. Dunmire has been called to the pastorate of the Brush Valley, Dillton and Homer City Churches in Indiana Co., Pa.

'92. Prof. Elkanah Hulley, in connection with his work as principal of Keystone Academy, Factoryville, Pa., is supplying the pulpit of the Baptist Church at Dalton, Pa.

'95. B. M. Wagenseller, the successful assistant of the High School of Milton, visited friends at Bucknell recently.

'95. David Phillips, who recently received his B. D. at the University of Chicago, visited his brother Professor Phillips a few days ago.

Ex.-'95. The Rev. D. A. Solly is located at Harrisonburg, Virginia.

'96. In connection with his work at Crozer, Mr. D. E. Lewis is the successful pastor of the Baptist Church at Mount Ephraim, N. J.

'96. The Baptist Church at Laporte, Pa., Rev. E. R. Powell, pastor, has erected and dedicated a new house of worship at a cost of $2300.

'96 & '97. F. W. Brown and D. S. Grimm are classmates at the University of Michigan where they are taking a medical course.

Ex. '98. H. C. Downing is doing successful work in the churches of Lehman and Centremoreland, Luzerne Co., Pa.

WHEN I GROW UP.

"When I grow up," cried Teddy,
With wondering eyes of blue,
"When I grow up, won't I feel strange
For much's a day or two ?"

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VOL. XVII. No. 4. APRIL 9, 1898.

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SONG OF HOPE

When the springtime thrill makes the heart rebound,
Then we kindly feel for all around.
When the young buds swell in the sun's warm ray,
Then life seems like a long, bright day.
Yet time may change, 'tis passing strange
How lives are moved and moods may vary,
But come what may, while Youth holds sway,
The heart is light when skies are cheery.

When our blood is fired in a noble cause
Till our restless zeal may know no pause,
When the passionate love of Right and Truth
Urges us on till past is youth,
Tho' the noble life is a ceaseless strife
Yet the moldering Past its dead must bury,
And if Duty guide, Joy walks beside,
So the heart is light tho' the feet are weary.

When little thorns our path beset
And many a danger and trial is met,
When clouds of sorrow and storms of pain
Sweep o'er the troubled heart and brain,
If sweet good-will our spirts fill
There's a glow within so warm and cheery,
And come what may, while Love holds sway
The heart is light tho' skies are dreary.

—Oriana M. Williams.

CAPTAIN NELLIE'S GUARDS.

(A BIT OF HISTORY.)

MRS. DORA E. W. SPRATT.

(CONCLUDED FROM MARCH NUMBER.)

The members of the household at Mr. Pierce's headquarters were often changing. Soon after Miss Walker started for the North, Miss Nellie's heart was made glad by the coming of Miss Towne, and a few days later of Miss Murray. The names of these noble women are known to this day for the work which they have done for the colored people of the Sea Islands. For years they have toiled on through all kinds of discouragements, "but the end is not yet."

Every afternoon, after finishing their day's work in the fields of cotton or corn, "Captain Nellie's Guards" assembled on the lawn in front of the house. They were undoubtedly improving. Some of the men could "file to the right," or "to the left," without ever making a mistake. These had even ventured to discard the rag; so sure were they that they knew left from right. When this point of progress had been reached Miss Nellie was confronted with the fact that they must be taught to handle and fire a gun. She was perfectly competent to teach them how to handle the weapon, for that was a part of the instruction which she received in the drill. But to fire a gun herself, and to teach her guards to fire, was somewhat of a strain even to the steady nerves of this brave young woman.

"But it must be done!" she exclaimed. So she went up stairs to her room, one morning when the negroes were at work, and took her Winchester rifle, with her box of cartridges, out onto the upper veranda. Here the heavy foliage of the trees growing just in front of the house, made a screen thick enough to hide her first efforts from the eyes of any of the Negroes at work in the cotton field just beyond.

By peering through the leaves Miss Nellie caught sight of several picturesque groups of laborers, with their broad-brimmed hats and bright clothing making a fine contrast to the rich brown loam, through which the young cotton plants were springing.

Resting her rifle upon the top of the railing, she aimed toward a knot on one of the branches and fired. Of course she did not hit the mark, but the first effort gave her more courage to try it again. Once more she peeped through her screen of leaves, and saw that the colored women were leaning on their hoes or standing with hand on hip, as all heads were turned to listen. Miss Nellie could almost hear them exclaim, "What's dat?" "Who dat air shootin'?" Quietly laughing, she continued her target practise, while workers in the cotton fields went on with their work, having concluded "ole Maussa Pope's soldiers" were not coming to capture them.

But aunt Becky, Nellie's faithful caretaker, was growing very anxious. With the first report of the gun her alarm arose, so she hurried hither and thither looking for "de young missis." At length she sought for her in her bed-room, and not finding her there she looked out on the upper veranda just as Miss Nellie again pulled the trigger. Suddenly a scream rang out above the report of the rifle. The young marks-woman lowered her gun and gazed about her expecting to find someone dangerously wounded.

Then she saw poor Aunt Becky, the very picture of terror, with her hands thrown up and her eyes rolled back until only the whites were visible. As soon as she could catch her breath she cried, "De Lawd sabe us, Miss Nellie! Some dese days yo' knock yo' head clean off!"

Her courage rose a trifle, when she saw that her young mistress was laughing at her terror. So cautiously advancing a step or two, she inquired, "What for you mek him talk, like when the big guns roll ober Hilton Head? You no t'ink Maussa Tom Pope up dat air tree?"

"No indeed, Aunt Becky, I shouldn't like to shoot him if he were there! I am only learning to hit the mark, for I must teach the men how to shoot."

"Good lan', Miss Nellie! You learn dem niggers to shoot, dey 'll blow up dis whole plantation 'fore next week, sure's yo' born!"

"Suppose they do some wild shooting," she replied resolutely, strengthening her own courage as she calmed Aunt Becky's alarm, "wouldn't that be better than to allow your old master and his friends to come back and drive all the colored folks into slavery?"

"Miss Nellie me no want slabery days come back; but I 'spects dose niggers terribul hate to hit old Maussa Pope."

"I sincerely hope that we shall not be obliged to use any human being as a target; but we must learn to hit the mark, whatever it may be."

The firing of a gun soon became a familiar sound on the Pope plantation; for, besides Miss Nellie's daily practice from the upper veranda, her guards, each afternoon while drilling, answered her order "Fire!" with a bang! bang-bang!! bang! of blank cartridges. Sometime the last report was heard fully a minute after the order was given; but they were all sure to respond, if the Captain waited long enough.

For the public safety, Captain Nellie decided to keep the ammunition in her room. In her heart she feared the fire-work and sky-rocket style of shooting in vogue among her guards, almost as much as she dreaded the return of the Confederates.

Each night a number of her soldiers were stationed as sentinels about the premises, with instructions to act as watchmen. If they saw any suspicious looking men or boats approaching they were to give the alarm, and the other "guards" were to come, as soon as possible, to their aid. Their captain agreed to see to it that they had their guns immediately after the alarm was given.

One night Miss Nellie was awakened by a sudden, war-like invasion of her guards into her sleeping room.

"Wha's de guns, Miss Nellie?" cried January, who was one jump ahead, because of the advantage his long legs gave him in running up stairs.

"O, Miss Nellie! De rebels done coom in a boat. Sure 'nough!" cried Jerry, while Patrick and Noll and Adam rang the changes upon his announcement.

Aunt Becky, who slept in a small room near Miss Nellie's, heard the disturbance, and, before her young mistress had fairly taken in the situation, rushed in, like a black storm cloud of wrath. Dressed in her night waist and cotton petticoat, her brown, bare arms and ankles looking black against her scanty white garment; without her turban, and with every little twist of hair bristling with indignation; it was difficult to decide whether this was the motherly Aunt Becky, known to them all, or a bronze figure of a Fury suddenly endowed with energy.

"Git out o'heah! Yo' nummine niggers! 'Pearse like yo's a parcle ob geese coom squacklin' into Miss Nellie's room. 'Clare to Maussa, yo's nuf to dribe her into a frazzle (fainting fit). Heah, Git out! Don't you recclemember Miss Nellie done tole yo' ter toot de horn, wheneber yo' want dem guns!"

Notwithstanding Aunt Becky's vigorous protests, Miss Nellie told them that they might take the ammunition with them, so they could be loading the guns.

"Do not fire until I give you the order" called their wary young captain, as they started to obey Aunt Becky's oft repeated order to "Git out!"

That faithful guardian of the public safety followed them to the head of the stairway, shouting, "Don't yo' dah bang off dem shootin' sticks, till Miss Nellie's down dere herself, so she see who's gwing ter be hit!"

As soon as the men reached the bank of the inlet, Miss Nellie, in morning-gown and slippers, was there also. The boat, which they had seen approaching, was now near enough for Captain Nellie to see that it carried but two people, which proved to be an unarmed man and boy. Before they landed, all of the house servants, as well as most of the field hands, were watching from the shore.

The man proved to be one of the owners of the Fuller plantation. His former slave and overseer, who was one of Miss Nellie's Guards, was the first one to recognize his old master. He exclaimed "Lawd save us, Maussa Robert, dat aint you?"

"Yes, John, it is! I don't wonder you didn't know me." As Mr. Fuller stepped from the boat the two men clasped hands. The thought that flashed through many minds was, "How things have changed!" It was evident that the former master was poor and needy. The account he gave of what his family had suffered brought tears to Miss Nellie's eyes, while the former slave sobbed aloud as he listened.

The teacher and superintendents, who were then at headquarters, all concurred in giving John permission to go with his former master, to the old Fuller plantation.

The next day, upon his return, John described the meeting between "Maussa Robert an de darkies."

"When he ask us, 'Wasn't slabery days de bes'?' We done tole him, 'Maussa, we's powful sad fo' yo' an' de Missis an' de clillun, but t'ank de Lawd we owns ourselves. Why Maussa Linkum pays us money fo' workin.' Den I done tole him dat my ole 'oman an' me had mos' money nuf ter buy a mule. We 'lowed he mus' take dat and buy new clothes fo' hisself an' de Missis. Den Maussa Robert jus' clean broke an' cry li'le chile. He clared he nebber tech dat money; but laws, Miss Nellie, he jus' hab to, he dat pooh (poor). Fo' de Lawd, my ole 'oman 'an me'd do any thing fo' Maussa Robert 'cept be his slabes."

One dark night, about a week after the first "gallant defence of the Guards," as Captain Nellie laughingly called events connected with the approach of Robert Fuller's boat; one of the sentinels was (as he said) "jus' gwing to slope 'gen de back ob de barn to res' my legs, when I heard some 'spicious talkin'" He knew that the barn was securely fastened with chain and pad-lock in order to make it difficult for any thief. who might covet either mules or horses.

As soon as the frightened darkey heard the voices in the barn he started on a jump for the house. Suddenly, remembering Miss Nellie's orders, he seized the dinner horn, which hung on a nail near the cook-house door, and blew a startling blast. All the other Guards rushed to his assistance, while, in short order, their Captain was with them giving her commands.

Upon hearing the horn, the horse-thieves who were within the barn called to their comrades, stationed near the door, to come and help them saddle and bridle the horses. "Never mind the mules !" cried one, but he spoke too late. One of his companions replied with a groan, which told the other men that it would be some time before Jim could get his mind off from the beast that kicked him. While his companions were trying to seat the injured man upon a horse, he moaned and almost fainted with pain, declaring with oaths that the mule had broken every bone in his body.

"Hands up, or we fire !" cried a voice. Turning quickly they saw a line of Negroes, holding their guns like trained marksmen, and pointing directly at the thieves.

"We are soldiers of the Union army," cried one of the raiders, "So we have more right to these horses than any of you."

"No one has any right to steal horses which we have just bought from the war department," replied one of the superintendents, who stood with a group of teachers, near Captain Nellie. The men were obliged to surrender, and the four uninjured soldiers were marched in disgrace to the cotton-gin, where they were locked up. A guard of armed Negroes stood near to prevent their escape.

The injured soldier received the best of care, for Miss Nellie was too much of a nurse to allow any to suffer,if she could help it. He was taken over to camp, with the other prisoners the next day, when this fact came out in the course of cross-examination. The men had decided to desert the army, so they were trying to secure the horses in order to make a more rapid flight.

Brigadier-General Saxton, then in command of the Department of the South, had been considering the possibility of training Contrabands as soldiers. Nearly every one assured him that the freedmen were too child-like and fearful ; while some even declared that they were so lacking in brains that they could not learn the ordinary forms of field maneuver.

The capture of the deserting soldiers, brought Miss Nellie's Guards to General Saxton's attention. One morning he, with some of his officers, came to the Pope plantation with the request that the men who were in training, should be called from the cotton-fields, in order that they might go through the drill, under Miss Nellie's leadership. It may be that the officers expected to see the funniest sight in the world. What they beheld was, without doubt, unusual :—A young, bright-eyed, white woman issuing military commands to a company of colored men, who had come, at her bidding, from their work in the cotton and the corn.

General Saxton was surprised and pleased to note the success of her experiment. When the "Guards" had finished their maneuvers, they stood with arms at rest while the General commended them for their dexterity; then, turning to Miss Nellie, he placed the epaulets of Captain upon her plump shoulders.

Soon after this, the first regiment of Union colored soldiers was organized. Among the first of these men to enlist, were several of the freedmen who had been in training as Captain Nellie's Guards.

THE LITTLE BOAT WEIGHS ANCHOR.

From, "And She Got All That," a Novelette by Miss Cara Reese of Pittsburg, a former student of Bucknell Institute. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Publishers).

The little anchor loosed its hold on earth. The gentle spirit of Abe took its flight so easily and peacefully that those who sorrowed wondered at their blindness in not noting sooner the slender hold. Just a few days of drowsiness, a high fever, a brief delirium, and all was over.

"My pretty mamma," murmured the little fellow in his delirium, "come and take Abe." Then, "Don't feel bad, papa, you still have me."

Jane and Mary did their utmost, the baby was unheeded, the best doctors of the hospital staff came and went. The fair-haired nurse, now superintendent of the training school, left her post several times to minister to her little friend. The teachers from the school dropped in, and daily the children tiptoed into the house to learn how Abie was. Dave never thought of the mill and John came home twice a day in his anxiety.

All that love and skill could do, was done, but just at sunset one day, one of those beautiful days in which Abe used to delight to climb the hospital hill, the little anchor loosed its grip and the little boat always freighted with love and kindness went out toward the greater glory.

Dave held his child in his arms. He dared not breathe. He strained his ears for the faint coming and going of the heart throbs of his boy. The drops stood out on his forehead. Those veins that Emeline hated were full to bursting.

"Mammer, Ise up," murmured the child as his mind wandered to the morning greeting of those other days. Then the golden head fell back and the grey shadow told Dave that all was over.

Tenderly he held the boy close to him for a moment. Tenderly he laid him down, while Jane and Mary stood silently weeping. He looked at his treasure as though to photograph it forever on his mind, then fell on his knees, crushed the coverings of the bed between his hands as if in the act he might crush back the weight of sorrow, and in a hoarse unnatural voice, almost rasping in its intense agony, groaned:

"God, his mother!"

She had been gone several months. Since Abe's illness none had written, the child's own letter was the one last sent. They all thought now of Emeline. John said that it would do no good to frighten her with a hasty message, but that he would write.

So the simple preparations for the burial went on. The school children brought their offering of flowers; the fair-haired nurse remembered that the little chap had said one day, "I love violets, they are like your eyes," and she brought the sweet blossoms and arranged them about the little sleeper. Maidie's father brought her to see him and left some lillies as her tribute of remembrance. In his brief life the little man had made so many friends, that even Dave was now aroused, and in his slow way grasped the fact of how, with all such influences at work, it had been easy for the clever ones of his home to be drawn away. Abe's friends were also Emeline's friends. He could now make allowance for much.

He was the last to leave the grave. He stood so long that Mary returned from the roadside and placing her arm in his said coaxingly:

"Come, Dave."

He suffered her to lead him. His hat was pulled low over his eyes, and the shadows were deep on his face. As they went down the path, he stopped, gasped, almost strangled, and again came those words from the depths of his agony:

"God, his mother!"

A LONG, WEARY DAY.

The morning dawned brightly on that soft Welsh coast.

Cheerily the waves lapped the sparkling sand as the tide rose slowly over the broad, flat rocks. Then higher, ever higher came the water, till the curling, eager waves found the queer shells and delicate sea weeds they had left far up the bay the night before. Then higher still, until the Sunset Rock, which seemed a mountain to our childish vision, was hidden in the spray and the yellow cowslip on the cliff danced back and forth in glee as they fed upon the odor of the brine, nodding to each other as if to say, "There comes the sea, he never forgets us, us his little friends!"

We were his little friends too, we said, for every day we waited for his coming, Phil and I, venturing out to meet him as far as we dared, until the little silver curls touched our feet. These were baby waves we knew, for now and then a big, kind fatherly water came and gathered the little ones up in his strong embrace and swept them back. But on they came still faster, while we ran further back, calling to them, coaxing them to come and touch us, setting a barrier of sand for the next to wash away or marking a limit with round, smooth pebbles, mocking them as they lingered, "You cannot reach that, you baby wave." But the Sea brought them on, ever on, until high noon and then they shouted, "Good by, little friends!" "Good by, sweet cowslips, we will come Good by." And we laughed, threw kisses to the waves, and launched our fairy boats of cork, of which the sail was a feather and the cargo happy greetings, to the ships whose sails we could just see where the sky met the waters.

Beautiful gifts the ocean brought us, too. How we shouted as we ran along the shore, finding the dainty cowric and the pink shell fans! We clambered over rocks searching crevices for treasures of the sea, lifting pink or green sea flowers from their watery cradles, laughing at the awkward little crabs in the sea filled holes—peered into uncanny nooks and caves, whispering awful tales of dragons and fierce sea beings who carried little children to the middle of the biggest rock and turned them into star fishes and kept them there for ever.

When I was tired we would leave the rocks and going to the near cliff, gather the golden cowslip, and as we rested Phil would weave me cowslip crowns, and decorate my dress with flowers, saying that I was his little wife and that when we grew big we would sail off together right away across the ocean 'till we came to the fairy-land where the sea was always gentle and the cowslips twice as big and yellow, and so fragrant that all the air was sweet.

Oh! beautiful was the morning! Beautiful, but very, very short on that soft Welsh coast.

As we grew older the sea, too, forgot its childish frolics, the waves were quieter and more sedate. Instead of little baby waves playing hide and seek among the rock the sea sent larger ones to meet us that hand in hand rolled up and back again. They were lovers, I said once, and Phil looked down at me with such a tender, sweet expression that I grew silent and could not raise my eyes to his, but looked far across the ocean and thought of the fairy-land of our childhood.

Sometimes I grew mischievous and teased him, my patient Phil, said I loved the sea very much but men were stupid; that I wished he would go away, as far as America.

He knew me too well to feel hurt, but only hummed a little song:—

Wenn ich vergangen bin
Ganz weit ins Ausland hin,
Denn wisrt du weine,
Du liebe Kleine.

But one day I went too far. I do not know how the quarrel arose, but I said cruel things to him, words so bitter that I saw tears in his eyes; even that did not soften my wild humor and I angrily tossed him the ring I wore. Then his face grew white, he stooped to pick up the shining circle and turned away.

I watched him as he went across the sands, too proud to call him back, yet strangely sick at heart. Once I saw him turn, then go on and slowly disappear.

He was going across the bay that night I knew, and sleep left my eyes for I heard the wind and thought of the waves.

A strange foreboding seized me which I tried in vain to shake off. "Phil will be back in the morning and then I'll tell him I was wrong," but it was of no use.

At dawn I slipped away to the shore where we had sat the evening before. The sea was no longer frank and clear, it looked treacherous and sallow. I shuddered under a cold breeze which swept around Sunset Rock. There an old fisherman came hurrying to meet me: "Have 'ee heard then? Child, the boat went down!"

* * * * * *

Through the long, long weary day I have waited for the night.

I hate the sea, it is cold and cruel and the mocking, sneering tide toils back and forth over the long grey rocks in unending monotony. The cowslips are not fragrant now and the sand that glittered in the morning sunshine is dead and dull.

The long mist-shrouded waves slowly sob out the eternal song of the life-wrecking sea, the old ballad that Phil loved so well:

"Wenn ich vergangen bin
Ganz weit ins Ausland hin
Denn wisrt du weine,
Du liebe Kleine."

So in tears the long, long, weary day passes and the night comes dark upon that dreary Welsh coast.

THE MAN. THE GIRL.

The Man sat in the stern of the little boat, smoking his pipe and gazed meditatively through its ascending clouds at the Girl who was rowing. There was nothing unusual in their respective positions, for the Man liked to smoke and the Girl liked to row; so from the very first of their daily afternoon excursions upon the river, each had chosen the part most compatible to his or her nature and, in consequence, they had always managed to extract a creditable amount of enjoyment from their little trips.

In fact, during the extent of their short but agreeable friendship, they had come to an almost mutual understanding in everything and had even escaped that usual, annoying circumstance or outcome of ordinary friendship,—a quarrel. But the Man detested argument and the Girl was strong-minded enough to have a healthy abhorrence of the petty contradictory qualities of her sex, so that it was but natural that their relationship should have been as peaceful and phlegmatic as it was.

But this pleasant condition of affairs was now, practically, at an end. For the man was going away on the morrow and perhaps the Girl would never meet him again. As thoughts of this nature passed through the brain of the Girl, her usual half-serious demeanor began to be overshadowed by a pensive expression which irritated the Man.

"Give me your thoughts," he demanded. "Abnormal ones, I judge, by the expression of your countenance."

The girl looked up with a merry laugh. "You have forgotten our bargain," she replied. "I will not give, but exchange my thoughts and so far in my dealings with you, my trades have always been profitable ones."

"I will accept the reproof, if you will forego the praise," he said. "But come!—the exchange. I am interested in your musings."

"I have been thinking," she replied, "that the summer which is all but past, has been the most pleasant and fruitful period of my life."

"Fruitful? Would you mind telling me what it has brought you?" he asked quizzingly.

"From a physical or psychical standpoint?" she asked. "Body, Mind, or Soul? As to the first, you have the living proof before you," and she held out her arm for him to feel its supple firmness. "Is not that a glorious acquirement? I am proud of my muscle and tan. But more than that, you have made me think. You have come into my life with a "quiz" that would have done honor to Socrates. You have analyzed me, you have made me analyze myself, and from this self-analysis, you have helped me to build up a synthesis, so immeasurably great, that my gratitude falls short of acknowledgement."

"Oh, but do you know," he said, "there is one thing which I do most exceedingly regret and that is my cursed pessimism. I have thought at times, helplessly, to be sure, that perhaps, in some ways, it has stunted your mental growth and dwarfed your appreciation of the Truth which I have so earnesty endeavored to make you see."

"Dear friend," she said, "how can I assure you that your efforts have not been in vain? But listen to me. As a child, have you not often tried to look at the glaring sun with the naked eye, and after a few seconds of blinding, smarting agony, have turned away, unable to cope with its hot and powerful brilliancy? But when you grew older and learned to use a a bit of colored glass, then were you able to pierce the dazzling rays of his lordship, Phoebus Apollo, and see even the spots on his august face. So, through the medium of your pessimism, I have learned to regard the Truth as it is and not as it appears to be; and, for this too, I thank you."

"I am glad you appreciate it then," he said, "for I must acknowledge that I had just the shadow of a doubt of your ability to do so, but indeed you are advancing wonderfully. And now shall I tell you what have been my thoughts this afternoon?"

"Most certainly if they are as instructive as your thoughts generally are," she replied.

"You must judge for yourself. I have been thinking very earnestly, and have at last come to the conclusion that—I love you. No, do not be disturbed. I did not intend to startle you by any abrupt declaration, but I thought you had become accustomed to my brusqueness by this time."

"Oh !—I wish you wouldn't"—she began, but he stopped her.

"Now, I haven't proposed to you as yet and indeed I do not intend to, so you see there is no cause for alarm; but since we may never have the good or ill fortune to meet again, I think it a matter of duty as well as a relief to myself, if I tell you exactly how I feel towards you. From almost the first of our acquaintance, I have been interested in you, seeing in you what is so lacking in most members of your sex, and that is the inestimable quality of good sense. Then you have always listened to and respected my thoughts and ways of thinking, at which many other less intelligent mortals have laughed and scoffed. But, still dreading lest all this seeming depth might be the shallowest of deceit, I commenced to probe and sound you, for your own satisfaction as well as mine, and the result has exceeded all expectations. As I advanced in the work of analysis, and every day or every hour found some new phase, some new unfolding of your character, I rejoiced in heart and began to love this work of my mind. Sometimes you have not always known just when I have cleared away an excrescence from your mind or found some new growth of thought, but I have noticed and cared for all and, though I may have no other mission, I will be satisfied that I have shown at least one person how to think out and grasp the truths of Life. Men have called me selfish. I think it would be most brutal selfishness on my part, were I to ask you to marry me. And, because I love you as I do, I do not want you to tie yourself down to me for life or submit yourself to the enslaving enviroments, which I, understanding my own nature, know would be yours, Dear, little sister-soul, can you understand me?" He smiled as he finished and the answering smile was as whole-souled and truthful as his own.

"I will not say that I am able to understand your greatness of soul and heart," she replied, "for I am not. I can only say that I think you one of the grandest specimens of true manhood God has ever made and men fail to appreciate. The world would be far happier were there more creatures like you to people it. I can not thank you enough for this last favor,—in that, you will not ask me to be your wife. I am afraid my woman's nature would, after all, have been too weak to reject you, had you done so, and an ideal relationship would have fallen into most prosaic circumstances. Believe me, dear friend, this soul-union of ours to me is far more precious than an earthly alliance with the proudest dignitary of the world. And, hereafter, whether we meet again or not, it shall be the most sacred influence of my life."

"As it is of mine," he answered. "But, see ! the sun is rapidly sinking below the horizon. It is time to return."

"CENTWREE."

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. Freeman Loomis paid a visit to Lewisburg recently.

The Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity gave a ball March 11th.

The Senior class has decided to appear in the classic cap and gown Commencement Day.

Rev. Vyrnwy Morgan lectured in Bucknell Hall, Monday evening, Mar. 21st, on "Wales as it was and as it is."

Dr. Aviragnet gave an interesting and instructive address before the Y. M. C. A. recently on "Student Life in France."

The second preliminary debate of the Junior class was held in Bucknell Hall, on Friday evening, March 11th. The question was: "Resolved, That Hawaii should be annexed to the United States." Ballentine, Hazen, Meeker, and Rawlinson, were chosen.

A mandolin and guitar club of thirty members has been organized. It is under the leadership of Mr. George Schilling.

Rev. McKeever, of New London, Conn., gave two instructive addresses in Bucknell Hall recently, on "The Impatience of Job."

Howard F. King, D. D., '65, of Uniontown, has accepted the honor of alumni orator for Commencement, which was conferred upon him last year.

A debate has been arranged between Bucknell Academy and the Bloomsburg State Normal School. McCracken and Davis, M. J., will represent the Academy.

Dr. Perrine gave an excellent lecture on "Robert Burns and the French Revolution," in Bucknell Hall, Mar. 19th, under auspices of the Calliopean Literary Society.

The Glee Club, after a pleasant trip during vacation, returned to Lewisburg, on the 30th. The concert on the 4th was a success, the program being entirely new.

Col. George Nox McCain, A. M., of the Philadelphia *Press*, gave an illustrated lecture in the Baptist Church, Mar. 21st, on "Cuba." It was conducted under the auspices of the Athletic Association.

The faculty have passed an act prohibiting any student from joining a fraternity until he shall have completed the work of his Freshman year or if he be a special student the equivalent of one year's work. Class fraternities are abolished.

Lehigh University has accepted Bucknell's challenge for a debate to take part early in this term. The question is: "Resolved, That railroad pooling contracts should be legalized." Lehigh has the affirmative side. Diggs, '98, and Forrester, '98, represent Bucknell.

The base ball schedule for this season is as follows:

April 9.	Susquehanna at Bucknell.
April 16.	State at Bucknell.
April 23.	Bucknell at Williamsport.
April 30.	Dickinson at Bucknell.
May 7.	Bucknell at Dickinson.
May 9.	Gettysburg at Bucknell.
May 14.	Indians at Bucknell.
May 21.	Open.
May 28.	Bucknell at St. Marys.
May 30.	Bucknell at Gettysburg.
June 7.	Washington and Jefferson at Bucknell.
June 11.	Bucknell at State.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
APRIL 9, 1898.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

College Slang.—Recently there was given in Bucknell Hall a very fine lecture, one in fact which might serve as a model for precision and accuracy of language. At the conclusion of the lecture one student turned to his neighbor and said: "Pretty hot stuff—don't you think?" "Hot catoot," was the reply. Another man said: "The Professor is a pretty warm rag, if any one should paddle up on a catamaran and ask you." The reply to this was: "You boat you, he don't do a thing but smok'er up strong when he gets at it."

Such expressions as these may mean much to one who uses them, but their varying significations could only be guessed at by one not accustomed to them. A justification for the use of slang would be hard to find. It may possess a temporary emphasis, but it soon dies to give place to some other expression, equally absurd. Lasting emphasis and stability of expression are to be gained only in the use of such language as is found in the works of the best stylists, past and present. So much for college slang.

"Pennsylvania Dutch."—Perhaps on account of our location, perhaps for other reasons, an assortment of "Pennsylvania

Dutch" expressions have crept into our College English. For samples take the following: "I am waiting *on* a hat-pin," said a fair woman of Bucknell. Of course you know that she was waiting *for* a hat pin or you might truly believe her suspense was indeed very painful. A man expecting to be ready at 4 o'clock may say to you: "I will be ready till 4 o'clock;" leaving you in doubt whether he will be ready after that time or not. Again, if you ask for a drink of water and all the water has been drunk you will be told: "The water is all." If at this reply you suggest that you would like to have about one-half of it you will be considered a fool. A fellow student comes to your locked door and knocks, if you be a user of the common College English and desire to know what it is he wants you will call out: "What is?" And he, if he wants to come in, will say: "I want in."

Examples need not be multiplied: the crudeness of such expressions is only too apparent. Surely they are not suitable for the use of a College man.

Common Breaks in Grammar.—After long years of public school and academy training in the elements of grammar it is remarkable that students and other learned ones should use such expressions as these: "He don't," "It don't," "I haven't got any," when mere possession is meant. "Got," by the way, is not a particularly euphonious word to use in any construction. Another faulty construction common here as elsewhere, is the 'split-infinitive.' A man thinks he has struck upon a happy expression when he says: "To delicately trace the nervous system." "Shall" for "will" and vice versa are about as frequent as the misuse of the the adverb "only."

Grunting.—A very common way of expressing affirmation or negation amongst our men here is by two grunts, the first grunt being emphasized when "no" is meant, and the second grunt receiving the emphasis when "yes" is meant.

Surely such crudity of expression is not indicative of that culture which the modern college is supposed to foster. Time is too valuable in college for a special training in the use of simple English, but time is not too valuable for every user of incorrect English to mend his speech.

PERSONALS.

'65. Rev. H. B. Garner read an interesting paper before the Baptist Union, of Chester County, recently.

'65. Howard F. King, D. D., of Uniontown, Pa., has accepted the honor of alumni orator for Commencement '98.

'72. The Olivet Baptist Church, of West Chester, Pa.. Rev. J. H. Chambers, pastor, has dedicated a new house of worship.

'77. The Rev. Calvin A. Hare, D. D., who recently resigned the pastorate of the College Avenue Baptist Church, Indianapolis, has been unanimously called to the North Frankford Baptist Church, Philadelphia. He accepts.

'77, The address of Rev. George T. Street now is 427 Holland Ave., Braddock, Pa.

'79. The Rev. D. W. Griffith, for several years the successful pastor of the Baptist Church, Shenandoah, Iowa, has retired from the pastorate of the church. He still resides in Shenandoah.

'81. An excellent likeness of the Rev. H. F. Stilwell, recently called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, St. Paul, Minn., appears in the issue of *The Standard*, (Chicago), for March 12.

'81. Rev. F. H. Shermer is now located at Cape May Court House, N. J., doing good pastoral work.

Ex. '83. The Ardmore, Pa., Baptist Church, Rev. Chas. M. Reed, pastor, recently celebrated its third anniversary.

'34. Rev. M. G. Smith has recently entered upon his seventh year as pastor of the First Baptist church at Towanda, Bradford Co., Pa., where the good standing and prosperity of the church speak favorably of the pastor's work.

'88. Rev. A. B. Bowser, of Danville, Pa., has issued the first edition of his new Sunday School Hymn Book, "Heralds of Grace" The book is filled with bright, sparkling music, and very many of the selections are of Mr. Bowser's own composition. The book ought to, and certainly will, find a glad welcome among all lovers of good music.

'88. Dr. Paul J. Pontius has removed his office to 1829 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

'91. The Rev. R. B. Dunmire, who was located at Wrangel, Alaska, as teacher, has taken up the pastorate at Homer City, Pa.

'92. Geo. Shorkley who is attending Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, recently visited friends and relatives in Lewisburg.

'94. Ralph R. Snow was ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry, Feb. 27, at Marquette, Michigan, where he has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church.

Ex.'98. Prof. Brown Martin, of Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, Pa., spent his spring vacation with his parents, Prof. and Mrs. W. E. Martin, Lewisburg.

The next issue of the MIRROR will contain the personals of the entire class of '88. The personal editor would be glad to have other classes take up this plan. This would be the surest way of bringing all of the Alumni in touch with the college and with one another. Which will be the next class to respond?

THE CHARACTER OF LINCOLN.

THE OPENING LECTURE OF THE TERM BY DR. HARRIS.

The first lecture of the term was delivered Monday morning, April 4th, before the students of the University. The subject was "Character as Portrayed in Abraham Lincoln." In the development of his theme Dr. Harris drew many lessons for every day application.

The lecture had three main divisions, namely: (2) The Moral Courage of Lincoln, (1) The Genius of Lincoln and (3) The Self-devotion of Lincoln.

Genius has the same place in history as accidental variation has in biology. About one man in one hundred and fifty thousand has a remarkable talent and this talent can no more be explained than can the color of a flower or the development of an animal. The characteristics of a real genius are born with the man; for instance, the musical genius of Mozart who played at four years of age and composed music at six. Such a genius was Lincoln. Not for years did he in the least degree realize his power. His gift of oratory was unique. It is related that a Professor of Rhetoric of the Harvard University went to hear Lincoln speak and was so struck with his splendid power that he went again many times simply to study the oratory of the speaker. So little did Lincoln comprehend his own genius that he regards this as a remarkable incident. True genius does not require external stimulus to develope. It is the man with average talent who requires continual prodding. Intellectually Lincoln was the ablest man of his day. He thought out all the sides of a question and never stopped until he had reached a conclusion satisfactory to himself. His power of debate lay in his ability to grasp the main argument laying aside all extraneous ideas. This was the secret of his influence before a jury. He was noted for the manner in which he seemed to give away his case. One point after another he would grant to the opposition but at the end it would be found that the most important point was thus left clear and distinct before the jury who were further impressed with his exceeding fairness. The lesson for the student is this: Get your own view of a subject; don't learn words and don't cram. Get hold of facts; then see the relation of facts to one another and finally grasp the totality of things.

But large as he was intellectually Lincoln overtopped the great men of the day in moral courage. Physical courage is very good but moral bravery is far more important. It faces boldly whatever threatens reputation and carefully considers the consequence of each decision. After his election instead of parading his views and making large promises to an excited, eager people, Lincoln had the courage to wait. The wisdom of his patience was shown later when by it 200,000 men were added to the North. After his inauguration complaints about his deliberation were heard on every side. Even Mr. Seward wrote to him urging immediate action. But strong will without judgment is useless. Lincoln could wait but when the proper time came he had the power to act effectively. Many great men have failed because they lacked the judgment which would have told them when to advance boldly. Lincoln moreover was willing to take upon himself the responsibility of defeat. No man can be an effective leader who puts his mistakes upon another. The true man acknowleges his own error and keeps silent regarding the faults of of others.

The third great element in the character of Lincoln was his self-devotion. His magnificent intellect and splendid moral force were given to his country freely and absolutely. An instance of this was shown in a most remarkable letter written by Lincoln to the leader of the opposition sometime before the nomination for the presidency. In this letter he stated his entire willingness to resign if by this means the undivided vote of the people so necessary at this critical time, could be obtained. No great end can be reached without entire self-devotion.

Dr. Harris closed the lecture by urging upon the students the study of lives of great men, the inspiration of a noble example being a most important influence in the formation of character.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XVII. LEWISBURG, PA., MAY 10, 1898. NO. 5.

HON. TRUMAN H. PURDY.

DIED APRIL 4, 1898.

There is no better example of what can be accomplished by a man unaided, except by his own energy and ability, under trying circumstances, than the late Truman H. Purdy. I met him first in the spring of 1857, while attending Lewisburg University. His health failed, and he was obliged for a time to abandon his studies, but subsequently resumed them.

No person had a better opportunity to judge of his character and ability. I boarded at the same place while at college, and afterwards when he was a resident of Sunbury, and was on most intimate terms with him until he died. He was endowed by nature with a strong mind, and had the energy and ambition to have enabled him to succeed admirably in any profession or undertaking had he been possessed of the physical constitution to endure the work. Notwithstanding he labored under the constant fear of failure of health, he succeeded well in all that he undertook. Few indeed, would have accomplished what he did under the same circumstances. For a time he edited the Lewisburg *Argus*, and afterwards the Northumberland County *Democrat*. It was while editing these two papers he took up the study of law, and prepared himself for admission to the Bar, while attending to his arduous editorial duties. He was a natural debater, and a forcible, logical and eloquent speaker. He argued his cases in Court with great skill, and as a political speaker he had few rivals.

He served his county two terms in the Legislature, and ranked among the leading men of that body. His tastes were literary, and he was a great reader possessing a mind well stored with general information. One could not help feeling that he had been benefited after a conversation with him on any topic. He was in every sense an educated gentleman. As an editor he was a forcible writer; as a lawyer, an able advocate and sound advisor; and socially a delightful companion, and above all, a man of strictest integrity.

S. P. WOLVERTON, '60.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in his infinite wisdom, to call away our brother, Truman H. Purdy, and

WHEREAS, This has brought sorrow to his family, including our brothers, Truman J. and Hiram L. Purdy, be it, therefore,

Resolved, By the Pennsylvania Gamma Chapter of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, that we express to the family of our late brother our sincere sympathy, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be published in the college periodicals, in the Sunbury papers, and in the *Shield*.

ROY B. MULKIE,
R. T. WILTBANK, JR.
Com on Resolutions.

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father in his all-wise providence, to remove by death the Hon. T. H. Purdy, beloved father of our esteemed class brother, Hiram L. Purdy, Sunbury, Pa., therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the class of '98 of Bucknell University, do hereby extend our most heartfelt sympathy to our class brother and his bereaved family in this, the day of their visitation, and in faith commend them to the God of all comfort and consolation; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our beloved brother and that they also be published in the *Orange and Blue*, MIRROR and the *Sunbury Daily*.

B. F. THOMAS,
A. A. SMITH,
Committee.

BUCKNELL IN 1855.

On the fifth of October, 1855, the writer started in company with Prof. H. D. Walker to make the journey from Scranton to Lewisburg. We left Scranton, then a small village, in a stage coach, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at Wilkesbarre at nine o'clock that evening. Taking beds, we slept until one o'clock, and then took the packet boat for Northumberland. We passed Nanticoke dam about day-light and reached Northumberland at sunset. Here we were compelled to remain over night, and the next morning we took the stage, run by John Hess, and came up on the eastern side of the river, crossing on the old wagon bridge at the foot of Market street, and reached our destination about ten o'clock in the forenoon. We had thus been upon the road for forty-three hours, to make a journey which can now be made in four.

The college building at that time consisted only of the west wing of the college, and the old academy building, which has since been remodeled. Chapel and Commencement exercises were held in the upper room of the Academy.

There was then no University Avenue. The plot of ground now occupied by that street, and by the lots of Judge McClure, Dr. Gerhart, D. B. Miller, Esq., and by the President's and Professors' houses, was then an open wheat field. The board-walk to the college started near the intersection of what is now University Avenue with Third Street, and passed off diagonally to the southwest, across the John Brown mill race, and across the ravine, striking the edge of the woods about opposite to where the Seminary now stands, and thence southward along the woods, west of the present chapel, up to the Academy. From there a path went up to the west wing. The old John Brown grist mill was then standing below Third Street, celebrated in legend, as the place where Brady kicked over the whiskey barrel from which Ludwig Derr was dealing out whiskey to the Indians.

In 1855, Dr. Howard Malcom was President of the University. The professors about that time were Professors Bliss, Anderson, James, Dr. Justin R. Loomis, and Prof. Curtis.

They were a strong faculty, and when they put on their square caps and silk gowns for commencement, they made an imposing appearance.

Dr. Malcolm was president of the University from 1851 to 1858. He was born in Phila. in 1799, and died there in 1879. He graduated at Dickinson in 1818, and at Princeton Theological Seminary in 1821. He had been president of a college at Georgetown, Ky.—was the founder of the American Tract Society, was President of the American Baptist Historical Society, and was also connected with the American Peace Society, and with the American Sunday School Union. In 1835 he was sent to inspect Baptist missions in India, Burmah, Siam and China. He was the author of a "Dictionary of the Bible," "Nature and Extent of the Atonement," "Christian Rule of Marriage," "Tracts in Southeastern Asia," "Index to Religious Literature," &c.

Alfred Taylor, who delivered a poem at the Commencement, I think in 1856, speaking of Dr. Malcom, said:

"His foot has lingered long by Jordan's wave,
Has pressed the dust where prophets made their grave,
But in the Mission which from God is his,
He never trod a holier land than this."

Some of the students thought that Mr. Taylor referred playfully to a lame foot, which sometimes prevented the Doctor from getting up to recitations; but of course he meant no such a thing. Dr. Malcom had traveled extensively in the Holy Land. His foot had in reality lingered long by Jordan's wave, and had reverently pressed the dust where prophets made their grave.

In speaking of Dr. Stephen W. Taylor, one of the founders of the University at Lewisburg, and its first president, Alfred Taylor said:

"A great red sun glides slowly down the west,
The shadows lengthen, be his evening blest."

That poem was widely read, and justly appreciated, and it would well bear a reproduction in the MIRROR of to-day.

The present student of Bucknell can scarcely realize the changes that have been made since 1855. In railroads, telegraph, telephones, phonographs, electric light, and in agriculture, printing, and manufacturing machinery, the evolution has been great; and who can foretell what another forty-three years may bring forth?

T. H. PURDY.

GOING TO THE POST-OFFICE.

A pleasant country road leads past farms which resent cultivation and persist in sending forth luxuriant growths; picturesque, but provoking to the careful farmer who finds that eternal vigilance is necessary for productive fields.

Foremost among these growths, is the phytolacca or poke weed, whose wine-red stalks and pendent clusters of dark crimson berries glow in the September sun, and make brilliant a pasture field on the right. Clumps of glossy leaved laurel and bushy pine, form an effective background for the phytolacca, which they are evidently crowding out. On the left is a farm house, tinted by time and weather to a soft gray color.

A young girl is sitting on a step beside the kitchen door peeling apples. There is a grave intentness on her face. Her mother is away caring for a married sister, who is sick, and the girl, who is barely sixteen, feels the responsibility of being housekeeper for her father and brothers. One feels intuitively an interest in Lucy Jane, because of the serious questioning look in her large brown eyes, and because she never mingles in the merry-makings of girls of her age.

A short distance beyond this house, we find the pasture lands rapidly becoming copses. Nature has her own way with the once-tilled fields, and has covered them with a sturdy growth of saplings,—maple, birch and hemlock, with a plentiful sprinkling of sumac. A rabbit darts out of the thicket and hops along the wagon track; his sensitive ears warn him of approaching steps and with a bound he is safe in the underbush.

The road winds around a pine-covered hill and leads past a long, irregular shaped lake. Three large crows are perched upon a pile of partly burnt logs, which some woodsman has rolled in a blackened heap upon the bank of the pond. If it were not for the glossy backs of these crows, one might think they were the knots on the logs, so alike are they in color. These maligned birds remind one of the gossiping gaffers in one of Mrs. Horatio Ewing's delightful tales. They are watching and making hoarse comments on a pair of belted kingfishers who are plying their trade assiduously, darting and skimming along the surface of the water. The crows utter envious "caws" as one of the kingfishers, with a perch in his mouth, lights on a tall stump hard by. These predatory kingfishers are not so placid as their poetic name "halcyon" would indicate. Maurice Thompson has written a a most interesting description of the halcyon.

From the road, a herd of cattle may be seen grazing on the opposite bank; in the clear water of the lake they are mirrored grotesquely, with their feet toward the sky.

A little beyond the lake is the Post-office which is kept in a country store. The Postmaster is also the village blacksmith and his smithy is joined to his store. The place is a center for the rural folks. How much of the life and the interest of the neighborhood will be learned by a quiet listener and looker on at this gathering place. In secluded hamlets like this, are individuals as odd, quaint, and pathetic as any ever portrayed by Mary E. Wilkins or Sara Orne Jewett. How many seemingly common-place lives, are noble in the silent, patient endurance of life-long crosses. Truly no life is common place when rightly understood. It is not necessary when returning from the Post-office to retrace one's steps, but rather to continue by a road leading round to the starting point. Here and there along the road side, are wild apple trees, stunted yet fruit-bearing. Now the high-way leads through a piece of timberland. From among moss-covered logs and feathery ferns a pair of partridges rise with a whirring sound.

A sociable flock of chickens call merrily to the passer-by, saying, according to Emerson, "In Roman Key, Veni, Vidi, Vici," and not Chick-a-dee-dee. None of our feathered friends better repay a close acquaintance, than this same sprightly bird, who jauntily wears a glossy black cap instead of a crest.

Now we are passing the home of Patrick O'Flynn. One look at his sharp, cunning eyes and hard mouth would warn a person to be wary in dealing with Mr. O'Flynn, who by hook and by crook has gathered about him considerable property.

A dejected looking individual is shambling along with a dinner pail in his hand; Patrick calls to the man, and with many plausible words drives a shrewd bargain by which his field of corn may be cut and husked at about half the fair rate for such work. Through the open door Mrs. O'Flynn may be seen talking eagerly to a handsome young woman who sits holding a beautiful child. She is the youngest daughter of the O'Flynns making her first visit home since her marriage. More farm houses, each with a distinct individuality, and then comes an orchard so old, that even the most aged inhabitant can not remember who planted it. The old limbs have been cut off, and more than half of the knarled trunks are bearing branches many years younger than the original tree. More than thirty years ago the last traces of the adjacent homestead disappeared. This orchard recalls Hawthorne's question in "The Old Manse": "What is more melancholy than the old apple trees that linger about the spot where once stood a homestead, but where now only a rude chimney rises out of a weed-grown cellar? They offer their fruit to every way-farer,—apples that are bitter-sweet with the moral of time's vicissitudes."

Lichen-covered stone walls border each side of the road, plume-like branches of goldenrod wave against the stones, the stalks of the flowers shake suddenly, and a large mink emerges, his head held high, and in his mouth a hapless chipmunk. The captor and his prey disappear in the stone wall; another tragedy among the dwellers in wood and hedges. And now the highway passes well-tilled fields bordered by a row of maples, whose leaves begin to show gold and crimson spots,—signals that the pleasant summer time is speeding away,—and the Meadow larks know it, for see, in yonder field, they are flying hither and thither, lighting on the ash tree and holding musical colloquies as to when and where shall be their autumnal flitting.

Oliver Wendell Holmes in, "Over the Tea Cups," the last of that inimitable series of table essays, tells, under the title of "Eyes and No Eyes," of two men taking a drive in the country, and shows how the power of *seeing things* adds zest to life, and prevents ennui.

What numberless objects of interest John Burroughs would find in passing along this country road.

KATHARINE B. LARISON.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO HOUSE-LIFE.

House-life and organization promise to be such important features at the University of Chicago, that they deserve special consideration. The conditions here are somewhat unusual, because the university population is scattered throughout a large city, and because the co-educational factor also has to be taken into account. This latter circumstance has necessitated a great amount of careful study on the part of the organizers of the University, since it was their wish, so far as the women were concerned, to combine the home surroundings and intimate life of a women's college with the advantages of a co-educational university. That was the ideal of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer when she in the early days accepted the position of Dean of Women, and also of Miss Talbot, the present Dean. From this ideal, the plan of House-life has grown; and when it reaches maturity in practical results, Chicago will be without a rival as a University home for women.

At present, however, there is inadequate house equipment, since the three Halls, Beecher, Foster and Kelly, can accommodate only one-third of the women students. These halls being on the campus are in close touch with the college life and yet have the private life of a secluded college. Each one has some member of the Faculty as Head, who has her rooms in the Hall, and who acts as chaperon and adviser. Graduate students are allowed the liberty of adult members of a family while the under-graduates are treated as the younger members of the house-hold. Each Hall has its dining-room, reception hall and parlor, and a life distinct from the others.

For the men, there are four Halls: Snell, for under-graduates; Graduate, for the more mature students; and two for the Divinity students. All these are organized with Head and Counsellor. Snell holds initiations (unofficial), unless there happens to be more candidates for membership than residents qualified to initiate, in which case the latter, like Br'er Fox, "lay low and say nothing." The men's halls do not have a "commons", so the "inmates" (as visitors call the House members) dine at the clubs which flourish thickly in the vicinity.

The fraternities are also organized as University Houses with Head and Counsellor from the faculty, and the rules of their Houses have to be approved by the faculty. The point insisted upon and incorporated in the rules of every House, is the prohibition of gambling and of the use of intoxicants.

Still another form of House-life is being adopted. By a recent decision of the Board of Trustees, any group of twelve students, not already House members, may organize as a House provided the members be increased to thirty within one quarter. The University then gives them a room on the campus and one hundred dollars toward its furnishing. The aim is to make a campus home for those who live in the city. Two houses of this character have been formed among the men, Lincoln and Washington: and two are being organized by the women, one to be known as "Helen Culver House."

All these Houses are nominally, at least, self-governing: that is they make their own laws, and the "House-spirit" of each Hall suffices in most cases to enforce their regulations.

The truest House-life is found in the women's halls, and it is of these alone that I can speak intimately. As hinted before, an effort is made to provide a real home for University women, and to approximate as nearly as possible a family life by fostering the "House-spirit" as opposed to the group or clique tendency. These Halls have a common base of supplies known as the "Women's Commons." There is a central kitchen in Kelly Hall where all the viands are prepared, to be borne thence on the arms of sturdy janitors to Beecher—several rods away—and to contiguous Foster. One woman says that nothing gives her so tangible an idea of the sisterhood of women as the thought of these one hundred and twenty women eating the same kind of soup or struggling with beefsteak simultaneously though separated in space and invisible to each other, and that it was probably a similar feeling which inspired Wordsworth when he wrote, "There are forty feeding like one !" The cooking was at first done on a scientifically hygienic plan, but the victims protested, and about two years ago, a return was made to the average dyspeptic form of nourishment.

There is considerable rivalry between these halls, and the variety of entertainments on such conventional play-days as Hallow-e'en and Valentine's Day does credit to the college-trained mind. There is lots of fun ; for of course the undergraduate element of the population must have its part of the child-play which belongs to every college student, and so in all the jollifications every member of the house joins regardless of rank or age, with the unselfish spirit of parents who go to the circus "to take the children."

It is yet early to assert the success of the House organization in its entirety; but we may safely say that it bids fair to be the means of a unified college life, which otherwise might be impossible in a University situated as this is.

A PROMISE UNBROKEN.

One evening Jerman asked the question for the third time. Of course it was getting a trifle tiresome, but Miss Fleet should have allowed for the fact of his mad adoration. At any rate, she should not have lost her temper. She did, however, and lost it so completely that Jerman afterwards told her that she must have found it necessary to light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she found it.

The first time that Jerman spoke, he trembled; the second time he was calm and collected; the third time he was defiant and aggressive, and this maddened her.

"Now, Mr. Jerman," she said, getting rather red in the face, "I told you once that we could be very good friends, and should have pleasant talks together. But we certainly shall continue to quarrel and have very unpleasant times, if you recur to that subject."

Jerman's attitude changed. His eyes rolled a little, and his face assumed a look very characteristic and one which is supposed to sit upon the physiognomy of a cheerful idiot.

"But I mean to recur to it every chance I get," he said, "and I am fool enough to believe you will come around to my way of thinking."

The warlike glitter in Miss Fleet's eye was quite enough to make a more intelligent creature tremble. But Jerman was invulnerable when it came to glitters of the eye.

"Well," she said, "I'm not the person to keep a man who wants to be a fool, from being one. But I want no fools around here. If, as you say, you are one, the sooner off the better."

She ended with a sort of a snort. Really, the aspect of this little skirmish did not augur well for those heavier battles that lay ahead in the possible matrimonial campaign. But Jerman did not seem to think of that. He only continued to roll his eyes.

"If you are going to be sensible," she said, generously, "I'll forgive you once more, and we can go on with our talk. Let me see, we were discussing *Lalla Rookh*, were we not?"

"Never mind *Lalla Rookh*," said Jerman, with a persistency that was likely to be his undoing. "We have a more interesting subject on hand."

Miss Fleet rose. She grasped the back of a chair between her two powerful hands and faced the enemy with a visage from which all lines of grace and beauty had faded. She was as much like an enraged fury as anything one ever saw by night during a siege of the measles.

At first, Jerman looked only at the hands. He was admiring the power displayed in the grasp, and was wondering if the chair was happy or terrified. Incidentally, he wondered what his feelings would be if she had him thus by the shoulders.

"John Jerman," she thundered, "stand up !"

Then he forgot the hands. He rose. He looked up at the face. He stopped rolling his eyes, and they grew a little glassy. But the smile on his face was more persistent. It was too fixed to mean much.

"Yes or no,—once for all," she said in a tone that made his knees quiver, "do you promise never again to ask me to be your wife ?"

There was a pause.

"Do you ?"

"I—I"

"*Do you promise ?*"

"I do. I have been a fool to ask you at all. Never until my dying day will I do such a foolish thing again. I promise."

Miss Fleet was puzzled. Was it meek submission, or was it blighted sarcasm ? Of course, it made no particular difference. All matrimonial negotiations were at an end. But her woman's curiosity was aroused. The continuance of that smile did not help matters.

"Are you serious?" she asked, a little less fiercely.

"I have given you my answer," he said with a dignity irreconcilable with the smile. "Let's talk about something else."

"Ah, yes. You were telling me, I believe, why *Lalla Rookh* is not a great poem."

And so they continued to discuss questions about which they probably knew next to nothing, and thought they were improving their minds. Perhaps they were, and as Thomas Moore was probably beyond the reach of their slurs and flatteries, there was no harm done.

But for the next few weeks *Lalla Rookh* was as far from Jerman's thoughts as theology from the mind of a cannibal. He could think of little but those hands on the back of the chair, and those blazing eyes. But he had no plan for the future. One day he was wandering idly through the picture galleries in the largest department store in the city. He had not called on Miss Fleet since that day, and that was already three weeks in the past. Such a change in the routine of his life was causing vast wonderment among his friends, those well-meaning creatures who know more about taking care of us than we do of taking care of ourselves. But he did not care about the wonderment of his friends.

He stopped enchanted before two water-colors. They were not companion pictures, but were the work of the same artist. Both were pastoral scenes, and the choice was a hard one to make.

"I'm going to get one of those," he said to himself. "Wish I could get both, but 'tight affairs at home' always were too much for me. Which shall it be?" he added aloud.

"Perhaps I can tell you," said a voice somewhere in the neighborhood.

The sound was so familiar that he was not surprised. He turned around with a light in his eyes that had not been there for three weeks,—and it met in hers a light that had never before been there. And somehow the smile on his face was not so ridiculous when one became a little accustomed to it. At least, so she said to herself.

"I wish you *would* help me," he said, with a sigh of relief, as if giving up a responsible post to a newcomer.

She stopped and fixed her eyes on the pictures. Perhaps one becomes more artistic at times than ordinarily. At any rate there was something that told Jerman the wrong picture would not be chosen.

"I like the cows in this one," she said, "but the stream is particularly good here. It *is* a hard choice."

"Choose as if you were choosing for your own home," he said with a growing smile.

"Oh, but I'm not," she said abstractedly. "It makes a difference."

"Why yes you are," he replied.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, now thoroughly awake.

But the question needed no spoken answer. She read it in his eyes.

"You promised you would never"—she began.

"Well, I *have n't*."

And then she was silent.

"It *is* for our home, he said.

"I suppose so," she returned, "and on the whole, I think I'd like this one better."

But whether it was the one with the good cows or the particularly good stream, he did not notice. In fact, he did not know till four months later, when he hung it in their little parlor.

A. L. H.

INTERLUDES.

I

"Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still.
Is human love the growth of human will?"

It was one of those nights which everyone has seen, so perfect that thinking was an effort while it aroused to its fullest extent the emotional part of human nature.

The garden was flooded with moonlight and a breath of wind, heavy and fragrant with the scent of flowers, lifted gently now and then, the curtain of the big old-fashioned rooms in which she sat. The great arm chair almost concealed the slender childish figure which was sitting so motionless.

Suddenly the girl moved restlessly, bringing into view a face whose strange, weird beauty as it peered from among the pillows gave one a faint electric thrill. With another quick nervous movement the girl sprang up, pulled aside the curtains and stepped out on the porch, where a man stood half hidden in the shadow of the tree. As the little white-robed figure strayed toward him a strange exultant gleam crossed his face. In a moment he began to speak, slowly, with a soft southern accent that was most winning. The girl, wide-eyed and breathless listened, gradually going closer as if fascinated. Suddenly he ceased and folded the little trembling figure close in his arms. * * * *

II

"Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow."

A tall rather distinguished man was threading his way through the crowded ball-room, with a woman clinging to his arm. She was very beautiful with a madonna-like face lighted by tender, wistful, brown eyes, and many envious glances followed the couple. As they stood a moment in the comparatively empty hall way, the man turned abruptly to his companion and began to speak evenly and courteously and without emotion, but too low for passers-by to hear. The girl was evidently startled for a moment, but when he ceased, a distinct "yes" was heard and a grave "I thank you." * *

III

"Sleep that no pain shall wake
Night that no moon shall break
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect calm."

One of the prominent physicians of the city stood talking in a cheerful, animated way to his companion, a man with a worn though still fine face and an air which spoke plainly of life's fever and fret.

"Yes," the doctor was saying, "it is a most interesting case —magnificent looking too, though at first I thought her almost insignificant."

There came just a shade of interest into the listless tired face of the older man as he said, "May I not see her too?" Perhaps the doctor wondered at his interest in a hospital patient, but if so he gave no sign.

Together they entered the long ward. As they stopped before one of the white cots the doctor hurried away. A quick change passed over the man's face as the physician left. He bent over the cot looking at the white face and big wistful eyes.

"Dear," he said softly and clearly, "I could not do otherwise—can you believe me ?"

The white lids fluttered open and a look of joy flashed over her face for an instant, and then again the tired eyes closed. Lower bent the man over the lifeless form and reverently kissed the pale lips once—twice—then he turned and groped his way blindly out of the room.

At the same time as the moonlight flooded a room in one of the costly beautiful homes of the city, it revealed a woman lying with her face crushed among the pillows, praying passionately for the love she so longed for, which had never been hers. M. S. '99.

CLASS OF 1888.

On June 27, 1888, the Class of '88 graduated 19 men from Bucknell University, the last class during the Presidency of Dr. David J. Hill. A decennial reunion will be held during the approaching Commencement and a banquet served at the cafe of Mrs. Helen C. Huth on Tuesday, June 21, 1898. It is hoped that all the class will be present, and a most enjoyable time is expected. Seventeen of the nineteen survive, and are to be found in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina and Iowa. Eight are in the active ministry, and are pastors of churches. Three are practicing physicians, one is a dentist, one a college president, one engaged in religious and evangelistic work, two are college professors, and one is following mercantile life. Two of the number have ceased from earthly toil, Milton C. Reinhold, a promising member of the bar of Schuylkill Co. and Reuben C. Hollenbaugh, a teacher and student. The remaining members of the class are as follows :—

Rev. A. B. Bowser, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Danville, Pa.

Rev. J. S. Braker, pastor of the Scotch Plains Baptist Church of New Jersey.

Rev. W. H. Clipman, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Harrisburg, Pa.

Rev. J. W. Griffith, pastor of the Sherburne Baptist Church of New York.

Rev. Geo. W. Hatch, pastor of the Wynn Memorial Baptist Church of Camden, N. J.

W. V. Hayes, M. D, a promising physician of New York City.

Rev. Lincoln Hulley, Ph. D., Professor of Hebrew and History in Bucknell University.

Rev. D. M. Jones, pastor of the Warrensville Baptist Church, Pennsylvania.

Prof. H. M. Kelly, Professor of Biology in Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

Rev. R. B. McDanel, pastor of the Oak Lane Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa.

Prof. J. D. Minick, President of Davenport College, Lenoir, N. C.

O. K. Pellman, D. D. S., a dentist of Mifflinburg, Pa.

P. J. Pontius, M. D., a successful physician of Philadelphia.

J. Y. Schreyer, Esq., Sec'y of the Milton Iron Company, Milton, Pa.

Rev. F. H. Senft, President of the Penna. Christian Alliance, residing in Philadelphia.

Rev. C. A. Soars, pastor of the Nicetown Baptist Church of Philadelphia.

W. M. Woodward, M. D., a well known physician of McKeesport, Pa.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
MAY 10, 1898.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.
☞ In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.
☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

The College Student.—It would be difficult for the ordinary mind to conjecture for just what some men come to college. Apparently it is to run business enterprises, athletic organizations, religious and literary societies and a host of other things quite foreign to true, hard study. Altho a college is a good place in which to exercise business, religious or literary ability, yet it is a far better place for study; and training in these other things may be had elsewhere and at a less cost than a great sacrifice of time which should be devoted to classes. A college is the place in which to study, and to study those things prescribed in the curriculum. Now it is not to be supposed that one must absolutely taboo all things not found in text books, not at all; the claim is only made that the first duty of a college man is to his college studies. To just what extent outside matters may be indulged in with profit is a matter for individual choice. But again, if a college does not outline for its students such a course as will beget in its pursuing the most liberal training, then the college is at fault. Let us grant that the regular work of the college is most fitly suited to its ends, then if one fail to pursue this definite work the discredit falls upon him.

It seems in these days that people in general demand of a college of any pretense that it publish an annual, a monthly and a weekly periodical, that it maintain religious and literary societies, that it put forth long-trained athletes in contest and that it send to distant parts prohibition orators and other representatives. All of this is good in the line of advertising, but does it pay? If the training a student gets in stealing many hours for extra and extraneous work is the best possible training, why then it pays, otherwise it does not.

The one way in which to solve all problems of conflicting duties is to remember that the first duty of college student is to his studies.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The running track has been completed.

The street in front of the Seminary is being macadamized.

The class of 1900 has elected its L'Agenda board for next year.

The first "At Home" of the term was held at the Institute, Monday, May 2nd.

Bucknell has about a dozen representatives in the Twelfth Regiment at Mount Gretna.

President Harris gave anaddress before the students recently on our trouble with Spain.

Dr. Perrine has been engaged as one of the course lecturers at Peddie Institute this spring.

Hon. J. T. Hyatt, '91, late U. S. Vice Consul at Santiago de Cuba, lectured in Bucknell Hall May 2nd on Cuba.

Dr. Harris gave a patriotic and spirited address recently at the 33rd anniversary of Lee's surrender, celebrated by Post 52, G. A. R. of Lewisburg.

Prof. Riemer was elected a member of the Executive Council at a recent meeting of the teachers of German of this State held at the University of Pennsylvania.

New courses of study in elementary law and the theology in Browning, in the College, and instruction on the harp in the School of Music, will be offered hereafter.

The Academy athletes are training for their annual interscholastic meet. They have won the past two years and there is no reason why they should not again carry off the banner.

The annual sermon before the Christian Associations of the University was delivered in the Baptist church, April 17th, by the Rev. J. W. Ford, pastor of the Gethsemane Baptist church of Philadelphia.

The ball game with the Indians scheduled for the 14th has been cancelled by them. The game which was to have been played on this campus with State College April 16th has been twice postponed on account of bad weather.

The faculty has decided that hereafter no student will be recommended to the Board of Trustees for graduation if his average in the studies of the Junior and Senior years is below 8, and that no excuses will be accepted from any student for absences in the first week of each term.

Thursday evening, April 21st the debate between Bucknell and Allegheny College was held at Meadville, Pa. The question was "Resolved, That Hawaii should be annexed to the United States." Bucknell's representatives, Wiltbank, '98 and Dutton, 98 held the affirmative side. The judges were Prof. N. P. Gilman, Dr. Ken. C. Hayes, and Prof. S. P. Bates *all* of Meadville—Allegheny won.

An athletic meet with State College has been arranged to come off at that place May 29th. There will be two men for each event. The following events will constitute the program: 100 yard Dash, 220 yard Dash, 440 yard Dash, 120 yard Hurdle, 220 yard Hurdle, Pole Vault, Running High Jump, Running Broad Jump, Putting 16 lb. shot, throwing 16 lb. Hammer, Half-mile Run, Mile Run. Probably the Mile Walk, Bicycle Race and Relay Race will also be included.

PERSONALS.

Ex-'56. The address of the Rev. S. C. Dare, formerly of Norristown, Penna., is Morrisonville, N. J.

Ex-'63. The Rev. D. E. Burt is the Baptist pastor at South Alabama, N. J.

Ex-'64. The Rev. M. M. Fogg is pastor at Pattenburg, N. J.

'66. The Rev. T. F. Smith has removed from Ypsilanti, Mich., to Hudson, Mich.

'68. Rev. J. S. James, D. D., of Altoona, Pa., recently lectured at Ebensburg, Pa., on "Four Months in the Saddle—A Memory of '64."

'69. The Rev. Edmund Wells, formerly of Charleston, S. C., now resides at Kershaw, S. C.

'71. The Rev. T. R. Evans, formerly of Iowa City, Iowa, has removed to Azusa, Cal.

Ex-'73. The Rev. Geo. G. Craft resides in Cleveland, Ohio, having relinquished his pastorate in Worcester, Mass.

Ex-75. The Rev. J. L. Myers is located at Daretown, N. J.

'75. The Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., is located at Darien, Ga.

'75. The Rev. J. M. Ray, some time pastor at Wiltinsburg, Penna. has removed to Pittsburg.

'76. The Rev. A. S. Bastian, formerly pastor at Hamburg, N. J., may now be addressed at Dykemans, N. Y.

'77. The address of Rev. C. A. Hare, D. D., is 1507 Foulkrod St., Frankford, Phila.

'78. The Rev. Geo. E. Nichols has removed from Holyoke, Mass., to New Haven, Conn.

Ex-'80. The Rev. G. W. Stone has resigned at Fredericksburg, Iowa, to accept the pastorate at Windom, Minn.

'81. The address of the Rev. W. Cramer, formerly of Library, Penna., is Rillton, Penna.

'82. The Rev. John S. Thomas resides at Rockville, Penna.

'83. The Rev. W. J. Coulston recently resigned his pastorate of the Baptist Church, Washington, C. H., Ohio, to accept the call to Elizabeth, Penna.

Ex-83. The Rev. B. L. Herr has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Lockport, N. Y., to accept that of the South Broad St. Church, Philadelphia.

'84. The Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, New York City, recently had $600 per annum added to his salary.

'85. Rev. Jos. E. Sagebeer Ph. D., was recognized as pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Germantown, Phila., on April 21, 1898. This is a church of nearly 600 members and has a fine property valued at $85,000. Dr. Sagebeer's pastorate begins under very happy auspices.

'86. The Rev. E. A. Johnson is located at East Fishkill, N. Y.

Ex-'88. The Rev. H. J. Roberts is located at Palermo, N. J.

Ex-'91. The Rev. I. S. Hankins is doing successful work as a missionary at Atmakeer, Nellore District, India.

'92. The Rev. A. R. E. Wyant, Morgan Park Ills., has again been appointed superintendent of athletics at the coming Pine Lake (Ind.) Assembly.

Ex-'92. Mrs. Gertrude (Myers) Jones resides at Milton, Ind.

Ex-'92. Rev. T. J. Cross, of Atlantic City, has been appointed Chaplain in The "American Veterans," a new regiment organized in Camden by representatives from South Jersey.

'95. Rev. F. I. Sigmund is prospering in his pastorate at Ebensburg, Pa.

'95. ALLEN—PUTNAM.—At Trinity Baptist Church, New York City March 31, by the Rev. J. W. Putnam (Ex-72,) father of the bride. Prof. Ezra Allen ('95), of Coudersport, Penna., and Miss May M. Putnam (Ex-'91.)

'95. It is with sadness that we record the death of J. B. Suiter, who died at his home in Lock Haven, April 9. Mr.

Suiter was for two years Business Manager of the Mirror and during his administration the financial standing of the Association was in one of the most prosperous stages in the history of the Mirror. His courteous manners and gentlemanly bearing won for him the admiration of all who knew him. By his death, Bucknell has lost a loyal friend.

Institute '88. Miss May A. Custer and Rev. W. S. Catlett were married on April twenty-first in the Prospect Hill Baptist Church at Moore, Penna. The ceremony was performed by Prof. Milton Evans, of Crozer Theological Seminary, and Rev. T. P. Holloway, of Lower Dublin, made the prayer. Rev. A. A. DeLarme, of Norristown, was best man and Miss Bertha Shirley, Inst. '91, was maid of honor. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Catlett left for a trip in the South.

Institute '94. Miss Alice G. Probasco is taking a course at the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

Institute '90. Miss Elsie G. Roth and Mr. Henry Null were married on April 14th at the home of the bride's parents in Allentown, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Null will reside in Greensburg, where the groom is assistant editor of one of the newspapers.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XVII. Lewisburg, Pa., June 10, 1898. No. 6.

REST AND PEACE.

I walked in worried mood one summer's day,
The earth in silent Peace before me lay.

Ah, how I envied those blue hills their Rest,
Who bear the dome of heaven on their breast !

The unpretending daisy at my feet
Smiled forth a Peace that raised my inward heat :

"Wherefore am I with carking thought accursed,
Alone rebellious, king of these—and worst ?

O speed the day when Death brings Rest and Peace,
Tho with it I, in all my Being, cease !"

"Not so !" The gentle voice of Reason spake,
"That pictured Peace is Motion. Man awake !

There is no Peace in Rest, there is no Rest,
But Peace is constant Motion toward the Best."

FIRST COMMENCEMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY AT LEWISBURG.

University at Lewisburg. First Annual Commencement. Wednesday, August 20th, 1851. So ran the thrilling announcement, and in response the hills and vales were resounding with excitement. The country roads were filled with all sorts of vehicles, and the "Raging Canal" had been for days all astir with voyagers hastening from far off Philadelphia to see and hear what was going on at Lewisburg. The like had been never seen before in the quiet town.

The procession forms in front of the old Baptist Church, on the site of the Music Hall. In its basement the college classes had been formed, and trained until the completion of the Academy, which with the western wing, recently finished, is all you see on College Hill.

Professors, Curators, Trustees, Graduating Classes and a mixed multitude start on the wonderful march ; so new, so strange. With all dignity they proceed along the board walk forming a dividing line between the grove and the cultivated land, where now you see professors' houses, on up to the Academy, whose upper floor was used for chapel service and for Commencement Hall. A portion of the great crowd finds entrance. A handsome arch of evergreen is sprung over the large platform, and beautifully festooned above the heads of the speakers is the word *Ducimus*—we lead the way—wrought in artificial flowers kindly furnished by a friend in Philadelphia.

After the usual preliminaries, and an appropriate piece of music by the choir, entitled "Hail Smiling Morn," J. Merrill Linn pronounced the Salutatory Oration. Washington Barnhurst, spoke of "The Blessings of an Accident," R.M. Fish discussed the "Basis of Free Government" and Geo. Osman Ide gave a word picture of "Reformers." After music by the famous Ringgold Band, J. M. Lyons dwelt on "Achievements of Mind" and Henry Pomerene gave emphasis to the thought. "The Light of Authorship Unquenchable," and then came the Valedictory by J. Howard Castle.

After music by the Band we had "Remarks to the Graduating Class, by the Acting President." So modestly did the grand old man put it. O what an address! As a natural philosopher he had led us to scan the Starry Heavens, and as an accomplished linguist he had taught us to scan the odes of Horace. Now all is changed, the fine classical face becomes that of a tender father. As a father he warned us and exhorted us to press on with a purpose. We wept, how could we help it ? A learned gentleman remarked "it was more like a funeral than a Commencement." So be it. We were not ashamed. We loved the noble old Doctor. The Hon. James Buchanan, afterward President of the U. S., was on the platform, and made the motion for the conferring of degrees on the class. Then followed music by the choir—"God be with you—Farewell." I think I may say, and that is to say enough—I believe Robt. Lowry even at that early day was the inspiration of the piece.

Now followed a very scholarly Inaugural Address by Prof. Bliss.

The First Class used no cap and gown, neither did the professors. The boys wore white vests, black cutaway coats and black pants. They wore as a badge a blue artificial rose on their left lapel.

On that memorable occasion we were much interested in hearing Dr. Taylor pronounce in Latin Horatio Gates Jones to be Doctor of Divinity—"Sacrae Theologiae Doctorem esse."

The professors on the platform were S. W. Taylor, G. R. Bliss, G. W. Anderson, C. S. James and Alfred Taylor.

Dr. Taylor spoke his final Farewell, and Dr. Howard Malcom took the reins with a few remarks. A "parting hymn," and all was over. The First Class had graduated.

WAR CLOUDS IN THE SIXTIES AT LEWISBURG.

October 5, 1860, that dark day when Governor Gist, of South Carolina, dispatched by private messengers his famous confidential circular letter to the several governors of the cotton states, was the birthday of the war between the states. The responses received from Florida, Alabama and Mississppi assured the vote of secession by South Carolina, December 20, 1860. Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas followed within six weeks. The other states came on in the wake considerably later and not without reluctance. More than a full average generation has come and gone since October 1860. By what title may we in this new generation, glance back to a third with sober fancy that we shall encounter a vivid recollection? Even though one age overlap its neighbors, time brings entangling cobwebs to our memories. We recall our dreams and imagine them to be recollections, monuments of facts.

Poor, innocent, worn out James Buchanan, one of the mischances of a republic, as honest and loyal as he was weak, had been driving the stage coach of state with slack and loosening rein through the last months of his administration. After the secession of the first seven states, there came the organization of the new confederacy, February 8, 1861. Plots and conspiracies deepened ; rumors were followed by ominous threatenings. And yet few of the wisest men of the North anticipated that the storm would break. Even Mr. Seward and General Scott were willing to let the seven states go in peace, hoping to keep the rest, believing that the recreants would soon come back as suppliant prodigals. Secession would run its course and disappear like an April shower. But early on the morning of that first black Friday, April 12, 1861, a shot was fired from old Fort Johnson that was heard around the world. Fort Sumpter was cannonaded from all sides. Her walls were broken, her interior buildings hopelessly on fire from hot shot, the little garrison of 128 men threatened with starvation and reenforcements strangely failed. Saturday, April 13, Major Anderson capitulated. The next day was Sunday. President Lincoln, aroused in the majesty of his strength, summoned his cabinet and confronted them with his call for 75,000 volunteers. Monday morning took the call to the nation and the nation answered. Lewisburg had been a college town for twenty years. The culture, the conservatism and the patriotism that sprung up with higher institutions of learning were shared by the little village of 3,000 people and all the region round about. Ten companies of volunteers went out from our inland town before the war was over. The first was recruited, transported to Harrisburg and mustered into the service of the United States in five days after the call for troops went out. The recruiting office was Chamberlain's store at the corner of Fifth and Market streets. But the fire burned everywhere. Young men came home from work Monday evening to be told by their mothers that other young men, their comrades or neighbors, had enlisted. Before bed time these young men had themselves enlisted. Company G, Fourth Pennsylvania, Captain J. Wesley Chamberlain, seemed to spring up like the five hundred warriors of Roderick Dhu, from the earth. J. Merrill Linn and James Chamberlain, Bucknell alumni, were among the officers of this first company and Charles R. Evans, a student in the college, enlisted as a private soldier. The boys were sent away with proper patriotic demonstration, processions, music, speeches. We all marched with them across the old Market Street bridge to Montandon, breaking step, lest under the strain of solid tramp the spans might break. Open lumber cars were the best means of transportation the Pennsylvania Railroad could then furnish in the stress of the emergency. But patriotism was not crying for luxury and the new soldiers sat down on planks stretched across the cars. With cheers and tears, as the train steamed out, we bade them adieu.

Two months later Company D, Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves, went out. Thomas Chamberlain was the captain, a brother of Wesley, an alumnus of Bucknell and first honor man of the class of 1858. Two other companies followed before the year was over. These were commanded, as I recall, by Captains J. Merrill Linn and Shorkley. In August 1862 still another company was recruited, commanded at the first by Captain John A. Owens and afterwards by Captain Charles R. Evans. This was Company E, 142 Pennsylvania. Andrew Gregg Tucker and Thomas R. Orwig, just graduated from the University, were among the officers. Orwig died in a few weeks from disease following exposure; Tucker fell at Gettysburg the next summer.

In early September of 1862 came the first invasion of our state. There was a call for emergency men. Lewisburg sent out two companies. Even the old men shouldered muskets. President Loomis, then fifty-three years old, enlisted as a private soldier but was afterward promoted to be chaplain. Our best citizens entered the ranks, leaving important business interests for camp life. Professor James was a sergeant of Company B, Third Pennsylvania. Men were scarce in our town after the minute men had gone to the front.

The climax of feeling came with Lee's invasion in June and July 1863. Lewisburg then sent out three companies. They were all of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, commanded by Col. James Chamberlain. Company A was composed of college boys. Not a college student remained at school. Cobwebs curtained the windows of the west wing and hinges of the main building grew stiff with rust. We sometimes thought we could almost hear the guns of Gettysburg. Sunday, July 5, was a memorable day. The women and children all over town came home from church in the morning to spend the rest of the day in scraping lint for the wounded. We knew that it was a great battle and that our boys were engaged but how many of them we could but guess. Who might need our lint and over whose graves we should shed our tears we could only fear. The pastors of the Lewisburg churches were noble men. Some of them like our own efficient Mr. Mirick went down to the front to recover the bodies of the dead. Others like dear old Dr. Dickson of the Presbyterian church sent forth from their pulpits columbiads of patriotism. I remember his accomplished wife that July Sunday. As together we scraped the lint, she spoke of the needs of the hour and the call to prayer to the God of right who could bring us the conquest we believed must come. Later on came definite news of the great victory and our own loss. Men gathered on the street corners as others read the newspapers. Letters from the boys at the front passed from family to family amid solemn tears. Lieutenant Tucker, we learned, had been severely wounded three times during the first day's fight. On the morning of the fifth he had died. Major Thomas Chamberlain, then of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, had also been fearfully hurt in the shoulder. Captain Evans too was wounded. The three young officers were together in the seminary hospital and for four days in the hands of the enemy. The Major was able during the progress of the battle to climb the steep, narrow, winding stairs leading to the seminary cupola and after taking observations bring down report to his comrades on the ground floor. The result seemed uncertain till the rebels finally retreated on the morning of Sunday. It was yet dim daylight when the major came down with the report. Young Tucker's face was even then pale and his eye glazed in death. Mid all his agony he had manifested keen interest and bright hope for victory. Chamberlain kneeled on the floor beside the dying boy and shouted in his ear the glad news; but it came too late to the nineteen year old officer whose life had been given to help in bringing it about. The two wounded comrades managed to dig a shallow grave outside the hospital. Together they laid the body in it, wrapped only in his soldier blanket; covering it with earth they marked his name and regiment on an improvised head board. His mother and pastor with Professor Bliss were thus able to find the body a few days later. I was one of those who met them at Montandon. The burial case lay crosswise on the platform of the baggage car. There were none at home to give military honors at the burial. But followed by those who loved him, we laid him away on the slope that provides Lewisburg with its cemetery. The Lewisburg Post of the Grand Army of the Republic bears his noble name.

In the summer of 1864 came the third and last invasion; with it another call for emergency men. Again our boys responded. Ten of the students enlisted in Captain Bruce Lambert's Independent Cavalry. Our term was one hundred days but they kept us more than four months. Theophilus E. Clapp was the first sergeant of our company and LeRoy Stephens commissary sergeant. Hiram MacGowan was a corporal and among the private soldiers were Chaplain Thomas A. Gill now of the navy, Dr. John B. Probasco, Professor Clement B. Lowe of the College of Pharmacy, the late Hon. Chas. S. Wolfe and the writer. Most if not all of us came back to our classes in November and having made up lost studies graduated at the end of the course.

But in all the clouds of war in the sixties at Lewisburg nothing was so bright as when they rolled away in the fall of Richmond, Lee's surrender and final victory in the spring of 1865. How the town turned out to welcome our heroes home! Their faces were bronzed, their garments were worn, their step was regular as the quick tick of a clock and agile with the first breath of home. We cheered them, we feasted them, we gave them garlands of flowers, we loaded them with congratulations and graved their names on the tablets of our souls.

J. S. JAMES.

COMMENCEMENT AT DISTRICT NUMBER ONE.

District Number One was about to witness its first Commencement exercises. The square sod school house, standing on the dusty prairie, with its roof of sod and narrow windows, without a floor but containing improved furniture, was suitably decorated for the occasion. Near the teacher's desk stood an organ borrowed from a neighboring ranch. Appropriate mottoes, made by glueing grains of last year's corn on remnants of paper boxes, adorned the plasterless walls. In the corners were placed bouquets of dried wheat and oats colored by the sky-blue prairie tulip, freshly gathered, and surmounted by cat-tails from the neighboring slough.

A bench for those pupils who were to take part in the exercises, was placed along the wall back of the teacher's desk, and above it was rudely draped a representation of the American flag.

The red May sun was still above the western horizon when the patrons, pupils, and invited guests began to arrive. Large wagons filled with little people, and large people on small horses came in from every direction, and having tethered their horses, they ate their luncheon in groups, chatting gaily with one another.

As the short summer twilight was passing into darkness, the teacher entered the building and lit the lamps previously placed upon the desks and here and there against the walls. The illumined windows gave signal that the time for beginning the exercises had arrived, and in a few minutes the audience was seated in the building.

What an assemblage it was! The yellow-haired Swede sat by the side of the fiery-bearded Irish emigrant. The tall, shaggy Russian by the short, stocky German. The cow herder with his Stetson hat, high-heeled boots, and clanking spurs shuffled into his place. By his side sat the old and stooped interpreter and guide who claimed to have been in that country even before the war-like Sioux. There was the retired army officer who had resigned his command at the fort and who numbered his cattle by the thousands. There, too, was the widow of a deceased member of a president's cabinet of ante-bellum times, now devoted to missionary work ; also, one who had been notorious in the Star Route transactions, the country doctor, and ourselves.

The pupils took their places in order of size on the bench that had been prepared for them. The legs of the small ones dangled in the air. The large pupils were uncomfortable, being suddenly conscious of possessing hands and feet that were painfully prominent and that could not be stowed away. The teacher, proud of her importance, announced the numbers in a loud, shrill voice.

How proudly each little fellow stepped forward, bowed and recited his selection ! How the eyes of the parent glistened as the oration with proper gesture was delivered. It was the proudest moment of one mother's life, when her daughter recited "Archie Dean" dramatically, without forgetting a word. Applause greeted each performance. What did it matter even though the more timid ones stumbled and had to be helped over the empty places that their memory for the moment absolutely refused to supply with a bridge. District Number One was as proud of these first exercises as the foremost University in the land of its most distinguished Commencement.

An orchestra furnished music for the occasion. It consisted of a fiddle in conjunction, but not always in harmony with the organ. The overture was a schottische, and the interludes were jigs, reels, waltzes, the music of old time favorite songs and sacred melodies. The audience kept time by drumming on the desks with their hands, while their feet tapped noiselessly on the sanded floor. How they enjoyed it and admired the skill of the players. It reminded some of bygone days; a whispered reminiscence brought a smile or a tear, as some far off incident was recalled. All were sorry when the last selection had been played.

The final number was "The Bridge" sung by the teacher to an accompaniment on the organ. It was a new rendering of that sublimely thoughtful and meditative poem. The sublimity and quiet of the thought was expressed in a manner suited to western progress. The bridge rattled. The moon sprang up from behind the church tower and frowned. The wind of the night shrieked, the storm howled, and an ominous silence followed while the singer gathered strength for the second onset, and the herculean efforts of the singer ended only with the last verse, and the disturbed elements were allowed to regain their equilibrium.

After a pause the teacher addressed her pupils. She spoke feelingly of the pleasant year just ended, and hopefully of the future. Each pupil bore away as a memento, a card with their own names and that of the teacher written thereon to be kept for many a year. Finally at a signal from the teacher the school rose and sang that glorious patriotic song "America" and the first closing exercises of District Number One had ended successfully.

THE EMERGENCY COMPANY OF 1863.

In June 1863 the college doors were closed for the first and only time in its history. In the old reading room on the second floor of the North wing the students read of the John Brown raid, heard the poundings on Sumpter, felt the thrill of Lincoln's call to arms. On the bulletin board on the first floor the students read of the first Bull Run defeat. Some of the students left their classes and put on the blue, others after graduation turned their faces to the enemy. When Governor Curtin sounded the alarm in 1863 that Lee had entered Pennsylvania the students could stand the strain no longer. The call came in the morning. That afternoon no studying was done. The Seniors were reading Tacitus. Meeting Dr. Bliss at the hour of recitation they had his blessing on their resolve to go. During the afternoon friends in town made haversacks for the boys and filled them. On the next morning about nine they formed in the Lewisburg Streets, and amid blessings and tears they marched to Montandon and took the cars. We traveled in freight cars, with rough board seats to Harrisburg. We slept the first night on the floor of the rotunda in the capitol building. We had no blankets under us, no coverings over us, but we slept as well as the disorderly Democratic Convention, then in session in the building, engaged in passing disloyal resolutions, would permit. The next night we slept in the Baptist meeting house. We were mustered into the United States service. Of the more than thirty regiments then formed only three had the courage to pass under the control of the general government. The Twenty-eighth went in to serve where ordered. It may comfort the heart of any member of the Twenty-eighth that if need comes he is entitled to a pension. Within a month past one of the Company A boys applied for a pension for disabilities incurred in that campaign. Our Colonel was James Chamberlain, a Bucknell man. We were in the place of honor on the right of the line and first in marching order in the brigade consisting of the 28th, 29th and 30th regiments. We belonged to the division of Maj. Gen. Couch. After several days we received our uniforms, guns and equipments. Our Captain was T. R. Jones, a Bucknell man who had seen service, First Lieut. D. M. Nesbit, a Bucknell man, Second Lieut., Professor James. I have in my possession the old muster roll by which I assigned men to their duties, standing guard, serving on detached duty. The names may be of interest in these days.

Sergeants : O. P. Eaches, Cox, J. B. Hutton, Ross Ward, Robert Townsend.

Corporals : Blair, Ritner, David McDermond, Frederic, Wolf, Henry Witmer, H. B. Garner, Jos. Sheppard.

Musicians : Kincaid, T. M. Shanafelt.

Privates : Barnhart, Bobb, George Bowman, George Brensinger, W. W. Case, Bower, Asher Cook, J. W. Custis, Derr, Donachy, Fegley, Gebhart, T. A. K. Gessler, N. Giddings, T. A. Gill, H. Grier, George Hall, Henderson, Hess, Hill, J. S. Hutson, James, Johnson, Krape, D. P. Leas, Freeman Loomis, Lotz, G. B. Low, Leinbach, Martz, W. R. Maul, A. W. Mettler, Overholt, Philips, J. B. Probasco, E. H. Ranney, J. Read, O. Read, W. H. Runyan, David Rue, Schaffer, Schwartz, Joseph Smith, Smull, O. W. Spratt, Startzel, Leroy Stephens, C. A. Stone, Straw, Truitt, VanValzah, William Winter, William Wolverton, Wolf, I. C. Wynn, Yeager.

There were 75 of us all told, a few joining us who were not members of the college. Some of these have been mustered out of life, having done a good work Among these are Hall, Runyon, Witmer, Wynn, Giddings, Custus, McDermond.

Their bones are dust, their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the Lord, we trust.

Our first place of service was in constructing and manning the earth works on the south bank of the Susquehanna at Harrisburg. Here we pitched our tents. Having no carpets the regiment borrowed the entire stock of hay from a farmer near by. He protested in vain. It is reported that some of the boys borrowed some poultry also but of this there is no proof at this late date. At this time our company was detached from the regiment and assigned to guarding the R. R. bridge across the river north of Harrisburg. Here we occupied a block house built in the old style with the upper story projecting and with openings for muskets. Here we slept on our arms expecting all the time an attack from the enemy. On the top of the mountain we built a fort of stones and trees. If any adventurous man should visit there to-day, in all likelihood, he would find the remains of the fort yet existing. When the enemy went South we were ordered to rejoin our regiment. We marched to Harrisburg July 4 and took the train for Carlisle. From this point onward the R, R. track was torn up. On piles of ties the tracks had been twisted into all possible shapes. Carlisle looked like desolation, torn by cannon balls and ravaged by fire. We marched from this point on our way down the Cumberland Valley. We at first started for Gettysburg but our course was changed. It was hard work for us. We carried our tents, our baggage, one hundred rounds of cartridges and ten days rations. At one point on this journey we were in momentary expectation of meeting the Confederates. But having heard of our approach they prudently kept out of our way. We were the first troops that had passed town the Valley since the Confederate invasion. We had a royal welcome. Near Chambersburg the people brought us all the delicacies of their homes. The men had largely gone away and the women were harvesting the crops. In barns, in freight stations, in the woods, in the open fields we camped at night. Looking back after more than thirty years, never did sleep seem sweeter than when camping in the open field with no tent but the sky, our shoes and knapsacks for pillows and our blankets around us. At one time our tents were blown over at night and we were storm swept. At Shippensburg we acted as provost guard for some time. We made a prohibitory law for the town, borrowed horses for the government giving receipts for them, impressing men into service for work, taking care of the disorderly soldiers that in thousands swarmed through that neighborhood while we were there. Our home at this time was in an old school house. The Phi Kappa boys in the company found here some resident fraternity men and shared their hospitality. Our longest journey on any one day was sixteen miles. At this place we had charge of a large group of Confederate prisoners captured at Gettysburg. A whole train load of the wounded at Gettysburg was in our charge to transport to the hospitals in Phila. It was a touching and horrible sight, that of a train load of maimed men. Relieved here we marched on until we reached Hagerstown, with its sullen Confederate look, not a flag in sight, shut doors and windows. Here we rejoined our brigade, which in our absence had had one skirmish with the enemy. We encamped here for some time, looking for work further South but our work was nearly done. We slowly retraced our journeys Northward and were mustered out at Harrisburg. It furnishes many pleasant memories for the after days. There was no fierce and deadly conflict. Had there been I think that Company A. would have faced the enemy with courage. We knew what we were doing when we took the oath to the government. We were not boasters. We were not cowards. It was not all solemnity in camp. About the fire at night there were pleasant gatherings, talks of the past and the future. On our marchings we sang "John Brown's body," "When this cruel war is over" and other taking songs that beguiled our way. Corporal Townsend had a favorite hymn, "I love to steal awhile away."

Whenever he was tempted to seize hold of anything in passing he would start the hymn and sing in this style,

"I love to steal,"—

and instantly something would go along with company A.

It was not much that we did, but we did what we were told to do. We had no Thermopylæ in our campaign, but we built forts, guarded bridges, went on journeys at night time, awaited the coming of the foe. The class of '63 has been the envy of all the classes since that time, in that it is the only class that escaped the Senior examination. One by one we came back to college. The Seniors came back, most of them a few days before the commencement to extemporize a graduating address. We presented a ragged appearance as we came, clothing torn and soiled and shoes almost worn out. Some of the students did not return until the day of commencement. Blessings be on the students of Bucknell who loved their country and tried to do their duty in the times that stirred and strained men's souls. The boys of 1863 salute the boys of 1898.

O. P. EACHES, '63, Hightstown, N. J.

THE WAR EXCITEMENT IN THE SIXTIES.

PRES. JOHN HOWARD HARRIS.

The present interest in the schools arising from the Spanish war recalls the greater excitement in the early sixties. Under the call of President McKinley, Pennsylvania furnishes about 11,000 men; under the several calls of President Lincoln, Pennsylvania furnished in the war for the Union 338,000. The population of the state in 1860 was 2,900,000; in 1898, according to the Governor's estimate, it is about 5,900,000. If then as many proportionally entered the service in 1898, as did in the sixties, there would be about 687,000 who would enlist. We can conceive, then, what was the intensity of the excitement during the Civil War, if we imagine more than sixty times as many men going to the front as went a month ago.

Besides, the enemy was not hard to find in those days. In all, over one thousand engagements occurred, in which there was a loss of life from a few, up to such a loss as at Gettysburg where 3,070 were killed and over 14,000 wounded. During those years over 67,000 were killed in battle on the Union side; over 43,000 died of wounds; nearly 200,000 died of disease. These are figures now, but then they stood for our friends and acquaintances, brothers and schoolmates. The 55th Pennsylvania, for instance, numbered about fifteen hundred in January, 1864; in October, when I visited the regiment, it numbered one hundred and thirty men, commanded by a lieutenant.

I was in Pittsburgh during the progress of the Battle of the Wilderness, and the intensity of excitement in the throng which gathered in increasing numbers as the hours passed, until it became a multitude, is beyond language to portray. Extras were issued constantly, containing as received lists of the killed and wounded in Pittsburgh regiments, and men would wave bills, and shout offers of one dollar, five dollars, ten dollars for a copy of the paper which contained the name of a son or brother. Some who were fortunate in securing a paper would read the lists of names, but the throng would not patiently wait for the lists to be read, and would insist with shouts and threats on the reader finding straightway the lists of several regiments at once. Rough men would curse the stupidity of the reader who could not find what they wanted to hear. Under such conditions most persons would get their paper out of sight and themselves away as soon as possible. The same thing was occurring in various degrees in all centres of population, and the interest was extended to the little groups at every cottage door. When the news passed through the nation in that strange electrical way in which news propagates itself through a people that a great battle had occurred there was not much sleeping on the part of "those who had a son or brother there." Telegraphs were not nearly so common in 1861 as at present and it was no unusual thing for men to ride twenty-five or fifty miles, or even go on foot that distance to some centre of intelligence, in order to get the latest news from the front. On account of this intense strain, the health of many broke down, and the number of insane was greatly increased.

Of course, under such stress of excitement, studies were pursued in Academies and Colleges with difficulty. In one Academy, for instance, the principal raised a company, under the call for volunteers, and all the students eligible, except one, enlisted. In the following year the principal with about all students went to the front; the following year all the students of suitable age and health enlisted; and the same was repeated in 1864. The schools were almost depleted of students of military age.

COMMENCEMENT DURING THE WAR.

When the Institute Class of '63 entered their Senior year, the war was on, and many of our friends had already given their lives to sustain their country's honor.

The seat of the war was far away, and as young school girls we studied, amused ourselves, and sometimes wrote a letter to a soldier boy.

About a month before the usual Commencement Day, on Monday, June 15th, a despatch was received: "Lee's rebel cavalry are making a raid into Pennsylvania The Militia are called out." This brought the war very close to us, and faces paled as we thought of the future Soon our hands were busy making haversacks and filling them with good things to eat for the company of student soldiers, who were to be a part of the emergency men

On the morning of June 17th they started for the war. All the girls in town, as well as the Institute girls, walked to Montandon to see them off. From an old diary I find: "Two Companies left this morning, and Captain Jones' Company of students. All the College and Academy students enlisted except seven, one a "sick" copperhead, the others wounded, too delicate, and too young." On June 18th Militia Companies left morning and evening. Many parents becoming alarmed by the danger from Confederate invasion had called their daughters home, so that by this time there were but seven boarders at the Institute, and it looked as if there would not be any Commencement. We thought and talked more of what we would do if Lee's army came this way ; where we would bury our valuables; who would have an empty cistern where our Lares and Penates could rest secure during an invasion; than of Butler's Analogy, Intellectual Philosophy, or Natural Theology.

Sunday, July 5th, after the news of the Battle of Gettysburg the congregations of the various churches were dismissed and every one worked all day, making bandages, scraping lint, collecting blankets and other comforts for the wounded soldiers. Amidst all this confusion, we wrote our essays, and passed our examinations. Our programs were printed with the Goddess of Liberty in the national colors on the outside, and most of our essays were on the times in which we were living. The girls were all here, and our Commencement was assured, but would our class brothers, who had enlisted for the defense of their country, be able to get here to hold their Commencement?

On Wednesday afternoon, July 29, when our graduating exercises were well under way, there seemed to be some confusion at the entrance of Commencement Hall; in a few moments the large head and broad shoulders of "Energy" Townsend appeared in view, following him up the steps were some of our class bothers; this was the signal for such a burst of enthusiasm as to give no doubt of the welcome home to the brave soldiers. By the next day enough men were here to insure graduation exercises, and the University Class of '63 received their diplomas and were numbered with the alumni.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO CONVOCATION.

The University of Chicago did not grow but was made with deliberation. In the plan, many features that have become traditional at other institutions were discarded, and among them the annual Commencement as it is elsewhere known. That which took its place is known as the "Convocation" which is in a real sense a "commencement" of school work. To understand its place, we must remember that the school year is divided into four quarters of twelve weeks each. These quarters always begin on the first of the month, that is, on the first day of January, April, July and October, with a week or ten days of vacation between them. The Convocation exercises are held on the first day of each quarter, and a student may graduate or take his higher degree at any one of these four convocation days. Examinations for admission, as well as for any degree, are held during the previous quarter; in case of higher degrees often over a month before Convocation. Let us suppose that we are new students, and have gone through the red tape of registration, the first University exercises we attend are what would elsewhere be the Commencement exercises. If we arrive in the summer, they are held in the open air or in a large tent; if not, in the large Auditorium, eight miles farther down the city.

At the appointed hour, there is a stately "Processional," the order of which is stated in detail on the program, viz., the President and Orator, the Board of Trustees, the various faculties, and the candidates for degrees. All these take their places on the platform—about two hundred in number—except the candidates for degrees. Every one who appears on the stage, or is in any way connected with the exercises, must wear cap and gown. The gowns of the faculty are expected to show by various stripes and colors their academic degree and rank. While much of the ceremonial which is intended to add dignity and pomp and a certain scholarly air to such occasions seems more or less artificial, it is due to the youth of the University as compared to institutions with their traditional customs of a century. But lack of age or long-standing customs does not worry any part of the great city of the west; for what they have not they think they can buy or make for themselves—even ancestors and traditions. The University has nearly caught the spirit of the city. They do not live in the past, but in the present and still more in the future. Whatever they may be or have been, they feel that theirs will be the dominant city in the Mississippi Valley, which is destined to exert the most potent social and political influence on the continent. And they are right. "And we," says the University, "will be the greatest educational power in this great city and even the whole valley." And they are also right. However much certain innovations may be derided, they are daily becoming more firmly established and giving more of a peculiar character and individuality to the University.

But to return to the Convocation. One of the principal features is the address of the Convocation orator. The graduates do not speak. The object is always to secure some one of the most noted men of this country or Europe to make the address. Thus some of the orators during the writer's attendance, were, Dr. Bruce, of Glasgow, Dr. J. Henry Burrows, Chauncey Depew, Pres. Seth Low, Prince Serge Walskonski of Russia, and Lady Aberdeen.

After the address, the President makes a quarterly statement of the condition of the University, its future policy, announcement of appointments or promotions, etc., together with discussions of educational questions, which excite interest far beyond the walls of the University.

Finally comes the granting of degrees. The deans of the various schools call all candidates to the stage, first those taking the bachelor's degree, then the masters and finally the doctors. The last, while a little more formal, is quite a simple matter. The candidates take their places before the president who pronounces some Latin which no one understands—we suppose it is the contents of the diploma—and, then the examiner throws about their shoulders a hood signifying that they are now entitled to add Ph. D. to their names.

The Convocation exercises are now over. Belonging to the Convocation day, is a morning reception by the President to candidates for a higher degree; also Vesper Services on the Sunday following Convocation; and, recently, a meeting on Convocation Day of the University congregation. This is a body consisting, in addition to certain officers of the University, of all who have taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy—provided they pay the annual fee. Honorary members may also be elected. To be sure, it is hard to state just what this body is for. At present it seems to be in the position of the old Continental Congress, provided one strips that body of the few powers it had. It will no doubt become a body membership in which will be considered quite an honor, and as the University grants no honorary degrees, it will no doubt take this way of bestowing due honor upon ex-presidents and ex-governors and others.

E. M. HEIM.

BUCKNELL MIRROR
JUNE 10, 1898.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.
☞In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.
☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

The "Mirror"—In accordance with the prevailing custom, the "MIRROR" Board desires to say a few words about itself as it sends forth this its last number. As stated in the first issue the intention was to revive the "MIRROR" and establish it as a College Journal; further the object was to clear off the debt to which we fell heir and to pay the debt we would contract in doing so. Much has already been accomplished. The "MIRROR" has been revivified, enlarged and issued punctually on the tenth of each month; all the back indebtedness has been paid off and all of our own debt will probably be cleared up if the kind friends to whom we have been sending bills for some time will favor us with the price of their subscription.

In the present time of war enthusiasm it was thought advisable to make this Commencement issue something of a war number, even though the locals and personals should suffer. All the articles were solicited and were furnished by those who could make more money at other things, and yet were willing to do something gratuitously for Old Bucknell; it is hoped that this kindness will be appreciated by the readers.

"A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD."

We had been in Burma one month, and a very busy month it was.

We were told it was advisable to get away from the heat and dust of the plains as soon as possible, as the "hot season" had already begun. Missionaries have been accustomed to spend the hot season on Mount Kserdo, twenty miles away. One of the houses would be vacant this season and we considered ourselves fortunate in finding a house ready for use and planned to occupy it.

Shopping in Burma differs greatly from shopping in America. When we reached England we found all the stores are shops, when we came to Burma we found only bazaars. As our facilities for bazaaring on Kserdo were limited to rice and chicken it was necessary to carry a full supply of tinned food with us. We ordered groceries from Rangoon 166 miles away. As sometimes happens, our order at this time was not filled as promptly as we hoped it would be.

In making a journey to Kserdo it is necessary to send messengers ahead to provide boats, carts, and coolies at the points where they will be needed. Having made these arrangements we were anxious to start when we said we would.

Goods were all packed, the boatman sat on the back veranda impatiently suggesting that if we could not go at once it would be no use to start that day. Everyone was waiting for the train that we hoped would bring the groceries.

Then surveying the pile of luggage, that kept increasing from time to time, the boatman declared it was too much for his boat to carry. He was finally persuaded to load his boat and our journey began.

The ride on the river was cool and restful. At this season the river is very low. We were frequently stranded on sandbars. The men all climbed overboard and helped to get the boat afloat again. Unexpected depressions in the river bed caused frequent surprises, and laughter greeted the unfortunate ones who had not made provision for such emergencies.

We reached a landing place about eight o'clock in the evening, and looked about for the cartsmen who were to have met us. They could not be found.

After consulting our Karen teacher, Mg Lay, it was decided we had passed the village where we should have stopped; our wisest plan would be to hire carts to take us back to the right place. The Burmans in this village were having a feast and were a little tardy, so it was ten o'clock before the carts were ready.

The roads we traveled led through tiger jungles and robbers were reported in the vicinity. As guns inspire a deep degree of respect in this country, it was decided best to keep our guns where we could reach them.

When all was ready, we mounted our ponies and the procession started. It was so dark we could not see the road and thought it best to ride behind the carts while a man carried a lantern ahead.

After an hour's journey we reached the village where we should have landed. The snorting of the oxen informed us we were near an encampment. They proved to be the Karen cartmen who had come to meet us.

The luggage was transferred to their carts and we moved on again.

Already the road seemed three times as long as we had been told it was. The Karens had fallen asleep in spite of the hard jolting of the clumsy carts over the rough roads.

The Indian cook who had been over the road several times was the only one on guard. On being asked,—"Are we nearly there?" he replied, "Oh, no! plenty much far yet Mama." He was quite right, it was plenty much far. Not until half past three in the morning did we reach the village at the foot of the mountain where we should have been at eight in the evening. This village had a nice large chapel and we rested in it until daylight.

At this place we packed our luggage in cooley baskets for the climb up the mountain. The coolies had all gone when we started. We trusted to Mg Lay to guide us. We had not gone far when we found we had made another mistake. The mountain had been burnt over, the path could not be found and Mg Lay did not know in which direction to go. We wandered around until we found a party of Karens and one of them kindly volunteered to direct us. The way led through primeval forests over a rough mountain footpath easy enough to these mountain people but difficult to the uninitiated. On parting with our guide we offered him money but he refused it with a surprised look as if such an idea had never occurred to him.

This was our first experience in jungle travel. On reaching our house we were so tired we did not want to move or speak. But we enjoyed our stay there and instead of suffering from the depressing heat in town we came back to Toungoo strong and well.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XVIII. LEWISBURG, PA., OCTOBER 10, 1898. No. 1.

EX-PRESIDENT JUSTIN R. LOOMIS, PH.D., LL. D.

THE FACULTY'S MINUTE.

Rev. Justin Rolph Loomis, Ph.D., LL.D., Ex-President of this University, passed from the scene of his labors on Commencement Day, June 22nd, 1898, at 1.20 o'clock, P. M. The Faculty of Bucknell University desire to bear testimony to his eminent services to the cause of higher education, in this and other commonwealths, and to his distinguished labors in behalf of this institution. They, therefore, place on record this minute of his life-history, and of his connection with this University, over which he presided nearly twenty-three years.

Justin Rolph Loomis was born in Bennington, N. Y., Aug. 21st, 1810. He was a descendant of Joseph Loomis, who came from Braintree, England, in 1638. At the age of seventeen he entered Hamilton Institute—now Colgate University, for his collegiate preparation. He was graduated from Brown University in the class of 1835. After teaching for one year in the State Agricultural School of Rhode Island, he was called to be tutor, and soon afterwards, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History, at Waterville College, Maine, now Colby University. He was married January 16, 1838, to Miss Sarah Anne Freeman, of Richfield Springs, N. Y. Our esteemed associate, Professor Freeman Loomis, Ph. D., born in Waterville, Me., survives this union. Mrs. Loomis died March 3, 1852; and, soon after, Professor Loomis undertook an expedition to South America, involving a careful geological examination of Bolivia, Peru, and part of Chile. Returning to New York, he spent some time in revising his text books of

Physiology and Geology previously published while he was yet at Waterville. In 1854 he was married to Miss Mary Gilbert and in the same year was called to be Professor of Natural Science in this University. The same year he received the doctorate of Philosophy from the same source. After the retirement of President Howard Malcom, D. D., in 1857, Dr. Loomis gave instruction in Philosophy and Morals and in 1858 he was chosen to fill the vacant presidency. In this year he received the degree of LL. D., from the University of Rochester.

President Loomis' inaugural address upon the "Collegiate System of the United States" was a notable and impressive discussion of a great theme. He considered "the distinctive peculiarity of the American people, regarded as a force and an excellence, to be Individuality. The Collegiate System furnished : I, a culture that reaches the general character ; II, instruction that embraces the elements of human knowledge and III, this culture and instruction may reach, more or less directly, the entire people." He rejoiced in the multitude of colleges scattered throughout the land, and in their control by the various Christian denominations.

Dr. Loomis brought to the presidency of the youthful institution New England ideals of College life and method ; eminent personal qualifications trained by superior advantage and tested by successful experience. The New Science had a mission in Pennsylvania, and he was its apostle. His wide acquaintance with men, eminent in religious and educational life, his extensive travel and wide sympathies, his untiring industry, and, above all, his powerful personality, had marked him as the coming man. This was cheerfully recognized by the eminent teachers composing the first faculty of the University, men who had devoted themselves to the welfare of the institution, and who were superior to self promotion. Their foresight was fully justified. The trained scientist had keen appreciation of the other departments of instruction, a wise comprehension of all the units of the curriculum, their due proportions and inter-relations.

The first work of the new administration was to raise thirty thousand dollars for buildings. But it was impossible to foresee the Civil War of 1861–65, or to estimate its effect upon the college. Yet fresh from the excitement and distress of that troublous time, fresh from the chaplaincy of the 28th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the return of the students to their books, President Loomis threw himself into the work of raising the one hundred thousand dollar endowment fund of 1864–65. Troublesome debts were paid, the chair of Rhetoric was endowed by Mr. John P. Crozer, and the funds of the University were put upon a solid foundation.

During the five succeeding years President Loomis devoted his leisure to the erection of the Baptist church edifice. He drew all the plans, supervised the work of construction, supplied an incredible amount of manual labor and handicraft, and contributed over six thousand dollars in money to emphasize his convictions of the need of such an edifice for the church and the college

During the collegiate year 1871–72 President and Mrs. Loomis made a tour of the world, participating in the Scott centenary in Edinburgh, the British Association for the advancement of Science, studying art in Paris and Rome, exploring glaciers in the Alps, climbing Vesuvius, witnessing the Ecumenical Council in Rome, conversing with Huxley in Egypt, visiting Christian Mission in India, China and Japan; and returning *via* San Francisco, he arrived in Lewisburg on Commencement morning, 1872, amid great rejoicings. These were soon turned to tears by the sudden death of Mrs. Loomis, just three weeks after her arrival home, July 16, 1872. Carrie Gilbert Loomis, now Mrs. E. G. Owens, of Jefferson, Ohio, is the only surviving child of his second marriage.

August 20, 1873, President Loomis was married to Miss Augusta Tucker, of Lewisburg, who survives him. Andrew Gregg Loomis, of the Class of 1895, is the only child of this marriage.

January 1, 1879, Dr. Loomis retired from the office he had filled with distinguished ability for twenty-one years, and spent the next six months in Europe.

Dr. Loomis was a splendid specimen of physical manhood. Tall, of powerful frame, yet well proportioned, noble in presence and distinguished in bearing, he impressed his fellows everywhere as a born ruler of men. He was cast in the heroic mould. Vigor, force, determination were corresponding characteristics of his mind.

His text-books in Physiology and in Geology, long used in the institution, are indicative of the excellence of his method. They were not bulky "Manuals," engulfing the student in a sea of detailed knowledge, but true handbooks of principles, comprehensive, yet brief, and of marked excellence in the systematic structure and development of the subject. Science was to him systematized knowledge.

He was an illustrious teacher. He aimed to develop the student's power to grasp the author's thought, to test it for himself, and to analyze its constituents of fact and inference. He was an apt questioner and a close reasoner. His method was inductive and not dogmatic. While deeply interested in German philosophy, he felt that Hamilton formed the best basis for the instruction of the American youth of his time. In Ethics he followed his teacher, Wayland, until the publication of Calderwood's Moral Philosophy, which he hailed with delight. But whatever the text-book, or the fashion of treatment, the teacher was always the embodiment of Ethics to his pupils. He was greater than the book or the lecture; for he was the righteous man, devoted to the highest ideals, self-sacrificing for the good of others, interested in nothing so much as their personal moulding by the spirit of truth. Says one gratefully—"He taught us, not books, but life."

Among his services to the University mention must be made of his encouragement of athletics and his practical interest in providing a campus for out-door games. Assisted by his son, Professor Freeman Loomis, at an outlay of $3400, he filled and graded the campus, which had been too low and marshy during much of the season.

In his sermons on days of prayer for colleges, Dr. Loomis was revealed to his students in his true light. Here was a wealth of emotion the more moving by reason of its infrequent expression. How often has the chapel in the college building witnessed scenes of breathless suspense, when the student-audience waited that last sentence,—delayed by the choking utterance of the strong man whose heart was going out to his pupils in an agony of yearning love.

His interest in the University continued to the last. So late as 1892, he contributed one thousand dollars to the endowment movement of that year,—showing great anxiety for the success of the effort. The needle still pointed true to the Pole.

The Faculty extend their sincere sympathy to their associate professor, bereaved of the presence of a noble father ; to Mrs. Loomis, so long the companion of his life ; and to the remaining children who gather around his honored bier. The memories of his life of faith and hope should be sustainment in such an hour ; and the God whom he served with all his powers will be the comforter of all who mourn.

A TRIBUTE TO EX-PRESIDENT LOOMIS.

BY PRESIDENT HARRIS.

The death of Ex-President Loomis has removed from the life of Bucknell University a figure of commanding interest. It is nineteen years since Dr. Loomis retired from the presidency, after twenty-three years of service in that office, and twenty-five years in the service of the University. During these nineteen years his residence was in Lewisburg, and the "Good gray head which all men knew," was a part of the life of the institution. Just as the festivities of the Commencement, June 22nd, were coming to a close, the life, protracted even beyond the "four score years," came to a peaceful end.

Dr. Loomis spent twelve years as professor of Science in Waterville College, Maine, and left a profound and lasting impression upon the life of that institution. After a year of travel and study in South America, he became professor of

Science in the new institution at Lewisburg, and two years later was advanced to the presidency. From that time forward his history is that of the institution. He was the greatest single force in its development. His faith in it never wavered, his work for it never ceased.

Dr. Loomis was a man of indomitable will. What he undertook went through, what he decided was final. At the same time, he was careful in reaching a decision. His mind was broad and hospitable to the truth from whatever source it might come. He was willing to receive suggestions. Whatever came to him was weighed carefully, and given due consideration, whatever the source of it might be. He kept himself in close touch with reality. He was a student of books, but much more a student of men and things. He traveled much and widely. He thus maintained the freshness of his interest in current events, and kept abreast of the times. He was careful in his teaching to bring his mind into vital and fruitful contact with the subject taught. In the most familiar subject he made it a rule to spend one hour in close thought upon the lesson, before coming before the class. He has been known to appear before the class and after explaining that he had not had time for preparation, to dismiss it. He was faithful to the students. He considered that when a parent entrusted his son to him, that he had received as solemn a trust as one human being can receive from another. He made each student a special object of study and his welfare an object of his care. When asked for advice by a student, he weighed the matter well before he gave it, and the student could not fail to be impressed with the feeling that Dr. Loomis regarded the training of a human life as a question of the highest moment.

He has ceased from his labors, and his works follow him. Multitudes have felt the impress of his strong personality, and have been sustained by his calm faith. When he went forth from the earth, there went forth a faithful educator, a great man, a courteous gentleman, a sincere Christian.

BY NIGHT.

The long black shadows of the trees lay across the asphalt and swayed gently in the evening air. Like ghosts, the people hurried to and fro in the glare of the electric lights. Far up in the vault, the stars glittered like little gems in an infinite setting of blue. The half moon was climbing the eastern sky and had almost come upon the illuminated cross that held above the city a nightly invitation to the lost to seek a better way.

It was a gentle September night. The sultriness of summer was gone, the harshness of autumn was not yet felt in the air. The square was crowded. In the circle of benches surrounding the fountain were gathered men, women and children, smoking, sleeping, yawning, laughing, talking, swearing. At this point all the various sections of the city seemed to meet. Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Irish, Negroes and even Yankees mingled their voices in one strange Babel of sound.

A young man was dozing lightly on one of the benches. He was only half asleep, and was listening vaguely to the sounds that danced into his ears. Suddenly he heard a quick voice,—a short sentence,—two words; but they attracted his attention :

"*J'ai soif*"

He opened his eyes dreamily. An Italian had spoken the words to a negro in a language known to both. The young man wondered at that. Then he closed his eyes and dreamed again. He was back again in the old French room at college.

"*Je suis soif*," he was saying slowly, with a careful regard for the accent.

"*Non !*" the professor answered emphatically. "*J'ai soif.*"

The young man smiled and stirred comfortably. The memories were pleasant. Then he heard a commotion around him, a hurrying of feet, a rattling of wheels. He was tempted to open his eyes, but finally settled back to dream again. He was reading a French play. How slowly the words came! Would he never finish the page? Then there was the clang of a bell on the night air. Nearer and nearer it came, till he sprang up in alarm, and looked bewildered around him.

He saw everything—the crowds, the ambulance, the mangled form.

"What is the matter?" he demanded of the bystander nearest him.

"Oh, a Dago kid run down by a truck," answered the man, and then the ambulance announced its departure by a clanging of the bell, the crowd dispersed, and the incident was a thing of the past.

"Only a Dago kid run down by a truck;" said the young man, as he turned homeward, "but I'm through dreaming of French classes for one night." Ex-'00.

PORTO RICO AND HER PEOPLE.

BY G. LIVINGSTON BAYARD, BATTERY A, PA. VOLS.

Concerning our new conquests and dominions in the Caribbean Sea, which now form an organic part of the political and social life of this country, the patriotic American is anxious to learn. We realize that a new people, with odd customs and strange institutions, with a different language and temperament, must be assimilated into the life blood of our nation.

The island of Porto Rico is about a seven days' journey from Philadelphia on the United States transports which average nearly twelve knots an hour. It is the easternmost of the Greater Antilles and is situated east of Santo Domingo, from which it is separated by Morro Passage. Christopher Columbus discovered the island in 1493, and found there the genuine American Indian.

Ponce de Leon conquered the natives in 1508-1520, and Las Casas claimed that six hundred thousand were enslaved or quickly exterminated, but this statement is certainly an exaggeration.

The population is composed of the original Indians, the white Spaniards or native Porto Ricans, the negro or slave population, and a tremendous mixed element. Slave traffic was formally abolished in 1873, but many of the old customs still remain and the social barrier is insurmountable. In recent years many foreigners have settled on the island, the French element apparently prevailing. The wealth of the island is not in the hands of its inhabitants. The great plantations and large tracts of land are under the control of American or European capital. The soil yields enormous crops and tropical fruits grow to perfection. The chief exports are coffee, sugar, tobacco and molasses. The city of Ponce is the greatest molasses port in the world. There are several varieties of cabinet and dye-woods, the most important being mahogony, ebony and cedar. Many plants, valuable in pharmacy and the arts, are found here. Although the island is only one hundred miles long and forty miles wide, it is one of the most flourishing in the world. Colonel Hill, United States Collector of Revenues, said that he received one hundred thousand dollars revenue during the month of August for the city of Ponce alone. When we consider the political vicissitudes of the country these figures are amazing.

Gold, copper, iron and lead are found in abundance. The best claims are owned by Senor Porrata Dona, the greatest minerologist on the island. Because of his American proclivities, however, and the natural opposition of Spain to colonial industry, the mines have remained undeveloped.

Telegraph and telephone communications exist between large business houses and the different cities. Porto Rico is connected with all parts of the world by cable.

There is only one church in Porto Rico, the Roman Catholic, or Church of Spain. Chaplain Sherman, son of General Sherman, introduced me to the Chief Priest and President of the College of Ponce, who speaks English well, and was kind enough to give me the religious history of the people, which was indeed very black and disparaging. His conclusions are that the inhabitants are absolutely without any consciousness of their relations to God. A visit to the Cathedral would certainly substantiate the priest's views on their lack of devotion. I attended several services at the Cathedral of Ponce on which fifty thousand people are dependant for a place of worship. The worshipers, however, were few and far between; probably not more than one hundred attend divine services at any one time. Having heard and carefully thought over the priest's explanation of the religion of the people, I was anxious to hear the same history from the layman's point of view and on equally good, if not better authority, than the priest's. I accordingly asked Senor Alexander Albizu to explain the sad state of affairs. Senor Alexander Albizu is a Catholic gentleman of honor, culture, refinement and education, who has been in the United States a number of times having received his college training here. He has a delightful home in Porto Rico where he royally entertained our honored Professor, Dr. Groff, and myself. While he rehearsed the same "status quo" as the chief priest, his causes and effects were quite different. Indeed, the only cause the priest gave for the spiritual profligacy of the people was their general worthlessness. There are two salient reasons given by the layman for his indifference to the church: First, the hypocrisy and profligacy of the priesthood; second, the church and state of Spain are one, and the priesthood has ever been a willing instrument in the hands of the government for the suppression of the inhabitants. The church and clergy are supported by the crown through the heavy taxes which are imposed on the people. At present the church in Porto Rico is deprived of this source of revenue and it is the object of Father Sherman's visit to reorganize it on the American system.

The education of the inhabitants is fairly good. The people as a rule are able to read and write and a great many are highly educated. The public schools are open about ten months in the year. They are, however, poorly attended as the government makes no effort to encourage education among the masses. There are five small colleges or academies with an average attendance of sixty students who take a five-years course, supposed to be equivalent to four years in an American college. These institutions are under the control of the priesthood. Although the people are fairly well educated and civilized they are certainly a century or two behind the Americans.

The ox cart is their chief means of transportation. There are, however, two small railroads which do comparatively no business. One runs from San Juan to Arecibo and the other from Ponce to Yanco. The first is about thirty and the second twenty miles long. The train leaves one day and returns the next. Whenever Spain does anything for herself she generally does it well even though it costs her four or five times as much as it should as in the case of the Military Road across the island. This road is in reality one great avenue about eighty-five miles in length and extends through Ponce, Juano Diaz, Coamo, Aibonita, Cayey and San Juan. It was built to facilitate the movements of the Spanish armies in quelling rebellion among the people. Every few miles there is a sentry house before which all traffic was compelled to halt and endure a search for arms or ammunition as none was allowed on the island except that in possession of the Spanish soldiers. On both sides the roads are lined with magnificent shade and fruit trees. Beautiful flowers are in bloom and the variegated foliage makes a beautiful picture.

Many of the fine residences are situated on or near this road. Here, too,one sees all kinds of human conveyances from the old native ox cart to the "swell" American trap. All travelers, animals and carriages are numbered and registered. The animals have their number branded in the flesh. The city and number is painted in white on a conspicuous part of the back of the carriage, and the native must wear around his neck a brass tag with his respective number thereon. Out in the country and up in the mountains the drive extends through enormous plantations of coffee, sugar-cane and tobacco. There too, are the beautiful pasture lands where the horses, cattle and sheep graze on the best grass in the Greater Antilles. One would naturally expect to see fine horses on this drive but with a few exceptions he is sadly disappointed. As a rule the horses are poorly fed, badly cared for and treated shamefully.

Off the military road driving is hard and very unsatisfactory. The only way one can safely get over the mountains and through the country is on horseback. There are no bridges on the side roads and the many little mountain streams must be forded. Along these streams near the towns the native women come out to do their washing. The clothes are rubbed on a big heavy square wash-board, after which they are spread out on the grass to dry and the women meanwhile sit under the shade in groups chatting and leisurely smoking big strong cigars that would mean nervous prostration for a week to the ordinary American lover of the weed. When the clothes are dry the women gather them up in a bundle and lay them on the wash-board which they proceed to balance on their heads and slowly proceed to their homes. That home may be a hut of dried cocoanut or large palm leaves. It may be a shingle hut with a bark roof or a board house with a corrugated iron roof. In every case, however, the house is two and sometimes four feet above the ground. This is to avoid the great dampness and innumerable hordes of enormous creeping and crawling things that inhabit the land. Giant cock-roaches, spiders, land crabs and lizards are the nightly bed-fellows of the American soldier who has no protection but the ground underneath and the sky overhead.

The homes of the upper class are usually built of marble on the old moorish style and remind one of Washington Irving's Alhambra. In the center is the large open court on which all the apartments face, in the middle of which is a beautiful fountain, its sprays as high as the second story, and in the large marble basin many odd fish of bright colors are found. Around the columns and under the arcades potted plants, ferns, and flowers lend color to the scene and the beautiful statuary in attractive positions adds form and grace to the surroundings. Fruit, flowers and vegetable gardens surround every home and if it happens to be in the city an enormous wall about twelve feet high is sure to hide this beautiful scene which is not meant for vulgar or common eyes.

The flower garden is the pride and joy of the Porto Rican. It is here that much time and labor are spent caring for the flowers and keeping the beautiful walks and inviting nooks in order. The Latin always had a great love for fountains and statuary and the Porto Rican, too, according to the impulses of his nature, graces his garden at every convenient center or corner with a piece of exquisite statuary or a charming fountain.

If there was ever any doubt in the minds of the American officers as to the number and quality of the truly high born, well educated and refined people of Porto Rico, all uncertainty disappeared at the great military reception given by the Casino Club to General Miles and his officers. Senor Parrata-Dona, having been favored with an invitation, asked me to accompany his family which includes three charming daughters. Of course, if one did not know a little Spanish or French he was not as comfortable as he would be at home under similar circumstances. Some of the officers who were particularly anxious to talk to a beautiful Senorita could be seen promenading the courts with a maiden on their arm and an interpreter at their side.

The reception was a grand affair and left an impression never to be forgotten by those who enjoyed the hospitality of these very charming people. One could just as well imagine himself at a military ball or reception here in the States. The same style, grace and polished manners were there; the same culture, refinement and education were manifest. The only difference was in the language and complexion. There was no domineering, haughty, disdainful sneer on the face of the victor, no expression of servility on the countenance of our host. We met not as conquerer and conquered, but clasped hands as brother Americans.

As I bade farewell to our kind Porto Rican friends, I wondered to myself if these could be the people the good priest would have us believe to be conscienceless, godless, worthless.

It is to this class of Porto Ricans that we must look for good citizens and pleasant companions. In his beautiful home and amid his magnificent courts and gardens, life is happy and free from care. Indeed, one involuntarily thinks that in these delightful springs and fountains and charming surroundings, he has as last discovered the paradise and fountain of eternal youth.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

OCTOBER 10, 1898.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

To the new students of the University the MIRROR extends a hearty welcome. We trust that you will at once become identified with the interests of the school and that the year before you may be most pleasant and profitable.

Last January, after a discontinuance of one term, the MIRROR was revived as a monthly publication. A large debt, bequeathed by its predecessor, had to be assumed. Through the herculean efforts of the management that debt was liquidated and all debts contracted during the year paid. At the present time the paper must be published with what is received from subscriptions this term, as nearly all the advertisements continue until Jan. 1, 1899. We hope that all who possibly can will hand in their subscriptions at once. The circulation in the college last year was much smaller than it should have been and in the Academy and Institute there were scarcely any subscribers. A thorough canvass will be made and we hope for favorable results. The *Orange and Blue* attends to matters of purely local interest, leaving the literary field open for the MIRROR. For Bucknell, with her records of scholarly achievement, and with her strong and loyal alumni, not to publish a paper making some pretensions as a literary journal would be a disgrace.

It shall be our aim to make the paper as interesting as possible to both students and alumni. In the Literary Department we shall try to get articles which are of interest to both; under the head of "College Notes" will be recorded only such events as are of the greatest importance; through a large number of "Personals" we shall aim to keep the alumni in touch with each other and their Alma Mater. We hope to have the co-operation of both as regards finances and contributions since only in this way can a good paper be secured.

Last year for the first time in several years the University sent forth a representative Glee Club. A very successful trip was made during the Christmas vacation. The Club has this year been re-organized and enlarged and a Mandolin and Guitar Club added. There is in the institution plenty of material for an excellent Club and there is no reason why, if the men practice faithfully under Dr. Aviragnet, who is untiring in his efforts in their behalf, a Club should not be sent forth which would be of the greatest credit to the school and win for it the prestige in this line that it has attained in other fields.

EX-PRESIDENT HILL HONORED.

Ex-President David Jayne Hill, LL. D., was appointed Assistant Secretary of State by President McKinley, on the third of October, succeeding John Bassett Moore, Professor of International Law in Columbia University.

Dr. Hill was born in Plainfield, N. J., on June 10, 1850. He was the son of a Baptist minister. He received his early education in the public schools at Glens Falls, N. Y., and at Plainfield. He was graduated from Bucknell University in the class of '74. Immediately after graduating, he accepted the position of instructor in the ancient languages in the University and the following year succeeded Dr. Robert Lowry as instructor in Rhetoric. In 1877 he was made a full professor and in the same year published "The Science of Rhetoric." This was soon followed by "The Elements of Rhetoric." In 1879 he began a series of brief biographies of American authors, similar to Morley's "English Men of Letters." In March of the same year he was elected President of Bucknell, succeeding the late Rev. Dr. Loomis. Two years later he published a treatise on the "Principles and Fallacies of Socialism." Later works were: "The Social Influence of Christianity; with Special Reference to Contemporary Problems," 1888; "The Elements of Psychology,"1888, and an edition of Jevons' "Elements of Logic," 1884.

Martin B. Anderson selected Dr. Hill in 1888 as his successor at the head of the University of Rochester, and, after a year of special preparation abroad, he entered upon his work as President of that institution, which position he held until June, 1896, when he resigned. He received his degree of LL. D. from Madison University in 1884. Dr. Hill is at present in Holland but will at once return to this country to assume his duties.

COLLEGE NOTES.

An unusually large class is taking Spanish this term under Dr. Aviragnet.

Dr. Charles Gundy, '93, is teaching in the Laboratory during Dr. Groff's absence.

Miss Gertrude L. Knox, of Utica, N. Y., is the new vocal teacher in the School of Music.

A new scholarship has been established by L. E. Jones and wife, both deceased, of Minorville.

Dr. Groff has been appointed Brigade Surgeon of the 19th Regular Army with the rank of Major.

The first "At Home" of the year was held in the Institute parlors on Monday evening, October 3rd.

Dr. Harris delivered the opening address of the term on "The Character of the late Ex-President Loomis."

Registrar Wm. C. Gretzinger delivered the address of welcome to Co. A. 12th Regt. on their return to Lewisburg.

At the last Commencement of Franklin and Marshall College the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon Dr. Groff.

Registrar William C. Gretzinger has been appointed by Gov. Hastings as a commissioner to represent Pennsylvania at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, Nebraska. He left with the commission Oct. 1st.

Miss Candace Wood, of New York, is a new teacher in the art department, and Mr. Harry C. Fithian, of Greenwich, N. J., is an additional teacher in the Academy.

The Reception given by the Y. M. C. A. at the beginning of the term proved to be an enjoyable affair. Addresses were made by Dr. Harris and State Secretary Bard.

The number of new students admitted to the college is ninety. This will make the attendance in the college alone two hundred and thirty, and that of the whole University four hundred and thirty.

The College Glee Club has again been organized, and under the leadership of Mr. Hague promises to eclipse all former attempts along this line. The following men were selected: First tenor, Messrs. Hague, R. G. Stanton and Johnson; second tenor, Schilling, Keen, Theis and Griffith; 1st bass, Sherwood, Davis and Mulford; second bass, Peacock, Purdy and Meschter.

Bucknell has cause to feel proud of her sons in the late Spanish–American War. In every department they were to be found, in infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Among the American Colleges Bucknell stands first with a larger ratio of student soldiers than any other. Among the Bucknell men in this war were the following: Dr. Geo. G. Groff, Brigade Surgeon of the 19th Regular Army; Lieut.-Col. Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A.; Major Martin L. Focht, Surgeon, 12th Regt. Pa. Vols.; Capt. Howard L. Calder, 4th Regt, Pa. Vols.; Capt. Wm. R. Follmer, Co. A. 12th Regt. Pa. Vols.; Rev. J M. Hare, Chaplain 6th Regt. N. J. Vols.; Rev. S. G. Reading, Chaplain 12th Regt. Pa. Vols. ; the following in Co. A. 12th Regt. Pa. Vols. : Lieut. Geo. Shorkley ; Sergeants Fetzer, Katherman, Shorkley, Crismyer, and Weidensaul ; Corporals Cober, Fetzer, Gilchrist, Hood and Christy ; Privates Anderson, Bailey, Baker, Bucher, Brownell, Earle, Heffelfinger, Koons, McCracken, Rambo, Ranck, Rowe, Trimmer, Van Gundy Van Dorster, Blair ; musician Bower ; G. L. Bayard, Battery A. Pa. Vols. ; O. R. LeVan Governor's Troop, ; Sergt. H. H. Bower, 5th Regt. Pa. Vols. ; Herbert Harris, Co. D., 12th Regt, Pa. Vols. ; Ralph Koser, Co. D., 12th Regt. Pa. Vols. and Lieut. Frank B. Hargrave, Co. I. 10th Regt. Pa. Vols. ; Harvey Marsh, A. T. Williams and Palmer W. Williams.

ATHLETICS.

FOOT BALL SHEDULE.

Oct. 15th.	Univ. of Md., at Shamokin.
Oct. 22nd.	Swarthmore, at Lewisburg.
Oct. 29th.	Lehigh, at Bethlehem.
Nov. 5th.	State College, at Williamsport.
Nov. 12th.	Franklin and Marshall, at Reading.
Nov. 19th.	Lafayette, at Easton.
Nov. 24th.	Villa Nova College.

"Jack" Lesher is at present coaching the team.

Cober, '99, has again been elected captain of the foot ball team. Captain Cober has had the experience of two years, and is perfectly fitted to fill the position.

The first game of the season resulted in Bucknell defeating Wyoming Seminary by the score of 6–0. The game was slow and steady, neither side scoring in the first half. In the second half Reimer scored the touch-down and Matthewson succeeded in kicking the goal.

"Sam" Boyle, the famous end of the University of Pennsylvania, spent a few days in Lewisburg the other week and while here put the boys through some hard practise from which much benefit was derived.

From present indications the outlook is bright for a winning team, there being plenty of new material from which to select. Among the new men are Matthewson, Ammerman, Thomas, Stanton, Bassford, Pritchard and Herman.

Our team met its first defeat last Saturday at the hands of the Naval Cadets, at Annapolis, Md. The score was 11–0 in the Cadets' favor. All the scoring was done in the first half. Bucknell was handicapped by Captain Cober not being able to play because of a bad shoulder and several of the other members of the team being in bad condition.

Bucknell played the famous Co. C team, of Bradford, Pa., October 1. The game resulted in a tie, neither side scoring. The Bradford team has not been scored against for two years and has defeated nearly all the prominent athletic club teams in Penna. It is composed almost entirely of old college "stars."

ALUMNI NOTES.

'52. Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Still, of Danville, Pa., recently celebrated the 44th anniversary of their marriage.

Ex.-'56. The Rev. J. E. Wilson, for several years a retired Baptist minister, died at his home in West Philadelphia, June 14, 1898.

Ex-'61. E. P. Rohbach, of Selinsgrove, Pa., has received an independent nomination for the lower house of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Snyder Co.

'62. Mr. George B. Walker, second son of Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., graduated in June from the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and has been admitted to the bar of Philadelphia.

'63. WINTER—HENDERSON.—June 28, 1898, in Baltimore, Md., by the Rev. S. W. Melton, pastor of the Franklin Square Baptist Church, the Rev. W. W. Winter, of Philadelphia, (Class of '63) and Miss Mary Henderson, of Baltimore.

'72. The Rev. T. M. Eastwood, who for several years has been pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Albany, N. Y., has been recalled to his former pastorate, Burlington, N. J., and has accepted the call, succeeding the Rev. J. M. Hare, '84.

'73. Rev. D. W. Sheppard recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of his pastorate of the Davisville Baptist Church at Southampton, Pa.

'75—'98. JAMES—RODGERS.—On June 30, at Allentown, Penna., Charles R. James, '75, and Anna May Rodgers, '98.

'76. The Rev. Owen James, D. D., President of the Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn., has been invited to the pastorate of the Titusville, Penna. Baptist Church. His decision has not yet been made known.

'79. The Rev. D. W. Griffith, who resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Shenandoah, Iowa, and removed to Bedford, Iowa, has returned to Shenandoah which is his present postoffice address.

'82. Rev. R. M. Hunsicker has just published "Glimpses of Sixty-Three Years," being a concise history of the Chestnut Hill Baptist Church of Phila., of which he is pastor.

'82. The Rev. Henry Madtes, for several years pastor of one of the Cleveland, Ohio, Baptist Churches, has accepted the unanimous call of Sharpsburg, Penna., Baptist Church, and is now upon his new field of labor.

Ex-'83. Rev. B. L. Herr has entered on the pastorate of the South Broad St., Baptist Church of Phila.

'84. The Rev. J. M. Hare, chaplain of the Sixth Regt., N. J. Vols., has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Baptist Church, Burlington, N. J.

'84. Earnest L. Tustin, Esq., has been re-elected President of the Baptist Social Union of Philadelphia.

'84. Rev. M. G. Smith was elected Moderator of the Bradford Baptist Association.

'85. Rev. Joseph E. Sagebeer, Ph. D., pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Germantown, Phila., was married on June 15, to Miss Catherine G. Cook, daughter of Rev. R. B. Cook, D. D., of Wilmington, Del.

'85. The series of articles on "The Christian and His

Citizenship," edited by the Rev. Samuel Z. Batten, of Morristown, N. J., for the *Baptist Union*, Chicago, is attracting widespread attention and eliciting favorable criticism.

'87. Col. Howard L. Calder, Commanding Co. I. Fourth Regiment, Penna. Vols., arrived in Harrisburg with his Company, from Porto Rico on Sept. 7.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel, of Philadelphia, has been greatly bereaved by the death of his wife which occurred on Aug. 4, at Hammonton, N. J. At the funeral services held on Aug. 8, in the Oak Lane Baptist Church of Phila., Revs. W. H. Clipman and G. W. Hatch, both of '88, officiated.

'88. The Rev. James S. Braker, the successful pastor of the Baptist Church, at Scotch Plains, N. J., spent the summer in European travel. Mrs. Braker, (Institute ex.-'89) accompanied him.

Ex.-'88. The Rev. P. F. DeLancey, of Phillipsburg, has become pastor of the Mt. Washington Baptist Church, Pittsburg, succeeding the Rev. Geo. T. Sheel, '77, called to Braddock, Penna.

'89. The Rev. Charles A. Walker, of Bellwood, Penna., was appointed Associate Clerk of the Centre Baptist Association at the annual meeting, held recently in Tyrone. The Rev. S. F. Forgeus, D. D., '72, chaplain of the State Industrial Reformatory, at Huntingdon, has been clerk of the Association for sixteen years.

'90. The First Baptist Church of Williamsport, Pa., Rev. J. Harry Haslam, pastor, has raised $8000 to clear its indebtedness.

Ex.-'92. The Rev. G. Fred. Love is the successful pastor of the West Baptist Church, Oswego, N. Y.

Academy, 'Ex '92. Died at Camp Meade, Sept. 19, 1898, Private Philip Pontius Baker. He was the only son whom Bucknell lost in the Spanish-American War.

'93. HEIM—EDDELMAN.—At the home of the bride's parents, Greensburg, Ind., July 14, Prof. Ephraim M. Heim, '93, and Miss Elizabeth Collins Eddelman. They have taken up their residence in Lewisburg. The MIRROR extends congratulations.

'94. Rev. J. R Wood has resigned at Collingdale, Pa.

'95. Wm. T. Paullin, Jr., was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry in Phila., on June 7.

LIBRARY GROWTH.

Education is the organization of mind. Its best progress is through the organization of knowledge. Books are the raw material containing the knowledge at the disposal of the race. Investigation brings more knowledge, and consequently more books. This variable quantity, therefore, needs ever fresh renewings. The students of 1898 do not use the same books as those of 1848, nor indeed of 1888. The students of 1908 will need quite other than the current volumes.

A Library is not a constant term, a fixed unit. For it not to grow, is to die. Buildings are fixed units, but Professorships are endowed. Relatively the building is a constant, enduring quantity, barring repairs; but a chair needs daily provision for continuous life. Now to treat a Library as a building, or as any material appliance, is to deny its vital character—to materialize it. It needs constant supply, and for this it needs endowment; such continuous, progressive change as will assure its evolution and accomplish its purpose.

In no period of American collegiate life has this truth received more thoughtful consideration from the friends of higher education, than during recent years. To particularize would be to rehearse the catalogue of munificent provisions for libraries during the decade. The foremost institutions have rightly given the central place to the library, and have emphasized its importance by every possible distinction. Adequate library facilities, no less than adequate special instruction, differentiate the higher education from the lower, the collegiate from the preparatory. This is emphatically true of the distinction between the University and all lower institutions.

It is safe to say that no institution better deserves adequate provision in its book supply than ours. In the spirit of instruction and the preparation of instructors to use larger facilities, in the spirit of the students, in their use of present facilities, and their eagerness for superior ones, it is within bounds to say no similar institution surpasses us. In the extension of our curricula in very recent years, in the range and scope of studies introduced, the need of new and liberal supplies of books has been multiplied many fold. If we are to mantain our present prestige, as assuredly we must, we must have adequate tools with which to work. If philanthropic friends could realize their opportunity and the institution's straits, we are confident they would rejoice to satisfy every reasonable demand.

What has been done in the past few years is only the earnest of what yet needs doing. We are grateful to every friend who has aided so far, but we must renew our appeal for concerted and prompt activity on the part of all friends of the institution in behalf of the Library. So long as the only source of such provision for institutions of higher learning is in the benefactions of their friends we must look to them. Certainly the day of State aid has not yet dawned; and the day of student taxation should be far hence.

Investigate the situation, assure yourself of the opportunities and necessities, and be in early at the race of loyal sons and friends who will press to the front to supply Alma Mater's greatest need.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XVIII. LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 10, 1898. No. 2.

RAISING OF THE STARS AND STRIPES AT SANTIAGO.

Cathedral chimes ring out high noon
Where Santiago lies,
They seem to chant a merry tune
Beneath the smiling skies;
The Stars and Stripes are rising fast,
They flutter o'er a palace vast,
A breathless throng look up to see
The glorious sign of Liberty,—
All hail!
Columbia, all hail to thee!
Tho' blood and treasure flow so free,
Tho' valiant heroes fall,
The Stars and Stripes on high to see
Were worth it all!

The banner floateth on the breeze
Above the arms of Spain,
The Starry Standard of the seas,
The pride of land and main!
Forth bursts a strain of melody
So dear to loyal hearts and free,
"Star Spangled Banner!" may it wave
Wherever hearts are true and brave!
All hail!
Columbia, all hail to thee
Who blood and treasure gave so free
Outside yon city wall!
The Stars and Stripes on high to see
Were worth it all!

O, none but patriots dare thus weigh
The worth of sacrifice,
Those who have suffered in the fray
Or helped to win the prize,
Or those who bore their loss alone,
Their dear ones gave without a moan;
Tho' through their tears as one they say
As waves Old Glory high to-day,
All hail!
Columbia, thrice hail to thee!
Thy sons but live thy shield to be,
And tho' we dying fall,
Old Glory's folds on high to see
Were worth it all!

ORIANA M. WILLIAMS.

July 18, 1898.

THREE WESTERN UNIVERSITIES.

The Western Universities and colleges differ very largely from their sister institutions in the East in one respect, and that is in the matter of financial support. They are nearly all maintained by the respective commonwealths in which they are located. In the East the prominent universities and colleges are very largely under denominational control; whilst in the West the denominational colleges are to a very great extent overshadowed by the State Universities. It was the writer's privilege to visit recently, three educational institutions of the Central West, two of which are supported by State aid; and, at the request of the editor, student life at these universities is herewith described:

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

This institution is a typical western university, and its work is of a high character. There were in attendance last year at the University of Nebraska nearly two thousand students, mostly Nebraskans. Like the average state institution of the West, this university is divided into many departments. Although it is a State institution, politics do not play any part in its development, and it is for this reason that the University is one of the most successful educational plants in the Trans-Mississippi country. It depends entirely upon the State for support. The tuition charges are merely nominal and simply cover the matriculation fees of $5.00 a student per annum. The buildings are like those of Bucknell—which were once described by Dr. Perrine in the American University Magazine as "Quaker-like in appearance." They were built not so much for architectural effect as for usefulness. It is, after all, men and not buildings that make a good college. It used to be said that all it was necessary to do was to put a boy on one end of a log and Mark Hopkins on the other end and a college was founded. There is a moral atmosphere about the University of Nebraska that is not found at many older and better known colleges. There is no law, so it is said, forbidding smoking in the college halls, or on the campus, yet there is a code of ethics that at once puts the young man under the ban who is seen with a pipe, cigarette or cigar in his mouth anywhere on the University grounds. This state of affairs is attributed very largely to the fact that the institution is co-educational. Neither is there prevalent that Bohemian phase of life that is manifest at so many of the larger educational institutions in the country. The cafes and the billiard halls of Lincoln are unfrequented by the students of the University. The one predominating spirit about the whole institution is work and study. This may seem strange, since the students room in the city. One would suppose that the absence of dormitories would develop a tendency to neglect scholastic duties, but this is not true at Nebraska.

There is another interesting feature in the student life at Nebraska and that is a series of receptions given by the Chancellor. The expense attendant upon giving these functions is borne by a State appropriation. The writer had the pleasure of attending one of these receptions. It was the opening reception of the school year. The various classes came in sections. The new matriculates were received early in the evening. A study of their faces revealed deep character lines. Many of these students came from the rural parts of the State. This was plainly manifest in their dress and their shyness, but the Chancellor's Secretary, who stood at the head of the line, made things easy for them, and presented them in polite and easy form to the receiving party. Later in the evening the older students arrived. They came in groups, and not singly like the new students, who were still unacquainted. The older students, in contrast wtih the matriculates of 1898, bore the impress of a longer residence at the university. They were at ease, and greeted one another in hearty, happy student style. Taken all in all the Chancellor's reception to both old and new students was a happy means of introducing the various students to one another. There are no dormitories at the University of Nebraska; hence the students at Bucknell, who enjoy the privilege of living together on the campus, can appreciate the large place these receptions would have in University life.

At a game of foot-ball between the University of Nebraska and the Iowa Agricultural College, which the former won by the erratic score of 23 to 10, the writer was greatly impress-with the spirit manifested by the general student body. The college cry was not heard once during the game. After the game the college bell tolled out joyfully the score, as the people left the field, which was enclosed by a 12 ft. high canvas. For more than an hour afterwards the bell rang furiously—some of the upper class men suggested that a half-dozen Freshmen were hanging on the rope. Strange to say the great crowd of people who witnessed the game, left in an orderly manner. There was no hooting and howling; "war-crys," such as one would expect in the West, were absent. The only racket made was the glad tidings sent forth by the college bell. After night fall, a red light was displayed on the top of the main building. This was to announce to the country for miles around that Nebraska had added another foot-ball scalp to her already large collection.

Taken all in all, the Western game of foot-ball is slower and more unscientific than that of the East.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

This institution needs scarcely any description to Bucknellians. So many students have entered Chicago from Bucknell and the two Universities are so well known to one another that it seems almost useless to write anything descriptive of the big educational institution of the "Windy City," founded by Eastern enterprise and largely endowed with Eastern capital. There is one feature that seems omnipresent, and that is the general "newness" of things. This is manifest everywhere, especially so far as the campus is concerned, which at one time was nothing more than one of Chicago's famed swamps. The employees are engaged daily all through the season, in planting trees and bushes. It is said that President Harper made the remark after seeing Bucknell's campus that he would give a million dollars if he had it in Chicago. This "newness" is not only obviously manifest in the buildings, but it is discernible in the student life. There is also a lack of traditions; ancient college customs do not furnish the precedents and perhaps it is well that it is so, for if many of the established customs of older institutions were obsolete, the moral atmosphere of many colleges would be considerably enhanced. This "newness" at Chicago is also shown in the general spirit of things. There is no bubbling over of enthusiastic and effervescent students. Of course, in intercollegiate contests, the students shout and cheer their own team, but there is absent that indefinable aroma that hangs about older institutions of learning in the country. This is largely attributed to the fact that many students at Chicago come from other institutions where they have already given their boyish spirits full play, and where the cup of enthusiasm has bubbled over more than once.

At Chicago it is work, WORK, WORK. All recitations are called "Seminars" and some of them are two and three hours long. Frequently some students are heard to remark that a certain professor, in assigning the work for the following day seemed to forget that there were other departments besides his own. Let said students go to Chicago and they will soon run up against the cold fact that it is work and not play that brings a young man or a young woman to college.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

This institution is located at Madison, the seat of the capital of Wisconsin. The campus skirts along Lake Mendota, a beautiful sheet of water. Wisconsin is about the only Western institution that develops aquatic athletics. This is altogether due to the fine natural facilities afforded by the lake.

The University of Wisconsin is a many sided institution. There is manifest among its fifteen hundred students that "College spirit" which predominates very largely in the East, whilst the work of the institution requires close application and is of a rigid character, nevertheless the students develop many social diversions. In the Winter they indulge in a sport that is truly characteristic of Madison. Many of the students own "ice-boats." These boats are large sleds with sails attached, and many parties of students go out daily over the broad expanse of ice that every winter covers the waters of Mendota.

The buildings of the University are magnificent and complete, chief among them is the historical library building now in process of erection at a cost of $360,000.00. The money for this edifice came from a state appropriation. As at Nebraska, the tuition fees are merely nominal, viz, $6.00 per annum. The University is maintained by state aid amounting to $250,000.00 per year. This money comes from a state tax. The United States yearly adds grants to the above amount. The University has become particularly well known in the East through its aquatics. Also through the efforts of its President, who has done much in the way of strengthening the various courses of study and adding to its material equipment. The system of education in Wisconsin can be said to be entirely under State control, First of all there is the direct tax for maintaining the University, then there is an affiliation between the high-schools of the state and the University by which graduates of the former are admitted, with examinatio,n to the corresponding courses in the latter. This is true in nearly all the states of the West that foster state universities or colleges.

If politics do not in any wav corrupt the system, it is predicted that western education, maintained as it is by state aid, will in the course of the next few decades, reach a high plane of development.

W. C. G.

THE SOUL OF HONOR.

A LIKELY STORY.

District Attorney Wilkins sat at his desk in deep thought. While he thought he whistled, and while he whistled, the clock ticked the minutes away.

"The police are away off this time," he said suddenly to a young man at a nearby desk,—"away off. They have taken the wrong party into custody, mark my words. But what am I to do? I have to try to convict the woman, of course. But I could swear she is innocent. I can do more than that,—I can prove it. But that's not my business. I can lay my hand right on the guilty man, too, but I can't prove he is guilty."

The Assistant District Attorney grunted. Wilkins began to whistle again, and the clock went on ticking.

"I can prove she is innocent, but I can't prove he is guilty, and of course I've got to convict somebody."

The Assistant District Attorney grunted again.

"I suppose," said Wilkins, rising, "her lawyer will prove her innocent fast enough anyway. Well, I must do *something*."

Then he put on his hat and coat and went out for lunch. There was a *café* about five blocks distant, where Wilkins had eaten his lunch only two or three times before. But to-day he turned his steps in that direction. When he entered the room, he glanced around quickly, said a soft "Ah !" to himself, and walked over to a table in one corner.

"Good morning, Mr. Pellier, good morning !" he said affably.

"Oh come now," said Pellier, "what's your game ? You don't come around this way just for sociability, you know. I suppose you want me to let you convict somebody. Eh ?"

"Pellier, you're all right ! Struck home first shot. That's just what I'm here for."

"Well," said Pellier, I'd like to please you, but really I don't see the need. You haven't been losing enough cases lately to be afraid for your place."

"No," said Wilkins, "it isn't that,—I'll swear to it. No, but I have a reason."

"Who's your victim,—Mrs. Clearfield?"

"Pellier, I believe you're bewitched. You never guess wrong. Perhaps, though, you guessed right because she is your only client."

"Perhaps," said Pellier, contentedly.

"Well, just put up a weak defense for her."

"But suppose she is really innocent ?" asked Pellier, smiling.

"Oh, pshaw !" exclaimed the other.

"That doesn't sound like you. What earthly difference should that make ?"

The two sat a little longer than usual over their wine that day. When they rose to go, Pellier said,—

"And you pledge your word that if she is convicted, you will see that she is not punished ?"

"I do," answered Wilkins, and then they separated.

But the District Attorney's work was only begun. He had spoken the truth when he said that the authorities had made a great mistake in arresting Mrs. Clearfield. With an eye accustomed to see quickly to the bottom of a case, it took him about two minutes to come to the conclusion that, Pellier's help to the contrary notwithstanding, it was going to be no easy task to convict the accused woman.

"There is no proof,—absolutely none,—that is worth calling proof," he said under his breath.

The trial came off in due time. Mrs. Clearfield sat in the dock and listened to the proceedings with a stolidity and an indifference that everybody classed as the coolness of an accomplished villain.

The prosecution made out a fair case against her, basing it, of course, altogether on circumstantial evidence. It was impossible to find any one who would swear that the woman was near the scene of the crime on the day when it was committed.

When the prosecution announced that it was through hearing witnesses, people in the court room whispered one to another,—

"If she can prove an *alibi*, she is safe, otherwise,—well, we would rather not take her chances."

The defense opened with a long line of witnesses who swore to Mrs. Clearfield's Christian character and good reputation among her acquaintances. Then followed two or three of her close friends, who testified in positive terms that she lacked the courage necessary for carrying out so desperate a scheme.

After these had been rent asunder by the District Attorney and his associates, Mrs. Clearfield rose to testify in her own defense. She explained at length that she was prevented by a treacherous memory from proving an *alibi*. She had forgotten the names of the two women with whom she had spent the afternoon in question. They were almost complete strangers to her, and their names had afterward slipped her mind. They had been extensively advertised for, but as yet nothing had been heard from them.

All this sounded very suspicious, and certain suggestions that Mr. Pellier had made to his client, and which she had followed in her testimony, helped to put her in an unfavorable light. Then she added the uncalled for fact that she had spent the whole day in question at Coney Island. This had been Mr. Pellier's idea.

In the prosecution's rebuttal, four or five witnesses were called who swore to having seen Mrs. Clearfield in Newark at eleven o'clock in the morning, in question. This proved that part of the Coney Island story, at least, was a lie, and as she could easily be in Newark at eleven o'clock, and in Brooklyn at two, circumstances pointed to her guilt.

When the realization of this fact came over her, her self-control gave way, and she sank sobbing into her chair.

The trial was finished in short order after that. Wilkins and Pellier went through with their speeches in a perfunctory way, and the judge charged the jury in a manner to put the crowd to sleep. The case went to the jury, the delectable twelve filed out, stayed two minutes and seven seconds, filed back again, and gave their verdict.

There was no excitement when the foreman answered, "Guilty," and the crowd rose to go. One or two noticed that the prosecuting attorney was standing immovable in his place, his eyes fixed on one spot in the back of the room. Suddenly a strong, commanding voice rose above the general confusion, and called for silence. It came from the spot upon which Wilkins had fixed his eyes.

"Your Honor," it said slowly. "that lady is no more guilty of the crime with which she has been charged, than you are yourself. Here stands the guilty man. I own to having done the deed. I shall surrender to the first officer who comes for me."

When the speaker ceased, Wilkins sank into his seat, and when Mr. Pellier immediately moved for a new trial, strange to say, the District Attorney had no objection to offer.

Half an hour later, he was sitting at his desk again.

"Didn't I tell you I could lay my hand upon the guilty man? I had my eye on him all through the trial," he said to the Assistant District Attorney," and I knew I was going to succeed. And yet I couldn't have proved it on him."

"And so you fixed it up with Pellier?"

"Even so. Worked pretty well, didn't it ?"

"But how could you tell that the man would do the right thing ? Not much honor in that class."

"Ah, my boy," said the District Attorney, with a paternal air, "a man may be as wicked and dishonorable as you please, but he will not let a woman suffer in his stead."

"You said once," said the Assistant, with one of his grunts, "that you could prove Mrs. Clearfield's innocence, if you chose. How would you do it ?"

"Oh," said Wilkins, with a yawn, "I saw her myself at Coney Island at the hour the crime was committed. She was alone, though,—that yarn about the two women was a fake. She would have got along better if she had stuck to facts. She must have had to step lively to get from Newark to the Island, though. And that was another lie. That was where we floored the whole defense. Why didn't she tell the truth, though ?"

"Because," said the Assistant, "Pellier told her to lie about it."

"Of course," said the District Attorney, with another yawn, and then he took his hat and went out to talk it over with Pellier.

Ex-'00.

THE COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The student who enters college to-day must exercise great wisdom if he would neither dissipate nor limit his energies. It is a trite saying, but one worthy of frequent repetition, that the aim of the college course is to develop character. Character is the resultant of things done, not of things not done; it is active, not passive. The supreme question should be, what life in college will make me most serviceable in the larger sphere of the active world ? The answer is, that life which makes me most serviceable while in college, and which will enlarge my capacity for service.

In the aim stated above the College Literary Society has a large place. The work of the Society is voluntary and is performed under the pressure of more exacting duties. Work assumed of one's own free will, when there is already plenty to do, makes manhood.

The Literary Society cultivates expression. It cultivates the highest form of expression, i. e., vocal expression. Expression whether by tongue or pen must be free, spontaneous. The student should at times speak and write while entirely free from those who direct his work ; his own peculiar thought, his own peculiar method of thinking, his own peculiar style of expression, perhaps not in accord with the best taste,should be given full sway. The consciousness of a critic whom he thinks superior to himself, should not be with him always. In Literary Society he knows he is among the "boys." Moreover students can give each other new ideals in thought, style, and delivery without, as the teacher often does, cooling the enthusiasm.

Again the work done calls into action the fundamental principle in all good speaking. In the class-room the teacher for the sake of time and accuracy, an essential element in mind-training, must require the student to adopt and prepare in a degree a form, but the Literary Society encourages the preparation of the substance only. The "cut and dried" debate is frowned on. So the mind must work while the speaker is on his feet, and to re-think an address rather than remember it, is the very essence of true public speech.

Public speech is the scholar's most effective instrument for serving the public. Bear in mind a man's learning is not a luxury. Instruction in how to use knowledge should go hand in hand with the acquisition of knowledge. Public speech appeals to the whole man and this opens the scholar's way to all people. No candidate for public office is satisfied with writing papers and books but he tries to reach the people through public speech. If he cannot speak himself, he will get some one to do it for him. No force in any community is stronger and more permeating than the voice of the pulpit. True preaching will win a hearing anywhere and will inspire those who listen to endeavor to realize the ideals set forth.

But the best proof of the importance of the College Literary Society is the testimony of those who have gone through college and attained distinction. Prof. F. A. P. Barnard, LL. D., once President of Columbia University, an eminent educator said : "No part of my training in Yale College seems to me as I look back upon it, to have been more beneficial than that which I derived from the practice of writing and speaking in the Literary Society to which I belonged." Dr. Ezekiel G. Robinson, ex-president of Brown University,a moulding force in the early days of the University of Chicago, bears this lengthy testimony: "It was my good fortune to be a member of a debating Society. In direct education for the real work of life no influences of my college days were equal to those of this Society. It called into use and fastened in my memory what little I learned from text-books and in lecture-rooms; it prompted to inquiries and investigations that otherwise would never have been made; it stimulated to the exercise of all my intellectual faculties, as the set tasks of the professors never could. In many particulars the typical college of to-day is manifestly superior to that of fifty years ago; but in the societies of its students for the cultivation of literature and skill in debate, its inferiority is too marked not to awaken solicitude as well as regret, in the minds of all friends of liberal learning. Nothing yet devised has filled or can fill as a means of education,the place of the great debating societies, composed of representatives from every class in college, at once imposing and inspiring from their numbers, which were so marked a feature of the college forty or fifty years ago."

MERTON ROSCOE COLLINS, PH. M.

DIED NOV. 6, 1898.

One of the saddest accidents that has ever happened in connection with the University occurred Saturday evening, Nov. 5, when Merton R. Collins, '97, in some manner not known was thrown under the wheels of the passenger train, which leaves the Reading station, Williamsport, at 11:30, and had both legs horribly mangled. He had just a few minutes before boarded the train for the purpose of bidding good-bye to some of his old college friends. The train suddenly started to back up to attach a sleeper, when somebody called out that it would not again stop at the station. It is not known whether he was thrown off the platform by the rush of people getting off the train or in what manner it actually did happen. He was at once taken to the Williamsport Hospital, suffering all the while the most intense pain, until about two o'clock in the morning, when he was etherized and both legs were amputated. He never rallied and died three hours later.

The funeral was held Wednesday last from his home at Roaring Branch. A very large number of people were in attendance. It was held in the Methodist Church of that place of which the deceased was a member. The sermon was preached by his pastor, Rev. Robt. L. Armstrong, President Harris and Clarence L. Peaslee, Esq., of Williamsport, assisting. A number of students were present, and members of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity acted as pall-bearers.

Merton Roscoe Collins was born Dec. 16, 1870, at Arnot, Tioga Co., Pa. When two years of age his parents removed to Roaring Branch where they have since resided. Merton attended the public schools until seventeen years of age when he obtained a certificate to teach and followed that calling for two years. In March, 1891, he entered the Mansfield State Normal School, graduating the following year and delivering the presentation address of his class at graduation. He again taught a year and in the fall of '93 entered the Freshman Class of Bucknell University, graduating with the class of '97. During his college course he was a leader in almost every phase of college life. He was one of the best foot-ball players that ever played on a Bucknell team. He was manager of the base-ball team during the season of '95. He was the founder and also editor-in-chief of the *Orange and Blue*. He was President of the Theta Alpha Literary Society and represented Bucknell in an intercollegiate debate with Franklin and Marshall College in which Bucknell won. He was one of the speakers at graduation, being a *magna cum laude*, and taking the first Psychology prize. After graduation he was Principal of the Huntington Mills Schools for one year and the past summer entered the law office of Attorney-General McCormick, at Williamsport. He was a young man of rare ability and a perfect Christian gentleman, beloved by all who knew him.

MERTON ROSCOE COLLINS

BY PROF. PERRINE.

Seldom, if ever, has the University been so startled as when it received the tragic news that Collins had been crushed under a train at Williamsport and that life had departed from his mangled body. Aside from the dauntless courage with which he met his fate, there seems to have been no feature lacking that would add horror to his untimely taking-off. In the dark night of a day that had been crowded with life and joy, during which many of his school-time memories and friendships had been recalled and renewed, and surrounded by his fellow-students whose jokes and fun and enthusiasm proved that their faces were still towards the sunrise, Collins was called to give up everything in an overwhelming stroke of pain and disaster—and he did it like a soldier. Let us hope that some ministering angel up-bore him in the swelling flood so that what to the sorrowing watchers seemed death's cruel dart was indeed the opening of gates “we call Elysian.”

No student at least in recent years has developed more fully under the training for which “Bucknell” stands than did Collins. Intellectually, socially, morally, spiritually, he made rapid strides, all of which his instructors and fellows marked and in which they rejoiced. Alike on the ball field and in the recitation room, he was determined to succeed, not with the cheap “finery” of a transitory effort but with the abiding glory of sustained toil. His eyes had gladly opened to see the difference between wheat and chaff ; his heart led him strongly to seek after the one and to reject the other ; his light burning brightly and still more bright gave great promise—and “Bucknell” bows her head for one from whom she expected and would have received so much of untiring devotion, so much of unflagging loyalty. Of such sons, with more than Cornelia's Roman pride she can say : “These are my jewels”; and if the influence of a true University ought to be and is exerted beyond the bounds even of the physical universe, then she may still rejoice to think that Collins received his impulse toward all higher things while he studied within her gates.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.

HALL OF ALPHA PHI CHAPTER
OF KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.

Lewisburg, Pa., Nov. 7, '98.

WHEREAS, Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has removed from this life Merton Roscoe Collins, our most loyal friend and brother; be it

Resolved, That we hereby manifest our sorrow and grief at the loss which we as brothers have sustained.

Resolved, That this chapter has lost a most faithful and honored member, and the world one who has been an example of Christian manhood.

Resolved, That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to the memory of our departed brother the badge of the order be worn inverted for thirty days. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered on the records of Alphi Phi, one sent to his family, and also be published in the *Caduceus* and the college papers.

OLIVER J. DECKER,
BENJ. W. GRIFFITH,
GEORGE E. SCHILLING,
LOUIS V. HOTTENSTEIN,
ALBERT F. MESCHTER.

The Registrar of the University will be grateful for any information concerning the service of graduates, under-graduates and former students, in the army during the late war with Spain. The facts especially desired are :

1. Name in full of each man.
2. Name of Organization.
3. Dates of mustering in and mustering out.
4. Record.

The list will be eventually printed in the college papers.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

NOVEMBER 10, 1898.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

Dr. David J. Hill.—It is with a feeling of pride that the MIRROR prints in this issue a picture of Dr. David J. Hill, our former President, and now First Assistant Secretary of State. Dr. Hill has had a most brilliant career. He had one of the best records as a student of any person who has graduated from this University. Immediately after graduating he became an instructor in the College, and in 1879, at the early age of twenty-nine, he succeeded the late Dr. Loomis as President of Bucknell. He held this position for nine years, during which time the institution made steady progress. He is the author of numerous college text-books and other important works. His appointment as Assistant Secretary of State has met with favor on all sides. It is safe to predict that he will perform the duties of his present position as brilliantly and ably as he has those of past positions of trust and honor.

Keeping Books Out of the Library.—It seems to be a habit with many students to take books out of the library and keep them long after the allotted time. In some cases where the book is one not often called for it may not make so much difference but even then it is a bad practice. In many cases, however, a whole class is compelled to use but two or three books and then the majority is deprived of their benefit by the selfishness of a few. Perhaps selfishness is too strong a word to use as we do not suppose any student ever intentionally keeps a book out. If we would all be more careful in this respect, however, we would be mutually benefitted and take a considerable burden off the Librarian's shoulders.

The Prospects of the Literary Societies.—Both Literary Societies have this term started out well. The attendance has been somewhat better than usual and the exercises have been good. No student can afford to neglect this work. Every person should have the ability to express his thoughts in good form. No student can feel that by giving some time to the literary society each week he is neglecting his work not only from the fact that great benefit is derived from it, but due credit is also given him for all work done here in the department of elocution. Let each student attend regularly and faithfully perform his part on the program and he will be greatly benefitted.

ATHLETICS.

Bucknell 6, University of Maryland, 0.—This was the score of the game played at Shamokin, October 15. The attendance was small, causing a loss financially. Bucknell made large gains but repeatedly lost the ball at critical points by fumbling.

Bucknell, 34, Swarthmore, 18.—The most interesting game seen on the campus for some time was played with Swarthmore, Oct. 22. Several substitutes were put on the team in the first half when Swarthmore did all her scoring. The last half the regular team played and the wearers of the garnet were unable to make any gain.

Bucknell, 0, Lehigh, 0.—A tie game was played at Bethlehem with Lehigh University, October 29. Although Bucknell was superior in both offensive and defensive play, she did not score, owing to fumbling every time she got near the goal.

Bucknell 0, Pa. State College 16.—Saturday, Nov. 5, the annual game between Bucknell and State was played at Athletic Park, Williamsport, before about two thousand spectators. It was a far more even contest than the score would indicate. Bucknell had decidedly the advantage up to nearly the end of the first half, when Scholl skirted our right end and after a long run made a touchdown. In the second half Captain Cober and Thompson were forced to retire because of injuries. State showed herself somewhat stronger in this half and scored two touchdowns, but kicked only one goal, making the final score 16–0 in their favor. We will not be so ungenerous to our opponents as were they two years ago, when defeated by Bucknell at Williamsport, when the *Free Lance*, commenting on the game, said that it was a contest between "Age" and "Beauty," in which "Age" won, although it might be far more appropriately said in this case than it was then. The majority of our team played on the 'Varsity for the first time this season while nearly all State's men were old and experienced players, having been on the team three or four seasons. Matthewson far outpunted Cure, State's full-back. Fumbles were a little too numerous on both sides. It was, however, a magnificent contest and one which reflected no discredit on Bucknell.

Bucknell, 6, Baltimore Athletic Club, 5.—With several substitutes on the team Bucknell defeated the Baltimore Athletic Club, at Baltimore, Tuesday, Nov. 8, by the above score.

Geo. L. Megargee, 'Ex-'96 and Harvey F. Smith, '94, have been assisting coach Lesher the past week.

Registrar Gretzinger has been given nearly a hundred dollars by friends of the University to be applied to the Athletic Association debt of last year.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'56. Hon. Francis Wayland Jacobs, a former member of the State Senate, of Massachusetts, is now located in the St. Paul Building, New York, where he has a suite of law offices.

'60. William L. Nesbit was an independent candidate for the lower house of the Penna. Legislature from Northumberland Co.

Ex-'73. Lieutenant Colonel Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., is one of a board of four officers recently appointed by the President to go to Cuba and investigate and report upon locations for the army of occupation in that island.

'75. Rev. W. H. Ellis has become pastor of the Carmel Baptist Church in Crawford Co., Pa.

'75. J. F. Strieby, Esq., of Williamsport, was the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Sixteenth District.

'76. Rev. Owen James, D. D., has resigned the presidency of the Roger Williams University at Nashville, Tenn., and become pastor of the Baptist Church in Titusville, Pa.

'78. Joseph E. Perry, Ph. D., resigned as Principal of Peddie Institute to the regret of all the friends of the institution. The trustees were unable to induce him to reconsider his decision and passed the most complimentary resolutions. At present he is pursuing a conrse of study in Harvard University.

Ex-'81. Major Martin L. Focht, Surgeon of the Twelfth Regiment, P V. I., is home on a furlough.

'84. Howard Hammond Baldridge, Esq., District Attorney of Douglass County, Neb., was one of the speakers at the Pennsylvania Picnic at Omaha, Neb.

'85. Rev S. G. Reading, of Williamsport, was Chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, P. V. I.

'89. Frank B. Hargrave, Esq., now in Manila with the 10th Pa. Vols., received the Republican nomination for the legislature in Westmoreland county, and was elected.

Ex.-'01. Robert J. Powell is attending the Eastman Business College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'91. Hon. John T. Hyatt, Vice-Consul at Santiago de Cuba, delivered an address before the State Millers' Association in session at Bellefonte.

Ex-'92. Samuel Iredell, Esq , of Bridgton, N. J., has received the Democratic nomination for Congress from the First District of New Jersey.

'92. Elton S. Carson, M. D., is engaged in missionary work at Toungoo, Burma. In a small pamphlet entitled "Our First Peep at Koreen Life," he set forth the peculiarities of the language, customs and institutions with which he must contend in his work. He also shows the glorious prospects of the work that is being carried on in that country.

94. Rev. Chas. F. McMann is pastor of a church at Concordia, Kansas.

'94. The meeting house of the Baptist Church at Collingdale, Pa., Rev. J. R. Wood, pastor, was destroyed by fire, Oct 31.

'94. Miss Mary Bell, of Sabbath Rest, Penna., has become a member of the faculty of the Miss Armitage School, recently inaugurated at Wayne, Penna.

'94. Geo. H. Waid who completed a year's post graduate work at the University of Chicago last June is at present engaged in the work of the ministry at Detroit, Mich.

Ex-'95. Alfred Hayes, Jr., has opened a law office in the Washington Life Building, 141 Broadway, New York.

'96. Amos Williams who was seriously ill in Porto Rico, is now improving at his home.

'96. Albert W. Johnson has been admitted to the Union County bar and has begun practice at Lewisburg.

'96. Miss Mary Wolfe, of the Senior Class, in the Medical Department of the University of Michigan, has been appointed an assistant of Dr. Dodd in that institution.

Ex.-'97. A. O. Miller is attending a medical college in Cleveland, Ohio.

'97. H. C. Stanton is in the Medical Department of the University of Penna.

'98. Chas. D. Koch is Principal of the Curwensville public schools.

'98. Frank Golder is Principal of the Ariel High School, Wayne Co., Pa.

'98. Miss Ruth Sprague is teaching in the High School at Huntingdon, Pa.

'98. Geo. T. Ritter is Principal of the South Williamsport High School.

'98. C. Arthur Lindemann is teaching Mathematics at South Jersey Institute.

'98. S. W. Gilpin is engaged as Principal of the Huntington Mills graded schools.

'98. A. A. Smith is reading law with the firm of Hicks and Spencer at Williamsport.

'98. J. T. Anderson and Joseph H. Cooke have entered Crozer Theological Seminary.

'98. George M. Davis is living at Hamilton, N. Y., where he is attending the Theological Seminary.

'98. Ralph F. Koons has been admitted to the second year class in the University of Michigan Medical School.

'98. Messrs. E. H. Dutton, J. G. Lauderbaugh, and R. T. Wiltbank have entered the Rochester Theological Seminary.

'98. Friday, Sept. 23, Mr. R. G. Siifer started for Wood Island, Alaska Ter., at which place he has accepted a government position as teacher.

Ex.-'99. W. R. Morris has entered the University of Iowa, Geo. E. Jenkinson the Dickinson School of Law, and Miss Elizabeth S. Hawley,the Medical School of the University of Michigan.

Ex.-'01. W. I. King has entered Brown University.

Ex.-'01. J. E. Parker is assistant editor of the Mahanoy City *Times*.

WOLFE—WILLIAMSON.—Inst. '96. The marriage of Miss Mary Williamson to Dr. I. R. Wolfe, of Espy, took place recently at the home of the bride's parents in Salladasburg.

TRACK FUND ACCOUNT

Receipts,		
From all sources,	$468.97	
Expenditures,		
Material and Labor,	481.82	
Account overdrawn,—		$12.85

Sources of Receipts.	
Alumni,	$203.50
Board of Trustees, (Individual subscriptions,)	201.00
Lectures, Field-day, etc.,	64.47
	$468.97

Prof. Albert B. Stewart deserves especial mention for services rendered in the construction of the track.

The various items of expenses are on record in the business office of the University, and the itemized account has been duly audited by the institution's auditors and by a special committee from the Alumni. The general Alumni Association has subscribed twenty-five dollars, ($25.00,) to repair the track next Spring, a former student has given one dollar for the same purpose; and a friend has made good the overdraft.

Wm. C. Gretzinger,
Treasurer, Track Fund.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XVIII. LEWISBURG, PA., DECEMBER 10, 1898. No. 3.

RELIEF WORK IN ARMIES.

DR. CEO. G. GROFF, MAJOR U. S. ARMY.

It is the object of those engaged in the Relief Societies to ameliorate some of the unavoidable sufferings and hardships of war. Necessarily, the attention will in the main be directed to the wounded and the sick, who are always an encumbrance to any army. At least two per cent. of the men are always set aside for hospital work, and often a much larger per cent. will be needed.

The Government undertakes to furnish regular rations, clothing, medical attendance, shelter, transportation. If a soldier falls sick, there is a hospital, surgeons and nurses to care for him, but the delicacies which would tempt him back to health are generally lacking. Ice, milk, gelatine, prepared cereals, soups, boullion, cocoa, dried beef, tapioca, and tea, can be furnished to the sick with great advantage by the friends of the soldier. So also, netting to keep off insects, soap, towels, handkerchiefs, shoe-strings, and many other little comforts may be sent the soldier and are always welcome.

If a Government is given to war, and thousands of men are trained warriors, there should be comparatively little need of such aids; but in a volunteer army, where both officers and men are unaccustomed to camp life, there will be much sickness and much need of the offerings of the wealthy. In the creation of an army of 250,000 men in a few days, there would necessarily be many things which would be overlooked or fail to receive the attention of untrained officers, but which should receive attention if the comfort and health of the soldiers is considered. Here is the place for the Relief Associations. They come to the aid of the Government, offering their services to do a portion of the great work of caring for the army.

In the Civil War, two great organizations came into existence in the north. The Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission. The work done by these Societies can be told only by those who participated in the work or who received the benefits.

In the present war two Societies also came to the front. The National Red Cross Society with headquarters in New York City, and the National Relief Commission with headquarters in Philadelphia. The Red Cross is an International Society whose existence is recognized by nearly all civilized countries. The National Relief is a temporary organization, intended only to aid the Government in the present emergency, as did the two Commissions in the Civil War.

When only these two societies are mentioned it is not meant that there were not other societies with similar aids, located all over the county, but the money and the goods which they collected were dispersed through the two national organizations.

One of the greatest agencies to save life and prevent suffering among the soldiers was, in the present war inaugurated by the Government itself. This is the organization of hospital or Relief Ships, which are floating hospitals equipped with every possible appliance for the health and comfort of sick men. Of these the Solace belongs to the Navy, the Relief and the Missouri to the General Government, and the Bay State to Massachusetts. These vessels have made possible the transportation of the very sick from the heat of the tropics to central latitudes where recovery was possible. It is safe to say that hundreds of lives have been saved to the country and to their friends by these ships.

War is a dreadful necessity only to be entered upon in dire extremities. It is hoped that the liberation of the millions of human slaves in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands constitute in the sight of Heaven the righteous cause which justified the war now being brought to a close. May the same powerful arm, which gave victory to our brave men on sea and on land, grant to our rulers the great wisdom necessary to administer just and proper laws to those freed from the galling slavery of a Middle Age power.

Ponce, P. R., Nov. 6, 1898.

THE GONDOLAS OF VENICE.

> "Didst ever see a Gondola? For fear
> You should not, I'll describe it you exactly;
> 'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
> Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
> Rowed by two rowers, each called "Gondolier."
> It glides along the water looking blackly,
> Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
> Where none can make out what you say or do."
>
> —*Byron.*

It was late in the evening when we left the main land, by rail, for the city of Venice. Though one usually leaves *terra firma* by boat we were actually carried out to sea on a railroad train. On either side of the train nothing could be seen but a wide expanse of dark water dotted, here and there, with the flickering lights of Venetian fishermen.

We had all been very anxious to see this interesting and unique city built, as it were, upon the very surface of the turbulent waters of the Adriatic. One gets deep and lasting impressions on entering a strange city by night. Our train suddenly comes to a station, and now we are, not upon the sea, but in a city glittering with many lights, yet silent save for the noise and bustle of moving crowds. There is not the rumbling of cart wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs so characteristic in all other cities, for there are neither horses nor carts in the "City of the Lagoons." Our baggage was carried down the stone steps, leading from the station to the Grand Canal, and placed in boats. We followed and embarked in the same strange looking water crafts. Away we sped through the darkness and over the still water with scarcely a ripple sound. The first impression is one of extreme pleasure and delight. The boat moves so smoothly, no rocking nor splashing of the water with oars. It darts ahead as though endowed with life. We sit under a *felze*, or canopy, closed at the rear, and our view is obstructed by no rower, for the man who propels the boat stands behind us. Suddenly we approach a corner and we hear him cry, *Destra! Destra!* to warn any boatman who may be coming the other way. After a number of intricate windings and short turns, during which the boat is managed with a skill approaching an art, we arrive at our hotel, having greatly enjoyed our first journey on the canals of Venice.

The boats of this melancholy city are known as gondolas, and nothing like them are to be seen in any other city in the world. Byron has briefly described them for us, but a few words may be said concerning the history of this strange but beautiful Venetian craft. A Chinaman by the name of Sing-Ho-Li, while visiting in Venice, wrote to his friend Champ-Pi-Pi as follows: "Every one here keeps their carriage anchored at the door, and the carriage is a sort of a tomb in which they daily bury themselves for five or six hours with great regularity." The gondola is, indeed, a most charming carriage and Venice would not be Venice without it. We Americans would hardly know how to get along with gondolas in one of our cities with all the hurry and commotion of moving commerce. But go to Venice and get into a gondola and you will be quite satisfied with its speed and really wouldn't want it to go faster.

The gondola is not an invention. It is a growth. It came by the process of evolution, and as time rolled on it was continually being modified to suit the needs of the place. Far back in the early centuries of the middle ages, when Attila came down from the north with his marauding Huns and invaded the prosperous cities of Milan, Padua, Aquilira and other towns of Northern Italy, the inhabitants fled to the mountains and the islands of the sea for safety. It was during this unsettled period that the city of Venice was founded on the mud islands of the Adriatic. In the course of time, through the development of engineering skill, the rude huts of the fugitives were replaced by substantial structures built on stone walls which rest upon piles. The houses were built close together and the canals made very narrow, which was a necessary provision for protection from the hot rays of the sun during the long summers. In order to navigate these narrow intricate canals the boats must be propelled from the rear, and the gondolier must stand facing the prow, so that he can see where he is going. These requirements on the part of the boatman compel him to be an expert at handling the oar. He uses only one long oar which fits into a a notch near the stern. The gondolier stands while rowing and must be able to give that peculiar return stroke which keeps the boat straight. With remarkable skill he propels the gondola through narrow passages and under low bridges, and turns sharp corners with the side of the boat scarcely an inch from the wall.

The *felze*, or canopy, is a covering for protection from the rain and the sun during the hot summer days. In the early history of the gondola this was made by bending two hoops and fixing any sort of covering to them, but this rude arrangement was soon replaced by the artistic Venetian with more elaborate canopies. At the height of the city's prosperity,the canopies were so profusely decorated and the gondolas so brilliantly painted that the government had to go to the extreme measure of prohibiting such lavish extravagance. Now one sees no gaudily colored gondolas. They are all painted black, and seem to be mourning the departure of their former greatness.

Another interesting feature, entirely characteristic of the gondola, is the *ferro*, formerly on both ends of the boat but now only on the prow. After the adoption of the canopy, the gondoliers found it necessary to place a stick upright in the prow in order to protect the canopies when passing under bridges. This upright post was later made a part of the boat and constructed out of metal instead of wood. We are told that the boat builders, doubtless influenced by the cultivation of art in the city of Tintoretto, tried to imitate a swan's neck and head with the *ferro*. This was gorgeously decorated and carved during the predominance of the "Barocco" but is to-day very plainly and simply made.

Some of the more elegant gondolas and all the larger ones have two gondoliers. This interesting class of Venetian society is united in one union or brotherhood, and all the passenger traffic is carried on under its direction. The gondoliers have continually resisted the construction of gondolas for private parties, but the hotels have always found it more economical to own their own boats. In order to put an end to the intrusion of the hotel managers into their business, one night, by concerted action, they broke to splinters all the hotel gondolas and ever since have had undisputed possession of all passenger traffic in Venice.

The gondola will never go entirely out of use, especially in the narrow canals, though it has certainly seen its best days. The steam boat now plies up and down the chief water way of the city, from the station at one end of the Grand Canal to the Public Gardens at the other.

Though the gondola still retains its picturesque and romantic appearance it has lost some of its former precedence and now, like the old palaces of this melancholy city, it tells of former greatness. What a wonder this "Queen of the Adriatic" must have been in the days when it ruled the maritime world! Its cathedrals, first among which stands St. Marks; the palace of the Doges, with its peculiar style of architecture; the Bridge of Sighs, with more fiction than fact connected with it; the art galleries containing many of the master pieces of the great Venetian painters; all these are lasting evidences of the former greatness and splendor of that romantic city. To-day one sees the frescoes crumbling and the guilding on the palace walls darkened with time. Notwithstanding all this, Venice still lives as one of the unique and characteristic cities of the world, where the gondola must ever remain an essential feature. W. K.

SHAKESPEARE'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE JEWS AS SEEN IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

To a superficial reader or observer of Shakespeare's great drama, "The Merchant of Venice," the character of Shylock the Jew may present none but repellant and odious features. Some scholars see no more than this, and hence conclude that Shakespeare, catering to the popular prejudices of his time, entertained a hostile attitude toward the Jewish nation. A first approach to the play would seem to justify this belief, but more thorough students have formed other opinions.

Soon after the appearance of the play, it became the general sentiment that Shakespeare intended this character to be a humorous clown with all the attributes of a court fool, and it was so produced upon the stage. But that view has long since been abandoned as an unjust reflection upon the great dramatist. Some, with Gervinus, think that Shylock was introduced merely as an instrument, with no intimation whatever as to Shakespeare's feeling for the race. But the great majority of Shakespearian critics confidently believe there is a rich undercurrent of thought in this production showing clearly that Shakespeare pitied the Jews and wished to defend them, and this belief is well substantiated. Not so much because the weight of opinion is in favor of such a construction, though that must not be overlooked, but because the evidence in the play itself is so strong, we are led to form the same conclusion; namely, that Shakespeare's attitude toward the Jews was, on the grounds of humanity and justice, one of sympathy and defence.

As a foundation for further discussion of the subject, however, it may be well to ascertain two things,—from what sources Shakespeare derived his knowledge of the Jews, and what their social standing was in the Elizabethean age. That the author had a thorough knowledge of the Jewish disposition cannot be questioned, for otherwise he could not have produced a representative so true to every feature of the Hebrew character. He must have been well acquainted with the Bible, a fact which is plainly shown by the spontaneous allusion to the history of Jacob, the manna, the "fawning publican," "my deeds upon my head," and other references. Besides it is altogether plausible to suppose he made a special study of the Old and New Testament in order to secure an accurate rendering of the Jewish character. Here he would find the Jew at his best and at his worst, and could appreciate both sides. But he must have had some personal acquaintance with the people also. His biography is very uncertain, and it cannot be stated positively that he ever traveled, but there are some grounds for such a belief. If it be true, he surely must have encountered the Jews on the continent, possibly in Venice itself. He may have been more closely related to them, however, for contemporaneous records prove that there were numerous Jews in England at that time, though an edict of banishment still remained unrepealed. The case of the worthy and estimable Jew, Doctor Lopez, who was the victim of a court intrigue and finally executed; and Mr. Sidney Lee's statement made in 1625, "a store of Jewes we have in England; a few in court, many i' th' city, more in the countrey," both show that he had ample opportunity for meeting them. There is evidence to show also that Shakespeare very probably had personal relations with Doctor Lopez, perhaps both in public and private life. From him he would have gained a high estimate of Hebrew character, for the Doctor was a noble man, though not generally given credit for it. From these sources, then, it is clear that Shakespeare must have gained a comprehensive knowledge of the Jewish people in all their phases.

The case of Doctor Lopez as a prominent physician and confidant of many of the nobility might seem to deny the state of affairs existing in the Elizabethan age, but he was no exception to the rule; he suffered with the rest. Popular feeling and prejudice against the Jews was cruelly immoderate and most bitter. They clung to their faith most consistently, and, in consequence, were considered vile, despicable infidels, akin to Satan, Judases and living types of the slayers of the incarnate God. By law they were allowed to hold no property and were thus driven to the necessity of traffic in money. But usury had been abhorred by the church for centuries as equal to prostitution, as a *malum in se*, not a *malum prohibitum* as Shakespeare, a moral pathfinder in this respect, considered it; and usurers were looked upon as monsters of greed, avarice, hatred, and revenge.

But the bitterness of the age did not stop with sentiment and prejudice. The Jews were ostracized from all social relations, insulted, spit upon and persecuted to the extent of the law. It was no sin to cheat and pilfer a Jew, and they were often tortured or compelled to pay large sums to avoid having their eyes put out. Antonio, Shakespeare's most amiable character, answered Shylock's accusations with:

"I am as like to call thee so [misbeliever, cut-throat, dog] again. To spit on thee again, to spurn thee, too." Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," true to the sentiment of the age, represents Barabbas as an incarnate fiend. In short the prejudices against and persecutions of the Jews were even an exaggeration of those practiced against New England witchcraft in colonial days. Is it at all strange, then, that such abusive treatment at the hands of Christians did sour some of the "milk of human kindness"? And yet they were long suffering, for Shylock says:

"Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

It was in the midst of such prejudice as this that Shakespeare produced his "Merchant of Venice." Gervinus says the supreme purpose of the play is to depict man's relation to money and wealth, and we may grant him his opinion. The secondary and underlying purpose, however, quite clearly is to vindicate the oppression of the Jews by a faithful portrayal of their good and bad qualities and by pointing out the sources responsible for the persecution heaped upon them. In order to do this the author represents "Shylock as the incarnate spirit of the Jewish race," not an individual, but the representative of a nation. The Jew is not misrepresented in either direction, but is presented true to nature. He is not amiable nor magnanimous, neither is he a detestable villain. Shakespeare could not have painted him in glowing colors, an infallible character, for the people would not have received him so, nor would it have been a faithful portrait. Neither could he have painted him as black as Marlowe's Barabbas, for he would then have forfeited all claim to be ranked among the "great humanizers of English, and the world's literature." Shylock is a typical Jew with qualities both good and bad. Among the virtues Shakespeare clearly attributes to him are,—love for his wife and daughter, patriotism and devotion to the Jewish faith, carefulness and frugality in business, earnestness and zeal even in hating, patience, perseverance, great reasoning power, strong will and determination, sternness, dignity, strong character, intellect and personality and a thorough respect for law even when in its grasp. His faults are many, too, but why? He is called "avaricious," but such a quality is only the most natural development from the sole business allowed him by law. He is twitted of being a "usurer," when his tormentors leave him no other occupation and even ask the "usurer" for a loan. He is a "devil" and a "fiend" because he has a belief other than that of his accusers. He is "selfishly cruel" when merely fighting the enemy with their own weapons. He may be the personification of hatred, revenge, vindictiveness and treachery, but the oppression and persecution to which he is daily subjected "in the Rialto," on the street and everywhere the Christians meet him is ample explanation. They force him to be morose and callous in disposition. His own argument has double power because of its truth when he says, "If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute." The revenge he justly uses is but the practice of their example; and though it is not admirable, yet it is easily comprehensible; for it is just as good as Christian abuse and insult. The Jew is shown to be the product of two influences,—the natural Jewish character, and that character in a strange land persecuted and outlawed by society. Man is responsible for an evil just so far as it is in his power to prevent it. The Christians made no effort to prevent the Jews' condition, though it lay largely within their control; hence they were responsible. The Jew was "God made and man marred," and it was the Christians who marred him. Their treatment made him evil more than natural tendencies, and the reason was because they did not follow the charitable teachings of Christ. Retaliation not pardon, revenge not forgiveness, abuse not love, were the principles practiced; and then they blamed the Jews for being what they were. All these teachings and deductions a careful eye will read between the lines of the great play, and it is not hard to gather from them Shakespeare's feelings for this much-suffering race, for Shylock represents the nation.

Whether it was a pious and reverential respect for the Jews or simply the noble desire of a magnanimous, fair minded man to see justice done, we do not know. But, from some motive, it is certain, Shakespeare did what he could in this play to turn the tide of public opinion into channels more favorable for their race. He considered them as human beings, for Shylock says: "I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?..... if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die?" If they are human, the inference plainly is, treat them humanely. The injustice shown Shylock is evident in the play. That Shakespeare was a noble character is also evident, for he could not have produced such a work otherwise. If noble, then just; and if just, a lover of justice. On the grounds of justice, then, his plea was for the emancipation of the Jews from the shackles of Christian prejudice. Even in the end of the plot, as the child, having innocently eaten injurious dainties and suffered the consequences, is pitied, so Shylock, as he leaves the court room, thwarted, crestfallen, humbled and begging for mercy, calls forth our pity and compassion.

In this magnanimous defence of the Jews, Shakespeare manifested the true Christian spirit far more than the Christians he satirized and rebuked. As a noble champion and defender of the oppressed and defenceless, he deserves our sincere commendation, and his example is worthy the following of every just and humane writer.

T. J. M., 1900.

PHILADELPHIA ALUMNI CLUB BANQUET.

The annual meeting of the Bucknell University Club of Philadelphia was held on Monday evening, Dec. 5, 1898, at the Colonnade Hotel. A brief business session was held, presided over by the Vice President, P. N. K. Schwenk, M. D. The following were elected to membership: Rev. J. M. Lyons, '51, Rev. J. E. Sagebeer, Ph. D.,'85, and Frank Katherman, '98. The report of the Treasurer was read showing a balance in the treasury of $8.08. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Rev. A. J. Rowland, D. D., '52.
Vice President, Rev. M. G. Evans, D. D., '82.
Secretary, Rev. R. B. McDanel, '88.
Treasurer, C. B. Lowe, M. D., '55.
Chairman Ex. Com., Rev. B. MacMackin, '74.

The Company then repaired to the dining room, where after the divine blessing had been invoked by Rev. Leroy Stephens, D. D., the following menu was served:—

Blue Points.
Hors D'Oeuvres Varies.
Consomme Printanier Royal.
Turban of Sole, a la Parisienne.
Chicken Cutlets aux petits pois.
Filet de Boeuf Pique Duchesse.
String Beans.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Roquefort Cheese.
Neapolitan Ice Cream. Fruit.
Fancy Cakes. Café.

President Rowland in witty and cheerful words introduced the various speakers, calling first upon President John H. Harris, whose presence at these annual gatherings is always most highly appreciated. Dr. Harris dwelt on the great advance made in the University curriculum in reference to various elective and honor studies, calling especial attention to the fact that one hundred students are taking honor work. He announced Rev. Dr. Lemuel Moss and Rev. Dr. B. L. Whitman as lecturers this present year on Sociology; and certain lecture courses in law by the Hon. H. M. McClure. He spoke also of the great and immediate need for a dormitory building.

Rev. J. M. Lyons, a member of the first class graduated, that of '51, followed in most interesting reminiscences of the old days, and expressed his sincerest love for Alma Mater, and his devout gratitude at the marvellous growth of half a century.

J. K. Weaver, M. D., '61, late Brigade Surgeon, Second Army Corps, dwelt upon the value of his College training on his after life, and made tender reference to the late Dr.

Loomis and the teachers of those days. He also spoke briefly of his army service and refuted the charges of inefficiency in the management of the army.

Hon. Ward R. Bliss, '74, who was introduced as the Speaker of the next House of Representatives at Harrisburg, spoke of the importance of the College study of politics, really the teaching of the history of humanity. He called attention to the fact that in every calling Bucknell Alumni are standing at the head.

P. N. K. Schwenk, M. D., '76, spoke a few words of appreciation of the late Dr. Loomis.

Rev. Harold Kennedy, A. M., spoke warm words of appreciation of President Harris.

Rev. M. G. Evans, D. D., '82, spoke especially of the value of the study of history, and that our universities must be both the radical and the conservative elements in our civilization.

Rev. J. H. Chambers, '72, was thankful for Bucknell's progress and for what it had done for him.

On motion of Dr. J. G. Walker, a standing vote was taken in which the club placed on record their grateful remembrance of the work and worth of the late President Justin R. Loomis, LL. D. The following were present:

Pres. J. H. Harris, '69.
Mr. H. S. Hopper.
C. B. Lowe, M. D., '65.
Rev. R. B. McDanel, '88.
Rev. A. J. Rowland, D.D., '62.
Rev. G. M. Righter, '72.
Rev. W. V. Wilson, D. D.
Rev. F. S. Dobbins.
Samuel Bolton, M. D., '85.
Rev. R. M. Hunsicker, '82.
J. G. Grater, '72.
D. P. Leas, '63.
P. N. K. Schwenk, M. D., '76.
Rev. A. L. Moore, 91.
Rev. B. MacMackin, '74.
J. K. Weaver, M. D., '61.
O. W. Spratt, '61.
Rev. J G. Walker, D. D., '62.
Rev. J M. Hare, '85.
Rev. J. M. Lyons, '51.
Rev. W. H. Conard, D. D., '62.
Rev. Wm. Barrows, '67.
Rev. M. G. Evans, D. D., '82.
Rev. W. R. Patton, '71.
Rev. Jos S. Evans.
Rev. H. B. Rankin, '89.
Rev. J. H. Chambers, '72.
R. B. McCay, '96.
E. T. Haddock, '96.
Rev. T. A. Lloyd, '75.
Rev. Lemuel Moss, D. D.
Rev. P. L. Jones, D. D.
Hon. Ward R. Bliss, '74.
Rev. W. K. Lord, '78.
Rev. Leroy Stephens, D.D., '68.
Geo. R. Callaghan.
Frank Katherman, '98.
Rev. Harold Kennedy.
Rev. C. A. Soars, '88.
W. J. Coxey, '54.
Rev. H. B. Garner, '65.
S. L. Ziegler, M. D., '80.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

DECEMBER 10, 1898.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address' BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

Intercollegiate Debating.—It is pleasing to note the manner in which the idea of intercollegiate debating is taking hold of the various colleges throughout the country. But a few years since and an athletic contest was the only thing in which the colleges met, save possibly a few of the larger institutions. To-day not only among the larger colleges but among the smaller institutions as well, the custom of debating contests has taken firm root. Bucknell has reason to feel proud of her record in this line during the past two years. Debates with several colleges are being arranged for the present year. There seems however to be a lack of interest taken in the matter this term. At the preliminary contest held in one of the societies recently, no more took part than the number to be chosen. Surely this is not as it ought to be. There are plenty of good debaters in the institution and no college honor should be esteemed higher than that of representing one's college in a debate. It is with pride that we note the fact that one of our representatives last year was chosen to represent the University of Michigan against the University of Pennsylvania at once upon his entrance in the former institution. Let every student consider it his duty to take part in these contests so that the University may be truly represented and the reputation which Bucknell has gained in these contests be sustained.

Basket Ball.—Now that the football season is over, basket ball is claiming the attention of the college athletic world. Although it is a comparatively new game in many colleges, yet it has won great and well-deserved popularity. The prospects for the usual good team to represent Bucknell are bright. An excellent schedule of games has been arranged and there is no reason why, if the men practice faithfully, Bucknell should not maintain her past great record of having a team the equal of any college team in the country.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Several intercollegiate debates are being arranged.

The majority of the students spent Thanksgiving at home.

Dr. Aviragnet has offered a prize for proficiency in Spanish.

All the undergraduate Bucknell soldiers have now been mustered out.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club gave a concert at Milton on Thanksgiving evening.

The usual pleasant "At Home" was held in the Institute parlors Monday, Dec. 5.

George Dana Boardman, D. D., LL. D., delivered three addresses in Bucknell Hall last month.

An excellent program was rendered by the University Mandolin and Guitar Club in Bucknell Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 18.

The Zeta Literary Society entertained their friends Friday evening, Nov. 25, by a presentation of scenes from Tennyson's "Princess."

The village west of Lewisburg, known for many years as "Linnville," has been given a post office which is called "Bucknell."

The National Relief Association decided to suspend operations in Porto Rico on Dec. 1. Major Groff returned home Thursday, Dec. 8.

Dr. Aviragnet has composed and arranged a very classical piece of music for the University Band, and has named it "Orange and Blue."

Dr. Geo. G. Groff has been appointed by Governor Hastings a delegate to the Pure Food and Drug Congress which meets in Washington, Jan. 10–20.

Dr. Hulley spoke before the Baptist Congress at Buffalo, Nov. 18, on the subject: "On what grounds should we accept the biblical books as our Bible?"

Mrs. Katherine B. Larison, A. M., former Principal of the Institute, has established a scholarship for the use of the Student's Law Fund, to take effect after her death.

Dr. Hulley lectured recently before the Columbia County Teachers' Institute. He has also been engaged to lecture before the Northumberland County Institute, to be held at Sunbury, Dec. 19–23.

The Y. M. C. A. has secured Father Ganss to deliver a course of four lectures on "The Evolution of Music." the first of which was given in Bucknell Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 2, on "The Formative Period."

The preliminaries for the Intercollegiate Debates were held in the Society Halls, Friday evening, Dec. 2. Five were chosen from each Society, from which number will be chosen Bucknell's representatives in her debates this year.

The first preliminary debate of the Junior Class was held Friday evening, Nov. 18. Dr. Pulaski F. Hyatt, Ex-Consul to Cuba, and Prof. Dwyer acted as judges. The question was, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt a colonial policy." Messrs. Bunnell, Carringer, DeWitt, Grim, Harvey, Morris, Pearse, and Stabler were chosen.

ATHLETICS.

H. B. C. Riemer, '01, has been elected captain of the foot ball team next season.

Several promising new basket ball players have made their appearance in the game.

The College girls recently defeated the Institute team in basket ball by the score of 9—2.

"By" Dickson of the University of Pennsylvania assisted Coach Lesher during the latter part of the foot ball season.

Bucknell, 11, Franklin and Marshall, 11.—A tie game was played with Franklin and Marshall College at Reading, Nov. 12. The game was played on a muddy and rocky field and Bucknell had taken but one practise the entire preceding week.

The Athletic Association has been greatly embarrassed for a year with a large debt, which amounted to four hundred dollars at the beginning of the term but which has been reduced by the efforts of the Registrar to about three hundred dollars. Heroic measures will be adopted in order to clear off the debt by the beginning of next term. An address is being sent out to the Alumni and the friends of the University to assist in the matter.

Bucknell, 5, University of Buffalo, 36.—With four substitutes on the team and on a field on which the snow lay four or five inches deep, Bucknell succumbed to the superior strength of the University of Buffalo at Buffalo on Thanksgiving Day. The first half the teams were evenly matched but in the last half our team went to pieces and Buffalo run up the score. Dr. George Whitman, '72, gave the team a reception at his home after the game.

Bucknell, 0, Lafayette, 6.—Weakened by the loss of Captain Cober and full-back Matthewson and with the umpire decidedly on the side of the enemy, Bucknell was defeated by Lafayette at Easton, Saturday, Nov. 19, by the above score. Neither side scored during the first half. Near the end of the second half, owing to some very doubtful decisions of the umpire, Lafayette managed to score a touch down. With but three and a half minutes remaining the teams lined up and Bucknell by furious playing, advanced the ball to within three yards of the goal with twenty-five seconds remaining to play. The crowd surged on the field, some even getting among the players. Garner gave the signal for play, but Rosenberger held the ball with his foot, Ammerman not being able to put it in play; before Garner could call time the second half was up.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Ex-'56. *The Standard* (Chicago) published in its issue of October 15, a sketch of the life of Rev. Robert Atkinson, of Ottawa, Kans. A portrait of Mr. Atkinson accompanies the sketch.

'59. The Rev. A. J. Furman preached the Introductory sermon before the Indiana (Penna.) Baptist Association, Sept. 28.

'60. W. A. Marr, Ashland, Pa., has been elected Judge of Schuylkill County.

'61. The Rev. T. M. Shanafelt, D. D., was reelected general secretary of the South Dakota State Convention, and Transportation Leader of the State B. Y. P. U.

'61. J. K. Weaver, M. D., Brigade Surgeon with the rank of Major, was honorably discharged at Camp Meade recently.

'62. The Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., of the Mantua Church, Philadelphia, read a paper on "History-making Forces of our Denomination in Philadelphia," before the Ministers' Union, at the Baptist State Meetings, in Harrisburg. The paper was prepared for and read, Sept. 19, at the New York Ministers' Conference where it was well received.

Ex-'63. Ex-United States Senator, John I. Mitchell has been reelected Judge of Tioga County.

'69. The Baptist Church at Oil City, Penn., Rev. J. S. Wrightnour, D. D. pastor, entertained the Oil Creek Association, Sept. 20-22.

Ex-72. Rev. James W. Putnam was recently awarded $10,000 by the Supreme Court as the result of a libel suit against the *World*.

'74. Hon. Ward R. Bliss was elected to the Penna. House of Representatives from Delaware County. He is a prominent candidate for the speakership.

'74. The Rev. John Humpstone, D. D., made an address on "The Young People's Society in its Relation to the Church," before the Southern New York Baptist Association, October 11.

'78. Rev. Geo. E. Nichols, of New Haven, Conn., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Saco, Md.

Inst. '78. Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt at a recent meeting of the Baptist Social Union recited an original poem entitled "On a Sunday Morning."

'80. The Rev. Henry M. Wolf, Jr., of Waterford, Conn., was elected one of the Vice Presidents of the Connecticut B. Y. P. U., at its recent annual meeting in Meriden.

'80. The Rev. H. A. Greismer, of Haddonfield, N. J., was made one of the Vice Presidents of the New Jersey Baptist Education Society, at its annual session in Asbury Park.

'30. Rev. H. M. Wolfe, Jr., is beginning the seventh year of a very successful ministry in the First Baptist Church, Waterford, Conn. He was recently elected one of the trnstees of the State Convention.

'81. The Rev. Frank H. Shermer, of Cape May C. H., N. J., preached the Doctrinal Sermon before the West Jersey Association, at its 87th annual session, held Oct. 4, with the Berean Church, Bridgeton.

Ex-'83. Rev. Chas. M. Reed has resigned the pastorate at Ardmore, Pa., and removed to East Lynn, Conn.

'85. The Rev. S. Z. Batten, of Morristown, N. J., presented a paper on "The Prophetic Functions of the Pulpit," at the Ministers' Union, in connection with the New Jersey Baptist Anniversaries, recently held in Asbury Park. Mr. Batten was also elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Union, and of the State Convention as well.

'85. The Rev. J. M. Hare, Chaplain of the 6th Regt. N. J. Vols., and formerly pastor of the Baptist Church, Burlington,

N. J., read a paper on his work in the Army before the Philadelphia Ministers' Conference, October 2.

'86. The Rev. S. S. Merriman was recently elected clerk of the Trenton (N. J.) Baptist Association.

'87. The Rev. Thos. H. Rowe is the pastor of the Baptist Church at Barnesboro, Penna.

'87. H. L. Calder, commanding Co. I, 4th Regiment, P. V. I., was mustered out recently at Harrisburg.

'87. D. W. Shipman, Esq., of Shamokin, Pa., was reelect-District Attorney of Northumberland County by a large majority.

'88. Rev. D. M. Jones has concluded the first year of his successful pastorate at Warrensville, Pa.

Ex-'89. Rev. H. B. Rankin has resigned the pastorate of the Broad St. Baptist Church of Philadelphia.

'89. The Rev. Chas. A. Walker, of Bellwood, and the Rev. R. M. West, pastor of the Lehigh Avenue Church, Philadelphia, were elected President and Vice President respectively, of the Pennsylvania B. Y. P. U., at the recent annual session, in Harrisburg.

'91. John T. Hyatt, late U. S. Vice Consul at Santiago de Cuba, in connection with his father, Hon. Pulaski F. Hyatt, U. S. Consul at the same place, is the author of a very interesting work on: "Cuba: its resources and opportunities."

Inst. Ex-'92. Tuesday, Oct. 4, Miss Anna E. Glenn was married to Dr. J. B. Moyer, Instructor in Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.

Ex-'94. "Doc" Mount is attending Hahnemann Medical College at Philadelphia.

'95. W. T. Pauling, Jr., has been called to the pastorate of a church at Cedarville, N. J.

Ex-'96. Robt. F. Trainer has begun the practise of medicine at Williamsport, Pa.

'96. Rev. B. B. Ware, pastor of the church at Greenwich, N. J., has begun the erection of an addition to the church property in the form of a much-needed chapel.

'96. A. W. Stephens was recently married to Miss Overholt at her home in a western town. They have made their home at Ithaca where Mr. Stephens is a student in Cornell University.

Ex-'96. Corporal Harvey Marsh, 15th Regt., P. V. I., who has been permanently detailed as orderly to Major Geo. G. Groff, is visiting friends in Lewisburg. He brought the records of the National Relief Association to Philadelphia.

'96. Mrs. M. E. R. Cobb met with a painful accident while alighting from a car several weeks ago. One of the arm bones was broken at the elbow and the arm dislocated. Mrs. Cobb's invaluable service in the Bucknell Alumnae Club of Philadelphia in addition to her interesting and charming personality have made her misfortune a cause of deepest regret among the members. The present conditions are favorable to a speedy recovery.

'97. John M. Wilson is in his second year at the Harvard Law School.

'97. Ernest R. Myers has entered the Medico Chirurgical College at Philadelphia.

'97. L. B. Sinnette, Prof. of Mathematics in the Keystone State Normal School, still manifests great interest in his Alma Mater.

'97. F. D. Finn, a student of the Univ. of Chicago Divinity School, was ordained to the ministry by a council of Baptist Churches at Clifford, Pa.

'98. A. A. Leiser, Jr., is attending Yale University.

'98. Harry C. Fithian is teaching in Bucknell Academy.

'98. F. W. Robbins is Principal of the Towanda schools.

'98. Edward Flint is Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Oil City, Pa.

'98. A. W. Geary is teaching in the public schools at Scranton, Pa.

Ex-'98. Walter L. Hill was recently admitted to the bar at Charlotte, N. C.

'98. Morris Van Gundy is assistant to Prof. Owens in the chemical laboratory.

'98. Miss Grace Slifer is teaching Latin and German in the Mt. Pleasant Institute.

'98. Levi T. Fetzer, is attending the Columbia School of Law in New York City.

'98. Frank W. Tilley entered second year Harvard Medical on his credentials from Bucknell.

'98. Bruce H. Trimmer has entered the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Ex-'98. J. Brown Martin is at present in Philadelphia taking instruction on the violin and harmony from some of the most eminent musicians of that city.

'98. A. M. Forrester, now a student in the Law Department of Michigan, has been selected as one of the debaters in the debate between that institution and the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Forrester made an excellent record as a debater while taking his course in Bucknell.

Ex-'99. Frank J. Bevan is teaching in the Mt. Carmel public schools. He expects to return to Bucknell next year.

Ex-'99. Charles F. Armour is teaching in the public schools at his home.

Ex-'00. Edward Bell is engaged as teacher at Sabbath Rest, Pa.

At a recent meeting of the local Alumnae Club of the Institute the following officers were elected: President, Miss Stanton; Vice President, Mrs. Miller; Secretary, Mrs. Diffenderfer; Treasurer, Miss Josephine Lawshe; Correspondent with the Philadelphia Club, Miss Annie Van Gundy.

At an adjourned meeting of the Bucknell Alumnae Club of Philadelphia the following officers were elected : President, Mrs. Margaret Tustin ; Treasurer, Mrs. J. Reilly ; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. Emma Clement ; Recording Secretary, Miss Carrie V. Lloyd ; Corresponding Secretary, Miss N. W. Conard. After the election of officers plans for the winter were discussed and committees on Program, Membership and Nominations appointed.

1899

BUCKNELL MIRROR

VOL. XVIII. LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY 10, 1899. NO. 4.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

To the average American tourist many countries of Europe are more interesting than Germany. In natural scenery, it has the Bastei, the Hartz, the Rhine; for art, Germany offers Berlin, Dresden, Münich, and Nürenberg; Leipzig, Lützen, and Strassburg are mentioned, but very little is generally known of its real history. The English language and literature and our knowledge of the history of England make many hills, rivers and cities very pleasing. Our imagination builds on the historical associations clustered about them and we seem to live parts of our country's history. Germany has no Paris, neither is it Italy, nor Switzerland. For the traveler, however, who has learned to speak and read the language of Luther, who avoids the places set aside for Americans, who is willing to spend more than two or three weeks among the Germans that he may see them on the market places, in the stores and banks, at work in the fields or factories, at their beer in the parks, gardens, or inns, Germany is full of the attractive and the interesting. The college man would be interested everywhere, but especially at the universities and secondary schools.

The main buildings of the universities at Berlin, Leipzig, Jena and Goettingen are situated in the principal part of the city. They are built of stone; the different sections however are so placed that a court is formed and the recitation rooms face away from the noise of the streets. These rooms are large, easily and well ventilated; the light enters either from above or at the left of the student. The numerous maps and charts are clear and exact. Our public school desks, made long enough to extend from one side of the room to the other, would resemble very closely the desks used in the universities. There are reading rooms, offices, and special lecture halls besides places for refreshments, so frequently necessary to a German student, and the professors' waiting rooms. The dormitory is not found. The libraries, laboratories, and hospitals have separate buildings and are generally in some other part of the city. The floors, desks, windows, and blackboards are always very clean, not only because many janitors are employed in one building, but also because the students seem careful not to soil or deface the desks, walls, or bulletins.

The curriculum embraces nearly the same subjects that Harvard, Chicago, or Johns Hopkins offers. The studies of the Theological, the Law, the Medical, or the Philosophical Faculty lead to the respective degree. The class-room work consists of lectures and seminars, the latter resemble our recitations except that the student knows in advance what part is expected of him. The school year is divided into semesters, begins in October and closes in August; thirty or forty days of vacation intervene at Christmas and at Easter, the end of the first term. The day usually begins at seven in the morning and ends at seven in the evening. To matriculate at a German university seems a long, slow process to an American student. He must enter one office, make known his desire to become a student, and show his diploma, more frequently his passport; then the registrar, who generally has his office on another floor, requests the applicant's name, birth-place, and father's occupation, gives him a certificate which the student must take back to the former office where he waits till he is permitted to enter the rooms of the rector, the professor chosen annually by the faculty to act as president. After the door has been closed and the applicant stands before the desk, the rector advances, asks the student to obey the rules and regulations of the institution, shakes hands very cordially, and gives him a student's card and the above mentioned certificate of membership, honored with the official signature. The tuition is quite low: the number of hours per week with about fifty cents in addition for each course, as seat rent, gives the school expenses in dollars for the semester. The matriculation costs from five to six dollars.

The German professors are learned men. The preparation for their profession has been long, slow, and thorough; they have mastered not only the studies prescribed for the degree but have done also some original work. In Germany it does not seem to be the degree and the influence of friends that give a young man a good position, but his work, preparation, and experience advance him. He must prove himself right many times, before he is taken as authority. All are accurate and thorough in their methods; some seem cold and indifferent; however many have not forgotten that they were university students, in need of help, advice, and encouragement. They are born teachers and follow that profession because they like it and are successful: teaching is not used as a stepping-stone to some other pursuit. Their appearance is tidy; their habits and actions beyond reproach in the eyes of the German student. The professor is always very courteous and the students respect him. The university or rather the state pays the professors very little, his income depends for the most part on the size of his classes and the sale of the books he has edited. The teachers at German universities have more time for original investigation, since scarcely five hours a week of class-room work is required of them. All their energy is not given to the pupil, but used to add something new to their line of study. The American teacher gives more time to his students and does more for them directly; but he will be a mere translator, reviewer, and imitator, as long as he spends so many hours in the class-room, teaching the same grade of pupils year after year. It takes time and careful thinking to originate. Traveling is comparatively cheap for the person accustomed to the manner of living in Europe and the German professor seems to spend his vacation in that pleasant way. He knows that excellence and fitness are quickly recognized and rewarded, not so much by the university authorities, as by the greater interest and appreciation of his pupils. He is forever on the alert to know the true, the best, and the latest on his specialty.

The German student is a graduate of a Gymnasium or some other school of the same grade, when he enters the university.

Such a course would prepare him for the Junior class in our college. He spends from three to five years at the university, before he tries for the doctorate. Most of the students have three or four hours of recitation a day five times a week, study very little during the semester, but work hard during vacation on the notes and references which they took very carefully at the lectures. The professors spend but forty-five minutes in the recitation room, although one hour is set aside for each class. The bell rings when the minute hand is at twelve ; the students consume fifteen minutes to assemble in the class-room, and, as the bell rings again, all must be in their seats, ready to receive the professor. If it is a lecture, the pupils stamp their feet, as soon as the teacher enters the room and until he reaches his desk. He almost always stands before his class and reads from a manuscript ; he must pronounce distinctly and write every strange name on the blackboard, lest the members of his class scrape their feet as a sign of dissatisfaction. In case of a seminar the students rise to their feet, because a better acquaintance is supposed to exist. As the bell rings at the end of the hour, the professor leaves the room, while the pupils either stand up or stamp their feet ; the more popular the the teacher, the louder and longer is the applause. The professor bows and goes to the waiting room ; the students again spend fifteen minutes, before the next class begins.

The scars, the colored caps, the silk badges, and the peculiar bearing make the student recognizable upon the streets and in public places. He wears the cap and badge, because he belongs to a certain club ; his scarred face shows him to be a worthy member of the same. The more numerous the scars, the more highly is the student honored ; he has fought bravely, desperately, and perhaps frequently. A lonely, large mark indicates too clearly complete and sudden defeat. The fighting takes place only among the different clubs ; the least pretext may cause a challenge to be sent by the member of one organization to the offender from another society. Long and careful is the preparation, in fact the students must practise fencing constantly. The government in certain districts is trying to abolish duelling, but a quiet retreat is always found, where physicians, students, and combatants may assemble. The duel continues till one or both of the students can fight no longer. The dress, the manner of procedure, and above all the results are very interesting. There are many clubs and but few students have not been initiated. Each society has its favorite inn ; here many an hour is spent with beer and pipe. When the last song has been sung, they scatter to different parts of the city. Their rooms are generally well furnished, very comfortable, and reasonable in price : a student is charged from five to six dollars a month for two rooms and his breakfast, which consists of coffee and rolls. At the restaurants and pensions he pays about forty cents a day for dinner and supper. Theatres and concerts he attends for half price and on his books he receives a discount. The student's card, which he must always have with him or pay a fine, places him almost beyond the power of the police. Every where the students have the right of way and no one seems anxious to refuse them their requests.

The German university degree is valued very highly in America. At present many Americans study in Germany, not so much for what such a course is worth, as for the doctorate. Since so little stress is placed on the mere degree in Germany, it is not difficult to pass successfully the examinations, especially when certain subjects and professors are chosen. The experience, however, should not be under-estimated ; the manner of living, the methods of instruction and study, and the difference between the two nations will long be worthy of careful consideration.

A BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT.

Bradshaw's friends have never ceased to wonder how he became famous so suddenly. They knew that he had been writing for years, but it was only now and again that his stories succeeded in getting into print. But of a sudden several of them came out in the best magazines, and since then his name was continually before the magazine-reading public.

A few of his friends ventured to quiz him about his sudden recognition, and even went so far as to ask him how it came about. Bradshaw replied tersely, "You do as I did, and you will have the same result."

His interviewers thought he referred to his years of patient toil and questioned him no further.

Still there was a secret in his unexpected rise to fame, and his instantaneous recognition by two leading magazines. Besides Bradshaw there were but two men who knew this secret. They were the managers of the two magazines which had been instrumental in raising him to the ranks of the immortals. These men understood why there had been such a sudden demand for Bradshaw's stories, and why it was that his name now appeared regularly in two or three magazines every month; they knew but they never told.

Bradshaw's road to fame had been unusually rough and thorny. He began as a very young man to write plays. From play-writing he turned to verse and then to prose. At first his prose was very bad but it slowly improved till at last Bradshaw believed he had found his calling. He was confident that if he persevered he would reach the goal in time and claim the reward. So he pegged away with little or no encouragement, but with a tenacity of purpose that was remarkable. He worked untiringly, sacrificing pleasure and enjoyment, and turned a deaf ear to the gibes of his friends and the appeals of his family to turn his attention to something more profitable.

He had an odd way of ascertaining when he had reached perfection or rather when he had not. He scribbled for months at a time, destroying as he created. Then, when he was conscious of having made some improvement in his style, he sent his latest story away. If it was returned, as was generally the case, he settled down for another period of hard work.

At last he reached the point where, as the months passed, he could perceive no improvement in his work. His grammar was perfect, his rhetoric faultless, his style very good, and his plots—well, his friends called them extreme; he called them original.

Gradually, as the editors continued to return his best manuscripts, stories which even his friends admitted were very good, certainly up to the average magazine contribution, he came to believe in the theory that no story however good had a chance unless coming from a well known source. He believed that in spite of the fact that every magazine that he picked up contained articles by persons whose names he had never seen before. Still he did not despair. Had he not been sure of his final triumph, he never would have entered the lists.

As phrenologists would say, Bradshaw's bump of determination was developed to an extraordinary degree. If he lacked decisiveness, he lacked every other manly virtue. He had resolved to be recognized as a story writer, and his mind knew no defeat. If literary merit failed, a little business enterprise might help him to attain the goal. So he resorted to a little harmless subterfuge.

With his latest and best production in hand he approached the manager of "The American," one of the two magazines which had raised him from the ranks of the aspirants to a place among the recognized. To the manager he told his plan.

"I have been striving for years for the recognition of the press. I have written a great number of stories, but they have been rejected. Here is my latest. It is not a bad story, nothing that would disgrace a paper. In fact it is very well gotten up, carefully planned, and expressed in very readable language. I want you to bring it out for me. I do not ask to be paid for it; on the contrary I am willing to pay you."

"Our magazine prints only such stories as are accepted by the editors," said the manager, "and they are particular to reject everything not up to the standard set for this magazine. You may submit your story in the customary manner. If it is what you claim for it, we will be glad to print it for you."

"I understand, my dear sir, but you print advertisements. This is to be simply a matter of business. Print my story and I will pay you page for page what you receive for ordinary advertising. The only stipulation I make is that the story appear among the literary contributions and not with the other advertisements. When my name appears over a story in The American, my reputation is made, and recognition by the other magazines will follow. I advertise myself in your paper and reap the benefits like any other advertiser. A business arrangement pure and simple as you see."

"Well," said the manager with a laugh, "If you are willing to pay our high advertising rates to have one of your stories printed, I suppose it is a square deal. Leave your story with me and unless it is really bad, I promise you a place for it in the magazine."

"One thing more," said Bradshaw, "of course I wish this matter kept a secret; otherwise it loses its primary object. You can get my story past the editors easily enough. Tell them it belongs to a friend of yours and you would like to see it in print. They will do you the favor, unless, as you say, the story is very bad; but I have no fears on that point."

A few days later Bradshaw called again on the manager who told him he might look in the next issue for his story.

He then went to another magazine and made the same proposal only in this case he asked space for two stories in place of one, both to appear in the same number. He met with less opposition here, the paper consenting to publish any number at the figure he named.

When the two magazines appeared with Bradshaw's three stories, which by the way, were no worse than the average magazine short story, Bradshaw chuckled softly to himself and sent five newly written stories to five other magazines. They were accepted, every one, and he chuckled again. His recognition was assured. His friends stopped their gibes and gave a dinner in his honor.

Bradshaw is still writing and enjoying his reputation. He believes firmly in the motto, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

ROBIN BYRD, Ex-99.

LITERARY SOCIETIES IN KENTUCKY COLLEGES.

A Kentucky writer in speaking of the early Kentucky settlers, says: "Their leisure time was spent either in hunting or in making speeches." Their fathers, in Virginia, before them made speeches, their grandfathers, the English Squires, made speeches in England, and the Kentuckian of today—the purest Anglo-Saxon in the country—has all his ancestor's love for speaking.

To be a great orator in Kentucky is more desired than to be governor. But one, generally speaking, can neither be governor nor hold any office by the consent of the people, unless he is an orator.

The love for speaking pervades all classes of society in Kentucky, but it is seen at its best in the colleges, through the medium of the literary society.

Literary societies in Kentucky are different from any other college societies, except perhaps those at Princeton. There are generally two societies in each college, as old as the college itself. The members of these societies are not selected by the faculty for them, as in some colleges; but the societies select their own members.

Rivalry and eagerness to secure good men is so great that before a school month is over, all the students are members of these societies. The proceedings of the society, except the literary part, are secret. A member giving away the society secrets would be guilty of the highest treason. Meetings are held in the nicely furnished society halls each Saturday night.

A member is fined if not present and if attendance and behavior are very irregular, he may be expelled—a disgrace equal to being expelled from college. No member can hold office or vote whose dues and fines are not paid up in full.

To hold an office is a great honor, and so many are anxious for them that the elections are always hotly contested.

A society vear is divided into four terms of ten weeks each. New officers are elected every term. One cannot hold the same office twice. Students graduate from their societies just as they do from their colleges. On commencement day they receive their diplomas from the college in the morning, in the afternoon from the society. All society officers sign the diplomas. The president and officers of tha society bear the same relation to the graduate that the college president and faculty do. For this reason "June officers" are very hotly contested. Those who have done the best work for the society, or the best speaker, if the president, is elected. Above all things it is necessary to put up better men than the other society. On commencement day the president of the societies, before a large audience, addresses the graduating members and presents them with diplomas, and two members from the class—one from each society respond. The speakers put forth their best efforts, for the reputation of the society depends on them.

Next in importance to the June president is the June marshal. The marshal and assistants, dressed in the paraphernalia of the society, are very much in evidence during commencement week.

James Lane Allen in describing one of his Kentucky heroes, says: "In his college society they quickly chose him as a marshal at their open sessions; and on these occasions, gorgeous in sash, rosette, and white gloves, he would guide the company to their seats."

The other offices are also very much sought after, and one must have done some good work for the society before he can be elected.

Many Kentuckians, who have achieved fame, say, that their present success in life is due to a great extent to the training they received in these societies. Contests are the stimuli to this training. Nearly all pupils, who come to the college academies for the preparatory course, have had some drill in declamation. At the academy systematic work in that line begins. The contest for the "Academy Medal" comes off at the end of the year. This is the great event of the academy year, and it is a great honor to win it. The winner also represents his school at the "Inter-Academic" contest.

On entering college the societies take charge of their members' training. Besides the regular freshman rhetoricals, the freshman's first year in the society is spent in easy writing, declamation and elocutionary training. Each society has an annual declamatory contest, a medal being the prize. Hard training is necessary to win this, and only members in good standing are entitled to contest. The last two years are spent on debates and orations. Training for “Varsity” is not to be compared with the training these men do. The writing and re-writing of orations and the rehearsing would amaze a Pennsylvania student. As Spring approaches one can hear orations all day long. In every room there is a Henry Clay. Demand for the society hall “to go over my speech” is so great that each member is only allotted a certain time in which to practice. Soon after the holidays, the societies have oratorical contests to select their best men to represent them in the “Inter-Society” contest. All the resources of the soceity and alumni are employed to win.

Rivalry is so great that the “hot heads” of both societies sometimes get themselves into trouble. Every young lady in school or town favors one or the other of the societies. Every house, store and bicycle is decorated with the colors of the favorite society. It appeals to the student and community as a great personal matter. It is not an uncommon sight to see men and women weep at the defeat of their favorite society.

On the night of the contest the college hall or opera house is filled with people, cheering their favorites on to victory. The contestants themselves select the judges. Though excitement runs high, yet the speakers always have fair play shown them. Finally, when the judges appear with the decision, a deadly silence is over the hall, and as soon as the victor is announced, the cheer that goes up will drown any yell heard on the foot ball field. The victor is carried out on the shoulders of his society brothers, and then follows a night of serenading and rejoicing. The vanquished disappear swearing revenge.

Every home in town is open to the victor. No greater man is to be found in school or in town. The winner of this contest has the choice of either representing this college in the “Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest" or at the Chautauqua. He nearly always goes to the "Inter-Collegiate" held at Lexington the first Friday in April.

The five best men from the five leading colleges in the State —Centre College, Georgetown College, State College, Central University and Kentucky University meet there to decide who is the best college speaker of the State. Special trains run from each college town, carrying the faculty, students and the other admirers of the college.

Lexington is decorated with the various college colors, and the day is the most exciting one of the year. The opera house where the contest is held is crowded with the admirers of the colleges and the most cultured citizens of the neighborhood. Excitement is even higher than in the "Inter-Society Contests." Judges for the occasion are selected by a committee, composed of a member from the faculty of each college.

A fifty dollar gold medal is the prize. What greater honor can a man have, than to win this contest? The most admired, spoiled and envied man, not only of his own college and town, but of the entire Kentucky college world. What Kentuckian interested in the education of the State, can not name the winners of these contests? Every door in every college town is open to him; every girl wastes her sweetest smiles upon him; and every student will feel proud to walk by his side. A committee of citizens will wait upon him, when he reaches home to tell him, how proud of him they all are. This is not exaggerated. Just think how proud his fellow-members are, and the pride they take in their Society.

A society brother of the writer won the contest in 189—. The students the next day, headed by a band, marched through the town, followed by the victor and members of the faculty in carriages behind. From the sidewalks the men, from the balconies the women, cheered and applauded him.

Probably the Greek who won the Marathon race can boast of equal honors and feasting with him.

Even greater honors await the victor. He represents the State at "The Southern Inter-State Oratorical Contest" and by winning this contest he is the best known college man in the South.

Usually the men who train faithfully at the public school academy, and during the entire college course are the winners of these contests.

After having such honors conferred on the victor, is it a wonder that the Kentucky student's heart leaps faster at the mere thought of being able to compete for these honors some day?

It inspires and fills him with ambition to try hard to win. The other State contest is held at Lexington during the summer. It is not as important and is attended with less excitement.

Besides the literary training, the social life of the Society is very beneficial. Each Society has a certain tone peculiar to itself. Members of one Society would hardly be content in the other. They are very helpful to each other.

The presidents of the societies have the power to fine any member for misbehaviour or failure to perform assigned work. The power of appeal is given to the members.

At the business meetings of the members or an appeal from the President's decision, a jury is empaneled to decide on the case. The prosecuting attorney, a regular officer of the society, takes up the case for the society, while the defendant may select his own attorney.

Cases are prepared and sometimes an hour is spent on these trials to the entertainment as well as the benefit of the members present. If the defendant is found guilty, his fine is doubled; otherwise the fine is remitted. Open sessions are held frequently. At these sessions the members bring their friends and invite any others they wish. The faculty is nearly always there. Much encouragement is given to the societies by the presence of the faculty from time to time. Visitors from town attend the meetings frequently.

I have named the advantages of the Kentucky societies. If I were asked to name the disadvantages I could only name one, and that is the bad feeling the societies sometimes create between some members. This is not very serious as the sensible men in the societies are above such feelings, and the others get over it in time.

Does this training produce anything more than talking students? Compare the number of orators, and quality of oratory and the culture of the students and people of any State with that of the Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky with such men as Henry Clay, Colonel Bain, Proctor Knox, Ex-Vice-President Stevenson, Breckenridge, Blackburn, Lorimer, Henry Watterson, Governor Bradley and a host of others not so well known in Pennsylvania, and yet known through the South and South-West and the comparison will answer the question.

MAN.

Man has been defined as "the laughing animal" and the small boy has wisely described him in his essay thus: "Man is a thing that walks on two legs and can play ball, has a mouth and arms to whistle and work with."

I am not able to discuss a subject so broad and weighty as men in general, from the time our ancestors swung from cocoa-nut palms in the forest primeval to the age of Adam, who, by his rash act, implanted in the heart of small boys the love of apple stealing and so on past the age of George Washington and his little hatchet to the dawn of the twentieth century when manly attributes are being assumed by the weaker sex and men simply serve as figures on which to hang chrysanthemums.

Now, as it is not possible to talk on such an extended subject, I will confine myself to the nineteenth century style of men.

First, I see the upper-ten man or club-fellow. His life work is the study of the latest fads in hand-shaking, and how to skip his tailor. He is an adept in the art of balancing a cup of tea, and eating a lady-finger, while manipulating a gauzy fan and, at the same time, carrying on an animated conversation about Vanderbilt's yachting cap or Mrs. De Fashion's French poodle.

Then there is the "sporty fellow," who wears patent-leather shoes and parts his hair in the middle, carries a mammoth cane and informs you that he is connected with Moneybags & Co's establishment, neglecting to add that for the aforesaid connection, he receives three dollars a week.

Following him comes the cheerful bore, the man who has his pedigree and that of his dogs mingled with the threadbare jokes of his friends ever ready to inflict on the first convenient, unsuspecting individual in his path. But we know he is one of the irrepressible and necessary evils of life.

Then there is the dreadful conceited fellow, who deems he confers a favor on any one whom he is kind enough to smile at or talk with, who has an ownership air about everything he sees, from the Niagara Falls to the prettiest girl in the party. Along with him comes the self-made hero who has performed marvels and seen sights that no other living being could think of. He is always willing to tell you in his modest way how he descended from a burning building with a man in each arm, a woman held by his teeth, the bird-cage with the pet songster in it suspended from his ear, while the remainder of the family, six sweet little children, hung to the unoccupied parts of his noble personage.

But there comes now to the front the worst of all, the stingy man, who growls because his wife lets the potato peelings go to waste when they might be boiled for the children's breakfast; the man who makes it a rule to get the most for the smallest amount of money; who treats his friend to twenty-five cent cigars and storms all the evening when the household drudge asks for some flour to cook with and reminds her how saving his mother was; who, that same evening, when his friends come in while his wife is turning upside down and wrongside out her old black dress, will laugh and talk about how woman traps poor man so as to have an easy time and get her bills paid.

The most hopeless one of all, however, is the monotonous, satisfied fellow whose father was a shoemaker and whose grandfather was also and who has himself never thought of being anything else. He lives in the old home steadfast as it was when his grandfather left it. It was good enough for his mother, why not for his wife? He never wants or expects to make more than two dollars a day; his father didn't. His sisters finished their education in school at twelve. Why should not his daughters? He stands still while the world goes rushing on.

This man, the ideal one, is a bright wide-awake fellow, high-minded, vivacous, full of vigor, not ashamed of being a gentleman and of living up to what he knows is right. He admires and loves his sister. He tries to take the burden from his father who has worked hard for him. He is a comfort to his mother, who leans on him as her steps become faltering. He treats every girl as he would have his sisters treated. When he marries, he tries to let his wife and children have all the advantages and pleasures he can give them. What he could not have done when a boy, he tries to give his boys and takes pleasure in it. In business he is fair and square and progressive, strictly up to date, liberal and broad-minded. His energetic disposition enthuses all who meet him. He tries to live up to his standard of ethics; he is not always talking, but acts. The fallen brother finds his a friendly hand. Of such a man Shakespeare was thinking when he said: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" Such men are wanted. They shine like the light-house compared with the lights on the shore. It is because of such men that we do not lose faith in mankind.

H. E. V., Sem.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. Hulley was one of the instructors at the Carbondale Teachers' Institute held recently.

New electives for this term are the History of Art by Prof. Martin, and Blackstone by Judge McClure.

Major Geo. G. Groff delivered a lecture on "Porto Rico and Her People" in Bucknell Hall, Dec. 13.

Dr. Perrine lectured before the Union County Teachers' Institute on "What is an English Classic?"

Chaplain Jones, of the battle-ship "Texas," lectured on the fight at Santiago, in Bucknell Hall, Tuesday evening, Jan. 10.

Bucknell defeated the Danville basket ball team in the Tustin Gymnasium, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 7, by the score of 17–9.

The final preliminary debate to choose Bucknell's representatives for the contest with Franklin and Marshall college was held Dec. 16. The question was, "Resolved, That the nations should disarm." Professors Rockwood, Perrine and Hamblin acted as judges. Deibler, '99, and Lehman, '99, were chosen with Shipman, '99, as alternate. The debate will be held at Lewisburg. The question is, "Resolved, That the best interest of Cuba would be promoted by annexation to the United States." Bucknell has the negative.

A new regulation has been passed by the Faculty requiring the Seniors to present the subjects of their final orations to the Professor of Rhetoric not later than the second week of the winter term and the orations before the close of the term.

A student who has not completed his rhetorical work in any term will not be permitted to enter upon any of the work of the succeeding term until such deficiency is made up.

If a student has failed in the studies of a term, he will not be permitted to enter upon the studies of a subsequent term, until he has passed in the subjects in which he failed, unless a postponement of examination to a definite time is granted by the Faculty.

No student who is deficient in rhetorical or class-room work in any term shall be eligible to the office of manager or director in any student organization; or to be a member of an exhibiting organization, or of any contesting athletic team, or of any publishing or editing board during any subsequent term until such deficiency is made up.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

JANUARY 10, 1899.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

Gymnasium Work.—The regular classes for drill in gymnasium work for this term have been organized. Attendance is required of under-classmen only. No student, however, can afford to neglect this part of his college work. Now that outdoor sports are impossible these drills furnish the best means for exercise. An especially good feature of them is the fact that not here as in foot-ball and base-ball do only those who are already proficient receive the benefit but all receive equal advantage. Dr. Babcock in a recent article in the Johns Hopkins University magazine, speaking of the need of college men giving more attention to exercise, says:

"Take heed to your body is a word for to-day. A young man hardly knows what a tremendous part of himself his body is and of what importance it will be in the work of later life. Abuse it, overtax it, sin against it, underfeed, under-exercise, or under-rest it, and you will find that nature is a minute bookkeeper, charging every item of overdrawn money, and doing heartless and heart-breaking work when she forecloses. The danger of specialization has crept into athletics. Few boilers can run more than one large engine. Few stomachs and nervous systems can support good scholars and prize athletes. This is too often discovered after graduation. The prizes are as dangerous on the campus as in the study hall. The exercise that keeps hunger healthy, the skin active, that breaks down and cleans out old tissue and gives an honest physical need of sleep is enough for the average college man. As much exercise as this a good scholar must have. If he misses some scholastic prizes in keeping his body in order he has made a good bargain. So few men can be prize winners and yet keep healthy bodies that I advise boys I know going to college to keep shoulder high with the best in their class rather than make the sacrifice that is demanded to top its head by half an inch. Of course, a man should be ashamed of himself who lets men suspect that he intends to be a chiropodist by being always at the foot of his class. To be in the nineties is hard enough work and a high enough aim for a man who does not plan to be a burnt offering at one hundred on Ambition's altar. The point is not to outpoint some competitor, but to be equipped for your life work and fairly equal to it in body and mind. An honest student with a healthy body will whip the intellectual freak in the long run."

ALUMNI NOTES.

'51. Prof. Henry Pomerene, one of the two surviving members of the first class that graduated from Bucknell, is living at 1723 Francis St., Philadelphia.

Ex, '53. Rev. C. C. Bitting, D. D., a member of the Board of Trustees of the University, died at his home in Philadelphia in 1830. Upon the completion of his course of study he engaged in teaching in Tennessee. Shortly after he was ordained to the ministry, and became pastor of two important churches in Virginia. From 1859 to 1866 he was pastor at Alexandria, Va. He then became Secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. From 1868 to 1872 he was pastor at Lynchburg, Va. For one year he was District Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society. He then became pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Richmond, Va., for three years, and then for seven years of the Franklin Square Church of Baltimore. From 1883 to 1895 he was Bible and Missionary Secretary of the Publication Society, when failing health compelled his resignation. He was a man of positive convictions and a preacher of ability.

Ex. 63. Hon. John I. Mitchell has entered upon his second term as Judge of the Tioga Co., Pa., courts.

'72. W. O. Shaffer was again elected prothonotary of Union County for a term of three years.

Ex. 73. Lieut.-Col. Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., has been appointed Collector of Customs for Havana.

'85. Rev. J. E. Sagebeer, Ph. D., delivered the address at the anniversary of the Philadelphia Baptist Young People's Union, on Dec. 8.

'87. VanGundy—Stroud.—At Norristown, Pa., on Dec. 21, 1898, by the Rev. W. Herbert Burke, Prof. Justin L. VanGundy and Miss Rebecca Stroud.

'89. Lieut. Frank B. Hargrave will lecture in Bucknell Hall sometime during the present term, on a subject pertaining to the Phillipines.

'89. Jesse O. Shipman is engaged as assistant civil engineer on the New York Central Railroad. At present he is located at Watertown, N. Y.

'90. The First Baptist Church of Williamsport, Pa., Rev. J. H. Haslam, pastor, recently celebrated its 45th anniversary.

'91. Fisher—Yale.—On Thursday, Dec. 29, 1898, George E. Fisher, Professor of Organic Science in Susquehanna University, and Lily I. Yale.

'92. Lieut. Shorkley is attending the Hahnemann Medical College at Philadelphia.

Inst. '93. Miss Lillian Grove, of Montandon, has been appointed by State Supt. Schaeffer as a member of the teachers' permanent certificate committee for the Northumberland District.

'94. H. F. Smith, M. D., has opened a new office at 34 South Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.

'94 & '95. FINN—PERRY.—At Eagleville, Pa., Dec. 14, 1898, Albert Edward Finn, '94, and Miss Cora Reiff Perry, '95. Mr. and Mrs. Finn will be at home after Dec. 26, at Cherryville, N. J.

'95. Rev. F. I. Sigmund who has been serving the two churches at Ebensburg and Vintondale, Pa., will hereafter devote his entire time to the former.

'95. W. B. Sheddan is at the Princeton Theological Seminary.

'96. Herbert F. Harris is attending law lectures in Columbian University at Washington, D. C.

'97. P. L. Williams is corporal of 13th Regt. P. V. I., now encamped in the south preparatory to going to Cuba on garrison duty.

'97. Geo. A. Jennings, who played center on the crack Duquesne Athletic Club foot-ball team during the past season, is again reading law under Andrew A. Leiser, Esq.

'97. Miss Nellie Taylor is teaching in the Tunkhannock High School.

'97. H. B. Moyer is teaching the natural sciences in the Norristown high school.

Ex-'97. Fred Camp is reading law at Union City, Pa.

'97. Vincent B. Fisk was ordained at Erie, Dec. 29. President Harris preached the ordination sermon. Other Bucknell men present on the occasion were: Rev. F. W. Kramer, Erie, Pa.; Rev. Owen James, D. D., '76, Titusville, Pa.; Rev. John S Wrightnour, D. D., '69, Oil City, Pa., and Rev. A. J. Irey, '79, Warren, Pa.

'97. W. W. Goodwin is teaching in the California State Normal School in western Pennsylvania.

'97. Miss Rosa L. Hartley is teaching in Keystone Academy.

'98. J. R. L. Diggs is teaching in Wayland Seminary at Washington, D. C.

'98. Hiram L. Purdy is reading law with his brother, T. H. Purdy, Ex-90.

'98. F. W. Robbins was one of the instructors at the Lycoming County Teachers' Institute recently held at Muncy, Pa.

'98. Roy B. Mulkie is reading law at his home in Union City, Pa.

'98. F. C. Katherman is attending the Jefferson Medical College.

'98. F. W. Dillon is still engaged as advance advertising agent in London, Eng.

Ex-'98—KERSTETTER—WOODS.—At Williamsport, Pa., Dec. 31, 1898, by the Rev. Edwin Lunn Miller, Eugene E. Kerstetter and Miss Mary Frances Woods.

'98—'98.Inst.—ELLIOTT—MORGAN.—At Winton, Pa., Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1899, David Hayes Elliott and Miss Mabel Florence Morgan. They will reside at 5 Claremont Park, Boston, Mass.

Ex-'99. CLEELAND—CAWLEY.—At Shamokin, Pa., Dec. 28, 1898, Samuel Joseph Cleeland, ex-'99, and Miss May Edna Cawley.

Rev. A. J. Hughes, a former student, has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Phoenixville, Pa., and has accepted the call of the Central Square Church, East Boston, Mass.

An error occurred in the last issue with respect to the names of the officers of the Philadelphia Alumni Club. Mrs. Dora E. W. Spratt is President and Mrs. Margaret Tustin, Vice President.

Rev. Sidney Dyer, Ph. D., an honorary alumnus of the University, died at the George Nugent home, Germantown, Phila., on Dec. 22, 1898, aged 84 years. He was born in Watertown, N, Y., and was ordained to the ministry in 1842. He had several pastorates and was at one time District Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society. He was the author of a number of books, and was a poet of marked ability. Among his poems was the Valley Forge Centennial Ode in 1878, and the Jubilee Hymn of the American Bapist Home Mission Society.

John Blair Linn, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Penna. under Governor Hartranft died at his home at Bellefonte, Pa., on Jan. 1. He was born in Lewisburg in 1831 and was the son of James F. Linn. He prepared for college in the Academy at Lewisburg. He practiced law in Union and Sullivan counties, serving one term as District Attorney of the latter. In 1871 he removed to Bellefonte. He was one of the editors of the second series of Penna. Archives, also the author of "Annals of Buffalo Valley" and "A History of Centre and Clinton Counties."

EXCHANGE.

The foot-ball number of *The Susquehanna* appeared in an attractive new cover.

The News-Letter of Johns Hopkins University last month contained an excellent article on "Phases of College Life" by Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

The December number of *The Free Lance* of State College is up to its usual standard in well written stories. The December number of *The William* and *Mary College Monthly* contains much interesting matter.

The Christmas number of *The Dickinsonian*, *The College Student* and *The Messenger of Richmond College* were deserving of high praise. Special numbers of college papers always awaken fresh interest in our exchanges.

With respect to neatness of appearance and arrangement of material, *The Pharetra* of Wilson College, holds a high place among our exchanges. The last issue contained a very readable poem entitled "A National Thanksgiving."

The December number of *The Red and Blue* of the University of Pennsylvania is up to its usual high standard of excellence. "A Trip to Sparta" is the title of a very entertaining and instructive article. The number is full of fiction of a high order and is well illustrated.

"Here, take my flag," said the man from Yale,
  To his Vassar cousin fair,
" 'Tis a jolly flag of truest blue;
  You'll be proud to have it there."

"The red's the only shade on earth,"
  The Harvard fellow said,
Cornell chimed in, "That's right, old chap,
  I swear by white and red."

On Yale she turned her eyes of blue,
  Her red lips smiled as well;
The flush that stained her snow-white brow
  Was loyal to Cornell.

"My flag's red, white, and blue," she said,
  "So there need be no fuss!
To show there's no partiality,
  I'll mark the flag just "U. S."

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

FRIENDSHIP.

A truce, dear friend, to idle words of praise!
  Leave them for lovers and for maidens fair,
  Whose hearts have yet the sterner test to bear
Of cold reality's all-searching gaze.
True friendship's love treads not these flow'ry ways,
  Nor favor courts, nor shuns offence with care;
  But soul with soul untarnished truth doth share,
One aim uniting, and, with passing days,

Binding yet firmer. Wasting not words on me
  To tell me what you find in me to love—
What boots it? Rather set before my view
The fault that keeps me still unworthy you,
  And teach me for your sake to rise above
That which I am, to that which I may be.

W. H. McClellan, in *The Red and Blue.*

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Bucknell Mirror

Bucknell University

Volume xviii

No. 5.

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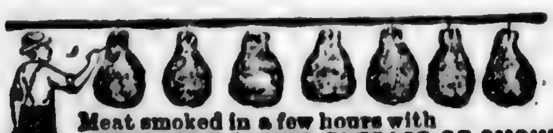

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Vol. XVIII. Lewisburg, Pa., February 10, 1899. No. 5.

MAN'S FALL AND REDEMPTION IN THE LIGHT OF EVOLUTION.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, NOV. 1, 1898, BY GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, D. D., LL. D.

God has given us two Bibles :—An unwritten Bible, or the Bible of Nature ; and a written Bible, or the Bible of Scripture.

Bible of Nature.—I mention the Bible of Nature first, because it is first in the order of time. "The groves were God's first temples."

There are two books (says Sir Thomas Browne) from which I collect my divinity : besides that written one of God, another of His servant Nature—that universal and public manuscript that lies expansed unto the eyes of all.—"Religio Medici."

This universal and expansed manuscript to which the famous English physician alludes is that Bible of Nature of which Israel's minstrel sings in the first part of his Nineteenth Psalm :

> The heavens declare the glory of God ;
> And the firmament shows his handiwork.
> Day unto day utters speech,
> And night unto night shows knowledge.
> There is no speech nor language ;
> Their voice cannot be heard.
> Their line is gone out through all the earth,
> And their words to the end of the world.
> In them has he set a tent for the sun,
> Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
> And rejoices as a strong man to run his course,
> His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
> And his circuit unto the ends of it :
> And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
> —*Psalm xix, 1-6.*

Accordingly, the student of Nature ought to regard himself as engaged in a religious study. For this book of Nature, not less than the book of Scripture, is God's own Holy Bible. Perhaps this remark strikes some of us as tending to irreverence. But let us take care lest our religiosity here be in fact a sort of infidelity under guise of sanctity. Indeed, I doubt whether we ever make a distinction which, practically speaking, is more artificial, more false, or more harmful, than when we style God's works "secular," and God's words "sacred." For matter, not less than spirit, is God's creation; and therefore both are sacred. In studying, then, the Bible of Nature, let us study as though we were worshipping in God's own minister of Creation. For here, also, is a Burning Bush, wherein the Angel of Jehovah speaks to us. When, then, we enter the cloisters of any science, truly so called, let us put off our shoes from off our feet, for the ground whereon we stand is holy ground.

Bible of Scripture.—Secondly, there is God's written Bible, or His Bible of Scripture. This written Bible is the Bible of the second part of this same Nineteenth Psalm:

> The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul;
> The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.
> The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart:
> The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes.
> The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring for ever:
> The judgments of Jehovah are true, righteous altogether.
> More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;
> Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
> Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
> In keeping of them there is great reward.
>
> —*Psalm xix, 7-11.*

Nature and Scripture Complemental.—Thus our Creator-Redeemer has given us a two-fold Bible: A Lex non Scripta, or the Bible of Nature; and a Lex Scripta, or the Bible of Scripture. Let us beware of polytheism, or the worship of two Gods—the God of Nature and the God of Scripture—the latter God being on the whole the divine God. There is but one God, speaking to us in His two-fold Bible of Nature and of Scripture. Accordingly, the two Bibles are to be interpreted in light of each other. The true scientist is a theological specialist in the Bible of Nature; and the true theologian is a scientific specialist in the Bible of Scripture. For the Bible of Scripture, although later in time than the Bible of Nature, is not supplemental to it, much less antithetic—it is complemental. Had the Church more freely admitted this, there had been less infidelity in the academy. Had the academy more freely admitted this, there had been less bigotry in the Church. How much nobler to search for concord than for discord in this two-fold Bible of the Creator-Redeemer, the Redeemer-Creator! Unfortunatelv, many persons are content with the first half of God's Bible—His volume of Nature; many other persons are content with the last half of God's Bible—His volume of Scripture; whereas God's Bible is but one work, consisting of Nature and Scripture; bound in two volumes.

Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
  Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
  Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
  And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
  And read thee everywhere.

—*John Keble.*

Nature Teaches "Evolution."—And the Bible of Nature teaches "Evolution;" that is, unfolding, development, progress along the line of a preconceived plan. And this teaching of the Bible of Nature is echoed in the teaching of the Bible of Scripture.

And God said: Let the earth put forth grass, herb-yielding seed, fruit tree bearing fruit after its kind, wherein is the seed thereof, upon the earth: and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed after its kind, and tree bearing fruit, wherein is the seed thereof, after its kind: and God saw that it was good.

And God said: Let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures, and let fowl fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created the great sea-monsters, and every living creature that moves, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kinds, and every winged fowl after its kind : and God saw that it was good.—Genesis I : ii, 12, 20, 21.

So also it is written (Gen. 2:7), the first man Adam, became a living soul; the last Adam, a life-giving spirit. Yet the spiritual is not first, but the natural ; then the spiritual.—I Corinthians, 15 : 45, 46.

Meaning of "Evolution."—And now let us understand exactly what we mean by this word "Evolution." For clearness of conception here is absolutely essential. Indeed, it is quite astonishing to notice how loosely many intelligent persons use such words as "evolution, development, variety, species," etc. Look, for example, at this word "species." A species is a purely subjective thing, an ens rationis, a mental outline, an ideal padlock. Who ever saw or touched a species ? To talk, then, of the Origin, or Transmutation of Species is to talk of a subjective idea, which never has had and never can have any actual, objective existence in the world of matter. If there is ever any "transmutation," the transmutation is a concept existing only in the mind of the conceiver. In other words, the affair is an affair of metaphysics, not of physics. Here, as elsewhere in such matters, let us abide by the glorious rigor of the scientific method. Physical science, we are solemnly told, deals only with objective, concrete realities ; it has nothing to do with abstractions or concepts ; not but that concepts or abstract terms are useful, and even indispensable, as tools, or "working hypotheses." And with concepts as such—that is, with abstract terms as instruments of thought and investigation—physical science does have to do. Nevertheless, concepts are not objective existences ; abstract terms are not concrete realities. And "species" is an abstract term or concept. Accordingly, the only evolution or transmutation which physical science, as an affair of observation and induction, can consistently consider, is the evolution or transmutation of an objective, concrete, definite plant or animal.

And precisely here, where the proof should be decisive, is the weak point in the theory of Evolution. And no chain is stronger than its weakest link. Or look at this very word "Evolution." It is another lamentable instance of the loose use of terms. To "evolve" is to unroll, unfold, develop. But you cannot unroll what had not been inrolled; you cannot unfold what was not infolded; you cannot develop what was not enveloped. Yet these exact Gentlemen of the Balance and the Micrometer confound unrollment with transition, development with transmutation. And just because these exact Gentlemen use terms so inexactly, it happens that this term "Evolution" has become a very Shibboleth and Ariadne clew. Enough that we oracularly pronounce this magic word "Evolution," and we imagine that we have the "Open Sesame," and have explained everything. Again, I insist on the rigor of the scientific method. You cannot unroll what has not been inrolled; you cannot evolve what has not been involved. You cannot unfold a ton out of an ounce. You cannot account for the origin or unfolding of man by evolving him out of a primary bioplastic cell; for he—man—was never in the cell at all, not even as a prisoner.

But while I cannot accept Evolution as being the philosophical cause or initial force which accounts for the progress of life, there is a kind of Evolution which I must and do accept—it is an ideal evolution; that is to say, the evolution along the ideal axis of a divine plan and purpose: for example, the unfolding of a leonine ovum into the adult lion is an evolution along the ideal axis of a vertebrate mammal. It is not, as atheistic evolutionists hold, that the pickerel was transformed by vertebral metamorphosis into the tortoise, the tortoise into the owl, the owl into the gorilla, the gorilla into man. It is, as theistic evolutionists hold, that pickerel, tortoise, owl, gorilla, man, are divine modifications of the general archetypal vertebra for specific purposes, adjusting the physical application of the archetypal ideal vertebra to new necessities as occasioned by new conditions or environments. I believe that the process of creation was, and that the process of evolution is, the unrolling of a divine plan or conception. In this sense of the word (and it is the primary, etymological, fair sense), I am proud to confess myself an Evolutionist. "Premeditation prior to Creation"—this is the favorite formula of Louis Agassiz in his famous "Essay on Classification." I believe that the Bible story of Origins is the story of the unfolding of a divine plan or idea; ascending from the creation of matter-atoms, along the pathway of soil and plant and animal, to Man. The advance may have been, and in many cases doubtless was, genetic; but the advance, in so far as it was an "evolution," was ideal. And not only was evolution, in the proper sense of the term, true of the original creative process; evolution is also still true of every living thing to-day, whether plant or animal or man. The acorn unfolds into the oak--the babe into the man—the man into the Christian—along the ideal axis of a divine thought or plan. Evolution, in the sense of physical, objective unfolding of protoplast into man, is false. Evolution, in the sense of ideal, purposeful unfolding of protoplast into Man, is true. And Science has it for her stately vocation to try to read the Creator's thoughts before they are materialized into His things.

Ere, from the gloom of cycling night,
Earth woke, and knew the dawning light;
Ere from old Chaos order sprung,
And music through the ether rung;—

In thee, O one eternal Mind,
Dwelt Laws which worlds in order bind,
All forms of beauty, Love's delight,—
All reason,—all unchanging Right.

In earth and heaven, the wonder wrought
Is Evolution from thy Thought;
The potence of creative skill
Is sovereign fiat of thy Will;—

And Science, thence, *Thy works to know*;—
That upward stepping, patient, slow,
The reverent mind may find in Thee
Creation in its Prophecy.

—*Sewall S. Cutting.*

Scripture Teaches "Man's Fall."—But although the Bible of Nature teaches "Evolution," yet the Bible of Scripture teaches "Man's Fall"—

Through one man sin entered into the world, and death through sin; and so death passed unto all men, for that all sinned.—Romans, v, 12.

Story of Adam a Divine Parable.—Is the story of Adam's fall as recorded in the third chapter of Genesis to be taken literally? I would not willingly offend the least of my Father's little ones. He knows that I believe that His Scripture is divinely inspired, and that I bow before it as reverently as ever did the devoutest literalist. Yet, let me frankly say it, I do not believe that the early chapters of Genesis are to be taken literally. If I take a part of them as literal, then I must be consistent, and take the rest of them as literal. For example—I must believe that the seven creative days were literal days of twenty-fours each; that the Creator spoke in an articulate voice, though there was no human ear to hear; that there was a first day with evening and morning, though there was no sun to rise and set, and so bring day and night; that it was the soil itself that originated vegetation; that God literally spoke to the sea-monsters, saying, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the seas;" that He actually had a physical form, and created man in His own image, after His own likeness; that He literally formed man of the dust of the ground, and actually breathed into his nostrils out of His own lungs the breath of life; that He actually brought every beast of the field and every bird of the air to Adam in Eden, to see what he would call them; that He actually hypnotized Adam in Eden, and performed a surgical operation, and metamorphosed one of his ribs into a woman; that He actually rested on the Seventh day because He was really tired out with His creative task; that He actually endowed the serpent with a linguistic apparatus, so he could hold a conversation with Eve; that He actually cursed the serpent above all animals, dooming him to go upon his belly all the days of his life, though geology teaches that prone locomotion had always been the serpent's gait, and indeed must ever be; i. e., so long as he is a serpent. For myself, most reverently I say it, the God before whom I kneel is greater than all this. No; the story of Adam's fall in Eden is a divine parable. And parables are the very highest forms of truth. No syllogistic demonstration, no geometrical axiom, is so true as a Nazarene parable.

Distinguished Facts and Truths.—For we must distinguish between the world of matter and the world of spirit; or, as I have been in the habit of teaching, between facts and truths. On the one hand, facts belong to the physical world; they exist under conditions of space and time, having a beginning, and therefore, it may be, an ending; they appeal to the senses—to the eye, the ear, the touch; they are matters of weight, form, color, place, history, science; but facts are not necessarily moral; for example, there is no moral quality in the geometrical fact that a cube has six sides, or in the chemical fact that a molecule of water consists of two weights of hydrogen and sixteen weights of oxygen, or in the chronological fact that Jesus died on Calvary. On the other hand, truths belong to the spiritual world; they are largely independent of the conditions of time and space; they appeal to the senses of the soul—to reason, imagination, conscience; they are matters of faith, hope, love; as such, truths are intensely moral; for example, the idea of morality culminates, not in the physical fact that Jesus died on Calvary, but in the moral truth that Jesus died on Calvary to save sinners. And truths are ever more important than facts. Indeed, it requires more genuine faith to believe in truths than to believe in facts. This, perhaps, is the reason why there are so many skeptics in the Academy, and even in the Ecclesia. It is easier to believe the facts of Nature science than to believe the truths of Scripture. Now the Bible story of Adam's Fall is not so much a record of biographical facts as it is an allegory of theological truths. It is a divine parable, depicting, as in sublime chiaroscuro, the dark mystery of the entrance of Evil; and so preparing the way for the bright mystery of the entrance of Redemption.

Scripture Teaches "Man's Redemption."—For, as the Bible of Scripture teaches the truth of Man's Fall, so also does the Bible of Scripture teach the truth of Christ's Redemption. Listen to St. Paul's divinely classic Allegory:

"As through one man sin entered into the world, and death through sin; and so death passed unto all men, for that all sinned; for until the law, sin was in the world; but sin is not reckoned when there is no law. But yet death reigned from Adam until Moses, even over those who sinned not after the likeness of Adam's transgression, who is a type of the Coming One. But not as the trespass, so also is the gift ; for if by the trespass of the one the many died, much more did the grace of God, and the gift by the grace of the one man, Jesus Christ, abound to the many. And not as through one that sinned, is the gift ; for the judgment came of one unto condemnation, but the gift came of many trespasses unto justification. For if by the trespass of the one, death reigned through the one ; much more they who receive the abundance of the grace, and of the gift of righteousness, will reign in life through the one, Jesus Christ.

"So, then, as through one trespass it came to all men unto condemnation ; so also through one righteous act it came to all men unto justification of life. For as through the disobedience of the one man the many were constituted sinners, so also through the obedience of the one will the many be constituted righteous. But the law came in beside, that the trespass might abound. But where sin abounded, grace superabounded ; that as sin reigned in death, so also might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Romans, v, 12–21.

It is St. Paul's Theodicy, or vindication of God's ways in permitting man's fall. Not that it is to be taken literally, as though it were a bare record of biographical facts. Nor is it to be taken syllogistically, as though it were a fine instance of theological dialectics. But it is to be taken allegorically, or poetically. And poetry—true poetry—poetry that is more than mere rhyme or metre—is often the very highest logic. There is more philosophy or genuine logic in the "Te Deum Laudamus" than in the Nicene Creed. And St. Paul was a poet rather than a dialectician. And this paean of the Redeeming Adam, like his paean of the Expectant Creation, is a masterpiece of theological poetry. As such it is an arena for spiritual athletes. Take care to survey it in its scope as a whole rather than inspect it in its details ; otherwise you will speedily be "in labyrinthine mazes lost." In this paragraph great thoughts rush along with such impetuous speed that they sometimes seem to collide. To the mere rhetorician or mere logician the paragraph seems unbalanced and confused. Yet amid the seething maelstrom of truths tower here and there certain landmarks, dissinct, colossal. It is a series of gigantic parallels and at the same time gigantic contrasts ; a succession of august counterparts, yet august antitheses ; a sublime alternation of negative and positive poles of thought, separated by humanity's diameter ; Deep calling unto Deep, as the voice of Jehovah's waterspouts.

Glance at some of these sublime parallels and contrasts. On the one hand, the first Adam ; on the other hand, the second Adam. On the one hand, sin ; on the other hand, righteousness. On the one hand, condemnation ; on the other hand, justification. On the one hand, death ; on the other hand, life. On the one hand, sin abounding ; on the other hand, grace superabounding. On the one hand, one sin, many deaths ; on the other hand, one grace, many lives, In brief, on the one hand, throngh the first Adam, of the earth earthy, loss of the earthy Eden ; on the other hand, through the second Adam, Lord from heaven, gain of the heavenly Eden. That is to say—The heavenly life in the second Adam immeasurably more than balances the earthly life in the first Adam. Good Isaac Watts is right—

> In Christ the tribes of Adam boast
> More blessings than their father lost.
>
> —*Isaac Watts.*

Grace Greater than Sin.—Here, then, in this burst of heavenly poetry, we have a key to at least a partial solution of the problem of Evil. Without human sin there could have been no divine grace ; and divine grace is infinitely larger than human sin. True, to the unbeliever this solution is doubtless unsatisfactory. A natural, unspiritual, psychical man receives not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him ; and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually judged, pneumatically examined. Even to the believer, when he fails to use his privilege of rising above narrow and egotistic views of God's providence and redemption, the solution may seem hardly more satisfactory. But when he is in an exalted frame of mind ; when he feels aglow with the sense of gratitude to God for his unspeakable love of Jesus Christ ;—when, forgetting himself and earth and all that is finite, he surveys from the heights of beatific vision the plan and work of Almighty God from beginning to end ; when he adoringly falls into line with Deity's movements, as he—alike Creator and Redeemer—strides on in majesty, from aeon to aeon, world without end ; in short, when the same mind is in him which was in Christ Jesus his Lord upon His heavenly throne :—then the mighty veil is more or less lifted, and he catches momentary yet glowing vistas of the truth that God's permission of "man's fall" is a blessed token of his own far-seeing, overcoming, infinite grace. Now he understands, at least in visions of faith and love, that had there been no sin, there could have been no grace ; "no fall ;" no cross ; no transgression ; no redemption ; no evil ; no Jesus. Now he catches a glimpse into the majestic meaning of Paul's wonderful saying to the saints in Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus.

In order that now to the rulers and authorities in the heavenly realms might be made known *through the Church* the manifold, richly variegated, wisdom of God, according io the purpose of the ages which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Ephesians, iii, 10,11.

Yes, Church of the living God, redeemed from the "fall by the blood of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, thou art the instructor of Angels, teaching them the mysterious things into which they desire to look. Yes, the poet is right—

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven ;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels ! never dimmed your sight.

—*A. L. Hillhouse.*

Ay, this "much more"—God's own "*much more* "—is the key to the problem of "man's fall." Jesus Christ, the God-man, disclosing through His own incarnation—(His own life, character, teachings, passion, death, resurrection)—the inmost and otherwise hidden attributes of Godhead, even His eternal righteousness and love, and filling all things with His own adorable, divine—human personality--Jesus the Christ incomparably outweighs "Adam's fall" and all its dire consequences. Thus Samson's riddle—

> Out of the eater came forth meat,
> And out of the strong came forth sweetness.
> —*Judges xiv, 14.*

has at length been solved. Out of the carcass of the devourer Sin comes forth the manna of Christ's redemption ; out of the dead Lion of the tribe of Judah comes forth the honey of the heavenly immortality. Ay, Sin, with Death and Hades following after, have already been captured by the second Adam, Lord from heaven ; even now they are gleaming in the girdle of His grace as the most dazzling trophies of His eternal victory. Here then, is St. Paul's Theodicy ; divinely anticipating the blind Bard of the Commonwealth as he also sings—

> To the height of this great argument
> I may assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men.
> —*Paradise Lost, 1, 24-26.*

"*Man's Fall and Redemption*" *a Sublime Instance of* "*Evolution.*"—"Man's fall," then, is no surprise ; "Christ's Redemption" is no afterthought. "Fall and Redemption" are the sublimest instances of "Evolution" unfolding according to a Divine Plan eternally crescent. "Fall and Redemption," as a genetic process, is false. "Fall and Redemption," as a Divine Plan, is true. Here is the true song of Degrees or Psalm of Ascents. The laureate is right—

> The God, who ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.
> —*In Memoriam, Epilogue.*

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

WAR AS A FACTOR IN CIVILIZATION.

In all ages, the origin, rise, and fall of nations have been attended with violence. Sometimes this violence was conducive to progress and sometimes it hindered progress. Yet, all in all, the present status of civilization could not have been reached without the waging of wars. Man's nature, akin to the animal instinct of defense and conquest, had to be eliminated by slow degrees as the higher faculties of judgment and reason developed.

In the earliest tribal history the objects of war were to secure wives or to take the pastures and provisions of a neighboring tribe. This may have been the natural result of an overcrowded state of society seeking to supply the economic conditions necessary to growth and improvement. Whatever the object, one result was sure to follow : the fittest must survive. The nation that had exercised the greatest genius in the invention of implements, and used its strategy together with physical strength either replaced the weaker nation or made it tributary. With nations as with individuals, struggle for superiority calls into action all their latent energies and develops their mental and material resources. The good fortune to have all the faculties called into action so as to insure a full and free development of all the powers of mind and body, is an advantage not too dearly paid for by the labor and the pain with which it is attended. What we might call the hard fortune of European civilization, the trouble, the toil it has undergone, the violence it has suffered in its course, have been of infinitely more service to the progress of humanity than that tranquil smooth passivity in which other civilizations have run their course.

For the sake of competing successfully in arms, organization in the form of government of some kind was necessary. Theocracy, Monarchy, Aristocracy, Republicanism, all have had their place. Sometimes, yea, often, much too often, a tyrant ascended the throne. Nothing but violence could wrench the scepter from his hand. As these struggles assumed higher and higher forms the great principles of civil and religious liberty were established. Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights are the priceless heritage of the world. To enjoy their full blessing, it must be remembered, that men have paid the great price of the best English blood. Transplanted to the shores of America these principles assumed still higher forms, but it was necessary first to win them and then maintain them by the sword.

War has been the most prominent external factor in the development of exchange and commerce. The earliest collections of goods to be distributed or exchanged consisted of booty taken by marauders. Military leaders exchanged the products of war for the products of peace. War brought different peoples into contact with each other, and opened highways of communication between them. Thus the world was enlarged and men learned that their wants and the wants of their neighbors could be met most easily by exchange. In this we see that violence has ever been a path-breaker for progress and that commerce has ever been a follower in the tracks of war. Before civilization could enter the dark continent or the jungles of India, exploration and conquest preceded. First the soldier and the scientist, then the merchant and the missionary.

In the case of worn out civilization in which art, science and literature once flourished but have long since passed into oblivion, the force of out-side arms comes like refreshing showers on the sandy desert to replenish it. Let English, French and German cannons thunder and roar as though they would wake the mummies sleeping in the pyramids, open the eyes of the Hindoo gods, or call back the spirits of Buddha and Confucius if thereby they can rouse these nations from stagnation and degeneracy and show to them the upward living road to human progress.

Perhaps the grandest result of war is to teach men not to war except in rightness and as far as possible to reduce the causes of war.

Herbert Spencer illustrates the law of progress by the Nebular Hypothesis. The same theory well illustrates the relation of violence and progress. The formation and changes of the earth have been attended by turbulence and confusion of the elements. So, force has always been present in civilization. But we have come so far that mind, under the influence of brotherly love, predominates and we may expect nothing more than an occasional eruption. And if Providence will lengthen out our days a little longer we may hope to see the dawn of a glorious day in universal federation and universal disarmament. Then, and not till then, "will men beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Then we may behold "Love and truth meeting, righteousness and peace embracing, truth springing forth from earth and charity looking down from heaven."

C. F. S.

THE FUTURE.

It were not well that we the folds should raise
Of that thick curtain of futurity
Which veils from us tho things that are to be
Amid the shadows of the coming days.
For who of us could tread the common ways
Of life, serene and hopeful, if he saw
The sentence of th' inexorable law,
Like the doomed king, where'er he turned his gaze ?

Kindly the All-wise has kept that prescient lore
Beyond our reach. It is enough to know
Ah ! lesson hard to learn) that, as men sow,
They reap—nor worse, nor better, less nor more.
Tnus taught the Prophets with inspired tongue :
Thus Nature warns and thus her bards have sung.

—*John Reade, in Acta Victoriana.*

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

FEBRUARY 10, 1899.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

STAFF:
OLIVER J. DECKER, '99, Editor-in-Chief.

ASSISTANTS.
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BUSINESS.
R. G. PIERSON, '01, Manager. M. L. ANTHONY, '02, Assistant.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address' BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

The next issue of the MIRROR will be a Literary Society Nunber. ,This was to have appeared sooner, but, owing to an unavoidable delay in one of the articles, had to be postponed to the March number.

—

We desire to say to the student body that contributions are welcome at all times whether stories, sketches, poems, alumni notes, or whatever is suitable for publication in a college paper. We cannot see each one personally and ask him to contribute. If you have anything you think suitable for publication, hand it to some member of the staff and it will certainly not be considered presumption on your part. If you are too modest to have it published over your own name, you may adopt a *nom de plume*. It is only by all taking an interest in and contributing to the paper that the best results can be secured and we can have a paper truly representative of the intellectual life of Bucknell.

On the twenty-second day of this month—a day formerly noted for the occurrence of scraps between the two lower classes—Bucknell will meet Franklin and Marshall College in the arena of intercollegiate debate. Our various contests with Franklin and Marshall in the past, whether of an athletic or intellectual nature, have been of a most friendly and interesting character. The debate was held last year at Lancaster and so will take place this time at Lewisburg. The judges will not be graduates or in any way connected with either institution so that no unfairness can in manner be charged. The question for debate is: Resolved, That the best interests of Cuba would be promoted by annexation to the United States." There is no doubt but that Bucknell's representatives will ably and nobly sustain the negative side of this question. The system of training through which they have gone has been most excellent and one that cannot fail in providing the best results. Every student should consider it his duty not only to be present on that occasion, but also in the meantime to give assistance in every manner possible to our representatives in order to make victory doubly sure and add another laurel to the many Bucknell has already won in the line of intercollegiate debate.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Another pleasant "At Home" was held in the Institute parlors, Monday, Feb. 6.

Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., has presented the University with a lot of hymn books.

The Bucknell—Franklin and Marshall debate will be held in Bucknell Hall, Feb. 22.

Bucknell will play State College in basket-ball in the Tustin Gymnasium, Friday evening, Mar. 3.

Mr. S. M. Sayford, of Boston, Mass., addressed the students in Bucknell Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 8.

Dr. Perrine lectured at Williamsport, Feb. 2, in a course given by the First Baptist Church of that place.

Arrangements are being made for the annual minstrel show which will probably take place the early part of next month.

An organization has been formed by several upper-classmen in the college for practice in extemporaneous speaking exclusively.

President Harris will deliver the address before the Wyoming Commemorative Association at the Wyoming Monument, Wilkesbarre, July 3.

The Freshman and Sophomore banquets held at the Hotel Haag, Milton, the latter part of last month, were attended with the usual interesting circumstances.

Father Ganss concluded his most excellent and successful series of lectures on "The Evolution of Music" with "The Music of the Future" in Bucknell Hall, Jan. 30.

The greater portion of the electrical equipment of the Central Foundry and Equipment Co., has recently been acquired by the University for our Laboratory. This is a valuable addition.

Major George G. Groff is at present stationed at San Juan, Porto Rico. In addition to his position as brigade surgeon in the army, he is also school commissioner and sanitary inspector for Porto Rico.

Lemuel Moss, D. D., LL. D., of Philadelphia, delivered a series of lectures before the students of the University on "Christian Economies," Feb. 6 and 7. His subjects were: "The Point of View—Postulates"; "Society, Cooperative"; "Religion and the State, Soul Liberty"; and "Our National Perils".

The annual college relay races, held under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, will take place this year, April 29, at Franklin Field, Philadelphia. Bucknell is grouped with Franklin and Marshall, Dickinson, Gettysburg, and Ursinus Colleges. The pennant has been won by Bucknell the last two years.

Col. Howard L. Calder, '87, will lecture on "Porto Rico" and Hon. Frank B. Hargrave, '89, on "Manilla," for the benefit of Athletics. The former was Captain of Co. I, 4th P. V. I., and was on provost guard duty at Arroye, Porto Rico, and the latter served with Co. I, 10th P. V. I., in the Philippines. This command participated in the battle of Malate and the fall of Manila.

The Junior Ball was held in the Armory, Friday evening, Feb. 3. The Armory was tastily decorated and the ball was a success in every respect. Music was furnished by Chappel's Orchestra of Williamsport. The patronesses were: Mesdames J. T. Baker, J. C. Bucher, J. F. Duncan, A. A. Leiser, Wm. Leiser, G. B. Miller, N. C. Marsh, T. F. Russell, T. C. Thornton, T. S. Norton, W. C. Walls.

The week of prayer for colleges was observed in the usual manner. Meetings were addressed during the week by Profs. Rockwood, Perrine, Hamblin, and Hulley. The sermon on the day of prayer was preached by Rev. E. M. Poteat, D. D., of Philadelphia, on "The Temptation of Man, and of the Son of Man." He also addressed well attended meetings on "God's First and Final Purpose Concerning Man," "The Highest Life and the Power of the Highest," and "Looking unto Jesus." President Harris also addressed the students at the final meeting.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'52. Rev. A. B. Still, of Danville, Pa., has been greatly bereaved in the death of his wife. She passed away at her home, Dec. 21, 1898, aged 78 years.

Ex-'56. The Rev. Robert Atkinson died January 16, at Ottawa, Kansas, aged 75 years. Some time ago the *Standard* of Chicago, published a sketch of his life, the sketch being accompanied by a photograph. Mr. Atkinson was one of the pioneer preachers of Kansas, and did much to contribute to the growth and welfare of Ottawa University.

'59. Rev. A. D. Hawn, D. D., recently celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Delaware, Ohio.

'69. The Rev. Edmund Wells has removed from Kershaw, S. C., to Lake Helen, Fla.

'73. Rev. J. W. Allen, formerly of Lake City, Ia., is now located at Decorah, Ia.

'74. Dr. David J. Hill, First Assistant Secretary of State, contributes an article to the February *Forum* on "The War and the Extension of Civilization."

'74 and '84. Hons. Ward R. Bliss and F. B. Hargrave, members of the Penna. House of Representatives, are among those who are opposing the re-election of Senator Quay.

'75. Robert D. Evans, of Wilksbarre, died February 1st, from injuries received in escaping from a burning building. He was a son of the late T. G. Evans, of Lewisburg. For several years he has been a practicing attorney in Wilksbarre. In the death of Mr. Evans Bucknell has lost a loyal alumnus.

'80. A picture and sketch of the life of S. Lewis Ziegler, M. D., appeared in a recent issue of *The North American* in a series on the leading physicians of Philadelphia.

'82. W. M. Datesman is Manager of the United States Life Insurance Co., of New York, and has an office at 312 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia.

'85. W. P. Beaver is at present connected with the American Tin Plate Co., Chicago, Ill.

'87. Col. Howard Calder will lecture in Bucknell Hall in the near future on a subject pertaining to the war.

'87. Prof. W. A. Harley has resigned his position as teacher in the Public schools of Reading where he has been engaged for five years. A considerable increase in salary induced him to accept a position in the Erasmus High School of Brooklyn.

'88. The Rev. Geo. W. Hatch has resigned the pastoral care of the Wynn Memorial Chapel, Camden, N. J., and removes to Cherry Valley, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

'89. The mother of Hon. F. B. Hargrave died at her home in Greensburg, Pa., on Jan. 8, 1899.

'89. Rev. T. W. Booth at the close of his first year's pastorate at Jeannette, Pa., reports 63 additions to the membership.

'89. Hon. Edwin Heister Guie has been elected speaker of the House of Representatives of the state of Washington. Mr. Guie is a successful lawyer in Seattle.

Ex-'89. The Rev. J. W. Neyman has removed from Aberdeen, Wash., to Chicago. In addition to his duties as the new pastor of the Englewood Park Baptist Church, he has assumed the position of Eastern Manager of the H. Parmelee Library Co.

'90. The Revs. W. C. McNaul and Howard Hanson, Ex-'91, pastors respectively of the Grace and Messiah Baptist Churches, Chicago, have tendered their resignations. Hanson will be remembered as one of Bucknell's champion football players, who completed his course at the University of Chicago.

'95. Joseph Carey is principal of the Pottsgrove High School.

'95. Benj. K. Brick is a senior in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania.

'97. Herbert B. Moyer is taking a special course at the University of Pennsylvania.

'97. W. M. Bunnell has opened a law office at 301 and 302 Mears Building, Scranton, Pa.

Ex-'99. Ned L. Kaufman is reading law in one of the prominent Philadelphia offices.

Ex-'99. Miss Laura L. Allen is Assistant Principal of the Ulysses High School in Potter Co., Pa.

Ex-'01. A. A. Earle has been given a position in the weather department at Ithica, N. Y.

Rev. R. M. Roderick, a former student, has been called to the pastorate of the Dudley St. Baptist Church, Dunmore, Pa.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Under the new political regime, Cuba will have the system of compulsory public education.

The United States is the only nation in the world that spends more money on education than on war departments—Ex.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked,
And she nodded her sweet permission—
Then we went to press,
And I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

—Ex

The gross receipts taken in for the year by the Harvard foot ball team were $48,490. The expenses of the team amounted to $10,750.

Among our latest exchanges are found *The Western University Courant* and *The Allegheny Literary Monthly* both of which creditably represent the schools that issue them.

An interesting feature of the January number of *The College Student* is a symposium on "Should Franklin and Marshall College become a University." The majority of the writers seem to favor it remaining a college.

HOPE.

The rain has ceased ; the sky is clear;
  The drooping flowers their petals ope ;
They lift their faces without fear ;
  And this with human kind is hope.

DESPAIR.

The forest fire along the track,
  Destroys the woodland green and fair,
And leaves the tree trunks seared and black,
  Symbolic of our own despair.

—*Cornell Magazine.*

The Yale Glee and Banjo clubs have given to the treasurer at Yale university the sum of $860 taken from the receipts of their concerts during the season of '97-'98, to be used in assisting needy and deserving students. The total receipts of the clubs for the last year were $30,320.

As Charles was going out one eve
  His father questioned: "Whither ?"
And Charles, not wishing to deceive,
  With blushes, answered: "With her."

—*The College Student.*

Andrew Carnegie has offered to give one hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a Library Building for the use of Pennsylvania State College, provided the State gives a sufficient sum for its annual maintenance.

Hereafter any student who cheats in examinations at the Northwestern University will not only be expelled from the institution, but his name will be published in the college paper and sent to the faculties of other colleges.

FAME.

Heart and diamond, club and spade.
King, queen and knave, all aid
To make the pasteboard castle men call fame.
Children, like Fortune, build to scatter;
And the slightest breath will shatter
And wreck the pasteboard castle men call fame.
— W. K. W. in Georgetown College Journal.

INTERLINEAR.

When a fellow gets a letter
From a maiden he divines
Many a precious little secret
Written in between the lines.

Funny too, in Greek and Latin,
How we meet with like designs,
Strange how many happy meanings
Oft are read between the lines.
—The Madisonensis.

A PIANO AT A NONIMAL PRICE.

Chicago's largest music house, Lyon & Healy, have bought for a fraction of its cost, the entire stock of Lyon, Potter & Co. These splendid pianos, are offered without reserve until all are sold. In this stock are a number new Steinway pianos, and hundreds of new and second-hand pianos including instruments of the following well-known makes: Sterling, Huntingdon, A. B. Chase, Vose, Fischer, Weber, Chickering, G. W. Lyon, etc., etc. In square pianos there are fine-toned instruments at $25, $40, $60 and upwards. In Upright Pianos neat instruments at $100, $120, $140, $150, $165, $190, $200 and upwards. In Baby Grands some nice specimens at $250 and upwards. Nearly all these pianos were intended to sell for at least double these clearing sale prices. A good plan would be to order a piano, leaving the selection of it to Lyon & Healy. However they will send a list and full particulars upon application, Any piano not proving entirely satisfactory may be returned at their expense. Address simply, Lyon & Healy, Chicago. Distance is no obstacle in taking advantage of this remarkable chance to obtain a piano, for in proportion to the saving to be made in freight charges are insignificant.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR

Vol. XVIII. Lewisburg, Pa., March 10, 1899. No. 6.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THETA ALPHA.

BY ROBERT LOWRY, D. D., '54.

The genesis of the Literary Society in connection with Lewisburg was without ostentation. At a time when all the departments of the University were bivouacked in the basement of the old Baptist church, a few advanced spirits met together for literary purposes. They took a name from the Greek grammar, and called themselves Tau Delta Theta. Admission to membership was at the will of the organizers. The accommodations were meagre, but the impulse was high. The survivors are few, but their memory of those humble days is pleasant.

When the University abandoned the lowlands and took possession of College Hill, a new order was established. Professor Stephen W. Taylor, then at the head of the institution, believed that the boys needed a paternal government. Two lists of names were made, as nearly equal in numbers and calibre as might be, comprising all the College students, and these two lists were made to serve as the bases of two Literary Societies. This mechanical division was not subject to any alteration. The student had the option of entering the Society to which he had been allotted, or enjoying himself outside of all Societies. There was some demurring at first, but the order was inflexible. Ultimately nearly all the students conformed to it, the obvious benefits of the association being sufficient to overcome any natural reluctance at entering into what might turn out to be an uncongenial fellowship.

In determining the question of name, one of these Societies adopted two Greek words which stand for piety and morals.

Theta Alpha was the expression of a lofty ideal in the domain of faith and rectitude. Though neither sonorous nor mellifluous, it was heartily accepted for its significance, and no one was found who wished to change it for something more scholastic or pretentious. The Theta Alpha boys always believed that they constituted the better half of the College. It was a great comfort to have that conviction, and nobody seems to have been hurt by it. Doubtless a like inspiring thought was entertained by the other Society. It is always encouraging to be able to hurrah for our side. For many years, the Theta Alpha graduates were accustomed to point with pride to the increasing number of their fellow members who were attaining positions of distinction and usefulness. Perhaps they still indulge in this pardonable exultation.

It was a great day when the West Wing was completed, and Theta Alpha took possession of the new home in the northwest corner. Dignified with the appellation of "Hall," it was nothing but a room of modest dimensions, in which, perhaps, four students might have found breathing space for study. But, compared with all that had gone before, it was spacious and sumptuous. Furnished with carpet, chairs, desk and curtains, it became a field for forensic combats and parliamentary discipline that could not fail to inspire and develop the intellectual acumen of the entire body. The keen-edged comments of the imperial Censor were anticipated with mingled eagerness and dread, and were followed by long breaths of relief or waves of exhileration, according as the "winged words" glanced or struck home. No one of the early boys will ever forget those Friday afternoons when such men as George I. McLeod, Malachi and E. G. Taylor, Charles M. Deitz, George Frear, Jerome B. Morse, Ira Foster and many others, stripped for the fray and made things lively. Nearly all these men have passed away, but the remembrance of them has a vivid place in the minds of those who survive them.

One of the favorite exercises of Theta Alpha was the frequent tinkering with the Constitution and By-Laws. The desire for change was a constant factor, and the ability to make things new was inexhaustible. Sometimes a mere verbal modification would suffice; at other times the whole organic law would be demolished, and a brand new structure erected in its place. When the present writer was graduated, the Constitution was supposed to be so near to perfection that the sharpest eye would fail to find a serious flaw in it for many years to come. Two years afterward, happening to get a sight of the then fundamental law, he found that not a scrap of that perfect Constitution remained. The substance, indeed, was there, but the old forms had vanished. Nor should this iconoclasm be wondered at, for the student, held steadily for nine hours a day to the hardest of hard work, feels, when the pressure is removed, as if he must go out and break something. And the Constitution can stand it.

With great enthusiasm the Theta Alpha boys entered upon the project of founding a Library of their own. Much money was collected, many books were contributed, a convenient book-case was ordered, and everybody was proud of the successful enterprise. Gradually it dawned upon the boys that a Library was more bother than it was worth. The Library was necessarily limited in scope, and must ever remain so. Those who had time and taste for reading wanted books other than those which the Library provided. Few additions were made after the first spurt. The Library became a problem. Finally, after a full discussion of the matter in a regular meeting, it was voted, unanimously and gladly, to transfer the whole collection to the Society for Religious Inquiry, with whom it found a quiet resting place on the fourth floor of the West Wing. It was a great relief to get rid of it.

When an evening in Commencement Week was set apart by the authorities as the Anniversary of the Literary Societies, Theta Alpha rose to the occasion. One of the great questions was the devising of an appropriate badge. The committee of arrangements taxed its combined skill in producing an emblem which the boys called a stunner. From across the big Hall the spectator looked upon a body of graceful youth, each one bearing on his lapel a parallelogram of bright red, from which shone in glittering white the two Greek letters which formed the cabalistic anagram of the Society. This artistic triumph was achieved not without the aid of the village maidens. A few yards of cloth, some sheets of pasteboard, a few pieces of glazed cardboard, a choice selection of deft fingers with needle and thread, some light refreshments thrown in, smiles and suavity at intervals, and the thing was done. What wonder that, next year, there was eagerness for place on the committee? And what wonder that, all through the year, the gentle girls of the village lived in hope that they might have another chance of glorifying Theta Alpha? Bright days were those in the far-off olden time. It might be difficult to recall the distinguished strangers who filled the Hall with their oratory, but no one who lived the life of Theta Alpha in those primitive days will ever forget his comrades, or the dear friends who, more than once, helped to make the Theta Alpha life beautiful.

THE EARLY DAYS OF EUEPIA.

BY FRANKLIN H. LANE, EX-'53.

In tracing the history of a Literary Society, certain primal causes leading up to its organization must be considered, much in the same way as we would consider the circumstances that led to the founding of the institution of learning with which it is connected; as the history of the one must necessarily be in part the history of the other. Without going into the details of the herculean task that involved much anxious thought, skillful planning and earnest prayer to found and establish the University at Lewisburg, it will suffice for our present purpose, briefly to state that the Northumberland Baptist Association felt the need of an institution of learning in central Pennsylvania and in 1845 appointed a committee consisting of William H. Ludwig, M. D., Rev. Charles Tucker, Rev.

J. E. Bradley, Rev. J. G. Miles and James Moore, Sr., which reported August 14th, that "a high school for males, another for females, a college and also a Theological Institute," should be established in central Pennsylvania. On the 27th of the following December, Prof. Stephen W. Taylor agreed to act as General Agent. On the 5th of February, 1846, the Charter of the University at Lewisburg was signed by Francis Rawn Shunk, Governor of Pennsylvania. Prof. Stephen W. Taylor was elected Principal of the school. October 5, 1846, the school was opened in the basement of the Baptist church in Lewisburg Pa., which furnished three good sized rooms for assembly, chapel, lecture, study and recitation purposes; also a good sized yard in the rear of the church, where many a tussle testing strength, games of ball and other athletic sports afforded physical exercise and gave keener zest for study. In 1847 College classes were organized. Students thirsty for forensic power and ambitious to surpass Demosthenes, Cicero, Webster and Clay organized the Calliopean Literary Society, which met once a week in the south recitation room of the church.

To relieve the congested condition of the main room, the young men, who could be trusted, were provided with a room on Main Street where, under a monitor selected by themselves, day by day their lessons were prepared and at stated hours they went to their respective classes in the church to recite. About that time a crisis that threatened the life of the young institution had to be met, as a large percentage of the more advanced students, not satisfied with their environment and out-look, secretly arranged to leave in a body and enter older institutions, believing that diplomas granted by an old college would give them better standing and many advantages in after life. But Prof. Stephen W. Taylor discovered the plot and, with the aid of some of us who were loyal to the young institution, succeeded in retaining the dissatisfied students and thereby at a critical moment saved the University at Lewisburg

In 1848 the Academy building on College Hill was completed; its size, fifty by eighty feet and three stories high, gave us the much needed room. The long expected day for moving came at last; it was an eventful day in the history of the University, full of interest and hope to every student and friend of the institution. On the upper floor of the new building, each student, male and female, was provided with a chair and desk, and arranged in rows from front to rear of the room. The ladies occupied the west side of the room and faced to the west. The gentlemen occupied the east side of the room and faced to the east, so that the sexes were back to back, but this arrangement did not prevent the sly glance over the shoulder, or the winning and sometimes blushing smile from each to each. As soon as we were well settled in the new building, the faculty divided the young men into two divisions as nearly equal in numbers and ability as possible, each division to organize itself into a literary society. I have not been able to obtain a full list of original names in either of the divisions and having only a small amount of suitable data at hand, I must depend largely on memory running back half a century for the names, incidents, and facts connected with the "Early Days of Euepia."

Original Euepia members as far as I can recall them are as follows: David F. Carnahan, Lewis Merrill, James Anderson Kelley, Joseph P. Tustin, Asa P. Weylert, George Good, Reeder M. Fish, William H. Armstrong, Agustus H. Long, John H. Lukens, Francis P. Beck, Obijah Rittenhouse, S. H. Wilson, Joseph G. McMeen Washington Barnhurst, John A. Grier and Moses Heath. New students were allotted so as to keep the two societies nearly equal. Euepia was temporarily organized at the close of the summer session of 1850, in the Academy building. Joseph P. Tustin, Reeder M. Fish ank James T. Lane were appointed as a committee to draft a constitution. On the 9th of November, 1850, the society met and appointed David McM. Gregg to the chair and William H. Armstrong, Sec., *pro tem.* The committee reported a constitution, which was adopted in sections. The child having been born must have a name. "Literary Adelphi" was proposed as a name by Joseph P. Tustin. "Philophradean," by David F. Carnaham, "Eurotopean," by James

T. Lane, and "Philotopeàn," by Reeder M. Fish. They could not agree and laid the naming on the table. At the next meeting (Nov. 16th), "Euepia," was adopted as the name of the society. The constitution was finally adopted at the meeting of Nov. 30, 1850. At the meeting of Dec. 7, 1850, the following officers were elected: President, Reeder M. Fish; Vice President, James Anderson Kelly; Rec. Sec., Joseph P. Tustin; Cor. Sec., David F. Carnahan; Treas., Edward W. Moore; Librarian, John H. Lukens; First Critic, William H. Armstrong; Censor, James F. Lane; Chaplin, James Anderson Kelley. The first]uestion for debate in Euepia was: "Is a Protective Tariff Conducive to National Prosperity?" Aff., Lane; Neg., Fish; meeting of Dec. 7, 1850. It seeme that some minds are not yet clear on that old question. The "Theta Alpha" Literary Society was oaganized about the same time.

The west wing of the college building was completed in 1850, and the two literary societies moved into the rooms provided for them on the second floor of the new building. Each society furnished its own room.

In the early days of Euepia, facilities for acquiring a liberal education were very few, especially in the rural districts, where public schools were kept open only three months in the year, and many of them were but little better than play houses. There were comparatively few High Schools, Academies or Colleges, and but few of them well equipped. Comparatively few young people could get away from home to attend school until they were twenty-one years of age; consequently Euepians and most all students were well advanced in years and could fully appreciate their opportunities. In the early days of the University at Lewisburg, outside of a thoroughly educated, skillful, and devoted faculty, students had but few helps; the library was small and scientific apparatus quite limited. But the spiritual influences were healthful and many students were led to Christ, especially so by the able and soul-stirring preaching and consecrated life of that noble man of God, Prof. George R. Bliss, D. D., LL. D.

In the early days of Euepia there were only a few miles of rail-road in the country, and students as well as others had to travel on foot, by private conveyances, stage or canal-boat. Our country was at war with Mexico. California gold excitement turned many heads. The slavery question would not down, but was disturbing the public mind, and a decade later culminated in secession and the War of the Rebellion, which was the most sanguinary and expensive war known in modern history, resulting in wiping out the curse of slavery and firmly uniting our country under one flag. Certain Euepians distinguished themselves in the War of the Rebellion. It would be interesting to follow Euepians along their eventful and useful lives; but this article is already overgrown.

THE REAL GENIUS OF HOME.

"Blow high, blow low, not all your snow
Can quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow!"
Sang one, detailing in sweet rhyme
Quaint stories of the olden time.
Control my thoughts I never could,—
Perverse I ask, "Who got the wood?"

"What matter how the North Wind raved!
What matter how the night behaved!"
The poet saith, since threats so dire
Were set at naught by glowing fire.
But still saith my prosaic soul,
"That may be true,—who got the coal?"

For even Home's ideal light
Can't elevate a zero night,
And stories, though pronounced "hot stuff"
Can't keep the hearers warm enough;
Give honor where's it's due.—Rate higher
The faithful soul who tends the fire!

O. M. W.

ZETA LITERARY SOCIETY.

BY MAUD ELIZABETH HANNA, A. M., '97.

"This Society shall be called, 'The Zeta Literary Society of Bucknell University.'

"The object of this Society shall be to cultivate liberal principles, to diffuse knowledge among its members, and to secure their advancement socially, intellectually and morally.

"The Motto of this Society shall be '*Utile Dulci.*'

"The colors shall be light-blue and gold."—Thus tersely expressed in her constitution do we find the first chronicle of Zeta Literary Society.

Co-education had become an established fact at Bucknell, and by its very growth had fostered the constantly increasing desire for the all-round development of the college woman.

Why should the harvest of advantage, derived from voluntary participation in formal debate be reaped solely by the men of the University? Is not the womanliness of the college girl increased rather than lessened, by the self-possession surely to be acquired by the essayist, orator or impersonator, who seeks to give her best in the presence of college associates? Then, too, the representative young women of many of our leading centres of education were enthusiastically advocating the literary organization as a great factor in the social and moral life of the student. Could Bucknell rightfully remain longer indifferent to this phase of the question?

In response to queries such as these, Zeta made her debut in literary circles on the tenth of October, eighteen hundred and ninety-five. Nor was her "coming out" unattended with eclat; for Euepia and Theta Alpha played the chivalrous to the debutante during the entire year in quite approved fashion. Her recognition by the Faculty of the University was also encouragingly cordial.

The first few weeks of Zeta's history is largely parliamentary in character. After due deliberation, the constitution, framed much like that of her brother societies, was submitted to the Faculty of the College, and the prompt recognition by this body of a literary society for college women was interpreted as an auspicious omen.

The youthful organization was first known to the world as "Hyperion." More sober judgement, however, suggested the advisability of a Greek letter title expressive of the purpose of the new society. In accordance with this generally accepted amendment the change was made to "Zeta," "seekers."

The charter members of Zeta numbered twenty-five. These were chiefly young women registered in the regular collegiate courses, but included in addition a few friendly "specials." At this time Bucknell was fortunate in enrolling among her graduate students Miss Mary Belle Harris, daughter of President Harris. Eligible, according to the constitution, to any office in the society, Miss Harris was made president, in which capacity she served most efficiently for two terms. At the same initial election the remaining offices were filled as follows: Vice-president, Maud Elizabeth Hanna; secretary, Mary Cotton; treasurer, Anna May Gilchrist; critics, Mary Moore Wolfe, Rosa Louise Hartley; executive committee, Laura Louise Allen, Clarissa Louise Fowler.

The duties of the above committee are defined thus: "To care for the Society Hall, and see that it is kept in order; also to see that the hall is warmed and lighted at the regular time of meeting." Deeply appreciative of habits of industry acquired during the first year of college residence, the organization conferred this honor upon members of the freshman class, to be their peculiar right and that of the "generations following."

That a permanent place of meeting be assured the society, the use of Buckell Institute parlors was granted for every alternate Thursday evening. Here, with almost uninterrupted regularity Bucknell's college daughters have gathered during the past two and one-half years.

Essay, oration, debate, dramatic impersonation together with music, vocal and instrumental, have furnished entertaining and helpful programs. A feature especially worthy of mention is the "Blue and Gold," an original sheet comprising the leading departments of journalism, which is read at the final meeting of each term by the editor-in-chief.

The progress of the society, although not always uniform, has been constant, and at the present writing there is every evidence of energy and interest in the conduct of the meetings.

It was the privilege of her friends to attend a short time ago a Mock Trial given by Zeta. The increased seating capacity was taxed beyond measure. The audience was expectantly attentive as the case proceeded with fitting dignity. The clever and humorous evidence produced, the earnestness of the legal participants, the deliberation of the jury, and the guidance of court transactions by the judge, testified more eloquently than words to the value to college women of such an organization.

Zeta, moreover, has been by no means indifferent to the social interests of herself and friends, as from time to time she has heartily enjoyed holding a reception in costumes of "ye olden tyme," entertaining with pantomime or other varied festivities.

Zeta Literary Society is however still young in years and experience. In cognizance of this fact it is with modesty and diffidence that her historian enters the records of so comparatively recent an organization upon the page favored by the honored representatives of Euepia and Theta Alpha.

Memory readily calls to mind the happy associations of college days when the experiment seemed a somewhat hazardous undertaking, when the query, unuttered or expressed, "Will Zeta live?" demanded constant affirmation. With pleasure truant Fancy wanders in the early days of Zeta, where the Misses Wolfe, Cotton, Rohrer ('96), Hartley, Goddard, Taylor and Owens ('97), Slifer, Chambers, Sprague, Rodgers and Bolenius ('98), proved her staunch adherents in every crisis. These are now passed beyond our classic walls, while the Misses Sharpless, Watkins, Dewolfe, Stevens and

Sprague ('99,) many of whom were charter members continue faithful to the present, lending heart and head for the welfare of the society so dear to every recent alumna.

> "'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the living thoughts that start
> Into being are like perfumes from the blossom of the heart;
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign,
> To greet the living presence of that old sweet-heart of mine."

The past of Zeta Literary is a fragrant memory to those who loved her "maiden effort." To-day she is a "living presence." Her future, who can tell ?

A SURVEY OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

BY LLEWELLYN PHILLIPS, A. M., '92.

Let us view the Literary Societies by observing what they were in their best days, their decline, their revival and their present status.

The Literary Societies in eastern institutions saw their best days before 1876. In 1870 there were only sixty-four students in Bucknell ; but the membership of the societies was sixty. In 1851 one of the societies laid a capitation tax of six dollars upon each member to defray the expenses of furnishing its room in west wing, and most of the furniture in the room occupied at present, including the library now deposited in the general library, was bought before the late seventies.

Formerly all business was transacted behind closed doors ; *sub rosa* were the words. The old constitution emphasized secrecy, and the minutes tell us that on one occasion a member was dismissed under this solemn charge : "You must not make known what you have seen or heard within these walls."

Secrecy breeds rivalry. The student to-day cannot appreciate the desire of the old graduate to have his Society well represented on the platform at the Commencement Anniversary. The clash of the Societies in all kinds of contests was sometimes intense. This rivalry led to the abandonment of the publication of the "College Herald," which had been in charge of a board composed of an equal number of members from each Society.

Organization tends to sociability and the recognition of social ties. On the minutes are spread many expressions of sympathy and good will; resolutions of condolence, entertainment by a member of the Society, farewells to the Seniors. Then there was a presentation of a large cake by the retiring president. Here is one report: "In accordance with the old established custom Mr. Martin, the retiring president, presented the Society with a large and excellent cake, bearing the inscriptions, "Euepia" and "*Fit Via Vi.*" During the cutting of the cake several members were called upon and responded in neat little speeches. Resolutions of thanks were presented and general good feeling prevailed." Perhaps it would not be out of place to remark in passing that the same kind-hearted person to-day presents to the students palatable, delicious and solid food.

But numbers, finances, secrecy, rivalry and sociability did not constitute the Societies. The cementing power was better and stronger. The living aim may be summed up in these words: Literary culture, oratory, extemporaneous speaking and debate. These were the *sine qua non.*

Within and without the college halls marvelous changes have taken place and every phase of college life has felt the effects. Athletics, fraternities, departmental students and professors, and new ideals of school life have grown up in the soil from which the Literary Societies drew their vitality, and this growth of specialization has assimilated most of the nourishment—perchance the Societies died that they might live again.

In all colleges the decline was a gradual one. About twenty-five years ago signs of decay appeared in our institution. In 1875 we read, "There has been a gradual decline for two years," in 1878 a union of the two Societies is suggested; in

1882 the "Mirror" wails, "they have been languishing for some time." The record of meetings for the spring term of 1884 and the two succeding spring terms is respectively six, four and one. Excepting an occasional spurt, as in 1889 during the inter-society debate for the "silver cup," they continued in a languid state until the early nineties.

With the decreased interest the spirit and traditions passed away. Rivalry and finances were allotted to athletics, secrecy, to fraternities; the "College Herald" fell into the possession of a more representative body; the libraries, containing 1000 volumes, gradually diminished, and the remnant was deposited in the general library; the rooms were slightly neglected; in short, at one time it was suggested that the Societies be transferred to Dr. Groff with the request that they be properly classified among the fossils in the museum.

However they have risen as they fell, gradually. The causes of the revival are three : first the spread of intercollegiate debating ; second, the increase of students, making it unnecessary for a few men to assume all the duties outside of the classroom; third, the character of the students who have devoted themselves to the Societies. In the halls on the second floor of the main building there assemble on Friday evening men who are here to get and give the best.

It is difficult to select with accuracy the salient characteristics of the Societies of to-day. There are slight indications of a new social spirit. Literary culture, in the sense of belles-lettres, has been consigned to the classroom. There is an occasional bust of *oratory*, but most of the speaking is like Mark Antony's. There do abide with their original force, extemporaneous speaking, the cure for weak knees and tied tongues, and debate, the developer of clear and rapid thinking; and the indications are that within a year or two the Societies will produce a large number of debaters of whom the institution will be proud. In one respect the present differs from the past; the thought in debate and in other work is centered almost entirely on current questions.

Now what ideal should be kept before the mind? More emphasis should be laid upon preparations in form and matter, and this can be done now since a member is not assigned work every other night. Every subject considered should be made scholarly in itself, but the man and the method of handling make it scholarly. By supplying an outlet for thought and reading, literary, scientific and practical, the Societies should teach the student to unite culture and life.

THE VALUE TO A LAWYER OF TRAINING IN A LITERARY SOCIETY.

BY JUDGE MARTIN BELL, '69.

It is sometimes said that the age of oratory has passed. This, to a certain extent, is true. The daily paper is found in almost every home, and it has become a more potent factor in moulding public sentiment than is the public speaker. The press, to a great extent, has supplanted the rostrum, Moreover, this same influence of the press pervades the jury box, and jurors, in important cases, are not so likely to be moved, by the fervid appeals of counsel, in the present day as they once were.

But, in no period in the history of the bar has there been greater need, on the part of the advocate, for the power to speak clearly, concisely and forcibly, than at the present time. Clearness of expression is almost an indispensable requisite to success in litigated cases. A legal proposition perspicuously stated is half argued; oftentimes requires no elaboration; sometimes proves itself. Let the same legal thought be expressed in a bungling manner, with want of precision, and the words used only tend to becloud the idea, and to engender doubt instead of conviction. Clearness and aptness of expression is valuable not only in the technical legal argument to the judge, but likewise in addresses to the jury. The attorney who is able in a clear manner to state his facts to the jury, and, in addition, has the ability, by the use of apt and expressive language, to fit such facts to the law applicable to the case, is in a fair way to win such of his cases as ought to be won. If in addition his manner of speech is forcible he will, almost inevitably, win all of his cases which are meritorious. By forcible speaking is meant not mere volume of voice, not mere empty bellowing, but that characteristic manner of speech, exemplified in various types and phases, which seemingly indicates that the speaker himself believes what he is saying, and is endeavoring, to the best of his ability, to impress his hearers with the truth of his assertions. In these days, when appellate courts enforce a time limit, and when, even in the trial court, judge and jury alike grow restive under a long drawn out argument, the quality of conciseness is likewise of value to the advocate.

The art of clearness, aptness and forcefulness in written composition will not suffice. Most of the speaking of the legal advocate is extemporaneous. His addresses to a jury are almost always necessarily so. Before a legal argument he may have ample time to thoroughly saturate himself with his case, but, even then, his prepared line of thought may be interrupted by the rasping voice of the judge, "Oh, we all agree with you on that point; don't waste any time discussing it; turn your attention to this legal proposition, which it strikes us, is the pinch of the case." Under such circumstances the lawyer must be quick to adapt himself to the new phase of the argument, fertile in resources. In a moment he may be compelled to abandon not only the prepared verbiage of his speech, but even its very analysis. The successful lawyer must be prepared not only to talk while on his feet, but also to think while he is talking, and that too with the least possible showing of discomfiture or embarrassment.

How shall the lawyer acquire these qualities, this power? How shall he become a clear, forcible and persuasive extemporaneous speaker? In exceptional cases the power is a gift of nature, but in most instances it is an acquired one; acquired by practice and hard work. When shall such practice be indulged in? Before a court, at the expense of clients, with the mortifying accompaniments of embarrassment and failure, or in some preliminary training school ? In most cases some of this practice must be had in the court, in the trial of the actual case. The most able debater generally finds the court room vastly different from the debating society. But if the ability to speak extemporaneously, in a clear and forcible manner, has been acquired by preliminary practice, the trained debater soon learns to adapt himself to the changed condition of the actual court.

This brings me down to the thought which I desire to emphasize, and to impress on the mind of each young man at Bucknell, who aspires to become a successful lawyer. Don't neglect your literary society ; avail yourself of every opportunity therein to acquire the ability of clear and forcible extemporaneous speech. In my college days the literary society was the only place, known to the curriculum, set apart for the acquisition of such ability. Remember that in most cases practise, and practise alone makes perfect. Better far for you to endeavor to overcome your lack of coherent thought while on your feet, and the refusal of your tongue to respond to the thought of your brain, in the literary society, than in the actual forum with an actual issue involved. Rest assured of this, if you cannot speak extemporaneously, with some degree of fluency and force, in the literary society, you need not hope or expect to be suddenly endowed with that power when you are first called to the bar. You will then be required to acquire such power, not in the literary society among friends, where your mistakes are harmless, but, possibly before a criticising public and at the expense of, and loss of, clients.

My own college literary society days were pleasant, and, to a certain extent, profitable ; my only regret is that I did not fully avail myself of the opportunities then and there afforded. Stephens, Harris, Humpstone, Forgues, Phillips, (pardon me gentlemen for not appending your present titles) Bogert, Grier and Leiser were some of my contemporaries in Theta Alpha. We debated the question, "Shall President Johnson be impeached ?" and kindred topics then occupying the public attention, with as much earnestness as the present college student, doubtless, is discussing, "Shall we retain the Philippines ?"

THE VALUE OF THE COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

BY HON. DAVID J. HILL, LL .D., '74; REV. J. S. WRIGHTNOUR, D. D., '69, AND REV. A. J. ROWLAND, D. D., '62.

EDITOR BUCKNELL MIRROR :

MY DEAR SIR : Your letter of Feb. 3rd, asking me to write something for the March number of the MIRROR was duly received and I had intended to comply with your request but, owing to the pressure of other matters, I fear I have postponed it too long. I have, therefore, only time to say that when I was a student at Bucknell University from 1870–74, I was an enthusiastic member of the Euepia Literary Society, rarely missing a meeting and almost always participating in the exercises, especially in the debates. I have always considered the debating society a most important adjunct to an educational course and have regarded the apparent general decay of these societies in our colleges and universities with extreme regret. Nothing is more useful to an American citizen than the ability to stand up without previous preparation and to speak intelligently upon public subjects. The older I grow, and the more experience I have, the deeper is my aversion to merely extempore talk. I feel more and more that no man has the right to claim the attention of his fellow beings in public discourse without the most painstaking and conscientious preparation, and this quite irrespective of his age, eminence or previous familiarity with the subject; but at the same time, ease, grace and facility do not come from any specific preparation but from long experience in public speaking. This cannot begin too early, for the period of crudity is sure to be somewhat extended. I am glad to understand that at Bucknell University the Literary Societies still have a hold upon the time and attention of the students. I hope they will always continue to have. Personally, I look back upon my hours in the debating hall as among the most profitable of my college days. Very truly yours,

DAVID J. HILL.

Department of State, Washington, D. C.

EDITOR BUCKNELL MIRROR: I have been much interested in what has been said in the MIRROR about the value, to the student, of the Literary Societies. No one can realize this fully till in later life. Those who fail to avail themselves of the privileges afforded by these societies miss what the writer, at least, found to be one of the most valuable of the means of training in the whole college course. To no one thing, in that course, does he owe so much, in the way of practical helpfulness, as to this.

In the knowledge of parliamentary law, and of the ordinary rules of order in deliberative bodies, attained thereby, and in the training secured for the speedy and correct dispatch of business in public meetings, it has proved to be helpful, scores of times.

In cultivating the habit of extempore speech, of "thinking on one's feet," and so securing greater readiness of utterance, this training in the literary society was of uncounted value to the young Freshman, the timid boy of fourteen, who, thirty-three years later, writes these lines.

None of the rhetorical exercises, or essays, of the college course afforded exactly this training. Athletic training is valuable, no doubt, and there probably is no real need of making a choice as between the two, but if there were any need of making one, let not the literary and intellectual training of the literary society be sacrificed, to "Foot-ball," at all events.

Perhaps if excellence in the work of the Literary Society (as determined by some public meeting) were to be made to contribute to the grade of the student on graduation, it might be well. Yet, after all, there is a special value in the purely voluntary character of the work done in the Literary Society which adds greatly to its moral and educational value.

In short, those who miss this training will do so to their lifelong loss, and future regret. Let me, out of my own experience of its value, again urge upon every student, who wishes to make his future life count for the most, not to miss this means of culture, at whatever sacrifice.

J. S. WRIGHTNOUR.

Oil City, Pa.

EDITOR BUCKNELL MIRROR: The Literary Society in a college is, in my judgment, almost equal to an extra professor. By the written essay or paper and the oral debate it gives students an opportunity to cultivate their powers of expression, which they cannot find elsewhere. It offers a certain freedom which the ordinary class-room lacks and which is very necessary if men are to do their best. It will be found, I think, that the men who are most prominent in the college Literary Society are the best fitted for subsequent public life. One reason why so many fine scholars fail after leaving college is the fact that they took no advantage of the Literary Society while in college, and thus deprived themselves of a form of preparation needed to make their knowledge available.

In my judgment, also, college fraternities, in which I heartily believe, cannot take the place of the Literary Society. They are adapted to the cultivation of the social side of student life, and on this account are valuable. But they do not supply either the opportunity or the incentive to literary or forensic work to be found in the literary society, which brings the entire student force into the arena. It is my sincere conviction that college life suffers greatly when the fraternity displaces the Literary Society or practically brings it into contempt. I see no reason why the two should not flourish side by side and be mutually complementary.

When I was in college, nearly forty years ago, the two literary societies, both of which I think still exist, were maintained with great vigor. I have no doubt that many men, then students at Lewisburg, look back, like myself, to the Saturday morning hours spent in Theta Alpha and Euepia Halls as among the most delightful and helpful of the college course.

A. J. ROWLAND.

Philadelphia, Pa.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE AT BUCKNELL.

BY J. R. L. DIGGS, A. B., '98.

The spirit of an institution finds full expression only when every phase of its life is set forth. The dispositions of students are so varied that their highest development can be secured only by such manly contests as will call forth the physical and intellectual powers under the most favorable conditions.

In the various fraternities, clubs and associations of a musical, athletic or literary character, there is ample scope for the proper development of many essentials to a noble and exalted manhood. At Lewisburg all these interests had a share of attention.

The reputation which Bucknell's brave sons have won in athletics is worthy of maintenance. An institution that has won victories from such Universities as the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Colgate, and such colleges as Dickinson, Franklin and Marshall, State College and Lehigh, may well cherish its laurels.

But a college with such a record in athletic sports can make its power felt in other spheres also. Bucknell stands for the development of the whole man, and to this end, she has also put representatives upon the rostrum to discuss, in manly rivalry with sister colleges, the questions of the day. In this field she has been successful and has crowned herself with honor.

The first debate was held in Bucknell Hall, May 29, 1896, with Dickinson College as the opposing institution. The subject discussed was, "Resolved, That a Despotism is the Best Form of Government for Russia." Hon. Edward W. Biddle and Hon. Harold M. McClure, president judges of Cumberland andUnion counties respectively,and Ex-State Senator Wm. H. Hackenberg were the judges. There never was an audience, perhaps, more uncertain as to the result. This was due in a measure to the nature of the question. Several days prior to the debate, a member of the College Faculty told the writer that victory seemed impossible since the visitors had the popular side of a very one-sided proposition.

On this evening of the first intercollegiate debate held at Bucknell, the weather was beautiful. The house was soon well-filled with one of Lewisburg's most cultured and most appreciative audiences. Professional men, merchants and students alike were present. Among the visitors were alumni of other colleges, resident in Lewisburg, and a goodly number of Bucknell's own sons and daughters. It was just the audience for such an occasion.

When the debate began, the speakers on either side were received with applause, and, throughout the struggle, strong points well put, and skillful turns given to any phase of the argument to the disadvantage of the other side, were demonstratively appreciated by the audience. No college community can excell Lewisburg in its treatment of strangers, and but few can be so generous. The students and town's people have ever made visitors feel that they come to oppose friends who can and do appreciate excellences whereever seen. The debate closed, the judges retired to weigh and determine the value of the arguments, and O, what suspense!

At length the learned gentlemen completed their deliberations and awarded the palm to Bucknell. It may be well to say that of the judges who determined the merits of the debate one was an alumnus of Dickinson, one a son of Bucknell, the third a mutual choice and not a former student of either college. This, in the main, is the plan upon which the judges were chosen for all the debates held under the auspices of the Literary Societies.

Up to the close of the year, 1897-8, Bucknell had met the following institutions on the rostrum: Dickinson College, Allegheny College, Franklin and Marshall College (twice), and Lehigh University. Of these debates, four were under the entire control of the literary organizations and three of them were won. Thus it is seen that once only has a contest been lost by the representatives, pure and simple, of the literary societies.

The men who represented the Orange and Blue in these debates in their order were Herring, ex-'97, Johnson, '96, and Diggs, '98, vs. Dickinson; Collins, '97, and Dutton, '98, vs. Franklin and Marshall, (first contest); DeWitt, '00, and Carringer, '00, vs. F. and M. (second contest); Dutton, '98, and Wiltbank, '98, vs. Allegheny college; Forrester, '98, and Diggs, '98, vs Lehigh University.

The students always rewarded the victors with many congratulations whenever the Orange and Blue triumphed. These victories, like those won on the Athletic field, do very much toward uniting the student body in spirit and sentiment.

Victories in inter-collegiate debating are the result of faithful labors. Let him who thinks that they are won with ordinary effort follow such a thought as Railroad Pooling through encyclopaedias, congressional debates, reports of congressional committees, the enactments of legislatures and the decisions of courts and it will be very evident that such victories are not easily won. The best debate requires that the contestant prepare every probable, if not every possible, argument pro and con, in order that he may fully anticipate every form of argument that may be brought against him; he must be prepared for tricks and be fortified against what military men might call flank movements. He must have reserved force and reserved arguments; he must be fertile in expedients. In short, the debator is never ready for the contest until he feels that he knows his subject and can make others see it, at least in a measure, from his point of view.

In 1897–1898, Bucknell conducted debates with four different institutions, three of which were colleges. This is a record not equalled, we believe, in America. It is a filial duty to say that Bucknell's excellent showing is due, in a large measure, to her fine courses in Logic, History, English, Elocution and other important branches.

Among those who have represented Bucknell, Merton R. Collins, Ph. M., held an honored place. How sad was the news of his tragic death! Collins, whose life was so full of promise, and whose powers were so rapidly developing. He and Dutton defeated the representatives of Franklin and Marshall, Jan. 22, 1897. Our lamented fellow alumnus and friend honored his *Alma Mater* and himself. His argument for a national board of arbitration was strong, clear and convincing; and as he interspersed his well-rounded periods with spicy jokes, the audience burst forth into loud applause. The same fluent, earnest Collins had a place in the college sports and in the Young Men's Christian Association. Collins was a fair sample of the men whose mental toil has brought some honors to the old institution so dear to many loyal hearts.

The men who have tried to maintain the honor of Bucknell do not willingly give up the mantle to others; but, since "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," they do so, urging their successors to win even greater victories and never let the royal colors touch the ground, never, never!

ALUMNI NOTES.

Ex-'53. Rev. Albert B. Vorse, pastor of the Wellesley Unitarian Church, at Wellesley, Mass., died recently.

'63. The "Commonwealth" for Feb. 16, has a picture and an extended biographical sketch of Rev. W. W. Case, of Rutherford, N. J.

'79. E. M. Purdy has removed from Atlanta, Ga., to High Point, N. C., where he has become manager of a large furniture factory.

'71. Rev. James Rainey has resigned at Laceyville, Pa., after a pastorate of nine years.

Ex-'83. The South Broad St. Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Rev. B. L. Herr, pastor, has recently burned a mortgage of $8000.

'86. L. S. Walter, Esq., of Mt. Carmel, Pa., recently returned home from St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, Pa., where he was confined on account of injuries received about two months ago in the disastrous wreck of the Lehigh Valley Rail Road. Mr. Walter had a very narrow escape from death. He was riding in the forward part of the car next to the engine. The tender of the engine ploughed through the car to within a few feet from where he sat. The man who sat next to him was instantly killed. Besides cuts and bruises, Mr. Walter suffered from a compound fracture of the left leg below the knee.

'88. Rev. F. H. Senft, of Philadelphia, accompanied by his wife, has started on a four months' tour of Palestine.

Ex-'90. Rev. J. A. Knowlton has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Franklin, Ind., the resignation to take effect April 1.

'91. Prof. I. H. Minick is a candidate for Superintendent of the Franklin County public schools.

'91. The Spruce St. and Chester Ave. Churches of Philadelphia, have consolidated into one, under the pastorate of Rev. A. Lincoln Moore.

Ex-'91. Rev. Howland Hanson, whose resignation of the Messiah Baptist Church, Chicago, was announced in last month's MIRROR, has become pastor at Beloit, Wis.

'91. SCHREINER—DONALDSON: On Monday, February 13th, at her home in Philadelphia, Miss Blanche A. Schreiner, Institute, '91, and Dr. Harry J. Donaldson, were united in marriage by the Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D. Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson will reside in Williamsport.

'95. Rev. T. C. Hanna is preaching at Union City, Conn.

Ex-'98. H. M. Roth, who has been teaching in the Shippensburg State Normal School, is a candidate for Superintendent of the public schools of Adams County.

Died—BUCKNELL.—On February 14, 1899, at her parents' residence, 1119 South Forty-eighth Street, Elizabeth Ward, daughter of Howard and Ethel Harlan Bucknell, aged 17 months and 4 days.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

MARCH 10, 1899.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address' BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

The next issue of the MIRROR will be a Y. M. C. A. number. But little space has been hitherto accorded this important organization in any of the college publications and it has been considered fitting to devote the literary department of the April issue to its interests.

Much more interest seems to be taken in the literary society in the smaller colleges than in our larger institutions. There is however, no good reason why this should be so. In the smaller colleges there are fewer other organizations to attract the student's attention; but the need for the training which the literary society gives is just as great in the large college as in the small one and it is furnished so well by no other organization. It is only by the general student body realizing the importance of the literary society in college life and by each contributing according to his ability that our literary societies can be improved and the student body reap the benefit which is theirs if they but take advantage of it.

Owing to the renewed interest manifested in the literary societies at the present time, it was thought advisable to publish a "Literary Society Number," setting forth the history of the various college societies and showing from the experience of those who are competent to judge their great value to the student who faithfully participates in their work. The societies at Bucknell had been for some time in a languishing condition. Greater interest has been taken this year than heretofore. However, the societies are yet far from what they should be or are capable of becoming. Not more than one-fourth of the students attend with any degree of regularity. By the establishment of prizes, by giving credit for work done in the societies and in every manner possible, the Faculty have sought to improve them. All efforts in this direction, however, seem to have fallen somewhat short of the mark. What seems to be needed most is the creation of a stronger sentiment among the student body in general of the importance of the literary society in college work. We frequently hear a student reply, when asked why he does not attend society, that so few do attend and so little interest is taken that there is no incentive for him to take part. This is, unfortunately, to a certain extent, true. But the cause is very apparent. So long as the majority of the students take this view of the matter the societies will languish and be of little value. If each student would attend regularly and faithfully perform his part when placed upon the program, he would soon find no cause to criticise the society and would himself be greatly benefitted by the training he received.

In glancing over the history of Bucknell during the past decade, one is astonished at the progress she has made. Ten years ago, when Dr. Harris assumed the Presidency of the institution, there were less students in the entire college department than there are to-day in the Freshman class. There was then no Gymnasium, no Laboratory, no School of Music, no courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science or to Master's degree, the requirements for admission were low, few scholarships were endowed, and the elective system of studies was but a shadow of what it is at the present time. The school was then comparatively little known. Bucknell of to-day is one of the most widely known colleges in Pennsylvania, is the most heavily endowed denominational institution in the state and offers courses of study second to none. She has loyal sons and daughters in the foremost rank in every vocation of life. That she may continue in her progress and in order to meet the demands of a rapidly increasing attendance, a new building is absolutely necessary. The Alumni and friends of the institution who have thus far been approached have nobly responded. Ground will be broken as soon as sufficient funds are raised by subscription to warrant going ahead. It is indeed fitting that in this, the decennial anniversary of President Harris' administration and the last year in the nineteenth century, a new building should be erected, commemorating the past progress and assuring the future welfare of Bucknell.

COLLEGE NOTES.

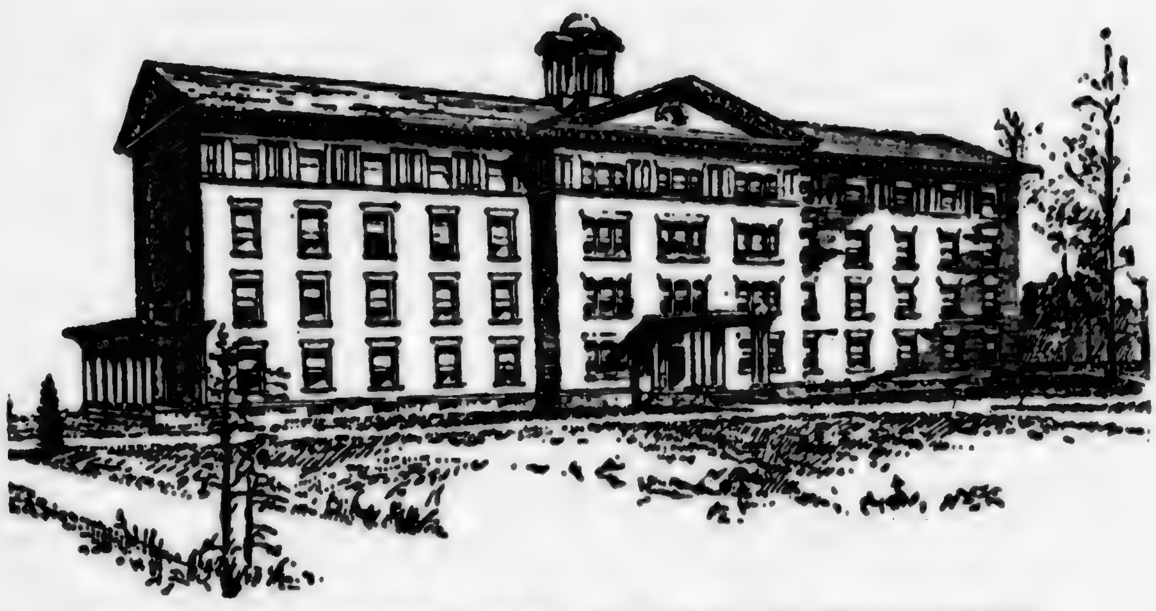
We regret to announce the fact that Prof. Heim is quite ill at present.

The debate on Washington's Birthday was won by Franklin and Marshall College.

The oration on Washington's Birthday was delivered by the Hon. Emerson Collins, of the Williamsport bar.

The girls of the Senior Class of the College tendered a most enjoyable reception to the boys of the class, Saturday evening, Feb. 25.

The University Catalogue for 1898-1899 has made its appearance. It shows a total attendance in the University of 426, of which number 269 are in the College of Liberal Arts.



THE PROPOSED NEW COLLEGE BUILDING.

The proposed new dormitory for men for Bucknell, a picture of which is above shown, will be 44x140 ft. in dimensions and will be four stories high. It will be contiguous to the West Wing, and will face toward the west. The porch shown on the left will lead into the door of the West Wing. This wing and the new dormitory will form a right angle. The new building will be built of brick, and will contain all modern improvements. It will have accommodations for upwards of one hundred students. The cost, including furnishing, will be about $50,000.

Bucknell defeated the Williamsport Y. M. C. A. in basketball at Williamsport, Feb. 21, by the score of 14–12 and State College in the Tustin Gymnasium, March 4, by the score of 12–8.

One of the prettiest social events of the season was the ball given by Kappa Chapter of the Sigma Chi Fraternity in the Armory, Feb. 24. Music was furnished by the Chappell Orchestra of Williamsport.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR

VOL. XVIII. LEWISBURG, PA., APRIL 10, 1899. NO. 7.

EASTER.

Our Lord arose !
When angels roll'd away the stone,
The Mighty Prince came forth alone
A conq'ring Son.
No longer sin holds earth in chains ;
Let sea and sky rejoice in strains
For vict'ry won.

Our Lord arose !
Lo hope and joy take place of grief,
For death has met a loyal Chief
Who on this morn
Proclaimed His reign o'er all the lands ;
Roll back ye clouds, behold He stands
A Spirit born.

Our Lord arose !
That righteous man of peace and love,
Who wore invisible a dove
From heaven's shrine.
Celestial messenger disowned,
Triumphant now and King enthroned
From David's line.

—NANNIE P. EIGELBERNER.

Lewisburg, '99.

THE Y. M. C. A. IN COLLEGE.

BY PRESIDENT HARRIS.

President Andrew D. White at the close of his twenty-five years administration of Cornell University said that if he had his official life to begin, he would insist on two things, a hall large enough to accommodate in general convocation all the students of the university, and daily religious services. So all colleges and universities, state as well as others, have come to favor religious culture. They come to the conclusion by different routes, but they all reach the same goal. Nor has the conclusion reached remained merely a conviction or feeling, but it has become embodied in buildings and halls.

Both of the ends suggested by Dr. White's remark are attained by the Young Men's Christian Association. It is a promoter of the religious life and a center of unity. Other societies are exclusive. They pick and choose on some principle, generally good, sometimes bad. The Christian Association is inclusive. It opens its doors to all members of Evangelical churches, as active members, and to all others as associate. Indeed, some college associations accept all Christian students as active members. The Christian association is altruistic. It seeks the welfare primarily not of those who are in the society, but of those who are without. Most college societies are restrictive and mutual benefit. With Christian associations the chief aim is the good of others ; the benefit of self is secondary.

But while the association is inclusive in theory, it may become otherwise in fact. As in every human institution and custom, there is a tendency in it to narrowness. It may become restricted to a class. It should include all members of the college—those preparing for the old-time learned professions and those fitting themselves for the more recent learned callings of technology and business. There needs constant care to keep all these classes of students interested. Students for the ministry, because of their special interest will almost necessarily lead in the work, and consequently need to labor assiduously to gain the support of other students. All members of the association, and in fact all students, should be above petty ambitions and petty envies, and join cordially in the noble work of elevating morally and religiously the whole life of the college. While the work is altruistic, yet for the individual's benefit, no other organization offers so much of good. And as to numbers, property, influence and world-wide extent, any other society a college man can enter, is infinitesimal beside the general Young Men's Christian Association.

AN ASSOCIATION PROGRAM.

The Christian Associations offer the valuable helps of their organizations to all the various workers for the young. Nowhere, perhaps, are the prospects for success brighter than in the Colleges of our land. Let us consider some of the work possible of accomplishment by these organizations.

Unity of direction secures unity of program, of effort, and of enthusiasm, with multiplication of power and efficiency. Unity of organization gives fellowship in effort, and sympathy with fellow workers. Thus a social bond may unite thousands in what were else a selfish occupation. The Christian Associations are the successors to the "Societies for Religious Inquiry," and may well revive and foster the inquisitiveness of the early pioneers in College Christianity. Discovery is ever a joy to the true student, and the associations can turn this characteristic to good account.

Devotion is not an end in itself, but a means of spiritual culture. It is most helpful when most spontaneous. Christian devotion will be the atmosphere of young people who strive for the spiritual help of their associates, or seek worthy equipment for future service.

The study of the Scriptures must ever be prominent in the culture of the young Christian. The associations have fostered this study by systematic method and concerted action.

Many institutions of learning are offering instruction in the "Neglected Classic" as part of regular college study. The work herein outlined for College Christian Associations does not ignore, but presupposes adequate and constant attention to Bible study and to worship, as the vital air and food of the individual and the associated life, in College or elsewhere

The Associations stand for that best thing God ever gives to any one,—opportunity. In the student's journey through History, Literature, Science and Philosophy, this is the modern "Interpreter's House," where the secret of the order and development and significence of the great panorama may be learned. It is not meant to claim that religious services, as ordinarily conducted in College meetings, will contribute such vital and comprehensive knowledge as is here suggested: it is claimed that the true spirit and conduct of the Associations may accomplish this for the student; for they furnish opportunity for systematic and persistent study of a special curriculum supplementary to the regular courses of study.

Christianity is a life, and is manifested in human character and experience. Here opens the door to the study of "Biography," which has been well defined as "Philosophy teaching by example." Here is embodied and actualized the development of Christian experience in the Heroes of Faith. With this guiding principle the Associations can select a comprehensive list of subjects for the course in Christian Biography. This will acquaint the graduate with the continuity of apostolic life and character in the church, through the centuries; while in the mirror of individual experience will be reflected the dominant thoughts of successive generations, their interpretations of life and destiny, of the church and the world, of the present and the hereafter.

In intimate association with this study of the chief personalties of Christian history, may be viewed the Crises of that history; the reforms, the revivals, the agitations, the conflicts. Here the student will gain a true perspective of the progress of Christianity; its ebb and flow of doctrine and practice, its creeds and sects, their local and racial origin and influence, their modifications, their survivals, and their contributions to the totality of progress. Viewed as fragments, without relations, causes or results, these are liable to appear distorted and problematical; but placed in the kaleidoscope of a true historic method, the same fragments assume the varied and beautiful patterns of the Master-Designer, through all whose work "one increasing purpose runs."

Another theme of associated study would be the Field. Christ has transformed the Tempter's panorama of the world and its kingdoms into a vision of opportunity and inspiration for every disciple. He doubtless remembered the wilderness vision when he said: "Lift up your eyes and behold the fields white unto harvest!" And yet again did it return when he said: "Go ye into all the world!"

That the Associations can undertake the guidance of their members in this study of the field is demonstrated by the Student Volunteers' study of the foreign field. The religious needs of our own land will not appeal to the sense of novelty so strongly as those of regions remote, seen in the mirage of distance and unfamiliarity; but the religious map of the United States should become as familiar to the College student as the political one.

The study of the field will include actual conditions, work and results. Here will centre all missionary interests,—local, state, home, and foreign: all knowledge of ethnic religions, of comparative theologies; of man's universal need of the universal faith, that destroys nothing truly moral or religious, but fulfills all. The Student Volunteer will gain new comprehension of the peoples and faiths he hopes to win by the all-comprehending Gospel. The student who never expects to become a missionary will quicken his interest in the progress of Christianity. All alike will be impressed by the truth of the Savior's statement "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few!"

There is yet room for the study of the Method by which Christianity offers its benefits to mankind. The study of Christian activity cannot be divorced from its practice. "He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine," is as true of the student as of the reformer, or the missionary. In the laboratory we discover biological, chemical or physical truth at first hand. Every Christian Association in College will soon become a laboratory for practical investigation,—a true university settlement, where the student may receive in enlightenment many-fold return for his "doing the will;" where he may attempt solution of every problem confronting the Christian worker in city-slum or in mining-camp. Here will arise a quickened devotion as he discovers the methods of the Divine operation in saving men. Here will be perceived the social adaptations of the Gospel that unifies the race, while it saves the individual; that regenerates man's life in the mass by allying each man to a personal Savior.

In such a special curriculum, pursued with the zeal of devotion to a loved organization, the student will move as if in a great Christian Observatory; in whose glass room at the top he will view, as in a camera-obscura, the world of actuality about him and behind and below;—its complex movements resolved into the harmonious development of a Divine purpose; its conflicts quieted by Him whom the waves obey, and peace and righteousness crowning the toil and anguish of apostle, and martyr, and missionary.

THE COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

BY J. C. HAZEN, '99.

If college men are to become leaders and the great need of the world to-day is Christian leaders, then there is no work more vital than the Christian work among college students. The companions chosen, the decisions made and the habits formed in college mark the course of after life. It is stated that but one out of every ten non-Christian graduates ever come to know Christ. Then is it not doubly important that our work be carried on in a more thorough and systematic way?

We cannot do better than to quote the following words from Mr. Wishard, a pioneer in this great work, who says:

"The aim of the movement is to make the colleges Christian in the most positive and aggressive sense; in other words, it is to lead every student to do his whole Christian duty to his fellow students, to his country and to the world."

When the young man leaves for college he holds himself open, largely, to the environment in which he is placed. He believes he is entering into a new life. If then the new student can be welcomed by strong Christian men, made to understand that he has the same or greater responsibilities than at home and to know his full duty as well as enlisted in active work, he may be saved, not only from an aimless life, but to one of great influence and Christian activity. This the Association attempts to do by meeting all new students at the train with a hearty welcome and helping them to locate in their new home.

The regular weekly meetings held by the student body afford perhaps the only opportunity of public prayer and praise for which they alone are responsible. This also affords opportunity for conference and practical experience in conducting such work. And the man who can successfully lead college men has proved his ability to lead men from any position of life. Once a month the meeting is devoted to missions or some other practical question, thus giving instruction along different lines of work the same as in any church home.

The Volunteer Band, Mission study class and Mission work among the churches, which are discussed in another article of this issue, open the way for a thorough and practical study of, and an active part in, Missions.

There is nothing so essential in the life of an all-round student as a familiar and good working knowledge of the Bible. And as a result of negligence, overwork and required studies, there is nothing so neglected as the thorough, systematic and devotional study of the Bible. The Association attempts to overcome this fault by offering a progressive course of four years. This course is open to the student body, each member of which receives a personal invitation to a place in these classes, and in addition to this, pledges are secured to keep the "Morning Watch," by spending at least the first thirty minutes of each day in secret Bible study and prayer.

The committee system as it now exists makes a thorough division of the work, for which men are carefully selected and made responsible for the success of that department.

These methods, if we may speak of them as such, are not observed for the sake of the system but that the student may be enabled to perform his full Christian duty while in college and thus be prepared to follow the same or better methods when he has passed beyond its walls.

The course of many lives has been changed as a result of the Association work, many have been lead into that higher life of greater activity, usefulness and self-surrender, while others have gone to fill positions in other lands. This is but a beginning of what there is to be done, but when we all come to realize our full duty and unite in carrying out the great aim of the Association, the colleges will become the centre from which shall flow a stream of pure young men into all places of life that shall be capable of leading all people to the church of the living God.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

BY MISS ELIZA BELL, '94.

In the year 1885, having realized that better results are to be obtained from organization of effort, those who were interested in Christian work among the young women of the university, established the Young Woman's Christian Association of Bucknell.

The advent of this association did not imply that, previous to that time, such work had been neglected, but merely threw over the work already begun the mantle of a state and national organization, the Tuesday evening prayer meeting with all other functions being continued under the auspices of the new society.

That the infant association was received with earnestness and enthusiasm by its membership is shown by the minutes of those early meetings, which record many plans for work. Among these interests was the substantial relief during several winters of a number of needy families in the town and the vicinity of the Institute. The spirit of benevolence then bred in the association, was demonstrated, as the years went on by providing annually thirty dollars for the maintainance and education of a native girl in India; in recent years by the payment of a specified sum into the treasury of the Students Loan Fund to aid worthy girls in gaining an education.

As an association we have not failed to reap the benefits belonging to a State organization. The relations with Sister associations in other institutions of learning have been suggestive of methods of work and helpful in creating interest. Twice in the fourteen years of its existence, an active member of the association has served on the State committee.

Of those who have gone forth from this institution to active labor much might be said. Many are working in a quiet way in their native towns or cities. Many are the efficient wives of prominent men. Some are well known in the circles of Christian work.

Of the latter, Mrs. Annie Evans Coe is laboring in Alaska; Mrs. Eva Squires Baldwin, Mrs. Margaret Thompson Carson, Miss Susie Kurtz are all actively engaged in Mission work in India, at the present time.

Mrs. Nannie Wilson Stephens was for several years after her graduation a missionary in Japan. Among others we might mention Miss Leidy, Miss Flora Clymer, who have wrought earnestly in the city of Philadelphia, Mrs. Cora, Perry Finn, who was for a time a city secretary in Scranton Pa., and last of all our beloved Annie C. Carlisle, who faithfully served this association during the four years of her course, being secretary one year and president the remaining three. After her graduation in 1892, Miss Carlisle was appointed College Secretary for the State and she paid this tribute to her mother association, saying that only through the training received in it, was she enabled to work in a wider field. On the twenty-fifth of September, 1893, after having delivered an address to the girls of Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa., in the midtst of her labors Miss Carlisle passed from this life to the life everlasting.

When the association was inaugurated at Bucknell, the young women in the College numbered less than ten, but the Institute had for years been in a flourishing condition. That number of College girls, having been more than tripled in as many years, all other departments progressing as well, there comes to the association, with increased numbers, increased responsibility. Every vocation now open to women is calling for Christian women trained in methods of procedure in Christian work, for training gives power in the performance of duty.

Many students in planning a course of study have no time for religious training and development. Especially is this true of young women, who are so carried away by ambition and thirst for knowledge that they confine themselves to hard study, not realizing that the aim of their course is not alone acquisition of knowledge but growth toward higher plains of thought, breadth of mental vision and greater refinement of character.

It therefore becomes the province of the Christian Association to coöperate with the curriculum in providing that which will influence such students to seek the highest culture, namely, Christian culture.

The problem is no whit lessened in importance at Bucknell because the numbers are fewer than in some other institutions.

When we think of Bucknell's daughters who to day are filling positions as clerks or teachers, who are wives and mothers, who are taking up the study and practice of medicine and of law, then it is that we realize what it means to have implanted in each a sense of Christian service ; to have sent each forth charged with a realization of the need of Christian influence in the world, and imbued with a desire for that which represents the truest, purest culture.

In some respects our Association has not lived up to its opportunities, because its members have not understood the importance and extent of its influence in setting the standard of the school; but we trust that with each year interest in the Association and its objects may increase and that its power may thereby be strengthened.

THE ACADEMY ASSOCIATION.

BY LE ROY HALL, '99.

The life of every student is confused at its beginning with conquest, deliberation and indecision. The course of study is begun without knowing definitely whether effort is to undergo triumph or to suffer defeat. But, as no one has defeat for a common motive, the all-absorbing thought in the mind of every student at the beginning is, and always should be, the perfection of self.

The factors in and about an institution for the satisfaction of this urgent craving are numerous. Among them the Young Men's Christian Association, especially of the preparatory departments, stands ready to help and to welcome the student in the beginning of his school career, besides designating to him perhaps the real significance of that greater school of life in such an impressive way as to cause it never to be forgotten.

The life of the Academy student marks a period of separation. All changes conceivable take place here. Friends and associates have been dropped; old habits and customs are slackened and the former life is severed in order to enter into the hope and expectations of the new one. It is a separation which marks the beginning of a good or evil life. Then is the student most susceptible to the moulding influences offered by the Association.

This period is closely followed by a period of formation which is in itself limitless. It does not end with friends and associates, but extends to character, habits and all the researches of scholarship. But true knowledge is only obtained through Jesus Christ. Hence a completed scholarship in any institution cannot be obtained outside of the instruction gained from that Great Teacher. The Academy Association is an institution given to us in which our Lord acts as the presiding officer and He has a care over men for the formation of right motives. Here in this time of formation the Association acts in one of the most strategic opportunities for the student.

Then there is the period of decision. Here the student stands at the forks of the long road of his course, deciding many life questions. How much depends upon this particular period! But let him consider that with a choice of Christ comes a power in after life which will enable him to act as only one can who has a clear conception of the personality and character of God.

Hence during these periods the Academy Young Men's Christian Association stands in a strategic position before the life of every young man in pressing upon him higher ideals than can be otherwise gained, by leading to right decisions while in school and by helping in the formation of the perfect self.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BIBLE STUDY.

BY PROFESSOR PHILLIPS.

In considering the Bible Study of the Christian Association in our College three facts must be kept in mind: first, there are in the regular curricula two terms of Biblical Literature; second, the Bible classes meet only one hour a week for about seven months; third, the Bible Study is a part of the general work of the Association.

With these limitations let us look at the nature of the Bible Study and its relation to the student.

The method grows out of the subject, the Bible and the Association. Every text-book, every subject suggests its own method ; the pervading purpose determines the point of view. Whatever beauty in literary form, whatever interest from historical setting, whatever other value the Bible may have, its supreme worth lies in its moral and religious teachings ; it is the Word of God.

The Association holds an unique place in our school. In colleges situated in small towns, whether for good or ill, the students withdraw from the churches and make the Association the center of their Christian activity ; so that religious life among the students depends to a large degree upon the maintenance of a Christian Association. High life, individual and organized, springs from certain well-defined principles, and the Bible should furnish these and be a corrective for perverted teachings, which steal into and narrow the views of young men.

What method is the best guide to these religious truths? The method that leads into closest touch with the Bible itself. If the time spent in mastering plans, charts, systems, and all such things had been spent in reading carefully the Bible there would be to-day a greater diffusion of Biblical knowledge and less muddled ideas of Scriptural truths.

We have in our College graded studies in the New Testament and we believe this is the best plan. The Freshmen study the life of Christ based on the Gospels ; the Sophomores, the Acts of the Apostles ; the Juniors take up work based on one or both of the previous courses.

With the Bible before us what attitude shall we take? What shall be our point of view? Shall it be intellectual, devotional or practical? It must be intellectual, devotional and practical. Great harm has been done in placing too much emphasis upon one of these to the exclusion of the others. In addition to the classes named above there is in our school also a class in personal or practical study, and the danger in misusing the Scripture is averted by a wise leader. There can be no true intellectual study of the Bible that is not at the same time devotional and practical ; for the aim of the Book is moral and religious. There can be no true devotional study apart from intellectual study. One is led to think sometimes that devotion is entering a closet after leaving the brains on the outside. Devotional study is the application of truth to the individual life; and this implies first, close attention to comprehend the truth, and second, a sympathy with the spirit and purpose of the subject studied. There can be no practical study, a search for truth to be used in influencing others, unless the truth has been grasped and applied to the individual life, and he who has experienced the value of a truth will eagerly pass it to others. Intellectual study is basal; devotional study is individual; practical study is social, and no moral or religious truth is known until it has been adjusted to this three-fold relation.

So much on the nature of Bible Study; now a word on its relation to the student. The aim of the Association is not to develop prigs, saints or preachers, but men. There is no manhood apart from religion and religion is not simply doing good or not doing harm, but it is a recognition of a "Personality in the highest principle in the universe" and in its highest form, Christianity, the recognition of Jesus as the incarnation of all that is best and noblest in the race, the supreme purpose of God in man. Personal Christianity cannot be sustained and developed without constant reference to the Book containing the history and teachings of God's gradual unfolding himself to man.

The Bible Class trains the student to meditate upon serious and profound subjects and to work outside of assigned talks; a habit of inestimable value from an educational stand-point. Furthermore, he who would exert a Christian influence must be to some extent a Bible Student; he who would be a trained, active Christian worker must be a close Bible Student; and he who would be either, should, while in college or likely he never will, acquire the habit of systematic Bible Study.

NORTHFIELD AS AN OPPORTUNITY.

BY C. W. HARVEY, 1900.

College life is a life of opportunities. So varied are these privileges offered that no one need go out with an unevenly developed character. Northfield may properly be classed as one of the valuable opportunities of a college life. The name needs no introduction to any body of American students. It is everywhere associated with Mr. Moody and his schools, but especially with the annual Summer Conference of college students. The idea originated in the ever active mind of Mr. Moody and was inaugurated by him at Mt. Hermon thirteen years ago. This makes an epoch in the history of the Christian Church; the beginning of a new life in the college world; and a new missionary movement, called by many thoughtful men, the greatest in history.

The value of such a conference is confirmed by the rapid adoption of the idea throughout the world, the increasing number of students in attendance each year, the universally favorable testimony of those who have attended, and the endorsement of the leading Christian workers of our time. Its value may be stated from three stand-points: educational, social and spiritual.

The trip offers many and varied opportunities for observation. There is the stop in New York, the moon-light trip up Long Island Sound, the ride through rugged, picturesque New England, and then historic Northfield, a typical old New England village lying along the Connecticut and nestling in the foot-hills of the White Mountains. Its beauty is proverbial and has so frequently been told as to need no repetition. Once seen, it leaves a picture never to be forgotten. To an observing student, there is much to learn. All about are historic spots, monuments and inscriptions, remains of forts and trenches in connection with the Indian wars of early New England life. Across the river is King Philip's lookout tree, the watch-tower of this famous Indian chief.

The old Northfield cemetery in a study with its ancient tombstones and quaint epitaphs. A flat marble slab marks the resting place of Ezekial Webster.

Then, the daily contact with the students from all of our Eastern Colleges, large and small, has a great educational value. Here are men from Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Princeton, University of Pa., Brown and a hundred other institutions of every grade. One cannot meet such men, day by day, in the halls, on the campus, in the public services, and in the various forms of recreation, without receiving a stimulus to know and to be.

The masterful addresses by the foremost of our Christian leaders are known and fully appreciated by all so as to need no comment.

The social feature is most valuable. This wider acquaintance with the leaders in our educational centers is very helpful. Here are broad, all-round men; students, athletes, and at the same time intensely spirited men. Here are the leaders of the Christian life of the American colleges, and the future leaders of the national and world movements. To know these men, is soon to know men in every land, for Northfield is at the same time a rallying and a dispersing center. It is the West Point of the Christian army.

The chief value of Northfield, however, is its spiritual value. One comes away with a larger conception of the Christian life; its reality, its practical bearing on all life, its possibilities, its opportunities, and its responsibilities. One gets a clearer vision of the world, or as Mott says "a world wide vision"—a New Testament conception in which there is no foreign field, no home field, but only a world field. Then one gets a clearer vision of God. There is something about the place and people and purpose of this gathering which gives to it a spiritual atmosphere, a consciousness of the Lord's presence, and yet all in a perfectly natural way.

Every clearer vision of God brings of course a clearer vision of duty. Round Top, the little shaded knoll where the daily sunset meetings are held, is the spiritual battle-ground of the Conference. The secret victories over sin and selfishness won here belong to the individual and his Lord and eternity alone may reveal their full significance.

And yet after all, would we know the value of Northfield as an opportunity, there is but one way—"Come and see."

BUCKNELL VOLUNTEER BAND.

BY F. J. RAWLINSON, '99.

As a rill starts from a mountain cleft on its journey oceanward, so the Student Volunteer Movement started from Mt. Hermon, Northfield, in July, '86, on its journey towards the vastness of heathendom. The rill has swelled into a wide river. Now, like the mighty Amazon, its living waters have gone far out into the great ocean of sin-blighted people. Bucknell, from whom we trust representatives will be found in the front rank of every noble crusade, early took a part in this world-embracing movement. Rev. F. H. Senft, '88, was one of the original one hundred volunteers. Soon after his return to college the Bucknell Band was organized.

The band has grown steadily in numbers and power. Some of its members are already at the front. Rev. Elton S. Corson, '92, and wife are engaged in medical missionary work in Burmah, Rev. E. C. Pauling, '93, and wife are laboring in Seoul, Korea, Rev. Raymond J. Davis,'94, spent some years in Madras, India, representing the international committee of the Y. M. C. A. He is now taking a course at Crozer Theological Seminary. Miss A. Kate Goddard, '97, is with her father in Ningpo, China. Other members are waiting for an open door, being meanwhile actively engaged at home.

It is generally recognized that the man who is best suited to be a foreign missionary is the one who has proved to be a good home missionary; that ability to overcome difficulties at home is indispensable to the one who proposes to wrestle with the vastly greater difficulties abroad. Acting upon this principle the Band has been engaged in various lines of work. During the present year the sphere of its labor has been considerably enlarged. The number of male Volunteers at present studying at Bucknell is eight.

Last fall the Band decided to hold a weekly prayer meeting. This was done in order that it might retain its distinct character as an organization and that the life purpose of the members might be kept vividly before them. A little later a committee was appointed to look after the Sunday afternoon services in the jail. By these means the Volunteer is constantly reminded that he is preparing to fight gigantic evils in a distant land and is also prevented from forgetting the great and vital needs of his home land.

The Band is working along an educational line. Every two weeks a class, open to all, meets for the purpose of studying the missionary question. The two books studied this year have been, "Dawn on the Hills of T'Ang" by Rev. Harlan P. Beach, formerly a missionary in China, and, "Social Evils of the Non-Christian World" by Rev. James S. Dennis, D. D. Both of these works are of a high order of merit and give a comprehensive view of their respective subjects. The Band also superintends the monthly missionary meeting of the Y. M. C. A. The subjects discussed in these meetings are usually along the line studied by the class. The students are thus enabled to get an insight into world conditions that materially assists in broadening their view.

The Volunteers have endeavored to assist in bringing the needs and claims of missions before the Christian people of surrounding towns. In a circular letter, issued during the last fall term to the Baptist churches in the Northumberland Association, it was shown from the Association statistics what had been done for missions by these churches and what yet remained to be done. Coupled with this was an urgent request that more earnest attention be given to this sadly-neglected world-wide work. Wherever there has been opportunity churches and Christian Endeavor societies have been visited and missionary rallies held with them. This work has been conducted in much the same way as that done by the Yale Band now travelling through the country. There have been about forty-five distinctly missionary addresses delivered by the Volunteers during this school year. More is expected to be done ere commencement. The present contingent of Bucknell Volunteers has been more active than any of its predecessors.

Bucknell furnished a larger percentage of volunteers during the recent war, and has also enrolled a larger number of student Volunteers for Foreign Missions, than any other college in Pennsylvania. We are glad to see that this volunteering spirit plays such an important part in our college life. Since several of the Band are leaving this year, we hope that others will soon rise to take their places and to enlist in this, "the grandest movement of the age."

BASE-BALL SCHEDULE.

Manager Garner has arranged the following base-ball schedule for the season of '99:

April	11,	Susquehanna,	Campus.
April	15,	Demorest,	Campus.
April	21,	Gettysburg,	Campus.
April	22,	Indians,	Carlisle.
April	29,	Demorest,	Williamsport.
May	6,	P. R. R. Y. M. C. A.,	Philadelphia.
May	12,	F. & M. College,	Campus.
May	20,	State College,	State College.
May	26,	Villa Nova,	Villa Nova.
May	27,	F. & M. College,	Lancaster.
June	1,	State College,	Campus.
June	9,	Mt. St. Mary's,	Emmitsburg.
June	10,	Gettysburg,	Gettysburg.
June	17,	Open.	
June	21,	Williamsport Y. M. C. A.,	Campus.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

APRIL 10, 1899.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

As no Y. M. C. A. Number of the MIRROR has ever been issued or at any rate not for some years and as but little space has hitherto been usually accorded that organization in any of the college publications, it was thought appropriate to devote this issue to its interests. A somewhat different plan has been followed than in the preceding number, nearly all the articles in this number being from the pens of students who are actively engaged in the work. We desire to take this opportunity of thanking all who contributed both for their promptness and the excellence of their productions.

On the twenty-ninth day of this month at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, the annual college relay races, held under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, will take place.

Bucknell has won the pennant during the past two years in the class with Dickinson, Gettysburg and Franklin and Marshall and, although both times eligible to enter a higher class, yet, at the request of her competitors, remained in her old position. If the press is to be believed unusual efforts are being made by her rivals to defeat her this year. Under the present circumstances it behooves every man with ability in this line to come out and train faithfully for the team. With all of last year's team in the college and several new candidates with excellent records there is no reason why a team cannot be sent forth to repeat the success of the past two years. By her records, Bucknell is entitled to be in a higher class. Her representatives have broken several intercollegiate records and in one event equalled the national intercollegiate record. She must again win this year and then enter the class to which she rightfully belongs.

While we do not wish to be continually harping upon the subject yet to the students of literary ability who modestly refrain from contributing to the columns of the MIRROR we can do no better than commend the following editorial which appeared in a recent number of the *Lafayette* : "In the course of his college life, every student encounters numerous advantageous facilities for developing and augmenting his intellectual faculties, and for preparing himself for the work to which he thinks he is best adapted. Although his daily routine of study and instruction is, perhaps, the most potent factor which is conducive to his success in the battle of life, nevertheless, there are various other departments of work in which he may become engaged, and which he also tends to add to his culture.

One, among these, which is worthy of mention, is the experience that he may gain in outside literary work, not only by exercising his abilities in the literary societies, but also in contributing to the college papers. From such sources many of the men who have engaged in literary and journalistic work after leaving college, have received the preliminary practice which has enabled them to successfully exercise their abilities in these broader fields. In this work many have received their first inspiration to enter upon such a career, having here discovered latent capabilities in the way of keen observation and originality of expression, which had hitherto remained undetected. By engaging in such labors many have, therefore, been prepared for achievements which have rendered them worthy of a name in the world of literature.

Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis are the names of two college men which immediately present themselves to our minds in this connection. Both have recently come into pre-eminence by reason of their efficiency in literary work. Eight or nine years ago Crane was engaged in writing sketches for *The Lafayette*, as some of the students are now doing, while at the present writing he is too conspicuous a figure to require further description. As for Davis—fourteen years ago he was editor of the *Lehigh Burr*, then published at Lehigh University. He, too, has gained distinction in literary and journalistic fields that are too well-known to require rehearsal.

The literary spirit of the college should be reanimated by the examples of these two men, who may be cited as prominent instances of successful writers, who have taken advantage of the opportunities for writing while in college."

COLLEGE NOTES.

A new elective for this term is Finance under Prof. Heim.

Prof. Heim, who has been ill with typhoid fever, has resumed his work again.

Harry B. Wassell, '00, has been elected captain of the basket ball team for next season.

Evarts C. Conover, '99, has been elected captain of the baseball team for the season of '99.

Registrar Gretzinger has been invited by Post 52, G. A. R., to deliver the address on Decoration Day.

The first of a series of three balls for the benefit of base-ball was held in the Armory, Friday evening, April 7. The others will be held April 21 and May 12.

Col. Howard L. Calder, '87, of Harrisburg, delivered an excellent lecture on "The Porto Rican Campaign" in Bucknell Hall, Mar. 16.

The annual stag dance was held in the Armory, Mar. 13. The make-ups were unusually good. A considerable sum was realized for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

The Glee Club gave an excellent concert at Northumberland, Mar. 16. Dates have been secured for the near future in Sunbury, Milton, Williamsport, and Lock Haven.

Prof. F. H. Green, of the West Chester State Normal School, delivered the annual sermon before the Christian Associations April 9. He also lectured the preceding evening in Bucknell Hall on "A Literary Ramble Around Boston."

The second preliminary debate of the Junior Class was held in Bucknell Hall, Mar. 17. The question was: Resolved, That the United States Should Form an Alliance with Great Britain. The judges, Prof. T. F. Hamblin and F. E. Bower, Esq., chose Carringer, Harvey, Morris and Pearse for the final debate.

Beginning with the present Senior Class, all candidates for graduation will be required to present their graduating thesis, of not more than one thousand words, written on "thesis paper" of uniform size, to be deposited with the Professor of Rhetoric not later than June 1, of each year. The theses will be bound and placed in the Library.

A dual meet will be held with State College at that place, May 19. The following events will constitute the program: 100 yard dash, 120 yard hurdle race, two mile run, 440 yard run, one mile run, 220 yard dash, half mile run, high jump, putting the shot, broad jump, hammer throw and pole vault. The points in the contest will count: first, 5; second, 3. A banner will be provided for the winning team.

Preparations are being made for the annual festival in the Armory this term. It will be held sometime in May.

The following members of the Class of 1900 have been named for the Junior Exhibition in Oratory: Misses Black, Lee, Martin, Pooley, and Roos; Messrs. Dewitt, Hottenstein, Miller and Edgar Reed.

Ground was formally broken for Bucknell's new dormitory building, Monday afternoon, April 3. The exercises were of a very interesting nature. After a selection by the band, prayer was offered by Rev. J. T. Judd. The address of the occasion was delivered by Hon. J. Thompson Baker, of Lewisburg. The stakes, marking the four corners of the main portion of the building, were then driven by the presidents of the four college classes. Hon. Harold Murray McClure, President Judge of the 17th judicial district, then formally broke ground in behalf of the board of trustees and William Cyrus Bartol, Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics, on behalf of the Faculty. The work of excavation is now being rapidly pushed forward.

ALUMNI NOTES,

'60. Ex-Congressman, Hon. Simon P. Wolverton, LL. D., of Sunbury, has been appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, by Gov. Stone. Mr. Wolverton is a member of the board of trustees and is one of the best known and most successful lawyers in the State. He has not yet decided whether or not he will accept the appointment.

'73. The Davisville Baptist Church at Southampton, Pa., Rev. D. W. Sheppard, pastor, has just celebrated its Semi-Centennial anniversary.

'80. Rev. J. M. Ashton, of Chester, Vt., has accepted the pastorate of the Church at Collingwood, N. J. He will assume his new charge May 1.

'88. The only son of Rev. D. M. Jones, of Warrensville, Pa., has been dangerously sick, but is now recovered.

'89. Registrar William C. Gretzinger was recently unanimously elected president of the Lewisburg Town Council.

'91. The reported consolidation of the Spruce St. Baptist Church of Philadelphia with the Chester Ave. Baptist Church has not taken place, as was recently announced. A controversy concerning it has been carried into the courts. Rev. A. Lincoln Moore is pastor of the former church.

'94. Rev. Perry S. Calvin has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church of Neenah, Wis.

'95. Rev. F. I. Sigmund has resigned at Ebensburg, Pa., and has accepted a call to Westover, Pa.

'95. PAULLIN—LIST.—Invitations are out for the wedding of William Theodore Paullin, of Philadelphia, and Miss Ida List, of Lewisburg, to take place April 12, 1899. They will reside at Cedarville, N. J., where the groom is pastor of the First Baptist Church.

'95. B. M. Wagenseller is Principal of the schools at Centre Hall, Pa.

'96. Albert W. Johnson, Esq., has opened a law office in the Wolfe block on Third and Market Street, Lewisburg, Pa.

'97. School of Music. Miss Eleanor Potter is teaching music in Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, Pa.

'98. Frank W. Dillon is writing a series of interesting letters from England for the Lewisburg *Chronicle*.

'98. Roy B. Mulkie, who had an operation performed upon him for appendicitis recently at Medico-Chi, Phila., is getting along nicely.

Ex-'98. Miss Flora Sigel has accepted a position as teacher of English in the High School of Hamburg, N. Y.

Ex-'01. Rev. A. W. Anderson has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Sea View and Somars Point Baptist Churches.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR

VOL. XVIII. LEWISBURG, PA., MAY 10, 1899. NO. 8.

VOICES NOT ECHOES.

Voices not echoes, all the world around
Is filled with echo's vain unmeaning sound;
But voices are too few, and oft in vain
We listen for the ringing clear refrain
Of voices, yet echoes mock again;
Until we fancy all the earth so wide
Is one vast cave, where all true voices hide,
And echoes walk abroad.

Voices are too few, The men who stand
Steadfast, unmoved at duty's stern command
Are only great; While he who lives for gain
Performs great deeds to bring upon his name
The glory that he covets, may win fame
And may be faintly heard, and still
'Tis only as an echo of that will
Born in the truly great.

Echoes are too many. Deeds of men
Who lived and spoke are echoed o'er again,
Shall we speak forth in truth by word and deed
Words, living words to keep in time of need,
Living a life of courage without greed?
Or blind and deaf to duty's call so clear
List only to another year by year
And echo back the sound?

Voices not echoes, all the world around
Is filled with echo's vain unmeaning sound;
But voices aretoo few, and oft in vain
We show before the world our empty name
And if we live on daily without blame
Think we have done our part, and still
The one who walks before with steadfast will
Is truly great.

FRIQUE.

STEPHEN W. TAYLOR, LL. D.

BY WALTER N. WYETH, D. D. (COLGATE)

Mr. Editor:—I am reading the Mirror with interest, and the March number, just perused, has attracted special attention on account of the references it contains to the early days and first Faculty and students. My first and only visit to the institution and town occurred on July 3 and 4, '96, as guest of Rev. J. T. Judd. It being vacation time, I could not observe the "workings" of the University, yet the special courtesies of Pastor Judd and some members of the Faculty, enabled me to obtain a view of "matter" if not of mind—to see that which had often been presented to me in picture and word. The visit also awakened some memories of men and things, and these have been re-awakened by reading the Mirror.

My diploma bears the signature of the founder and first principal of your University, Stephen W. Taylor, LL. D. He had been the principal of one of the leading academies of New York, that at Lowville, for about seventeen years; then (1834) accepted and held the principalship of the academic department of Madison (Colgate) University, from which (1838) he passed to the professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy and held it eight years; then (1846) went to Lewisburg, and during about six years there planned and put into operation your noble University, "through the resources of his mind and indomitable energy"; then (1851), was called to the presidency of Madison University, and in this office died, January 6, 1856, aged sixty-four. He graduated from Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., with the first honors, and from that institution received the well merited, honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Dr. G. W. Eaton, coadjutor, and author of our Historical Discourse of Madison University, said that while he was "originally endowed with a huge mass of brains and a corresponding breadth of intellectuality that would have ensured distinction in whatever sphere of mental activity he might have engaged, he chose as his vocation the profession of educator......and his conscientious purpose and indomitable will made everything subserve this end. He had the gift and inspiration of poetry and successfully courted the muses in his early years"—a gift he seems to have passed to "Ben" and "Alf"; he to manifest a "massive and unadorned mental power," and his character to be like "a Doric pillar of marble, for solidity and simplicity."

He entered upon the presidency of Madison University with full knowledge of its workings and affairs. It had recently emerged from a four years' siege, by a powerful combination of professed friends who were determined to remove it to Rochester, and after a prosperous history of more than twenty-five years was obliged to begin, almost *de novo*, with thirty-three students. It was a suitable situation for a man of Dr. Taylor's character. He rose to the occasion. He knew the opposing force. Within three years the number of students had increased to 216, and the heart of the denomination in the State was still at Hamilton. Endowment began to increase. Yet the old Faculty had gone to Rochester, except Profs. Eaton and Spear, and the body been supplemented by former students. The attendance appeared to be a lot picked up and hurried together to help the institution; some of the "boys," over forty years of age. The property had been scrambled for and had a depleted and hard appearance. The institution as a whole, as characterized by a now distinguished man who could not be kept there as a student, "was a perfect shell." Still, Dr. Taylor was there, and as Dr. Eaton said, "he was the most felicitous choice for the University which could have been made from the whole denomination." He took command; allotted the rooms; presided over the allotment of members to the literary societies. (This allotment was intended to be very exact, fractionally so, often leaving a due of half of one man to the side deficient. Deponent, taken in as soon as he arrived and without having been consulted, has ever carried the impression that he was entered as a one-half, or, possibly, two-thirds.)

Dr. Taylor was by nature a disciplinarian. His very presence was disciplinary. The crossing of his feet (he disapproved crossing at the knees), the erection and junction of his thumbs, his neat attire and a firm, intent countenance caused us to feel that we were under discipline. He wished us to be thoughtful and gentlemanly, everywhere; saying, one day, "even a goose will cover her nest." A boor or dolt in the class was sure to hear from him. Sometimes we pitied a fellow who seemed to do as well as he could, especially after the Doctor had become seriously affected by accident. He bowed us out of chapel, and if there was hesitation we knew that he had something to say and we sat down. He was supreme, incarnate law. A prominent member of the Faculty who had a mind of his own and was determined, was shortly bowed away. Then came in Prof. Dodge, who would not quarrel with any one and was very popular with the Doctor and the rest. We were in Prof. Dodge's first class in Butler, and who should appear in the lecture room if not Emily Taylor, the Doctor's only daughter and great ideal. How her presence could be made compatible with the traditions of that "sacred institution" we could understand only in the light of her father's sovereign will. She had been kept from the kitchen and was princess in the studio, doing secretarial duty and studying. She was brainy and Butler was easy to her; was handsome and modest, and had some disciplinary effect, unconsciously, upon the class as a whole. (As the only survivor of her father's family and wife of H. H. Sanford, LL. D., alumnus, long time teacher of high standing and now retired with honor, she has an elegant home at Syracuse, N. Y.)

Some students followed Dr. Taylor from Lewisburg to Hamilton; notably, three fine fellows who entered our class. And as ours was the first entering class after the removal controversy, and was made up of some recruits from other institutions and from prominent Baptist families and were fine fellows, anyway! the Doctor and others doted on us, just a little. This naturally "spoiled" us. And after we had passed and were awaiting Commencement, what should we do but raise a rebellion. This gave to Dr. Taylor a good occasion for the exercise of his prerogatives. It is a lovely story, but space admits only of this :—

One of the Faculty with heart enough for two and who ever managed to help the boys, circumvented the Doctor, and when we were brought before the committee and he had crossed his feet and posed his thumbs in regulation style and had delivered his exordium, he was non-plussed, suddenly, by discovering that the chance for a sweep of his disciplinary hand had departed. It was left to him, simply, to withhold the delivery of the customary address to us, on the stage, and we requested its publication ; but he made no reply. He could not omit, however, the usual Commencement dinner in our honor, at his house. The roast pig was eaten with as much relish as though nothing had happened, and one of the special guests, Dr. J. Lansing Burrows, proposed to us the name of "Phoenix Class," because we seemed to be the first to spring from the ashes of the removal controversy ; and that is our name to-day. The minutes in possession of the writer show other tilts with the Faculty. They gave us our desire and sent no leanness into our souls, or into the institution, either.

President Taylor was a man of fine build, physically, mentally and morally. His principles were high and unswerving. His piety was of a simple type, yet his sovereignty found room even in religion. Some will recall, in B. F. Taylor's description of "The church in the North Woods," the circumstance that he took his sons to Saturday church meeting when they were too small to appreciate anything better than the playing outside and in which they were "dying" to engage. He was a pillar to the Hamilton church and consistent in all things, at all times. His neat, ruddy, robust appearance made of him a picture of health and endurance. But, alas ! In such an hour and way as no one would suspect reversal, a fatal injury was experienced. In descending the stairs of one of the old buildings, a defective part, unobserved, caused him such an effort to save himself from falling headlong as to wrench the spine. It was in October, 1852 ; the first effect seemed to have passed in a few minutes ; suffering occurred, however, in a few weeks and from that time his pains did not subside. Medical skill was sought far and near, to determine the nature of the trouble. He began to hold his back in the class room; never obtained requisite sleep; became thin and morose. But teach he would. The Juniors were about to petition for a different instructor; and when the suggestion reached him, they soon felt the weight of his foot. He would not be carried to the hill so long as he possibly could walk, nor cease to make his round while able to ride and to climb the stairs. When confined to his home he arranged to have his classes meet him there; yet finally desisted, selected a strong and tender student to stay with him and continued to contend with death. After three years and nearly three months of unremitted and increasing suffering, he was compelled to confess: "I am conquered now." The post mortem examination showed that two of the lower vertebrae were carious and that the ligament which bound them together was decayed.

It was a cold winter day when he was borne over the familiar walk, up the hill and to the rostrum of the chapel where he had sat and spoken and conducted worship. Dr. Eaton, a master in funeral eulogy, delivered a discourse, by arrangement of deceased, and it was one of his best. Taking for a text II Sam'l, 22:47, he spoke in eloquent periods of the great loss sustained in the death of the man "with nerves of iron and sinews of steel," while his well selected scripture enabled him to minister comfort and hope in full measure. We laid him away, our good President, on the bleak hillside, where now are the companion graves of such members of the Faculty as Drs. Eaton, Dodge, Harvey and Beebee, with Profs. Hascall and Nathaniel Kendrick in advance of him there; also members of their families and some students. Having long anticipated this event the students were prepared for other instructors; they returned to their books, the work went on and the institution has grown to be one of the most noted Universities of the land.

A FRAGMENT.

It is late to-night and somehow the stillness and the solitary lamp and my thoughts have made me restless. I want to write to you before it is too late, for you see I am dying—there, dear, do not start, it is an old story with me and to-night I feel that it has come. It is hard to be alone when one is dying, is it not? To feel the chill waters close round one's feet, to feel the breath from that swift river, with its unceasing, relentless flow, come cold in one's face and to know that no one is by to help one go down with the shadows and say a prayer, perhaps. But there—I am not complaining; one is just a little curious sometimes, that is all. As I sit here with the cold creeping, creeping slowly but so relentlessly, I wonder what it all means—why it must be so. To-morrow I shall not be here, but where? Ah, that is as hard! Infinite compassion! it is a beautiful thought, but it is so hard to tell whether one *deserves* compassion. There are so many doubts, and life is so hard; but I am not afraid, do not think so, only curious and a little sad. Odd, is it not, dear, that I should be sad at leaving the bitterness and the heartache and the days one never forgets. Have you forgotten those old days, dear? Do you ever think of the way the sun set over the hilltops and the cool freshness of the evening? How sweet you were then, dear, in all the unconscious innocence of your youth! I can talk as I will to-night and you will not be angry I know for one always forgives the dead. I used to think you cared a little then but I will never know now—not until I have gone out into the darkness alone and then it will be too late. It is awful to long all one's life for something and know it is useless—nothing but a wild dream, too beautiful to last, yet the dream was sweet, so sweet while it lasted. It is the one bright spot left in all the bitterness. If you only *knew* how cruel you were, how every word stung and stabbed and tortured beyond endurance,—but, dear heart, I will not reproach you—you did not know then, how could you? But now when I am quiet at last, you will understand and perhaps you will forget the bitterness and miss me a little for the sake of the sweetness forever gone from my life. It is my only comfort as I sit here with the shadow growing deeper and the cold creeping so steadily, that you will at last realize that it was because I loved you, *loved* you—that I acted as I did. Perhaps I was wrong but your happiness lay so far beyond my own that I lost sight of other things—was it right, dear? Sometimes I have fancied your eyes were troubled and wistful. If I had thought you cared. Ah, how long it takes to die! I thought the old agony was over—it cannot be for long now—surely I have suffered enough and alone too. If I could only see you once and know that you were happy, it would be easier then. It is the doubt, the uncertainty, which tortures. But, dear, however it may be, you will believe it was what I thought right and forgive me. The lamp has burnt low and the room is full of strange shadows. It grows so cold, so cold! If I could only feel your hands—Oh, God!

A.

ENGLISH, THE FUTURE LANGUAGE OF THE WORLD.

Every thoughtful man has felt the need and desirability of a universal language. By this, we mean a language understood and used among all civilized peoples in their intercourse with each other. In the past, Greek and Latin, in their time, have each held sway over a large part of the civilized world, yet neither has ever been what we could call a universal language. Recently some attempts have been made to suggest and formulate a language for universal use, but with no success, for a language cannot be mechanically contrived and forced upon a people, like a ready-made suit. It must be a matter of growth and development. It really becomes a part of their life and is not easily put aside or supplanted by another. Hence to become a world-language, it must be the possession of a strong race and must itself have elements of strength. The English is likely to become the language of the world.

The characteristics of the English people strongly favor the universal spread of their language. They are the leaders of the world in intellectual development, civil liberty, and spiritual Christianity. Each of these qualities is dependent on the others; neither can reach its full development without the others; and no race so completely embodies them all as the English. Hence, since the highest ideas of modern civilization are the product of this race, their language is likely to be the principal vehicle for the transmission of this civilization to the rest of the world, especially the educated portion of the world. The tendencies of the English or Anglo-Saxon race are towards expansion in territory, commerce, and religion. They are the great colonizing race of the world. In fact, they rule over two-fifths of the colonies and dependencies of the world, containing one-half of the entire colonial territory, and more than one-half of the people. In commerce, they stand at the head of the nations, carrying about two-thirds of the entire tonnage of the merchant navies of all nations, and touching almost every part of the globe. These two facts bring their language before the masses of the people, and tend toward making English the language of political and commercial life as their civilization tends to make it the language of the scholar or educated classes everywhere. Another marked factor, in introducing this language into the life of other nations, is the missionary spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race. Because they possess the purest type of Christianity, they are the most missionary in spirit. At the General Conference of Foreign Missions held in London in eighteen hundred and eighty-eight representing nearly all the important societies of the world, eighty-seven per cent. represented the Anglo-Saxon race. There is hardly a land anywhere untouched by English or American missionaries. Wherever they go they carry their language. The character of their work makes them leaders among the people to whom they go. The advanced civilization resulting from their work creates a demand for increased knowledge, and naturally the people turn to the language of their leaders for this knowledge.

The nature of the language itself fits it to be a universal language. It has a wonderful power of assimilating to itself the words and ideas of other races. Archbishop French said that, "supposing it to be divided into a hundred parts, sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin including French, five would be Greek, and five be divided among all languages from which we have adopted isolated words." Because of this characteristic, it is especially adapted for expressing the ideas of all nations. Marsh in his "Lectures on the English Language" says: "We have rifled the world of words to augment our overflowing store, so that every speech and nation under heaven has contributed some jewels to enrich our cabinet," and hence he says: "The same composite structure renders it less difficult for foreigners and thus it is eminently fitted to be the speech of these two nations, one of which counts among its subjects, the other among its citizens, people of every language and clime." Dr. Strong in "The New Era" quoting from an eminent German-American scholar, says it is "most easily acquired and most easily used." The experience of missionaries verifies this fact. Even the natives of Africa acquire it very readily and some use it easily. This fact renders it possible to become a world-language. It is also concise and practical. Mr. Orton, late president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, says "English is twenty-five per cent. cheaper for telegraphic purposes than any other." Since commerce and business are important factors in the world's development, a language to be universal must be suited, not only for the use of the scholars, but preeminently for the use of business expressions. It must have the power of expressing the ideas of all nations, must be easily acquired, and at the same time be direct, concise and practical. These qualities the English possess.

Its rapid spread shows the likelihood of its universal use. At the beginning of this century, it stood fifth in the list of the great languages, being used by about twenty million people. To-day, it stands first, being used by one hundred and fifteen million. This number includes only those whose mother tongue is English and does not include those who have acquired and speak it. The only real competitors of English are German, Russian, French and Spanish. In the last century the percentage of those speaking German has remained stationary, while all the others have decreased, excepting English which has advanced fourteen per cent. There is no record of any considerable number of English speaking people being absorbed by any other race, while America is absorbing those of every other language in her territory, and England is fast doing the same in their possessions. The languages of the Eastern nations need hardly be considered, for although spoken by great numbers of people, yet they are entirely too cumbersome and difficult for universal use.

The past has never seen such a combination of favorable circumstances for the universal spread of any language as the English. Here is a world-people, possessing a world-language and giving every promise of world-supremacy. Therefore it seems likely or probable that the English will be the future language of the world. C. W. H., '00.

ON GRANDMOTHER'S GARRET.

This is the age of electricity and nervous prostration. Many of our time-honored customs and institutions are passing out of sight with a rapidity that is bewildering.

Probably it's best that there should be a change in our modes of living; at least we are not willing to become chief mourner for the old customs.

But we do wish to raise our voice against the tendency in modern house building to do away with the garret. "The modern up-to-date dwelling must be a flat and if a roof garden can be added, so much the better," says a recent work on architecture.

It may be that this is the latest type in the "evolution of the house," and that the garret is an unnecessary, and therefore a useless adjunct, but we'll still sigh over its passing.

Think of the children, who must live in a house where there is no big, roomy, tent-like house top of a garret; no place where big brass-bound trunks and chests make the stories of pirates seem very real.

Happy is he who on a rainy day has a garret, to which he can go and there commune with the spirits of the past ages.

The spirits are there and the boy who used to imagine that there were ghosts in that roomy apartment, wasn't altogether in the wrong. The principal mistake the Chinaman makes in his idea of ancestral spirits is one of location, for he is foolish to suppose that they will dwell in the living room of his house. Let him build a garret to his house and the spirits will find an abode to their liking.

Have you ever thought that the garret in your house, if you are fortunate enough to live in a house that was built before the advent of modern ideas, "is the habitation of the past?" Those quaint old chests and cupboards, that box of old magazines, books, that smaller one with the bundle of letters with the queer stamps and seals, all belong to your grandparent's day. That spinning wheel, unless you've taken it down to the parlor where it has no right to be, tells a story of the olden time.

We're going to give you an invitation to visit one of the old-fashioned garrets that has not been turned into a "nursery" nor changed into a dormitory with its accompaniment of paint and plaster. It's a wide, roomy place and there are a some chinks in the shingle roof which let in a few stray sunbeams, and, in the winter, little heaps of snow.

The time is too short to invade all those formidable chests this afternoon, besides there are relics there of clothing and a man cannot describe that unless he is writing for the joke columns, and even then he will succeed better as a humorist if he tries seriously and earnestly to write a description of a woman's dress.

In that small box are stored Grandmother's books. She didn't have very many, but she knew how to take care of them. The first book to catch the eye is one with its title in bold type across the cover, "The Good Little Girl's Keepsake." Inside, scrawled in a feminine hand, is Grandmother's name with the further statement, "Presented by her Grandmother, 1807." The book is illustrated in colors and each illustration shows the rewards or punishments of "The Kindhearted Girl," "The Proud Girl," "The Selfish Girl" and so on. The author evidently had a moral purpose in view and he laid on his moral instruction with a trowel.

Of course Grandmother had a New England Primer and if she didn't have pretty positive opinions on the question of original sin, it was because she rejected the doctrines of the little book which was at once a catechism, Sunday School lesson book, speller and reader combined. The alphabet offered a splendid opportunity for bibical and general ethical instruction, and there is a curious little card, "a reward of merit" which Grandmother received from her teacher for "reciting perfectly the entire alphabet with its significations." How proud she must have been as she went over the list from

A—"By *Adam's* fall
We sinned all,"

to Z.—

"Zaccheus, he
Did climb a tree
The Lord to see."

There is a picture of John Rodgers, the martyr, being burned to death, surrounded by his wife and family. The last words of Rodgers are given in several stanzas of rhyme not poetry. We fear Grandmother wasn't impressed with the solemnty of the pictured scene, for below the picture is scrawled: "My, what a big family!"

It is entirely possible that the girl who lived when the present century was new didn't know much about the Rubaiyt, but she had read Pilgrim's Progress. We do not know with how much profit Grandmother read it, for on the page where Christian is pictured as fleeing from his weeping wife and children, there is written, "You bad man, to run off from your family." Probably Grandmother wasn't the only one who questioned that desertion.

Our time is flying, and we have not more than begun our exploration of the garret. We can only glance at the titles of the books before us: Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Pollok's "Course of Time," and others of like gravity.

We fear people in those days were rather Puritanical in their tastes, but there is a two-volume book here, evidently much read, if one may judge from its appearance. The title is effaced from the cover, but look within: "Tom Jones, by Henry Fielding." Grandmother! Grandmother! didn't you know it was wicked to read that book or was that the reason you read it? But your "Course of Time" was an excellent palliative. But look here! After the first ten pages many of the leaves of Pollok are uncut—no uncut ones in "Tom Jones."

Here is a little volume of "Popular Poems." Burns and Byron seem to have furnished the most. This book was evidently much read by Grandmother when she was

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet
Womanhood and girlhood fleet."

There is a picture of Burns and Highland Mary, but there are two other names written there. The name of the woman is carved on a tombstone almost covered with mold, in the village grave yard and her age is marked as nineteen.

She was Grandmother's girl friend. The man's burial place is unmarked and will so remain until the sea shall give up its dead. He perished in one of the naval engagements of the War of 1812. His promised bride survived him six months.

Grandmother kept a diary. She confided her inmost thoughts to its pages. Here are packages of her love letters, but she didn't write them for future publication as some croakers are mean enough to say some of our poets did, and some of our would-be poets are doingn ow, and so their contents shall not be revealed.

It's time to go now, but you haven't seen the spirits! Well, if you haven't *felt* their presence it's because you are not a fit subject to visit a garret and live over the past with its romance and its realism, its tragedy and its comedy.

But we made one statement that we must recall. We said that everything was changing, but our wandering into the past has proven to us that there is one thing that doesn't change. Human nature is much as it was eighty or ninety years ago.

We have been talking about Grandmother, some other day we'll talk about Grandfather.

WALTER VIVIAN.

MAN, THE FIGHTER.

Just outside the gates of Eden a little streamlet was flowing merrily on. By its bank stood two men; the one, pure and upright; the other, with anger depicted in every line of his countenance. Ten minutes later, one lay silent and motionless, and the fresh water of the brook was colored by the blood of Abel. The sun hid behind a cloud, and the leaves whispered in little frightened murmurs, for this was earth's first fight.

Years went by, and old Sol became accustomed to such sights. Cain was dead, but his spirit still walked the earth, troubling mankind. Man ran against man, brother against brother, until even the waters of the Deluge were unable to cleanse the blood-soaked earth. Soon fighting became an acknowledged occupation, later still, an honorable one.

Greece rose to a position of supremacy in the earth. Alexander, the Great, on a flimsy excuse, gathered a large army, and took it far away from home, leading his men to trouble, danger and death—to fight. Yet men admired him. Truly, he was a great man! How courageous he was! He well knew that the Greeks were the best soldiers on the earth, and felt certain of victory. How noble his purpose! He wished only personal honor and wealth, seizing and ruling with a rod of iron all the cities which force or strategem could conquer. How marvelous his self-control! In a fit of anger, he killed his best friend. Surely he was well-fitted to rule others. Yet to this day, he is admired and honored, and his fame still inspires the school boys heart to "go and do likewise."

Seemingly a few years, and Greece is fallen. The name of Julius Caesar is on every tongue. He plotted with Crassus and Pompey to gain the rule of Rome. His share was Gaul. Raising an army, he marched into his new possessions, forcing the barbarians into submission. He has kindly left us a record of his wondrous exploits in his "Commentaries," (for which we thank him exceedingly). In these books, he shows his victories in brilliant lights, explains his defeats, in short, "blows his own trumpet" with a strong and mighty blast. But even Caesar, the invincible, must die. May he rest in peace!

We claim, now that we see the gray dawn of the twentieth century, that fighting days are over. This is an age of arbitration. Yet, but a short time ago, the country was filled with the names of Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Crowds gathered to see "the show," though what pleasure they found in watching two men try to disable each other, is beyond comprehension.

Another scene presents itself. A college campus is black with a moving mass of students. Fifty or sixty young men, who are supposed to have "put away childish things," are engaged in the interesting occupation of knocking each other down. See! here is a victim prostrate, while two men are assisting him in his ablutions by the use of snow. Over yonder, a zealous church-goer has thrown aside his coat and is fighting like mad. On Sunday with a black eye and many honorable scars he will pray fervently for "peace and quiet on the earth." Let him fight now. It is the relaxation of his religious zeal.

Is fighting right? If blows and brains will heal wounded feelings, indulge in them rather than tongue-fights. Perhaps this element is essential to a man's character, and therefore must occasionally rise to the surface. However, on the whole, it is better to follow the advice of Paul: "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

N. M. G., Sem. 1900.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

MAY 10, 1899.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address' BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

We regret to announce the retirement from the MIRROR staff of Mr. H. E. Stabler, '00, who was compelled because of weak eyes to leave school. Mr. M. A. Carringer, '00, was elected to the vacancy.

For the first time in three years Bucknell failed to win first place in the annual relay races held under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. Dickinson this year came in first, with Bucknell, second, Franklin and Marshall, third, Gettysburg, fourth, and Ursinus, fifth. The blame attaches, however, to no member of the team that represented the Orange and Blue. They trained faithfully and put forth every effort to win. Dickinson had this year been determined to defeat "proud Bucknell." She scoured the preparatory schools of the country for speedy men and then put them through the most rigid course of training. A prize of twenty-five dollars was offered the team by an alumnus of that institution if they should win first place this year. At Bucknell, on the other hand, some of the fastest men in college did not come out and the team was put through only the ordinary course of training. No special inducements other than the honor of the institution were offered them to win. Under these conditions we succumbed to the superior strength of Dickinson, She won the race fairly, simply because she was represented by a speedier team. On the nineteenth of this month we have a dual meet with State College at that place. She, too, is putting forth every effort to defeat Bucknell. If we are able to take a lesson from a defeat and we wish to be victorious, every man in the University, who can do anything, must come out and train. If the student body do not take an interest in the matter and are unwilling to make the effort, of course we will not win. It is only by all taking part and putting forth their best efforts that we can be truly represented and hope to gain the victory.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The first "At Home" of the term was held in the Institute parlors Monday, May 1.

The annual Soiree of the Fourth Year Class of Bucknell Institute was held April 29.

The work of excavation for the new building has been completed and the mason work begun.

Hon. John T. Hyatt addressed the Chemical and Physical Society on "The Sugar Industry in Cuba" recently.

The College Girls' Association tendered a very pleasant reception to their friends in the Institute parlors, April 14.

Dr. Aviragnet and Miss Aiken are among the instructors for this season at the Penna. Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna.

Dr. Hulley lectured in Bucknell Hall, April 27, to a large and appreciative audience on "Eugene Field." The proceeds were given to the Northfield fund.

Fire escapes, of an improved pattern, consisting of outside balconies and stairways, will be placed this spring on the College, Academy and Institute buildings of the University.

The Ninth Regiment Band of Wilkesbarre, under the leadership of J. I. Alexander will furnish the music during Commencement Week. The usual twilight concerts will again be given.

The Faculty have announced the following as the Commencement speakers of the Class of '99: Ballentine, Buckminster, Decker, Miss Dewolfe, Rawlinson, Rentz, Miss Sharpless, Shipman, Miss Mary Stephens, and Miss Watkins.

Bucknell took second place in the relay race at Philadelphia, April 29, with Dickinson, first, Franklin and Marshall, third, Gettysburg, fourth, and Ursinus fifth. Silver cups were given the members of the team taking second place.

The Williamsport Concert Company composed of: Miss Blanche E. Derr, Soprano; Miss Susanne M. Krape, Contralto; Mr. Roscoe Huff, Pianist; Mr. Trevette B. Maffett, Baritone; Mr. Charles E. Krape, Cellist; and Mr. James D. Hawley, Reciter, gave an excellent musicale in Bucknell Hall, May 5.

The Registrar of the University will gladly pay for the following copies of the *Commencement News*:

Vols. I and II entire; Vol. III, No. 4; Vol. V. No. 3; Vol. VI, No. 1; Vol. VII, Nos. 2, 3, 4; Vol. VIII, No. 4; Vol. IX, No. 2.

These numbers are needed to complete files. So far as known, there is no complete file of the *News* to be found.

The Mirror Association election for officers and editors for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Miller, '00; Vice President, Bechtel, '01; Secretary, Alexander, '01. The following were elected editors of the Mirror for the school year, 1899–00: Editor-in-Chief, Carringer, '00; Assistants, Bunnell, '00, Miss Pooley, '00, and Bidlespacher, '01;

Business Manager Pierson, '01. Carringer, '00, and Kress, '00, were elected Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager respectively of the *Commencement News* for this year, vice Decker, '99, and Pierson, '01, resigned.

The base-ball games thus far this season have resulted as follows:

			B. U.	OPP.
April 11,	Susquehanna,	Campus,	12	5
April 15,	Demorest,	Campus,	12	4
April 21,	Gettysburg,	Campus,	7	12
April 22,	Indians,	Carlisle,	8	6
April 29,	Demorest,	Williamsport,	6	7

Bucknell Academy defeated Central Penna. College at New Berlin 11–9 and the Milton High School 11–6.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Ex-'54. Rumors are rife in political circles that Gen. D. McM. Gregg, of Reading, will receive the Republican nomination for State Treasurer of Pennsylvania. Such a nomination would be an honor both to the party and the Commonwealth.

'59. The Baptist Church of Indiana, Pa., will dedicate its new house of worship on May 14th. Rev. A. J. Furman is the pastor, through whose leadership this effort has been accomplished.

'62. The silver anniversary of the Pastor's Bible Class of the Sunday School connected with the Mantua Baptist Church, of Philadelphia, was celebrated on April 6. The present, and for all these years the only teacher of the class, Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., was presented with a silver loving cup and twenty-five silver dollars.

'71. Rev. W. R. Patton, of Media, had recently a very narrow escape from being crushed to death under a trolly car. He was about to board the car, when an iron culvert covering was tipped by the car wheels, throwing Mr. Patton almost under the car. He was caught in the culvert and considerably bruised. He was painfully but not seriously injured.

'79. Rev. A. J. Irey, of Warren, Pa., has been elected President of the Oil Creek Sunday School Institute and B. Y. P. U. Convention.

'80. Rev. J. M. Plonett, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Tipton, Mo., has just completed the new church edifice at that place. Rev. Plonett is very well known among the Baptists of the Western States.

'82. Rev. H. C. Hall has resigned the pastorate of the Erie Avenue Baptist church, Williamsport, Pa.

'84. Ernest L. Tustin has been elected Vice President of the Black Warrior Copper Co. This company owns one of the largest copper mines in this country.

'84. Rev. M. G. Smith has resigned his pastorate at Towanda, Pa.

'85. Rev. J. Madison Hare, formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church at Burlington, and Chaplain in the First and Third New Jersey Volunteers during the recent war with Spain, is an applicant for the position of Chaplain in the Regular Army.

'87. Lieut.-Col. H. L. Calder was one of the staff of Gen. Geo. R. Snowden in the procession at the dedication of the Grant Monument in Philadelphia, on April 27.

'88 Rev. W. H. Clipman has resigned the pastorate of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Harrisburg, and on June 1, will assume the pastorate of the Peter's Creek Church at Library, Pa.

'91. Rev. R. B. Dunmire has been called to the pastorate of the church at Vintondale, which makes four churches under his pastoral care.

'94. Raymond J. Davis, who is about to graduate from Crozer Theological Seminary, has been called to the pastorate of the Wissahickon Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

'94. Rev. P. S. Calvin and wife, are now residing at Neenah, Wis., where Mr. Calvin is pastor of the Baptist Church.

He received the degree of B. D. from Univ. of Chicago, Jan. 1, 1899.

'95. Rev. F. I. Sigmund is now located at Westover, Pa.

'96. L. C. Walkenshaw, Asst. Principal of the Jeanette Public Schools, has recently been bereaved by the death of his mother.

'96. Miss Mary Bartol, daughter of Prof. Bartol, has been elected to the headship of the Classic Department of Rockford College, Ill. Miss Bartol, after graduating at Bucknell, pursued her studies in Univ. of Michigan and Univ. of Pennsylvania from which institution she will receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy this year.

'96. H. H. Bower is completing the term of J. E. Williams as Principal of the Mt. Carmel High School.

'96. Miss Mary Cotton is teaching in the Birmingham Seminary, Alabama.

'98 Prof. F. W. Robbins, Principal of the Towanda public schools, has been elected Dean of the Chautauqua Faculty at Eaglesmere for this season.

'98. Roy Mulkie is engaged in the general office of the electric street car line in Scranton. He expects to learn the electrical business.

'98. Frank A. Golder is at present pursuing graduate work at Bucknell.

Ex-'98. H. M. Roth has been elected Superintendent of the public schools of Adams County.

Ex-'99. Edgar K. Shumaker graduated from the Western University of Pennsylvania in the Department of Pharmacy with the class of '99. He has been appointed assistant professor of Chemistry in that institution.

Ex-'99. Miss Clarissa Fowler received the appointment from Vassar to attend the Marine School of Biological Science at Ward's Hill, Mass., the best school of its kind in this country.

I. Martin Kieffer is a member of the Tunkhannock Manufacturing Co., one of the largest concerns now making silk mill supplies.

Mr. John D. Tustin died at his home in Philadelphia on April 6. He was a brother of the late Prof. F. W. Tustin, '56, and the late Rev. Joseph P. Tustin, '63.

DIED.—April 11, 1899, at Delaware Water Gap, Pa., Rev. Isaac W. Haghurst, in the 87th year of his age. He was a member of the old Board of Curators of the University from 1854 to 1859.

At the semi-annual session of the Ministers' Conference of the Centre Association held at Milesburg, Pa., on April 17 and 18, a paper on "The Scriptural Idea of Sin" was read by Rev. J. H. Haslam, '90; an address on "The Bible in the Home" was made by Rev. A. C. Lathrop, '94, and a sermon was preached by Rev. C. A. Walker, '89.

Rev. George M. Spratt, D. D., a member of the Board of Trustees of the University, and Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Baptist Education Society, passed his 86th birthday on April 7. When he was born George III was King of England, Napoleon was Emperor of France, James Madison was President of the United States, and the War of 1812 was raging. There were then only eighteen States in the Union.

EXCHANGE.

The Dickinsonian always contains a good variety of high-grade productions.

One of the best exchanges that came to our table last month was the *Amherst Literary Monthly.* It is a model of neatness and its contents possess high literary merit.

The April number of *The College Student* was devoted for the most part to fiction. It was all the work of undergraduates and reflected considerable credit on the student body.

The *Red and Blue* for April is up to its usual high standard. It abounds in excellent fiction. A noteworthy feature and one seldom found in college publications is the number of illustrations it always contains, the work of student artists.

FRIENDSHIP.

Upon the dreary waste of life we tread,
Scorched by the heat of many a fervent sun,
With nought to hide the ever-throbbing head,
And, yet, around no limpid waters run
To cool the parched lip and weary frame
Which, loaded down by care and many a grief,
Some green spot seeks, some tempting shade to claim
Whose sparkling streams can offer some relief,
When just before our sad and straining eyes,
Tall stately palms, with verdure all around,
Are seen to beckon on to fairer skies,
And fill the soul with ecstasy profound ;
Thus may we on the journey ever find
The tender sympathy from a heart that's kind.
—*William and Mary College Monthly.*

EVE ACQUITTED.

Injustice deep has always been the birthright of our sex ;
We're twitted with our faults in long procession;
But we won't submit to listen any longer to the tale
That records our fair fore-mother's indiscretion.

The story is a true one—there is no denying that;
"But it points out woman's weakness?" we refute it !
Nay, it rather shows her vast superiority o'er man.
We have arguments for those who dare dispute it.

For the serpent realized it as he wriggled through the weeds;
(And with all his faults, you can't deny he's clever).
"If I give the fruit to Adam, he will eat it fast enough,
But is Eve to be seduced by Adam ?—Never !

"Now Eve once won, my work is done," the wily serpent said,
And he hurried through the shrubbery to find her.
Of the deep far-seeing wisdom of that wily serpent's words
The fallen human race needs no reminder.

So our brothers need not murmur if we glory in the fact—
After past humiliation 'tis but human—
That only Eve it took to bend the pliant will of man,
But the very Devil himself to tempt a woman.
—*Vassar Miscellany.*

What will you do after Graduating ?

If you desire to engage in a profession that is not overcrowded and that offers some opportunity for an immediate income, study

OSTEOPATHY
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OSTEOPATHY, (Drugless Healing)

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BUCKNELL MIRROR STAFF, 1898-99.

BUCKNELL MIRROR

VOL. XVIII. LEWISBURG, PA., June 10, 1899. No. 9.

TO JUNE.

O, the glow of the golden summer
That shines in thy first fair dawn!
O, the glint of the gracious verdure
Lavished o'er mead and lawn!
O, the balmy south wind, scented
With the breath of the forest flowers!
O, the wave of woody fragrance
That follows the summer showers!

O, the slope of the sunny meadows,
Glittering with buttercup gold!
O, the scent of the wild sweet-brier,
Recalling the days of old
When we rambled over the pastures
Guided by tinkle and chime,
And the wild-rose blossomed round us,—
We think of that far-off time,

And the fragrance of many summers
With the blessed present blends,
And the incense of grateful emotion
To the boundless blue ascends,
Till we thrill with the passionate poet
Who cried at the year's high noon
In a peal of the purest rapture,
"Now God be praised for June!"

ORIANA M. WILLIAMS.

THE FORMATIVE PERIOD.

BY ROBERT LOWRY, D. D., '54.

The first decade of the University must always be regarded as its formative period. The institution began with a lot of ground and a big hope. Men were in the front who knew what they wanted, and who laid plans for the future which they themselves should never see. There was a measure of devotion and sacrifice on the part of the founders, of which the present generation can have but a feeble conception. They saw the vision from afar, but died without the sight.

In the middle '40's Lewisburg was unknown beyond its vicinage. No railway connected it with the outside world, no telegraph, no telephone. A canal two miles away brought a few goods from distant parts, with a passenger or two to break the monotony. A stage coach rattled over the hills, carrying some sleepy travelers to or from the periphery of active life. The daily paper had no existence, except as a copy might be handed around as a transcript of ancient history. It was a tremendous venture to plant a great University amid so unpromising surroundings. To see the outcome, look around you!

It was a day of small things, but the potency of a great life was in it. We old fellows wonder sometimes how we bore the privations and limitations of those early days, but we were too intent on our work to take time for complaining. Professor Stephen W. Taylor was a disciplinarian of rare powers. He gave the impulse which fixed the character of the institution. With no buildings, no campus, no library, no apparatus, he inspired the students to avail themselves to the utmost of the facilities within reach. He drew straight lines, and the boys followed them. He was a father to the homeless orphans. We did not know our poverty, so rich did he make us with his instruction and his sympathy.

Class distinctions were but faintly recognized in that Arcadian period. The boy in English Grammar consorted with the boy who read Virgil. The Freshman linked arms with the Senior. A sort of family feeling pervaded the whole University. The atmosphere had the aroma of home. This did not, however, prevent the formation of fellowships which might, or might not, develop into cliques. For instance: Washington's Birthday was officially celebrated with patriotic exercises, consisting principally of orations by two or three students. On one occasion the orators were out of favor with a large number of the students, and the latter resolved to dodge the whole show and have a picnic at Blue Hill. Professor Taylor heard of it, as he heard of everything, and so effectually did he move upon the leaders, taking them one at a time, that the recalcitrant students waived their hostility to the orators, and gave their unanimous presence in honor of the Father of his Country. At another time, in the early '50's, it became noised abroad that one of the Professors had invited some students to spend a certain Saturday afternoon and evening at his house. Investigation revealed the fact that all these prospective guests belonged to a section known as the "royal family." It did not require many hours to organize a counter demonstration on the part of the non-elect, and get up an enthusiastic entertainment at Denormandie's, on Market-street, the same evening. This was long before the advent of Fraternities; which illustrates the fact that, in any considerable number of students, there will be a drawing of lines along more or less artificial bases, and mimic war be waged until the end of College life dissipates the phantasm. The Literary Societies, however, were never disturbed with internal factional contests.

One of the devices for meeting the inchoate condition of things at the beginning was the "Taylor Club." This was formed by a body of ministerial students, who rented an old mansion at the corner of Fifth and Market-streets, opposite the present Station of the Reading Railway, furnished it for study and sleeping, laid in a stock of provisions bought wholesale in Philadelphia, and engaged Mother Morris, who lived next door, to attend to the culinary department. From 1848 until the West Wing became habitable, this was an ideal life for the young theologs. Far from the madding crowd, they enjoyed without espionage their *otium cum dignitate.* Wood for the kitchen was dumped down in the open road, and each fellow had a week's exercise in sawing and splitting. Each one in turn also became caterer for the club for a week, and at the end of the term the accounts were footed up and the expenses equalized. It may be worth mention, that the cost of running this establishment for the long term (six months), including rent, fuel, laundry, table and attendance, was less than one dollar per week for each member.

Athletics were rudimentary. Alley-ball was practiced in the rear of the old Baptist church, and subsequently at the east end of the West Wing. An occasional game of shinney enlivened the landscape. Swimming parties went out to the first pier of the old bridge. Something called foot-ball was tried, without much success. Excursions on foot were made to neighboring points. The present writer once got caught in a craze for five-mile walks in the early morning. After one brave effort, he reverted to the good old rule from which he has not since departed—a bee-line from bed to breakfast. After the completion of the West Wing, some temporary equipment in the open air answered a useful purpose. The old boys did not know what they missed. They had a limited curriculum, but what they learned was solid and nutritious. They remember their Professors as the best of men for the time and the work. They do not regret the life they lived in that day of meagre appliances. They rejoice in the expansion of Alma Mater, and the present enlarged facilities for University work; but they know that no dicipline could be more thorough than that which they received in the olden time. The old Commencement Day in August is always ready to stand up and be counted alongside of the Commencement Day in June.

SOCIAL LIFE AT BUCKNELL.

Bucknell's social life is the index to the university life, as a whole. Can we be sure that we are not under-rated ? Few realize the end social life subserves in a complete system of education. Have you ever seen a college graduate (Bucknell's graduates excluded, of course) who was mentally a bright and shining light, but whose brilliancy was lost in society because socially he was dwarfed ? Have you seen him standing alone in his misery, absorbed in the care of his hands and feet ? Have you seen him blush and fall all over himself, when some philanthropic maiden has served him with sherbet, which he receives as if it were a dynamite bomb ? He is put down as a bore, when, in truth, he could far outshine that other fellow, who exhibits his whole mental stock-in-trade in such an artistic way that the brains of a Solomon are attributed to him, whereas, carefully tucked away in his vest-pocket, is his "Def." report.

Why should this be ? Why should not our students be all-round men and women ? Are not opportunities provided for the development of the student's whole nature—his social nature not excepted ? "But what time has a student for society, if he conscientiously does his required work ? How can a man spend a couple of hours talking about the weather and the last game ?" says the grind. Much time, to be sure, is wasted in "small talk ;" but this is largely the fault of the men themselves, who fail to realize that women are sometimes interested in topics more worthy of discussion. It is entirely possible to make social intercourse a profitable as well as an enjoyable diversion from the ordinary routine. A man owes it to himself to cultivate grace and ease of manner in society as much as to plod away over his Greek and Latin.

Now, since Ruth Ashmore is no more, and we no longer have an infallible criterion, we must learn the ways of society by observation and experience. The monthly "At Homes" give the girls an opportunity to learn the art of entertaining and the boys, of appearing to be entertained. These and the more formal annual receptions at the Institute, at the home of the President and at the Academy, the occasional dinner parties, the informal Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving gatherings, the open meetings of the literary societies, the social and party calls afford social privileges to all. If any student is neglected, he has himself to blame. At a recent reception, several men, who were near the end of their course, proudly boasted that this was the first social event honored by their presence. The statement was unnecessary, as the fact was self-evident. Freshmen, do not wait until you are Seniors and then expect to make a startling impression at that senior reception, for you are in danger of making an impression not less startling but vastly different from the one you anticipate. Make up your mind, at the beginning of your course, to participate in the school functions. Have the courtesy to at least acknowledge the invitations you receive, even if you are obliged to send regrets, and so spare your hostess the annoyance of uncertainty as to your intentions.

Fortunately, these suggestions are not needed by the majority of our students, who are what might be called "social comforts,"—those who can be depended upon to do and say the right thing at the right time.

THE BUCKNELL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

BY J. B. MARTIN.

The Bucknell School of Music was organized in the year 1888, during the presidency of Dr. David J. Hill. Previous to this time music was taught in the Institute, but confined to piano and voice; and without regard to graduation courses. Although the department was well patronized and turned out a large number of pupils, it was not until after Professor Elysée Aviragnet, A. M., was called to preside over it that the necessity for a regular graded course was realized.

From his long experience as teacher, he soon perceived the power that a Music School might become in the town and neighborhood if established upon the proper basis. He realized that the prime need was the equipment of qualified teachers of both sexes. This involved not only instruction in piano and voice but also in string and wind instruments.

Dr. Aviragnet has thus made the School of Music a nucleus about which he has gathered choral classes, orchestra, mandolin and guitar clubs and brass band ; thus utilizing all the musical talent of the University.

Believing strongly in the value of public performance in all branches of the art, Director Aviragnet furnishes music for the numerous exhibitions of the University, thus saving to the students many dollars heretofore paid to outside organizations for this purpose. He has been assisted in the department of piano by the following teachers : Misses Tustin, Foster, Wells, Morgan, Pretzman, Burke, Hall and Miss Juliet Aiken, the present instructor, who has filled the position for the past eight years with marked ability and success. The course of study of the piano department covers a period of four years. The work is thorough and tested by frequent examinations.

The department of vocal culture has always been under the especial care of the Director who was trained in the old Italian School under Lamperti. Dr. Aviragnet has been ably assisted by Misses Kremer, Morgan, Gould, Crawford and for the past year Miss Gertrude Knox, who is a most successful vocalist and teacher. Three years of study in this branch are required for graduation. The Baptist Church is greatly indebted to the Music School for supplying the choir with good singers, and great credit is due Dr. Aviragnet for his unceasing interest in this part of church worship.

The courses for the pipe organ and string instruments cover periods adapted to the pupils' need. Since the introduction of pipe organs into nearly all the churches of the town, the need for players has been met by the graduates. Harmony, Musical History and other subjects are taught in connection with the various courses.

The University Brass Band was organized ten years ago, and has fully justified Director Aviragnet's expectation of its helpful contributions to student life and culture. To it he has devoted leisure time from days filled with instruction, happy if thus he could extend the influence of his art. To it he has generously contributed the entire equipment of instruments now made the property of the University in trust for the Band. With its well officered organization, and its marked esprit de corps, the Band may be regarded as a permanent helper in the interest of good music. There being no fund available for meeting the cost of sheet music and scores for the numerous public occasions, our generous Director has furnished them without burdening either the performers or the public.

It is difficult to find an opportunity wherein a true friend of the institution and of the Art of Music could put a few hundred dollars to more fruitful service than in establishing a "Score-fund" for the School of Music. Indeed a few thousands of dollars would endow and maintain a much needed Music Library, of which the score-fund would be a most helpful part.

Such a contribution, whether by one or by many, would most fittingly express the deeply felt appreciation of Dr. Aviragnet's whole-souled devotion to the interests of music in school and in town.

ATHLETICS AT BUCKNELL.

The day has come when athletics play a part which cannot be ignored even by those who are not favorably disposed toward anything but class-room work. Whether athletics are carried to extremes in our large institutions of learning or not, the physical department is a part of the college curriculum. But it is the purpose of this article to consider the athletics of Bucknell. What is true of the larger institutions, is in a large measure true at Bucknell. The evolution of athletics has been marked by gradual stages of progress. However, the early forms of athletics have been discussed in former articles of the college publications. This article, then, will be concerned with the athletics within the last three years.

During the spring term the national game of base-ball is is one of the forms which athletics assumes. Every evening from four to six the diamond is alive with lovers of this sport. The whole line of work is outlined before the season opens. Several years ago a base-ball cage was fitted up in the Gymnasium and long before the weather permits out-of-door work the men practise batting and throwing, This gives them the much-needed preliminary work which would be very injurious if done out of doors. In this latitude the changes in temperature are so sudden and the spring with its settled warm weather does not come until May. The record our base-ball teams have made has been very creditable.

But base-ball is not the only game during the spring term. Track athletics and tennis are popular forms of amusement. Field and track athletics are only beginning to come into prominence. Several years ago a man could break the Bucknell records in any event without training. Now none of the records can be broken without considerable work. With the new advent in this department—the dual meet with State College—the records in track athletics should be lowered very much.

There are many students in college who cannot take part in such games as base-ball or foot-ball but who would make fine runners, jumpers, or hurdlers. The Relay Races at Philadelphia have become an established thing and our teams have represented their favorite institution in no mean way. The students certainly appreciate the kindness of the alumni in putting down a cinder track and are showing it by their constant use of it.

Several of the tennis courts were destroyed by the building of the track but tennis still remains a favorite game. A tennis association has been organized and with good results. Tennis, however, has not received the recognition among college athletics that it deserves. However, for exercise for all classes, no game can furnish the recreation that tennis can give.

But the game that every college man becomes interested in before leaving college is the game of foot-ball, probably because the danger seems more imminent in this than many other sports. Every man in college is proud of the fact if he has at any time downed the canvass. At Bucknell during the Fall term foot-ball is the game and practically the only form of athletics. The game of foot-ball is no longer characterized by the long-haired giants. It is no longer necessary for a man to be a pugilist in order to make the 'Varsity eleven. Every afternoon at four o'clock the gridiron is the scene of friendly contests in foot-ball. The foot-ball teams have competed with some of the leading teams in the college world and the result has usually not been as uneven as you would suppose.

Possibly some person who expects to enter college will read this article and decide that athletics ought not to be a part of his work. Every one must seek recreation in some way. Make it a point to be a participant in some form of exercise each term. True, the test required to secure a position on any team is greater now than ever before. That is the way it should be. But no one can say that his efforts will not receive due consideration from those in authority. The candidates for the different teams are selected by an executive board composed of two professors an alumnus, the captain, manager and coach of the team. So but one board has charge of any one team. Athletics at

Bucknell are governed and controlled far more systematically than years ago. The captain's and coach's word is law not only on the field but in diet and in general conduct.

We must, however, not lose sight of the fact that a man must be a *student* in order to be on a team. According to a special ruling of the Faculty, no person who is deficient in his work can be played in any intercollegiate contest. He must be a bona-fide student to receive any recognition by the executive board.

Through athletics the moral tone has been raised, the general health improved, and college life made more pleasant both to the contestant and the observer.

TWO SONGS.

There comes to me Sir Robin's strain
A carolling
His lay of Spring;
The liquid notes o'er reach the plain.

A brook takes up the sweet prelude,
The echo breaks;
While Nature wakes
To green its banks where flow'rs protrude.

The notes that came to me to-day
Were just the same
As that acclaim
Which made fair Eden glad and gay.

Are we as blithe as bird, or free
As rippling rill,
That rounds the hill,
And never pines its crown to see?

The best of life is not, "be glad,
Rejoice and sing."
They praise, who bring
The sheaves, or cheer the worn and sad.

NANNIE P. EIGELBERNER.

THE FRATERNITY AT BUCKNELL.

The Greek letter fraternity is distinctively an American institution ; it belongs to American college and university life. Some fraternities are founded upon a literary basis ; others are purely social in character. The latter type seems to predominate in this generation. The first Greek letter society in this country was founded at the College of William and Mary, in 1776, and was called the Phi Beta Kappa. It was based upon social and literary features. Phi Beta Kappa to-day stands out pre-eminently as a literary fraternity, membership in which is based on scholarship, and only such students who attain high rank in courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts are eligible to membership. No student is received into Phi Beta Kappa until he has completed a required amount of work ; usually this covers the entire four years in college.

The fraternity system has developed in the American colleges, with the exception of Princeton, until it forms an integral part of undergraduate life, The first college fraternity to enter Bucknell was Phi Kappa Psi, in 1885 ; then came Sigma Chi in 1854 ; Theta Delta Chi, 1866 to 1873 ; Phi Gamma Delta, in 1882 ; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, in 1893 ; Kappa Sigma, in 1894 Pi Beta Phi, in 1896; Theta Delta Tau, a class society, in 1895.

These organizations, especially the four oldest, have had a large share in the development and progressiveness of undergraduate life at Bucknell. As each new fraternity entered the institution it became at once a factor in breaking down that intense spirit of rivalry that had existed among the fraternities here in the earlier history of the university. To-day pan-hellenic intercourse among the fraternities at Bucknell is of a most friendly character The recent legislation of the faculty, now in force for one year, prohibiting the fraternities here from receiving any person into membership until a year's work has been completed, has had much to do in giving the fraternity system tone and character at Bucknell. Fraternity men say that these rules have enhanced the morality and scholarship of the fraternities at Bucknell more than any other contributing cause.

The college fraternity at Bucknell is purely social, but not convivial. It is not exclusive in the sense that it sets up an aristocracy which recognizes no one save the members of its own set. In many senses the college fraternity here is democratic, a spirit and condition of things that is all pervading in the institution. The fraternity men here recognize that there are just as good men in the undergraduate body who do not have any fraternity affiliation, as there are in these societies. Just as the rich man's son and the poor man's son are placed upon the same equality, socially and otherwise, in Bucknell, so the man in the fraternity and the man outside are put in the same scale, each standing, in every department of college life, upon his own merits.

The college fraternity has been represented at Bucknell almost since the founding of the University. At it grew so did the fraternities grow. They have played an important part in the social life of the college; they had a large share in its progress.

Happily, at Bucknell the fraternities are beginning to recognize scholarship, character and morality. From the college fraternity there has gone out much of the enterprise manifest in student life. In the application of energy, in the development of student life, the fraternity men frequently lead and second all movements looking toward the unity, harmony, growth and development of the student body.

Students everywhere group together. Just so it is with the college fraternity, it is simply an organized group. And now that the mission of the college fraternity is being understood, and because it is beginning to recognize its real place in the college life, the opposition to it has greatly decreased, and it is becoming more and more a power for usefulness.

CAN A POOR GIRL GO THROUGH COLLEGE?

In most secondary or High Schools, there comes a time when every girl must decide whether or not she will take a College Preparatory Course. She is a poor girl, let us suppose, and can expect no financial aid whatever from her parents. She is bright, and shows more than average ability in her classes. Her health is good and she is eager for a higher education. She has every qualification, but she has no money. Must a college course, as some affirm, be placed for her in the same category with a "coach and four," point lace or diamonds? Is it merely a luxury of which her circumstances will not permit her even to dream? She carefully considers all the possibilities. What shall she do? A fierce struggle, and the decision is made. She will do what her brother in college has done. Can she succeed? Certainly. If a girl starts out with the brave determination to overcome all difficulties, to surmount all obstacles, we maintain that a college course is possible.

Nevertheless, let us remember that she runs certain risks. First, she is in danger of losing her health. Even though on her entrance to college she may have had a strong and robust constitution, she is frequently compelled to violate certain well-known rules of health—to forgo her exercise, and oftentimes to devote even her holidays to work. Then consider the long days of the summer vacation which must be spent behind counter or desk in order to make it possible to resume her place in the college. What constitution can stand such a strain?

Then, she runs the risk of not doing justice to her studies. If she undertakes outside work, there will necessarily come certain times when either the lessons or the outside work must suffer. Or, perhaps she is haunted with the thoughts of unpaid bills and other financial obligations. How, then, can she concentrate her attention on mathematics and philosophy?

However, we do not say that every poor girl who goes to college will break down her health and become a physical wreck, or that it is impossible for her to stand well in her classes and still not neglect her outside work. Yet she must consider these risks carefully, and decide whether or not she is willing to take them before she determines to pursue a college course.

But the most formidable problem that confronts her is that of means. The idea of getting into debt is revolting to her. And yet there are many reasons why it is absolutely unavoidable.

In the first place, sufficient aid is not given her. Some one asks, "Where are the endowed scholarships, the college and student aid societies?" These noble associations have done much good, I admit, and may suffice for a girl in moderate circumstances; but what of the poor girl? How is she to obtain the money for board, books, and the necessary little expenses incident to a college life?

Then, sufficient opportunity is never given a girl for working her way through college. Has she not the same chance as her brother? Emphatically, *No*! There are no social prejudices hampering the ambitious boy. Ralph Waldo Emerson might eke out his narrow means by serving as waiter in the college commons, without detriment to his social standing. Yet that girl would be brave indeed who would dare to imitate his example. But the most unfortunate side of the question is, that the College Girl, no less than any other girl, under the present conditions of the employment and recompense of women, is seldom able to earn more than half as much as a boy, even though she may do the same work in the same way. True, in some of the Western Colleges there is a movement on foot to pay a girl just as much for her hour's work as is paid the boy. But how many Eastern Colleges do this?

In the third place, a girl's expenses are greater than a boy's. In most schools, no opportunity whatever is given her to regulate her own expenses. She must board in the college building and be subject to the same expenses as girls of more abundant means. A boy, on the other hand, may come to college, join a club with boys of like meagre means, board himself for two or three dollars per week, while it costs his college sister five or six.

However, in spite of every obstacle, more than one poor girl has successfully proved that, with the necessary pluck and perseverance, it is possible for her to acquire a college education. Garfield has been frequently pointed out to poor struggling boys as a striking example to encourage them in earning an education. It is a pleasant thing for girls to remember that at the very same time the girl who later became Mrs. Garfield and mistress of the White House, by her own efforts was working her way through college.

When the poor girl has successfully coped with every discouragement and hindrance, has she not obtained, not merely an education of the mind—a knowledge of the Sciences and Mathematics, but a rich experience, a strong and well-poised character, that training which will fit her to take a truly womanly part in the School of Life, and be in every need,

"A noble woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command ?"

B. C. W., '99.

CAN A POOR YOUNG MAN GO THROUGH COLLEGE?

The problem of a college education is one that comes to the mind of nearly every ambitious young man for solution. Sons of well-to-do parents have little choice in the matter. Having completed the necessary preparatory work, they are sent to college, and the question of expense never concerns them. For such persons these lines are not written. Neither are they for young men of means, who, for some reason have not availed themselves of their opportunities. They may go to school at any time. We say this with the conviction that our statement is true; for neither business nor family relations need interfere, as is frequently shown by the presence of men well advanced in years, at college. But to the young man who has missed the advantage of a college education through a lack of means, and who earnestly desires a higher education, these lines are addressed.

The man who must work his way through college has to decide first, which of the many schools of the country it shall be,—one near home or remote; a large college or a small one. The current number of *Ladies Home Journal* contains an article on the subject under consideration, in which the author, a Princeton alumnus, claims that the best opportunities for self-help are found in large colleges. This is undoubtedly true; but there is closer competition, also. And in addition, expenses are much higher. While at a smaller institution, competition among those who assist themselves is no greater, and expenses are not so high.

Now, what are the necessary expenses? First to be considered is food. Here, board may be secured in clubs at prices varying from one and a half to two and a half dollars per week. For the school year this means from sixty to ninety dollars. The second item for consideration is tuition. If the prospective student be successful in obtaining a scholarship (and very few deserving young men are not), this means free tuitition; otherwise fifty dollars must be paid. The third item is room rent, and amounts to forty dollars. From twenty to twenty-five dollars will pay for all necessary books the first year. It is possible also to secure second-hand books at very reasonable prices. Then furnishing the study and dormitory is a matter not to be forgotten. Twelve or fifteen dollars will furnish these rooms respectably, and by purchasing second-hand goods the cost may be greatly reduced. But in making these purchases one must be thoroughly awake. The laundry and clothing bills come in for consideration, also. We merely suggest at this point that it pays even at college, to be neat and clean; to be cosmopolitan, not provincial. Lastly, we mention incidental expenses. It is well to make a liberal allowance for these. Many previously unthought-of purchases are necessary during the year. Summing up everything, and comparing accounts with numerous students, we find the average annual cost of attending school at Bucknell, exclusive of those having no scholarship, to be little short of two hundred dollars.

We come now to consider opportunities for self-help. These divide themselves into two general classes: first, opportunities to do work about the college, and secondly, to canvass during vacation. The service of a number of men is required at a place like Bucknell. Persons skilled in shorthand and type-writing may find something to do. Several young men are made responsible for a strict account of the attendance at chapel. One man is required to care for the Gymnasium, and another for the Laboratory. One or two assistants are needed by the Professors in the Laboratory. A limited number of men willing to work, may secure employment by the hour, on the campus. More or less repairing is always necessary about the premises, and this affords work for a carpenter.

But there is work of a different character, not given by the institution. Several men act as representatives of laundries in various towns, and receive some compensation for their work. A tonsorial artist or two may work up quite a patronage. Then, too, a young man who shows himself to possess the requisite ability may rise to the position of purveyor for a boarding club. For this service the pay usually given ranges from nothing to free board. Several enterprising young men might form a

News Syndicate. This is the Princeton man's idea, and it is worthy of a trial. Then we must consider the singers. Young men who sing *well*, can rent their voices to the various churches in town, and attain to positions of honor in the chapel choir, also. Students who are type-setters have little difficulty in securing work in the various printing offices in town. One more method of self-help deserves to be mentioned. If the prospective student has had experience fighting at Mt. Gretna, in Porto Rico, or in the Philippines, he may be able to deliver a course of lectures descriptive of his experience, and thus reap a handsome reward.

Let us consider next the question of canvassing during vacation. Many general agents go from college to college in order to secure students to work for their houses during the summer. Foremost among students' friends are the stereoscopic view people. They will guarantee anywhere from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per month. Summer vacation means from two hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and seventy-five dollars. Assuming that expenses at college will be two hundred dollars for the year, this means from one to five hundred dollars in bank at the end of four years. Then there comes the book man with his inducements. He will furnish plans and specifications which, if followed, will enable the student to keep clear of all indebtedness during his college course. The tinware man also has work for willing students, and his business is worthy of a trial. Of late, however, the aluminum ware man offers the best inducements. His goods will last forever, and are absolutely unchangeable, even with respect to form. All that is necessary in order to do successful work in this business, is to have had a few weeks' experience debating in a co-educational literary society.

In all seriousness, we may say that unless the individual is very hopeful and hard to "turn down," he ought not try canvassing; for it is the hardest kind of work, and ill suited to build up a man, either mentally or physically. What a student wants, is good healthful exercise in the open air. Many kinds of work will afford this. There is a young man in Bucknell now who made more than enough money during vacation to pay all his expenses for a year. The work he was engaged in was—huckstering. Do you smile? Huckstering is a perfectly respectable business, and not one whit more to be "jollied" is is our friend, than was Garfield while driving mules on the tow-path. Then the summer hotel will furnish employment for many an ambitious student. True, the wages are not high; but on the other hand, the pay is sure to come. This is more than can be said of many of the large salaries promised by general agents, to men whom they employ. After all, however, the farm is the ideal place in which to spend vacation. And, although the same objection holds here as obtains against the summer hotel,—low wages, yet there are splendid opportunities. In each of the two positions last mentioned, if the young man shows himself to be interested in his work; if he shows himself to be earnest and trustworthy; and if he shows by his words and actions that he earnestly desires to become a better and more useful man, ten chances to one some worthy soul will come to his rescue, and supply him with sufficient means to enable him to complete his college course. This aid may be of the nature of a loan. If such be the case, it is better than if it were a free gift. By accepting a gift, a man obligates himself; by accepting a loan, he shoulders responsibilities, and thus becomes prudent. No young man in good health, and ambitious to make the most of himself, ought to be afraid to borrow money in order to acquire an education.

Can a poor young man secure a college education? Experience and Observation answer, "Yes."

LOVE'S PRAYER.

Kiss her gently, Night,
As I would kiss
Her eyes, her lips, her face,
In speechless bliss.
Nightly, that purest brow
Smooth in repose,
That she may dream of me,
My own white rose.

Touch her softly, Breeze,
With light caress,
As I have loved to touch
Each glossy tress.
Seek for the dimples hid
Now in repose;
That she may think of me,
My coy white rose.

Watch her nightly, Stars,
Unrivaled, when
Those starry dark eyes sleep;
Lovingly then
Watch as I fain would watch
Her bright eyes close.
Guard as I fain would guard
My pure white rose.

FRIQUE.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
JUNE 10, 1899.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

With the present issue the eighteenth volume of the MIRROR closes. The work now falls upon other shoulders. During the last school year we have endeavored to maintain the high standard of excellence set by our predecessors and wherever possible to improve upon it. As to whether we have succeeded or not is for others to judge.

Whatever success we may have achieved is due in a large measure to the generous support we have received from students, faculty and alumni, to whom we offer our sincere thanks. They have always nobly responded whenever called upon. We believe greater interest has been manifested by the student body in the college publication this year than previously. This is as it should be. If the MIRROR is to be a true exponent of the literary life of Bucknell, the student body must take an interest in it; must feel that any weakness in it is a sign of their own shortcoming.

To the new staff, in whom we have great confidence, go our best wishes for success. We ask that the same generous assistance accorded us be given them; for it is only by all taking an interest in and working for the success of our college publication that we can have a truly representative magazine worthy of the institution for which it stands.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Registrar Gretzinger delivered the address in Lewisburg on Memorial Day.

The annual Field Day was held on the campus June 3. The MIRROR Cup was won by the Junior class,

President and Mrs, Harris tendered a most pleasant reception to the Senior classes of the College, Institute, and School of Music, May 16.

President Benaiah L. Whitman, LL. D., of the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., delivered a series of three lectures before the students of the University, in Bucknell Hall, Monday, May 15.

Work on the new college dormitory is progressing rapidly under the direction of Mr. J. C. Nesbit, Ex-'68. The foundation is of Hummelstown brown-stone. The basement and stone trimmings will consist of the same material. The formal laying of the corner-stone will take place on Tuesday afternoon of Commencement week, immediately after the graduation exercises of the Institute.

Owing to the largely increased attendance in the College, the friends of the University are attempting to raise $75,000 to increase the fixed and working capital of the institution. A friend in New York City has promised to give $15,000 of the amount. Not less than one-third of it is to be added to the working capital; the remainder will be used in erecting needed buildings.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16TH.

7:30 P. M.—Exhibition of the School of Music (Bucknell Hall), under the Direction of E. Aviragnet, Mus. Doc.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17TH.

6:00 P. M.—Twilight Concert, University Band (College Campus).
8:00 P. M.—Annual Debate, Junior Class (Commencement Hall).

SUNDAY, JUNE 18TH.

10:30 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon (Baptist Church), by President Harris.
7:30 P. M.—Annual Sermon before the Pennsylvania Baptist Education Society (Baptist Church), by Rev. Frank C. Woods.

MONDAY, JUNE 19TH.

Art Exhibition begins and continues three days (Studio, Institute).
8:00 A. M.—Examinations for Admission to College.
10:00 A. M.—Commencement Exercises of the School of Music (Bucknell Hall).
2:00 P. M.—Business Meeting, Institute Alumnæ (Institute Parlors).
3:00 P. M.—Public Meeting, Institute Alumnæ (Bucknell Hall).
6:00 P. M.—Twilight Concert, Ninth Regiment Band (College Campus).
7:45 P. M.—Anniversary of the Literary Societies. Orator, William H. Crawford, LL. D., President of Allegheny College.
9:00 P. M.—President's Reception (President's House).

TUESDAY, JUNE 20TH.

8:30 A. M.—Annual Meeting, Board of Trustees (College Library).
10:30 A. M.—Business Meeting, College Alumni (Bucknell Hall).
11:00 A. M.—Ezhibition, Fourth Form of the Academy (Commencement Hall).
2:00 P. M.—Commencement of Bucknell Institute (Commencement Hall). Address by President Harris.
4:00 P. M.—Laying of Corner Stone of new building.
6:00 P. M.—Twilight Concert, Ninth Regiment Band (College Campus).
7:45 P. M.—Anniversary of the College Alumni (Commencement Hall). Orator, Joseph E. Perry, Ph.D., '78. Decennial reunion, Classes of '59, '69, '79 and '89.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21ST.

8:00 A. M.—Announcement of Promotions (Bucknell Hall).
9:00 A. M.—Commencement of the College. Orations by the Class. Address to the Class by H. Kirk Porter, A. M., Pittsburg.
12:00 M.—Corporation Dinner (Bucknell Hall).

RECENT BASE BALL GAMES.

	B. U.	Opp.
May 12, F. & M. College, Campus,	8	4
May 20, State College, State College,	3	4
May 26, Villa Nova, Villa Nova,	5	15
May 27, F. & M. College, Lancaster,	5	1
May 30, Lewisburg Cycle Cl., Campus,	21	1
June 1, State College, Campus,	9	0

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  For reasons you'll divine ;
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—Brunonian.

Good boys always love their sisters,
  And so very good I've grown
That I love some other sisters
  Better than my own.
—Ex.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XIX. LEWISBURG, PA., OCTOBER, 1899. No. 1.

The Spring has done her work,
And summer's rip'ning days have passed.
The grain within the barn
The wain has placed ; the cribs are full;
The harvest time is done.

Autumnal days are here,
And with them comes that wondrous change,
Designed by Nature's hand,
In which the world is gayest garbed
Before her winter's sleep.

Come out with me to-day ;
On yonder hill now turn your eyes
And see the handiwork
Of Him who made the world and filled
It with such just designs.

NATURE STUDY.

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A various language;"

Truly a various language! Do the spring days breathe the same message as the summer hours, the autumn breezes whisper the same tale as the falling snowflakes? And yet this language of the seasons is only Nature's everyday vocabulary. There are as delicate shades of meaning within her power as our English tongue can boast of; treasures as rich as any our literature possesses lie hidden within her bosom.

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

But we do not intend to dwell on this phase of Nature's language. To all who hold communion with her visible forms she may impart thoughts far deeper and nobler than any we could suggest. In the interpretation of this author, at least, every man must be a law unto himself. It is rather the study of the more delicate shades of meaning, the hidden beauties in this language that we are to consider.

This study will be like a voyage of discovery to those who have held only everyday communion with the "great mother" and consequently we must have reliable guides to map out the route for us. For these guides on this lifelong trip we will go to those who are wiser in Nature's lore than we, to those who have been in closer touch with her. The microscope will help us in discovering many of the hidden beauties. Just enough of this guiding to set us in the right path and keep us there, our own wits and Nature's great open book must be responsible for the rest.

Once in the path let us follow it to some haunt still unvisited by the too oft disfiguring hand of man. A shady wood—the leaves of many an autumn beneath our feet, murmuring over its stony bed a streamlet, here and there a rock or fallen tree, the hum of insects, the twitter and song of birds and about all nature's favorite color of restful green. Even in the bottom of the little stream there clings a blue-green, gelatinous mass. Perhaps it would surprise you to see a bit of that same slimy mass under the microscope. It contains myriads of delicate blue-green cells, some forming oscillating filaments, some like strings of dainty beads.

Have you ever seen the life in a drop of water from stream of field or wood ? If not, there is something beautiful, marvellous, fascinating in store for you. We might enumerate hundreds of these marvels, hidden to many, but hidden because the many will not seek them. From these lower forms of life—the slime fguni, the shapeless, yellow or often almost colorless mass that you perhaps have seen on some decaying log in the woods, the plant life found in the water of streams such as we saw in the blue-green slime and the water in which it lived, the bacteria of which we all know more or less, the algae which we know as seaweed and which has added beauties when seen under the microscope, the smut, molds, mildews and rusts, all of which have more to recommend them to attention and study than might be supposed—we can pass on through the middle forms of liverworts, mosses and ferns to the higher and better known forms of the flowering plants. And even here where we feel pretty well acquainted there are secrets that many of us have not yet discovered. The common weeds that grow along the roadside may be revelations if we have not yet learned that many times what seems one complete flower is in reality numerous smaller flowers each exquisitely perfect in itself. These flowers of the *compositæ* are not however the only ones that have greater beauty when observed more closely. Have you never noticed the silky, silvery texture of the arrowhead's blossom or the graceful beauty of *Daucus Carota*, or queenslace as the children call it ?

And all this is only Botany, a world in itself, food for a lifetime's study—yet think of what nature has in store aside from this plant world! In all this nature-study however we must not lose our way in a labyrinth of mere marvels. We must strive for discovery for ourselves or for the world it may be. It is the heart to heart touch with Nature, the study of life in its own peculiar environment that is really worth while. Here is profitable, pleasant, uplifting occupation for leisure hours. Those who have not experienced it can hardly realize how much greater interest a country ramble may have for one who is acquainted with the study of nature in some of its particular phases—biology, botany, zoology, mineralogy—than for him who sees no further than the surface of things. Be nature's priest, study her, yield yourself to her influences, try less of artificial life and more of life with her. If you are not better, and altogether wiser for it, you have been too long in the toils of man to be redeemed.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

I wonder why we're always sure to see
The dark clouds sooner than the bright;
Nay—even turn the bright ones wrong-side out,
As tho' their shining hurt our sight.
Is there a dearth then, of sad tears and wailing,
Of long, long heartbreak, and of pain,
That we should fain premeditate our sorrows
And turn our little sunshine into rain?

Surely the great World-Artist understands
A finely tempered light and shade;
Knowing against our darker griefs, the light
Is more effectively displayed.
Let be our woes—upon Life's canvas finding
A greater beauty all untold,
As, 'gainst the background of Night's sable curtain
We see the glimmer of the morning gold.

ADELAIDE WOOD GUTHRIE.

SOME NOTES ON COLLEGE EDUCATION.

The student is often met with the question "Why do you spend so many years in school?" Practical men cannot see what would induce one to spend the best years of life in study. The question with them seems to be "How many more dollars can you earn because of this college education? During those years you could have saved such or such a number of thousands. You do not need a higher education. You can succeed without it. This man or that man has grown rich and he has no higher education."

These men cannot know what education means. The world is larger than a silver dollar and a banknote is not the incarnation of ALL that is true, good or beautiful. "To give the student a luminous philosophy of life," says a recent writer, "is the aim of college education." What if you can't get any larger salary because of it? Salary has nothing in particular to do with the question. The larger life is the point. With every fact that is learned, with every principle mastered, with every increased training of intellectual power, the mental horizon becomes larger. The extent of the universe, for us, is limited by our power of grasping—of comprehending it. Each new fact or principle is a new key with which we can unlock the secret chambers of the world around us. "We can see only what is in ourselves" says Henry Wood. "If we wish to bring back the wealth of the Indies we must take out the wealth of the Indies with us" says Emerson. "For he that hath, to him shall be given" say the scriptures.

The true life of man is the inner life. The inner life is the life and environment in which the thinking individual really lives. It consists of all the knowledge of which he is master, all of his experience and all of his ideals. It is his organized mental content. A man can in great measure determine for himself the nature of this content. It is in this sense that a man makes his own environment. The development of this inner life and the increase of this content by which we interpret the external world is precisely the aim of higher education.

AN EVENING EPISODE.

All was quiet along the lake. It had been a sultry August afternoon and now since the bathers had deserted the white sand-beach, the clear calm of sunset had gradually given way to an indistinct twilight. The air seemed heavier as the shadows deepened among the mournful hemlocks and a brooded calm at last possessed the borders.

"Strange," thought I, "that no one comes at this, the best hour for rest and meditation. Why seek quiet and solitude upon the mountain-top and then despise the evening hush of nature ? Just then the softest whisper was wafted through the slightly swaying pines and a girlish laugh rang out clear and distinct. A rude sound, as of some boat suddenly turned on the landing, followed by the soothing drip of oars, told that at least someone else did not despise the twilight hour.

In a few seconds a light-colored boat glided quietly from out the darkening shadow of the wooded shore, into the open water that still vaguely mirrored the cloudless vault above.

"This is a perfect evening. Let us wait here." It was the girl who spoke and no further suggestion was needed. Immediately the rowing ceased and the oars hung lightly from the locks. The rower took a comfortable position in the bow while the boat drifted lazily on for some yards and then seemed motionless.

With the resting of the boat the last audible sound died away and again a deep silence reigned. Most fittingly the girl took up a stringed instrument and lightly trilled the clearest music. The darkness deepened somewhat and varied sounds increased blending most harmoniously. From the opposite shore came the splash of oars, nearer and nearer, until with steady stroke, a darkly-laden boat glided, like some heavy shade across the middle of the lake and a chorus of manly voices sang "The Pennsylvania Girl." The notes of a bugle, first low and distant, but soon swelling into a strong clear call, startled the slumbering echoes. The long lights shaking across the lake seemed to bring with them faint strains of orchestral music from the large hotel, and carried the merriment from within far out into the night.

Along the eastern shore a large fire burned brightly. From time to time some one would appear spectre-like—and pile fresh fuel while the crackling sparks lit up the great tree-trunks in the gloomy back-ground and sent a cheery glow high up into the branches. Here too, college yells and negro melodies were mingled in cheerful confusion. At times the corn-roasters were engaged in animated conversation, then again their voices would be drowned in hearty peals of laughter.

Near me some person of more sober thought, was slowly reciting the familiar lines from Tennyson:

"Twilight and evening star,
And after that the dark."

The beautiful poem was most appropriate and in the voice of the unseen speaker was a hearty earnestness that could not fail to inspire interest. Most intently I listened! Gradually all else was forgotten and at last even the sound of that voice grew fainter until it could no longer be heard.

* * * * *

A strange light caused me to open my eyes in alarm. Half dazed I sat up and faced some awful object, staring steadily at me with a single, searching eye of fire. Slowly it approached, grim and hideous, when, fortunately, for an instant I glanced aside and then the truth was slowly revealed. There on the right not more than two rods distant was the rocky ledge of the lake with its familiar laurel-covered banks above. Behind me was the overhanging bough of hemlock beneath which I had tied my canoe early in the evening. Not having fastened it securely it had turned round and, like a thing of life, was moving toward the landing. While I slept the moon had climbed above the wooded hill and its light first came upon me as I drifted round from underneath the shade.

It was now after midnight and as one might expect all was again quiet on the lake. A few crickets may still have been chirping but I cared not to listen. Without further meditation I paddled noiselessly and directly towards the now well-known head-light that shone forth friendly from the top of the great iron post on the edge of the pier.

POETIC IMAGINATION.

"Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V.*

Poetic imagination is not a distinct mental power or faculty but it is simply imagination as manifested in the poet. It is both creative and reproductive. When the poet combines old elements of his mental content to produce new forms, creative imagination is the predominating activity. When he reproduces and describes objects or states which he has seen, experienced or concerning which he has read, reproductive imagination is the power involved. It is at once obvious that these two forms of imagination are both involved in every productive act of the poet. The poet builds his creations from elements found in his past experience. The creation consists in new combinations, but in order to bring about these combinations, the old elements must first be pictured—which activity we have called reproductive imagination.

The imagination of the poet is not the mad raving of the lunatic. Neither is it the fierce passion of the lover who "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt." Nor is it the aimless wanderings of the fancy. It is a natural power of the sane man and its operation is one of the highest functions of the human mind. It acts under the control of the will and is directed by the aesthetic taste. It finds and projects the beautiful in nature. It interprets nature and life in beautiful and harmonious forms.

The poetic imagination is identical with the power of mind used in scientific investigation. The scientist forms an hypothesis, then works to ascertain its validity. That is, he imagines a condition of things which might be and which seems to explain the phenomena in question and then labors to verify his assumption. By this power Newton discovered the law of gravitation and Darwin produced a theory of organic evolution. Scientific imagination aims at the true and the useful; poetic imagination at the beautiful and the good. Scientific imagination deals with the actual; poetic imagination with the ideal and the potential.

We can see these facts concerning poetic imagination illustrated in the following lines from Milton:

"I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray,
Through heaven's wide pathless way:
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

The poet is not mad, neither does he teach a truth of science, but he has seen the beautiful, and his imagination has bodied it forth as a figure of speech. It is the province of the poet to give, not "to airy nothing", but to the beautiful "a local habitation and a name."

KEEP YOUR NERVE.

Keep your nerve, its just as well;
Never mind the shot and shell,
Even though your comrade fell
Keep your nerve.
Keep your nerve, in smoke or clear,
Even when the foe is near,
Face the guns and banish fear;
Keep your nerve.
Keep your nerve, Old Glory's there
Waving proudly on the air,
And for land and home you dare;
Keep your nerve.
Keep your nerve, though weary feet
Falter in the dust and heat;
Let your heart own no defeat,
Keep your nerve.
Keep your nerve, the battle's long—
Right prevails against the wrong;
E'en where dangers thickest throng,
Keep your nerve.
Keep your nerve, through all your life,
'Mid the battle and the strife;
Though the air with storm be rife,
Keep your nerve.

V. B. Fiske.

ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Oct. 21	Duquesne C. and A. C. at Pittsburg.
Oct. 28	Susquehanna University.
Nov. 4	State College at Williamsport.
Nov. 11	P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. at Philadelphia.
Nov. 18	Lafayette College at Easton.
Nov. 25	Baltimore Med. College.
Nov. 30	Univ. of Buffalo at Buffalo.

Coach Hoskins keeps the team down to hard systematic work and the new players are being rapidly developed.

The opening game of the season resulted in Bucknell defeating Wyoming Seminary by the score of 22–0. During the first half much fumbling was done on both sides but Bucknell succeeded in scoring two touchdowns. The second half was decidedly more interesting. Better team work was displayed. Bucknell secured two well-earned touch-downs and two goals.

Bucknell's eleven played the University of Pennsylvania team on Franklin Field, Oct. 4, and created a stir in football circles by twice scoring on Penn. The kicking of Mathewson, Bucknell's full-back, was the finest seen there in a long time and it was through his good work that Bucknell's team scored twice, as the ten points were made by him kicking two goals from the field; one from the 25 yard line and the other from the 30 yard line. Score at end of first half: U. P. 11, B. U. 10. In the second half Penn played a fast game scoring rapidly on their opponents, and making the final score U. P. 47; B. U. 10.

Our team easily defeated the Shamokin eleven on the college campus Sat., Oct. 7, by a score of 40 to 0. At no time did Shamokin come near scoring although at times she held the college line a little while. Bucknell made a number of long runs that were much admired.

Oct. 14th. Lehigh University at Bethlehem. Bucknell won by a score of 5 to 0.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

OCTOBER, 1899.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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BUSINESS MANAGER,
O. S. V. MARTS.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

This number opens the nineteenth Volume of the MIRROR The new board enter upon their work with the hope that they can maintain the standard already reached by the MIRROR and if possible make some steps in advance. To do this the support and encouragement of every student, alumnus and friend of the University are needed.

Every college student is more or less interested in some phase of literary work. All have studied the principles of literature but very few have done any original literary work. Students are not expected to be Miltons or Shakespeares, neither are all going to enter literature as a life work, but no student can fail to profit by doing some original work in this line. Theory is good but it will avail you nothing unless you can put it into practice. You must be able to write what you know in good, clear, forcible English. The preacher must write sermons; the lawyer, discussions of cases; the doctor, articles for the medical journals. All in some way need the power of composition. It is the aim of the MIRROR to cultivate this power, especially among undergraduates. It is a field in which you can practice the theory which you know. It is the complement of the literary courses of the University.

Articles from undergraduate students are especially welcome and will receive careful consideration. Write something and hand your article to the Editors. You receive the same training whether the article is published or not.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from this life the father of our beloved brother, W. E. Thompson, be it therefore

RESOLVED, That we thus express our sympathy for our brother in this his bereavement; and be it

RESOLVED, That we extend our condolence to his mother in her great loss and to his sisters and brothers in their sorrow; and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our brother, that they be spread upon the minutes of our meeting, and that they be published in the college papers and in the Sigma Chi *Quarterly*.

R. H. KRESS,
M. A. CARRINGER,
F. J. STOUGHTON.

Oct. 14th, 1899.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. Harris delivered the opening address of the term on the subject "Character."

Dr. Lincoln Hulley, who with Mrs. Hulley spent several months in Italy, has returned to his work at Bucknell.

The first meeting of the Chemical and Physical Society was held in the Laboratory, Thursday, Oct, 5. Prof. Owens' talk on "Carborundum" was much appreciated.

The reception given by the Y. M. C. A. at the beginning of the term proved a very pleasant affair. Several addresses were made by instructors and upper-class men.

The Bucknell band met for the first practice under the direction of Dr. Aviragnet. Weymouth, '00, has again been chosen leader and Ayres, '01, business manager.

The College Glee Club has not yet been re-organized. Plenty of good material is available and once established under efficient leadership this important musical organization would soon attain its former standard of excellence.

Both Euepia and Theta Alpha have started the college year with unusually successful meetings and the important work done by the Literary Societies will be well supported.

The number of students in the Freshman class is ninety-one, and the attendance in Bucknell college three hundred and one. There is also a marked increase of new students in the other departments of the University.

The following are the officers of the Institute Alumnæ Club, chosen at the annual meeting on Tuesday night :

President, Mrs. H. Grant Dreisbach ; Vice President, Mrs. G. S. Matlack ; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. C. Gretzinger ; Treasurer, Miss Margaret Clingan ; Correspondent, Philadelphia Alumnæ Club, Miss Annie Van Gundy.

Delegates to the State Federation of Clubs to be held at Pittsburg, November 9th : Mrs. D. Bright Miller, Mrs. Wm. C. Gretzinger, Miss Sara Van Gundy.

The Lewisburg Club of the Institute Alumnæ will study Sociology this year at their monthly meetings. At the October meeting "College Settlements" were studied. Miss Jessie J. Wheeler spoke on the Riverton Settlement, New York City, and Miss Eveline J. Stanton, on the Hull House, Chicago. The subject for the November meeting is "The Poor."

The lectures of Dr. Lemuel Moss on Social Science will be given Oct. 23 and 24. Dr. Moss offers an "honor" in this subject open to all students in the college. The work will consist of:

(1) A report with comments on the lectures.

(2) The reading and written analysis of Shailer Mathews "Social Teachings of Jesus."

(3) A thesis on some related subject of not less than 2000 words.

Prof. Rudolp Schwill, a graduate of Yale and Doctor of Philosophy from University of Munich, assists in the department of modern languages. Frederick W. Brown, a graduate from Bucknell and in medicine from Michigan University, has been added to the corps of instructors in organic science. Vincent B. Fisk, Bucknell '97, is an instructor in the English department, and LaMonte Rentz, A. B. (Bucknell) assists in the department of mathematics.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Ex-'54. Joseph E. Jones, M. D., for forty-four years a practicing physician of West Chester, Pa., died at that place on May 7, aged 66 years.

Ex-'62. Rev. W. R. McNeil, formerly pastor at Emporium, Penn'a, has removed to Bridgeton, N. J.

'63 Died at his home in Lock Haven, Pa., on Aug. 14, Prof. W. J. Wolverton. He was born in Northumberland Co. in 1841. He prepared for college in Sunbury Academy. After graduation he taught school at Berwick and at Danville, and after studying law he was admitted to the bar. He did not remain long in the law, but returned to teaching. From 1881 to 1887 he was superintendent of schools in Northumberland Co. In 1888 he became connected with the Lock Haven High School, remaining there until his death. He was very active in church work, a man of genial personality and a loyal son of his Alma Mater.

'68. The First Baptist Church of Altoona, Pa., Rev. J. S. James, D. D., pastor, has spent $15,000 on extensive alterations to their meeting house. Among the improvements are two large memorial windows to Rev. Dr. Wm. Shadrach and A. K. Bell former pastors, and most earnest friends and patrons of Bucknell University during their lives.

'71. Rev. T. R. Evans has removed from Azusa, Cal., to Riverside, Cal.

'71. Rev. James Rainey, after twelve years' service as pastor of the Brainnim Baptist Church, Laceyville, Penn'a, has tendered his resignation. He will reside at Tunkhannock, Pa.

'72. Rev. J. H. Chambers read a paper before the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers on May 29, on "Does Pilgrim's Progress Portray Normal Christian Experience?"

'72. Rev. Rolandus Kocher has removed from Fowlerville, Penn'a, to Berwick.

'75. Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., is located in Darien, Ga., where he is pastor of one of the largest colored Baptist Churches in the state. He also does a large amount of editorial work.

In the meetings of various Baptist Associations in Pennsylvania, several Alumni have been honored with an election as Moderator: Rev. A. J. Irey, '79, of the Oil Creek Association, and Rev. C. A. Walker, '89, of the Centre Association, and Rev. J. H. Haslam, '90, of the Northumberland Association.

Ex-'78. Died at his home in Philadelphia, Rev. Wm. H. Humphreys, aged 50 years. He was for a number of years pastor of the Bethesda Baptist Church of Philadelphia, and had also several other pastorates. Failing health three years ago occasioned his retirement from the active service of the ministry.

Ex-'83. Assistant Surgeon George A. Lung, M. D., of the "Philadelphia," has received officially the thanks of Secretary of the Navy Long for his gallant services during the troubles with the Samoans at Apia last April.

'83. Rev. O. R. Thomas has accepted a call to the Second Baptist Church of Franklin, Pa.

'83. Rev. W. G. Watkins has resigned the pastorate of the North Main Ave. Baptist Church of Scranton, Pa.

'84. Rev. M. G. Smith resigns the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Towanda, Penn'a, after seven years of service.

'85. Rev. J. Madison Hare, formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church, at Burlington, and chaplain of the Third New Jersey Regiment of Volunteers, accepted a call to the pastorate of the Parmly Memorial Church, at Jersey City, and entered upon his duties on October 1.

'85. Rev. J. E. Sagebeer, Ph. D., addressed the Philadelphia Baptist City Mission on May 11, on "The White Man's Other Burdens."

Ex-'88. Rev. E. T. Derr, formerly a Baptist minister, has embraced the doctrines of Christian Science.

'88. Rev. D. M. Jones resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Warrensville, Pa., but the church refused to accept it.

'88. Lincoln Hully, Ph. D., has returned from a three months' trip abroad, the most of which time was spent in Italy in study.

'89. Oliver B. Finn is located in Folsom City, California, where he is in the mining business.

'89. Rev. W. C. Leinbach preached the Missionary Sermon before the Central Union Baptist Association at Parkerford, Pa., on May 31.

Ex-'89. Rev. H. B. Rankin has become pastor of the First Baptist Church of Easton, Pa.

'89. The Lehigh Ave. Baptist Church of Philadelphia, of which Rev. R. M. West is pastor, is engaged in building a new house of worship.

'92. Llewellyn Phillips, A. M., has entered the Rochester Theological Seminary.

'92. Lieut. Geo. Shorkley, Ph. B.. of the Twelfth Reg. N. G. P., graduated from Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, on May 10.

'93. J. B. Cressinger, M. D., who has been seriously ill at the home of his parents in Sunbury, is convalescent and able to be out.

Ex-'94. Rev. Chas. R. Williams is pastor of the West Baptist Church, Vineland, N. J.

'Ex-94. Rev. Theo. Heysham, Ph. D., has accepted a call to the Bridgeport, Pa., Baptist Church.

Ex-'94. Rev. Theo. Heysham, Ph. D., read a paper on May 22, before the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers on "The Common Element of Religions."

Ex-'94. De Leroy Merriman, M. D., is a member of the Board of Health of Carlisle, Pa.

'94. F. O. Schub holds a Fellowship in German in the University of Chicago.

'94. Mary L. Bartol, Ph. D., has charge of the classical department in Rockford College, Ill. She is also national secretary of the Pi Beta Phi fraternity.

'94. Mary Belle Harris has returned to the University of Chicago and will complete the course this year in Philology leading to the degree of doctor of philosophy.

'95. L. G. C. Riemer is pursuing post graduate work in Harvard University.

'95. W. A. Kauffman is doing advanced work in Columbia University.

'Ex-96. Rev. R. D. Minch has resigned at Hawley, Pa.

Among the summer ordinations to the ministry have been the following:

'94. Raymond J. Davis at Wissahickon Baptist Church, Phila.

'96. E. E. Hall on June 25, accepted pastorate at Broad Run, W. Va.

'90. Daniel E. Lewis who became pastor of Manatawna Baptist Church, Phila.

'96. E. T. Haddock was ordained to the work of the ministry, on April 24, and is pastor of the Baptist Church at Curwensville, Pa.

'98. John A. Cutler, who became pastor at East New Market, Md.

'96. Rev. E. R. Powell has resigned at Laporte and Eaglesmere, Pa.

'97. John V. Lesher is quartermaster with the rank of Captain of the 12th regiment, N. G. P.

'98. H. L. Purdy is in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Sunbury.

'99. D. H. Robbins is principal of Pottsgrove Academy.

'99. E. C. Conover and William Warren are at Crozer Theological Seminary.

'99. O. R. Levan is now on the Hamburg "Item."

'99. E. L. Nesbit is an assistant in the Chemical Department at Clifton Springs (N. Y.) Sanitarium.

'99. R. L. Rentz is an instructor in Bucknell Academy.

'99. H. C. Meserve has entered Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn.

'99. C. F. Shipman is teaching in Rockefeller Township, Northumberland County.

'99. Messrs. Ballentine, Bayard and McQuistion are at Harvard this year.

'99. D. H. Krise is Principal of the Hicksville, Ohio Public Schools. Attendance 700 pupils, 14 teachers.

'99. J. Cattell is teaching in the Media Academy.

'99. E. W. Cober is assistant principal of the Myersdale public schools.

'99. A. R. Garner has entered the Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia.

'99. J. A. Herman is principal of McEwensville Academy.

'99. Ezra Lehman is teaching in the Shippensburg Normal School.

'99. B. W. Griffith is teaching in the Lock Haven Normal School.

'99. W. H. Engle is the manager of the slate quarry at Slatington.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XIX. Lewisburg, Pa., November, 1899. No. 2.

THE ELECTIVES OF LIFE.

Address to the Class of 1899, on Commencement Day, June 21.

BY H. KIRKE PORTER, A. M.

A College Commencement has in it a peculiar fascination. To the undergraduates it forcibly marks the attainment of a goal toward which they are still striving. To the friends at home, the completion of a course to which they have looked forward in utmost sympathy, and for which they have often struggled as hard as the man himself. Many a mother has worked over a Latin grammar in the preparatory days as arduously as the boy to whom its rigid rules and multitudinous exceptions are much tougher exercises than a rail fence or a five-barred gate. To the graduating Senior it is a mile-post, often manfully reached, most earnestly desired, and yet come to with a sense of parting of the ways, and of uncertainty as to the future, that sobers any serious minded man. The outlook from a College platform of those just entering the lists in the world's activities, is full of interest. The cheap joke of carping critics upon essays, as if they pretended to be final conclusions, or the last word possible to utter, or the stateman's ultimatum, does not weigh much with a thoughtful man, who will recognize rather the endeavor of youth, actuated by an honest purpose, and fired by a noble ambition to study earnestly into some subject of present importance and of world-wide interest, or to learn by mental effort the true philosophy and the hidden meaning of things that have puzzled even the wisest sages. Every earnest commencement speech on any topic of current thought or historic importance, or even philosophical abstraction, is possessed of real interest ; and so far as it is honestly the young man's own, and any kind of fair expression of his own mind and mental process, it gives promise of growth and of harvest, as truly as the bursting seed and the germinating plant.

The graduating time has come. College courses have been followed from beginning to end, and these courses are completed. What is the result of it all in the individual life ? No one who has tried it, and no one of experience, and no thinking man, will expect that the *education* is complete. The unthinking often express surprise that the young graduate has not learned everything ; as if the posession of an encyclopedic brain might be looked for as the natural product of four years in college. Memory is but one of the mental faculties to be carefully cultivated and to be highly prized. No man of sense will undervalue it, or regard it as little important, but it is not the chief of all. Far more important is it that the man be developed and *right*, than that his mind be crammed. Has he learned to think ? Have Cæsar's annals aroused an interest in the great world forces that have been at work shaping the destinies of mankind ? Has Herodotus, father of History, and his myriad of successors enkindled a discriminating zeal to make him desire to know the real facts of the past ? Does he walk with eager eye and kindling enthusiasm where buried cities are unearthed, under the guidance of some Pausanias, and learn to make the dead past leap to life again ? Do Plato's reasonings arouse his mind to question all things living and inanimate, and subtler things than those of sense, to yield up their secrets to his eager seeking ? Is the dictionary and the encyclopedia all he wants, or does he long for real biology, and ask the meaning of life itself ? Are books enough, or will he have the living word ? Such are the questions fairly to be asked the young man as he receives his diploma, the certificate, we may trust, of meritorious work, and well worthy to be prized. It gives him title to a place among men to-day throughout our land, and in all the world, to which men who are not college bred look with longing and envy (I use the word in no harsh sense) ; but has it fitted him for a place and companionship with the good and best of all the ages ? If not, then another less favored than he may have come by some other road to the prize worth having, for there is no royal road to learning. Every man as he receives his diploma, this token of honor, must answer to his own conscience, if not to his fellows, or to the College President and Faculty and Boards ; and in his life, he will most assuredly answer to the world, as to the use he has made of opportunity. And this brings me to my theme,—

LIFE'S ELECTIVES.

For many college generations the best of educators have been studying as to curriculum ; and undoubtedly the theme will be as fresh and new fifty years from to-day as it is to-day, and as it was fifty years ago. Why should there *not* be change in this, as is in all the other changing things of our changing lives ? If we simply follow in our forefathers' steps as we seek for the principles of democratic government, and study the history of Grecian Isles, or when we read a finished literature of a classic age, yet we may not be content to rest where they were forced to stop. The study of history, of philosophy, of philology, and of science, have all grown and developed amazingly during this nineteenth century. Every branch of study has been divided and subdivided, analyzed and reconstructed and compared. In this day of investigation and compiling, new light has come on every department of human knowledge. Who had given them more than a hint as to the power of steam a hundred years ago, and who had even hinted fifty years ago at the greatest marvels of electricity ? Who had pointed out then the correlation of forces, or more than suggested many of the hidden mysteries of nature ? Many of these things are to-day elements of daily life ; many, many more are as subtle as the waves of ether, and eluding for a little longer the wand of Ariel, that sympathetic touch that shall release them to useful ministry for God and man. We should but shame the great teachers of the past if we did not seek this later knowledge that has come to light, and earnestly look for the deeper mysteries yet to be revealed. But in all this ferment of life and new revelations, the importance of old truth abides and can never be shaken. Solid foundations were laid for learning and for worth long, long ago ; and true wisdom needs no better justification than her own children.

Electives in college may be of great value, and a well chosen course for an individual mind may be of vast importance; but whether such special course shall be of such special value depends almost entirely on the wisdom of him who makes the choice.

Electives in college, other than in some broad and general sense, will be very apt to do as much harm as good, but the real test of a college is, does it fit a man for Electives in his life. For the purpose of college life and study is to train and discipline the mind, to teach a man to think, to discriminate as to sources of knowledge, and to learn how to select that which he needs, that which will give him power, first over himself, then over others, and over all natural forces, and then to make these do his will, and to be of use to all the world.

Now comes the test as to what his acquisitions really are. Up to this time he has had a college standing to which every one is naturally inclined to turn to mark his progress. This is as fair, in a general way, and as showing relatively the work that different men have done, and their attainments, as any system that could be devised. But in any individual case it will not deceive the teacher, nor his fellows, nor himself. Any system, no matter how good, no matter how faithfully followed—any system, is inadequate. What is the man ? Has he a clearer insight for this four years of privilege ? Does he judge of men about him, and does he judge himself justly ? When a course of action is to be decided, on what principles will he make his choice?

Discrimination is first of all. Is the thing before him plausible ? or is it right ? Can he decide ? Most of all he needs this ability to discriminate and select.

The next step I would mention in the process, is inclination. Knowing the right way, knowing the best, will he choose it ? No greater skill in teaching, it seems to me, is there than is involved in arousing and stimulating such right choice. To know the right is excellent ; to choose it is infinitely more so. The best is often anything but easy. To choose the difficult, hard thing is not natural. Every bicyclist knows how much easier it is to go down grade than up. Possibly some of us did not have to wait for the bicycle to reveal this.

And last of all in this elective course, is determination and will. Four years cannot do everything, but they certainly can show bias. Professor Gammell used to say that in nine cases out of ten, what the boy was from fifteen to twenty, he would be through life. Will he choose the right and then stick to it? Will he hold to the course in spite of its being hard and difficult? Though the struggle be arduous, will he go on unswerving? If so, then he can be trusted with Electives. Even when a sudden revelation comes, as it did at Santiago Bay to Captain Philip, that obedience to orders in an unexpected contingency, is wrong, then will the importance of Electives be seen as by a flash of lightning, and he will reverse as unflinchingly to escape the ram of the Brooklyn circling to take up her glorious swift chase, as he will be steady and firm and straightforward when his course is clear. Obedience to the Commander's battle orders are not lightly to be disregarded; but the grand jury of the world, and Admiral Sampson to approve the verdict, will adjudge Philip's conduct right in averting a horrible disaster rather than the exact obedience of the Camperdown in naval tactics off Beirout, to insane orders from the Royal Victoria, to wheel to her certain destruction. Electives in the college course, so far as careful experiment may show these to be wise, but Electives in life there must be. You go to take advantage of these. Be patient. The years just after graduation are often hard and trying. Do not think that doors are to fly open to you by magic. Do not imagine that the world is thinking about you, and troubled because you are not already come. It needs you (if you are fully ready), but it is very chary of plaudits until the battle has been fought. Many a man must go through life doing heroic service in the dark; arduous blockade service like that at Matanzas and Havana and Bahia Honda, and nobody even to read the official records, except in case of accident, and a court martial; and without ever a chance like Santiago and Cervera's fleet. And it is well that we all remember that that brilliant sea fight was simply keeping up the patient, toilsome target practice and naval drill of years, and that fight together with the Oregon's long voyage and magnificent preparedness; and Dewey's May-Day at Manila as well, began away back with Porter on the Atlantic, and Farragut in the Gulf.

All honor to the unnamed, undiscovered heroes who, in the nation's life, as in the nation's battles, have lived heroic lives, and worthy of coronation. Are Electives then a failure, if the hero be not crowned? Perish the unworthy thought. There is no failure to that man who, baffled in his plans, "dares live his life, accepts the ends that God loves as his own, and lifts a constant aspect." Though all men are conscious of many falls and frequent failure, yet the world has been blessed, and is to-day, with innumerable men and women worthy to wear medals of distinction and honor, and to receive cheers and applause in every grade of service. The highest reward to countless of such, is the consciousness of work nobly undertaken, well done, and of a goal that they were ever striving for, and yet forever projecting further on and higher. Michael Angelo could conceive no nobler architectural work than Brunnelleschi's dome at Florence, and when summoned to St. Peter's said, "I will repeat that, but lift it toward the sky." Lives of great men are for our reminders. True nobility is without race or color or sex or class. Ranks and titles and orders of nobility are as many as there are opportunities in life, and these need no ribbons or stars or decorations of any kind as their insignia. The cup of cold water given to one who had greater need gilds Sidney's name far beyond the touch of any king or queen, with the summons to "rise, Sir Knight." And Florence Nightingale and John Howard need nothing other than their name.

Let no man who has had four years here at Bucknell fail to realize what has been his privilege. By so much greater as have been his opportunities than have been those of others, by so much surer should be his choice. Only in this can there be shame or failure in our lives, that we have not rightly made use of that we had. But if this be our shame to-day in any measure, again is our privilege and obligation plainly upon us, to learn through failure, and now to make wise choice.

A COIN.

Rummaging over some odds and ends such as one always finds in those old-fashioned vases that sit so serenely on the parlor mantel and hold their burden of golden wheat, I found an old cent, one of those a dollar's worth of which would be almost ballast enough for a small boat.

There is a certain pleasure in trying to picture in fancy a day in a coin's history. For instance, I have an old Roman coin that I always believe was part of the price paid for a most beautiful slave; and I have a Greek coin which was the only possession of an idiot boy who lost his life defending the bit of metal from a ruffian who had been attracted by its brightness. So too, I fancied a day's experiences of this coin I had found in the vase.

I chose a day in spring time, for in spring time even money seems more active, and indeed, pennies, after their long winter's rest in tin banks, earthen jugs and wooden boxes with holes in their lids, seem eager for the great changing about in store for them before they are again laid away for another long winter's rest, from which they are disturbed but twice a fortnight, when one of their number is chosen to lend its part to the worship in the village church.

When the morning of the day I have chosen dawned, my coin was in the pocket of the village undertaker and was still congratulating itself upon not being either of its two companions that had been used to keep closed the eyes of the old beggar that had died during the night. From the undertaker's pocket the cent went into the till of the tap room and there it was in bad company sure enough, for right under it was a shilling which at some time had been pierced thro and thro, but afterward it had fallen into the hands of a good Samaritan who had poured lead into its wound and again made it whole. The cent was about to turn tail and run to a vacant corner when it was taken from the till and given to a little Indian beggar-boy who told such a sorry tale and told it so well that the hearing of it was worth far more than the copper he got. Indian mothers care but little for their own clothes and less for their children's ; this latter fact served well our coin for through a hole in the boy's pocket it slipped unnoticed to the ground and lay there enjoying its freedom until picked up by a sad-eyed child with a bunch of delicate wild flowers in his hand. He seemed to have picked up the coin as a matter of course, and putting it into his pocket he went along caressing his flowers. Stopping before a garden in which a kindly old man was working among some beautiful flowers, the boy seemed suddenly to realize the cent's value, and he offered it to the man for as many flowers as the latter might give. He wanted them for his sister, he said. As the man handed over the gate a great bunch of flowers he took the coin to humor the boy in the belief that he was really buying them and then planted it under a rose bush—"for luck," he said. The boy went on to the village church yard ; upon a little mound he placed his flowers and then arranged them so that to him they looked most beautiful—altho he could hardly see for the tears in his eyes, then sitting beside the mound he looked up to the skies as though wondering whether his sister were in the ground where he had seen her placed, or whether she had gone above as the minister had so often told him.

NOLI SPE.

A SUCCESSFUL COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.

MAJOR GEORGE G. GROFF, U. S. V.,

Professor of Organic Sciences, Bucknell University.

All Americans are now interested in the success or failure of the National Government in its control of the new "Colonies." Especially should college students feel a keen interest in the subject, for in the government of these dependencies, there will be a need of the best men the country can produce.

Puerto Rico is a Spanish-American country, with one million inhabitants, who through oppression continued through hundreds of years, have been reduced to the most abject poverty and ignorance, not more than 15 per cent. being able to read and write. An American who has not seen such a country can form no real idea of the condition of the people. The American flag was unfurled over this Island one year ago, Oct. 18, 1898, and an orderly and successful Military Government has proceeded in its evolution without interruption, or friction, now for a little more than a year.

About a year before the American occupation began, Spain had granted to both Cuba and Puerto Rico autonomy, but the new Governments had not been fully inaugurated at the time of the occupation.

Under the scheme of autonomy there was a Governor General, and a Cabinet of Secretaries, viz: of State, of Finance, of War, of Interior, of Public Works and of Communication.

The Governor General remains, but there is now only one Secretary, called Civil Secretary, who has charge of the following Bureaus: Of State and Municipal Affairs; of Internal Revenue and of Agriculture.

The Civil Secretary and the Chief of the Bureaus are all natives and are appointed by the Governor.

There is a Treasurer of the Island, a United States Army Officer, and an Auditor, from the Auditor's office in Washington. The Customs Officers are all of the United States Army. There are nine internal revenue districts. All in charge of natives. There are eight Insular "Boards," appointed by the Governor as follows: The Judicial Board: Six Members—Four natives, Two Americans; Board of Prison Control: Six Members—Three Natives, Three Americans; Superior Board of Health: Six Members—Two Natives, Four Americans; Insular Board of Education: Six Members—Four Natives, Two Americans; Board of Public Charities: Eight Members—Two Natives, Six Americans; Advisory Board: Nine Members—All Natives.

There is also a United States Provisional Court, which is open to all Americans and Foreigners, and to Porto Ricans under certain restrictions. The old Spanish laws, except where they were too outrageously bad to be continued, are still administered in the Island, by the Governor, and the Boards above named.

The local governments remain undisturbed. These we may call County or more properly municipal Governments, presided over by Alcaldes. Of these, there are 68. The local taxes are gathered and expended, as before the occupation, by the local authorities.

The Customs receipts are all expended on the Island, which is proper and necessary. There is a postal Department, modeled after that at Washington, the employees of which are all paid from the Insular Treasury. While the Chief Offices of the Postal Service are held by Americans, all the minor posts are filled by bright young natives, who are training to take full charge of this service in a few years.

When an old law is found to be very oppressive or unjust, the Governor is petitioned, and he abolishes it, if convinced this course be best. When one of the Boards desires a new law, it formulates the same, and presents it to the Governor, who, if he approves, promulgates it as a *General Order*, and it is at once a law of the land. In this way the whole Spanish school law was superceded by a new law, drawn up by General John Eaton. Scarcely a day passes but some old law is abolished and a better one promulgated. All these changes go on quietly and without any friction. The Alcaldes (corresponding most nearly to the American Mayors of cities or Sheriffs of counties were formerly appointed by the Governor, as were also the Local School Boards. Now, when one of these Posts become vacant, an election is ordered, and under the guidance of Americans, is successfully held. No office holder is permitted to appear as an active politician in any election, a very hard thing for these people to learn, for they are all born politicians.

There is another agency employed in this Government, which must not be lost sight of. This is the Insular Police, a picked body of men, who patrol all rural portions of the Island, and who maintain the most complete order and quiet. Before this force was organized, burning of houses, and robberies and murders were common in the remoter mountain sections, which American soldiers could not stop. But all this has now ceased, and the Island is as quiet as a county in New England or Pennsylvania. In similar Police Forces, lies the germ of the Government of other Islands and Countries, without the aid of large armies. Indeed, the writer believes that all the troops could now safely be withdrawn from Puerto Rico, if only a contingent say, of 500 remain for a few years. It will be observed that the Spanish Government had a Civil Guard of 5,000 men, and 5,000 regular troops, or a total of 10,000 soldiers, where the Americans now have a police force of but 400 men and 1500 soldiers.

Five hundred young Puerto Rican men have been enlisted into the United States Army, and are making excellent soldiers. While at the same time learning the English language, and being disciplined in immediate obedience and correct habits of life. To the credit of these young men, it is said by their officers, that they are sending to their homes the most of the money they receive for wages. It would probably be a good investment for the Government at Washington to enlist a full regiment of natives in each colony, simply as a means of education. So far the people have enthusiastically welcomed all the changes made for their good. One man remarked a few days ago, "The future of my children is now assured. I can die content." Only the professional politicians are dissatisfied, and that only because they are out of office.

The present status should not be changed for a time. The people need such an amount of schooling in American methods, as will enable them to carry on their Government when the present Army officers withdraw. The writer places the minimum period for instruction at five years. Especially, should the Government be left in power long enough to work out fixed policies. The government we now have in Porto Rico may be continued along the same lines, a civil governor taking the place of the military governor. But he must have the veto power, and safeguards must be provided for, that there be no way left open for the country to fall into the political methods of the Spanish-American countries. Nor, must it any more be turned over to the home politicians as a spoil. We have not more than two such men on the Island now.

Americans may look for a phenomenal educational advance in Puerto Rico. It will not be a steady advance, but will be by jumps and bounds. The great need is money for school-houses, school-grounds and school appliances. The Spaniards did not leave a single school house in the Island, neither apparatus nor books. It is to be hoped that some rich American will see the advantage to the United States of furnishing a *million dollars* for a public school and university fund for the Island. Puerto Rico is the gate to South America and its yearly billion dollar trade. Can Americans afford to leave the gate guarded by any but full fledged Americans? The hope of the island rests in a good public school system ably administered.

The language which will admit us to South America is the Castillian, and every college student is urged to secure a speaking knowledge of the same. The world is to-day too small to admit the vast possibilities of South America to remain but partially developed. The whole continent will eventually come under the dominion of the Anglo-Saxon.

San Juan, P. R., Oct, 26th, 1899.

DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

In Riverview Cemetery, on the outskirts of the quaint old village of Northumberland, there stands a plain old tombstone with this inscription,

To the memory of the
Rev^{d}. D^{r}. Joseph Priestley
on the 6th Feb^{y}. 1801,
Anno Etatis LXXI.

Dr. Joseph Priestley, preacher, pedagogue, scientist, theologian and philosopher, was one of the clearest, most liberal thinkers of the latter half of the eighteenth century. No line of thought was too difficult and no object of investigation was too trivial to merit his attention. He had learned no less than seven languages, five of which he had taught. His lectures at Warrington cover such subjects as *Theory of Language, Universal Grammar, Oratory,* together with courses on philosophical criticism and civil law, while his published works number some eighteen or twenty large octavos.

In all the diverse fields of his researches, Theology was the line nearest to Priestley's heart. His greatest delight seems to have been theological controversy. He warmly defended his own views and it is said of him, that if no opponents presented themselves, he would go forth in search of them. But he was nevertheless a seeker after truth. He was too broad to be confined to any creed. In the very free discussions at Daventry, he says that he always found himself on the unorthodox side. Raised in a Calvinist family, he early adopted non-conformist views. Later, not satisfied with the Calvinistic doctrines, he drifted toward philosophical necessarianism and in middle life become a pronounced Unitarian. Not creed, but truth was the object of his search. He was an advocate of freedom of thought here as elsewhere.

The same broad liberalism is manifest in his work as a teacher. At Warrington Academy, he was "tutor in the learned languages," but in addition to this we find him delivering lectures on all conceivable subjects. He tried to instil his own love of freedom of thought into his students. "His object," says one of his pupils, "was to engage the students to examine and decide for themselves, uninfluenced by the sentiments of any other persons." We also find him performing simple scientific experiments before his classes and teaching them the use of philosophical instruments, which was something unusual in those days of extreme classicism. In endeavoring to interest his pupils in science, he became deeply interested in it himself. In fact it was this very circumstance which led him to scientific investigation.

While Priestley did some great work as a theologian, it is for his scientific discoveries that he will be longest remembered. His early education was entirely void of scientific training and he never became interested in science until he began to teach. But the thirst for science once aroused, was unquenchable. Soon we see him studying "fixed air" in the vats of a great brewery at Leeds and constructing rude home-made apparatus for the investigation of gases. Perhaps his most notable scientific work was the discovery of a gas which he called "dephlogisticated air." This discovery entitles him to rank among the founders of modern chemistry. It seems also that we owe a debt of gratitude to the Frenchman who invented for this gas the simple name *Oxygen*.

He was a tireless experimenter but there was little system in his work, as he believed that great discoveries were made by chance. "His mind, like Kepler's, leapt from point to point, indicating many main lines of modern discovery." "Trusting to mother wit to supply the place of training," says Huxley, "and to ingenuity to create apparatus out of washing tubs, he discovered more new gases than all of his predecessors put together." But Priestley did not live to learn the magnitude of his discoveries and some of the theories which he based upon them were, in the highest degree, absurd. His last scientific work, published but a few years before his death was a vigorous defense of the old Theory of Phlogiston.

He was too much of a theologian to stand very high as a philosopher and his politics are largely derived from Locke and Hume. He is a most notable figure in the struggle for freedom of thought. The Birmingham mob may destroy his papers, containing the results of years of patient thought and investigation but his invincible spirit was not to be shaken. A dissenter in religion, a liberal in politics and philosophy, he always held truth above creed and freedom of thought before everything.

DISCONTENT.

I built a castle ;
I filled it full of vivid imag'ry ;
I entered in,
And lived there in content.

No one was with me.
I pictured out an unreal destiny ;
I lived alone
In solitude and bliss.

I thought it pleasure,
Therein I erred. When true reality
Was round about,
My dreams seemed dark and drear.

I saw my folly
Myself the lord of foolish fantasy.
I then awoke
And seeks now, but for truth.

FIVE TO NOTHING.

HOW WE DID IT.

Well ! We did it. Probably no one was more surprised than the Bucknellites—even more so than “victorious” State which was dejected to a *cutaleptic* State by our solid line, wise ends, fast backs and the lack of punting from our famous Christy ; which was hardly needed.

The goal posts were whitewashed this year—Rocky's reason why we did it. “Mit” Carter said it was our year to win. The majority of the prognostications were like Dole's—way off.

The *team* did the work in the forty-five minutes playing that made a touchdown and kept State so far away from our goal that it made their eyes sore in straining to see it.

Coach Hoskins trained the boys—most of them green-horns—so well that the farmers run against a brick wall and their “slats” (Beef's expression) gave way to the Bucknell Ram, leaving large holes through which a few yards were made each time.

There was a large crowd at Athletic Park—the blue and white and the orange and blue both floated in the breeze over the heads of all. The former had a confident appearance, taking things easy ; the latter a defiant swing, struggling hard. As usual, the respective rooters occupied the sides which seem theirs by precedent.

Even before the game was begun, pandemonium reigned supreme. Old Rip would have sworn he struck a “still” going up, had he risen for the occasion. The boys did themselves well—the team was enthused by their cheering. And when the game started—why my ears are still ringing with the hooting—just as the old Roman's mind was expressed with the “Wild Man of Borneo.” It was rather incoherent ; yet it did the business. We made more noise than State. We won. The best part of it was that when we had the ball you could have heard a pin drop, when State had it, a cannon report wouldn't have been in it. Why old Randolph asked Young to keep us quiet ; think of it. Then we didn't give up. When the ball was in our territory—that made us root louder. Fisk had to do away with overtones in his two sermons next day; his congregation felt elated and asked for no excuses. Even Rowe came off his dignity and "voiced the sentiment of the crowd" with his baso-falsetto voice. Everybody yelled and yelled like—the old maid who stepped on her pet cat's tail.

But you want to do a little better next year. Let's see how we'll do State in 1900.

We all know "How we did it" generally, but there are a few specific reasons. You know the great man becomes great by looking after the details. So it is with everything else. The boys kept State guessing by the "detail" taught them by the coach such as—State knows now.

As in '96, so in '99, there was enthusiasm amongst the students. But what a difference. In the former year all hopes were for victory—this year few. In our freshman year we had a veteran team; in our senior year, a greenhorn. A few loyal students brought the boys together, endeavor was made for a system in leaving off their enthusiasm. You know when the pores don't work right, a sick person results. So with enthusiasm; if it isn't worked right, a defeat results. Something was accomplished: the croakers pooh-poohed ideas. What's the use of a band of noise, of rooting! Well, boys, see what it did.

Get together. Stick together. Don't wait until the week of State game. Begin early, stay at it late. You see now that you have some use for good musicians—hence keep your band up this year. Support it if you can't play on it, and when you want good music to celebrate a victory over State you will have it. Your college publicatians are for college life. Make use of them in their first issues; have your composers contribute good verses to be printed to the latest popular music. Be up to date. Sing them to your band music.

Again. Let each learn the yells. You have enthusiastic marshalls in Professor Fisk and a few boys of the upper classes.

Systematize your rooting. You made a noise on Nov. 4th. In 1900 do rooting. Noise is all right for beginners; but college men should root loud and strong. A hog—even the kind they raise at State's agricultural department—can make a noise;

but it takes a more intelligent animal to make overtones, or do rooting. The modern Greeks at the games in Athens a few years ago discovered the lost key of the old Olympian games in the American college yell. It surprised, pleased, enthused them.

What does this systematic rooting do? The nerves of the players are at a state of tension. The team is losing ground, all at once, 'Rah'—'Rah'—'Rah'—then they grit their teeth with a "We will win," hold the ball for four downs and start the pigskin for the other goal, a touchdown and the game is won.

Then come your parades, celebrations and receptions. Oh! there is nothing like it. Rockefeller with an added Standard to his Trust is not so happy as Bucknell when she beats State; and State's deep gloom when defeat meets the team that can win from any in the *U. S.* (Press report) is the same as the men that the Oil King bests.

Take your band to the game with you next year in full dress—you are doing it, not those who are afraid of losing. And when you win you will get the present seniors' bequests more willingly and remind them of their loyalty to old Bucknell.

1900.

NOV. 4th, 1899.

I would not say I would
Before I knew I could.
I would not boast and smile
Before I'd made the trial.
I would not make display
Too early in the day.
I would not say I'd win
Then carry off chagrin.
In other words, good sense
Is not "*State's evidence.*"

PARDONED.

Pardoned did you say ? Ah false, false word
For pardon cannot be where sin ne'er came.
O lovely vales of France blush crimson now,
For that word tells to all the world thy shame.

Pardoned ; Oh conscience of the wide, wide world
Arouse while sin is dominant to say
That man is pardoned to whom wrong was done,
Nor sleep till justice holds its powerful sway.

Pardoned. Oh perish now the traitorous thought
For innocence can ne'er forgiveness claim ;
But Prejudice has blinded Virtue's eyes
And Hate has fashioned for the Truth a chain.

Pardoned, But God still lives and overrules
And hate of men must moulder into dust ;
True innocence one day shall be revealed
The Father, tho' he suffer long, is just.

FRIQUE.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

NOVEMBER, 1899.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

STAFF:
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BUSINESS MANAGER,
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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

One of the first things a new student should do is to learn to use the library. He should learn the location of the cases devoted to English, Latin and Greek Literatures, History, Social Science and Philosophy. He should learn to locate the various bound magazines and how to use the different indexes.

The library is one of the most important parts of the University and library work is one of the most important duties of the scholar. In a great library are to be found many thousand volumes which no individual student can afford to possess. It is intended to supplement and broaden every department of college work. Here the student learns to investigate for himself, to weigh opinions and decide on their value for himself.

The class of '99 gave about forty-five dollars to the library for the purchase of books on Political Science. This was indeed a praiseworthy act. The Political Science department of the library was very weak and a demand has long existed for some standard works along this line. The great increase in the number of students in this department which led to the establishment of the chair of Political Science also demands a corresponding expansion in the library.

This act of '99 is worthy of imitation by other classes. There are several other departments of the library which need new books. In Sociological and Anthropological studies, new volumes are being published every month which should be made accessible to our students. There should also be a few standard works on Mathematics, as histories and philosophies of mathematics and some treatises on the higher branches to supplement our long and excellent course in this department.

The MIRROR staff offers the following prizes to undergraduate students :

1. One year's subscription for the best short poem.
2. One year's subscription for the best short story (600 to 1000 words).
3. One year's subscription for the best essay (600 to 1000 words).

The contest will close Dec. 1st, 1899, the winners to be announced in the December issue. We reserve the right to publish any or all articles submitted. Address,

EDITOR MIRROR,
Lewisburg, Pa.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The first "At Home" of the year was held in the Institute parlors Monday, Nov. 6.

Registrar Wm. C. Gretzinger has been spending the past two weeks at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

A concert will be given in Bucknell Hall Tuesday evening, Nov. 21, under the direction of Dr. Aviragnet.

Adie Bell of the training ship "Saratoga" spent several days here last week, the guest of his brother Edward Bell, '00,

The stately brick walls of the New West College have already been reared to the height of three stories and work is progressing rapidly.

The new water system by which Watsontown and Lewisburg will be supplied with pure, fresh mountain water from White Deer Creek, will soon be completed.

Prof. and Mrs. Edwards gave their annual reception to the Institute and Academy Tuesday evening, Oct. 31. The Mandolin and Guitar Club rendered pleasing selections.

Dr. Putnam, of New York City, gave two excellent illustrated lectures in the Opera House on the evenings of Oct. 26 and 27. The subject of first was "Paris, the Queen City of Europe" and the second, "Rome, the Eternal City." The proceeds were for benefit of Athletic Association.

The Athletic Association is selling tickets for a course of eight popnlar entertainments to be given in the Lewisburg Opera House. The course includes the following splendid entertainments: The Ariel Ladies Sextette; Katharine E. Oliver, (Impersonator); Franz-Wilczek Grand Concert Co.; Rogers-Grilley Co. (Recitals); Patricola Grand Concert Co.; John Thomas Concert Co.; Slayton Jubilee Singers; Rev. Robt. Stuart McArthur (Lecture).

The members of the Freshmen class held their first annual banquet at the Broadway House, Milton, Thursday evening, Oct. 19. As the result of a compromise effected early in the term between the Freshmen and Sophomore classes, there was an entire absence of anything like interference to break up the festivities of the first year class. Prof. and Mrs. E. M. Heim chaperoned the young people. Landlord Schuyler's well-earned reputation for courteous and efficient service was well sustained by the excellent menu served on this occasion.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 7, the members of the Bucknell foot-ball team were tendered a reception by the ladies of Lewisburg. Many were present to enjoy with the boys their victory over State College. Addresses were made by Profs. Hulley, Perrine, Rockwood, Edwards, Mr. D. P. Higgins, Hon. John T. Hyatt and Dr. Gundy. Coach Hoskins was presented with a beautiful diamond pin the gift of the ladies of the town. Mr. Hoskins responded in an able manner and paid a high compliment to the character of the men composing the team. Refreshments were served after which the younger people danced to music furnished by the band.

This exhibition of interest and good-will on the part of the town ladies is greatly appreciated by the boys of Bucknell, and will be an incentive for them to continue adding to their good record.

ATHLETICS.

The Duquesne C. & A. C. team against which Bucknell lined up Saturday, Oct. 21, was in every respect far superior to any other team our eleven battled against this year.

Bucknell did excellent work throughout and made a number of splendid gains, but to score against the giant team seemed impossible. Our team deserves special credit for the spirited work in the second half when Duquesne succeeded only once in crossing our goal line. Altogether Duquesne scored six times making the final score: Duquesne, 35; Bucknell, 0.

On Saturday, Oct. 28, Bucknell played Susquehanna University on the athletic field here and by quick, hard plays succeeded in scoring 45 points against their opponents. It was an interesting game throughout. The teams were almost equal in weight. Susquehanna won admiration by some excellent individual plays but they clearly showed lack of training in teamwork. Bucknell's team work was magnificent; as a result touchdowns and goals followed in rapid succession and when time was called the score stood: Bucknell, 45; Susquehanna, 0.

BUCKNELL, 5; STATE, 0.

Despite threatening clouds and chilling winds about four thousand people witnessed the annual contest between Bucknell University and State College at Athletic Park, Williamsport, Saturday, Nov. 4.

The game was started at about 3:07. Bucknell had the kick-off and Mathewson sent the oval to the 25 yard line. Cure punted it back. Another exchange of kicks followed and Bucknell's full-back had the better of it. Throughout the game Mathewson out-punted Cure by from 5 to 20 yards.

Then Bucknell began her assaults on State's line. The way the braves ploughed through the blue-jerseyed players, caused tin-horn, locust-rattle, cow-bell confusion to reign for a time among the Bucknell rooters.

Three, five and even ten yards at a rush the ball was advanced until the 25 yard line was reached. Bucknell attempted goal from field but failed. Cure punted out of danger and the line of scrimmage was then near middle of field. At this point, Stanton, Bucknell's speedy left half-back, took the ball and skirted the end for 35 yards being downed only 4 yards from the goal line. It was the most sensational play of the game. "The frenzied yells rolled over against the pine-clad hills and the old trees must have thought Father Time had turned back in his race and the red Indian was again skulking through the historic valley, whooping for the hirsute covering of his pale-faced brother's head." Three scrimmages, then Kase landed across the goal line, and Bucknell's winning touchdown was made. The trial at goal failed.

In the second half State took a firmer stand. The two teams alternately struggled for and desperately defended every foot of ground. Bucknell played a great game throughout, and the victory was the result of skillful coaching coupled with persistent hard work.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'52. Rev. A. B. Still is now living in Phoenixville, Pa.

'53. The death of Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, D. D., which occurred at Philadelphia on Oct. 16, removes the last surviving member of this class. Dr. Kennard was born in Philadelphia, September 24, 1833. After graduation from college, he studied theology at Princeton, and was ordained to the Baptist ministry at the age of 22. He was pastor at Bridgeton, N. J., Washington, D. C., and in 1866 succeeded his father as pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church of Philadelphia. He subsequently became pastor of the Pilgrim Church of New York City; Central Square Church, East Boston, Mass.; and Fourth and Belden Avenue Church, Chicago. The later years of his life were spent in evangelistic work and literary labor.

Hiram F. Reed, an honorary A. M. of Bucknell University, died in Philadelphia, October 16. In his early manhood, he was manager of the printing office of the "Christian Chronicle." He was also proprietor of the "Baptist Family Magazine" from 1857 to 1861. He founded and was president of the Eastonian School of Elocution and Oratory, and was for some time a professor of elocution in Temple College, Philadelphia. He became the publishing agent of the American Baptist Publication Society in 1853, and retained his connection with the society until his death.

Ex-'63. Hon, John I. Mitchell, Judge of Tioga Co. (Pa.) Courts, and formerly U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, has been elected Judge of the Superior Court of the State, on the Republican ticket.

'83. Rev. M. J. Watkins removes from Factoryville, Pa., to Hallstead, Pa.

'85. Rev. J. E. Sagebeer, D. D., of Philadelphia, was a recent visitor at the college.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel, after a pastorate of five years at Oak Lane, Philadelphia, has resigned to take effect at the close of November. He has accepted a call from the Baptist church at Clarksburg, W. Va., a leading church of the State, in a growing and prosperous town.

Ex-'91. Rev. Thomas S. Cross has accepted an offer to become assistant professor of theology in Temple College, Philadelphia.

'94. R. B. Davidson is the new general secretary of the Student Christian Association at the University of Michigan and assumed his duties at the opening of the fall term. Mr. Davidson spent five years at the University of Chicago, where he took a theological course and earned the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. He also took a course which will soon entitle him to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

'96. Herbert Harris, son of Pres. Harris, was recently admitted to the Lycoming bar. He will enter the office of Candor & Munson.

EXCHANGES.

We notice among our exchanges *The Normal School Herald* from Cumberland Valley State Normal School, a first class literary quarterly, of which Prof. Ezra Lehman, Bucknell '99, is Editor-in-Chief.

The editorial pages of the *Magazine of the University of Virginia* are devoted largely to the poet Edgar Allan Poe, who was at one time a student of that University. This greatly increased interest in Poe is due to the recent unveiling of Zolnay's bust.

It is true "that America generally has come to give Poe his rightful place among her men of letters." Poe holds a unique position in literature. He is a school of his own. The spirit of his poetry is peculiar to him and cannot be imitated. We can hardly blame the Editor for claiming Poe as a southern poet, yet the name of Poe is dear to every fair-minded student of American literature and we beg leave to call him an *American* poet.

The *Magazine* opens with the following verses which are worthy of notice :

TO POE

Though shivering passion shook thy earthly frame,
  Waving in gusts thy weak will to and fro,
  And oftentimes temptation laid thee low,
Thus giving shadow to the sneerer's claim
That scorned among men should be thy name,
  Destined to dust and ashes soon to go,
  Scarce even such that one might pity show,
But scorn, reproach, sharp sneers, and bitter blame ;
  Yet bright in thee doth glow the truth divine
That glory dwelleth chiefly in man's soul,
  Since thou didst nought impure to words consign,
But melody and truth in beauteous whole ;
  Thy motto thus : "Though frailty be mine,
Art's perfect truth shall in my numbers roll."

THE FRESHMAN'S CONSOLATION.

"Tempus fugit," said the Romans.
Yes, alas, 'tis, fleeing on.
    Ever coming,
    Ever going ;
Life is short and soon 'tis gone.
But as I think of next vacation
Poring o'er these lessons huge,
    Ever harder,
    Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge."—*Thielensian.*

Oh Susan Van Duzon the girl of my choosin'
You stick in my bosom like glue;
When this you're perusin' remember I'm musin'
Sweet Susan Van Duzon of you.

So don't be abusin' my offer, and bruisin'
A heart that is willing to woo;
But please be excusin,' not cold and refusin'
Oh Susan Van Duzon please do.

Oh Susan Van Duzon before I'd be losin'
One glance from your eyes of sky blue,
I vow I'd stop usin' tobacco and boozin'—
(That word is not nice, it is true.)

I wear out my shoes'n I'm losin' my roos'n—
(My reason I should say,) dear Sue;
So please change your views'n become my dear Susan,
Oh Susan Van Duzon please do.—*Ex.*

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XIX. LEWISBURG, PA., DECEMBER, 1899. NO. 3.

ENGLISH IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Address before the State Teachers' Association at Gettysburg, July 5th, 1899.

ENOCH PERRINE, A.M., LITT. D.

There is evidence, clear and convincing, that the Colleges, in their quest for students, must in the future look rather to the Public Schools than to the Private and Semi-public Academies. This dependence of the Colleges upon the Public School bids fair to increase and not to diminish, consequent upon the establishment and perfection of the Public Schools, whose principals and teachers are found, in greater numbers, in the list of college graduates. So strong is the demand for better work that many who teach in these schools are not content with a Bachelor's degree but pursue, as time and opportunity permit, graduate studies in the University. To their credit be it said; since many of them run the prolonged courses of the College and the University not because of proffered reward but because of the love they bear to learning. For these reasons the College professor takes an increasing interest in the Public School of whatever grade and is anxious that it be brought to the highest state of efficiency. He feels that there is a clear line of separation between the work of the Public School, the work of the College, and the work of the University; he feels that he can do successful and happy work only as the foundations have been well laid for him in the Public School.

The requirements for entrance into college may be classed under five heads:—English, Latin and Greek, Mathematics, Science and the Modern Languages. These, except the English, are now fairly well met; *i. e.* where an attempt is made to prepare students for college in the Classics, Mathematics, Science and the Modern Languages, the attempt is measurably successful. So much, however, except in rare cases, can not be said of the preparation in English. More bold than the rest of us, the Washington and Jefferson College says:—"In English Branches candidates *otherwise well prepared*, are *often* found *defective*"; the Western University of Pennsylvania finds it necessary to say that "during the first part of the Freshman year an *elementary* [an *elementary*, not an *advanced*] textbook in Rhetoric is used"; we, at Bucknell, are compelled to announce that "candidates will be as strictly examined in English studies as in the Ancient Languages and Mathematics"; while all of us, to speak broadly, contrasting strangely with the professors in other departments, assert that "no candidate will be accepted in English whose work is notably deficient in spelling, punctuation, idiom or division into paragraphs". This latter sentence we borrow from a source higher than ourselves—the Committee that prepares these lists of requirements; and the fact that we all use it is proof that English, like a "poor relation," is everywhere still knocking at the door of the Public School and the Private and the Semi-public Academy alike, for permission to come in and be counted as one of the family. This condition of affairs is due to the fact that (1) many who control boards of instruction, contrary to the wishes of principals and teachers, are unwilling to provide efficient teaching or to give sufficient time for instruction in the English branches; except in rare cases the College professor is seldom asked to recommend a candidate specifically in English, and when he is so asked it is generally for a recommendation of the candidate's English as subordinate to his attainments in other branches; and (2) many believe that, as the instruction would be in their own language, dispensing with the aid of a teacher they can of themselves obtain the necessary information; and (3) many feel that it is quite enough if one succeeds in being understood without wasting effort in trying to make his expression correct or forcible or beautiful. When we shall all be willing to make public proclamation that next after his religion and family ties one's own language is his best inheritance, that it will be degraded unless constant watchfulness is exercised, that it needs to be developed or else one will go thro the world, to quote Beecher, "whipping with a switch that has the leaves on", that like any other branch of intellectual effort the study of English requires the inspiration, the organization, the classification and the direction that an able and faithful instructor can provide, and that in the scholarly study of its literature, the English-speaking people admittedly have one of the best means by which to deepen thought and brighten life known to men, when we shall proclaim this so persuasively that those who are in control shall be compelled to believe and act upon it as truth, then the problem of English in the Public School and in every other school, for the matter of that, will be solved.

The Colleges of Pennsylvania, with few exceptions, have adopted the scheme for requirements in English proposed by the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Generally they add to this scheme the assertion that the candidate is expected to know the essentials of grammar and to be able to express clearly whatever ideas he may entertain. Surely these requirements are not too ambitious and doubtless if fulfilled they would serve to render the members of classes coming into College more nearly equal in attainments and better fitted to pursue not only the advanced courses in English but those of any other department to which they might proceed. The reasons other than those already mentioned, why these requirements are *not* fulfilled are (1) the haste displayed by many students to get into college with the result that they enter, as the hunchback King Richard came into the world, "scarce half made up," slighting, for obvious reasons, in their rapid journey thro the preparatory school the English studies most of all; and (2) the desire of many students who wish to be teachers to do as little as possible in collegiate English since they see that frequently in secondary schools the department of English is not differentiated as are the other departments, that the salary offered is not so tempting and that the position, for these reasons, has less prestige and offers less chance for advancement. It will be noticed that for these defects principals and teachers are not responsible and that except indirectly they cannot remedy them. In France and Germany, from which come many of our progressive notions in pedagogy, they do things differently; for there the best provision is made from the primary grade onward for the teaching of the vernacular with the result that in all his work, as he blazes his way thro that which is to him the undiscovered tracts of investigation, the student is using the brightened and sharpened weapon of his native speech, a result sure to show itself with splendid success when he comes to open to his own pupils the treasures of his acquired knowledge. Mr. Bryce and Professor Jebb declare with sorrow that other matters have driven the study of literature and topics of human interest from the Public Schools of England. Can it be that these have not been driven from the American School simply because they have never gained a strong foothold there? Some one is needed who shall speak out authoritatively and say that the scientific, critical, persistent study of English in ways suited to each grade must be pursued in all schools, high and humble. Especially is this true of Pennsylvania where because of early and late immigration from so many quarters and the disposition of many to use foreign forms of speech, there has resulted many idioms or rather numberless idioms sadly at variance with the standards that obtain wherever in the world an English, pure and undefiled, is spoken. However much these various idioms may deserve to be cherished as matters of historical or philological interest—and they are of great value in this respect; however much they deserve to be cherished as binding firmer the pleasing ties of home and ancestry—and for this they are most potent influences; the fact remains that, along with them, should go the very best possible training in English speech as a preparation for efficient work in the ranks of that great and overspreading race now pushing to remotest regions, and for due appreciation of its written literature whose unusual richness makes it the chief means of a general culture adapted to the conditions of the twentieth century.

We are rapidly approaching the time when directors of both public and private preparatory schools will see the situation in its true light—students being anxious to receive adequate instruction in English from teachers, who, assured of a prominent and permanent position and a good salary, have pursued courses in the College and, if you please, in the University. This instruction will begin on the very day when the pupil enters the primary grade and will continue uninterruptedly thro the grammar and high school grades, even to the day when he steps over the threshold of the College. At first it will be rather an individual and friendly matter between the teacher and his pupil and not so much that of dogmatic assertion, requiring the most skilful effort of the best teacher. It will be critical and directive on the part of the teacher ; on the part of the pupil it will be receptive and constructive. Pronouncing the words correctly, conceiving the idea clearly, constructing the sentence first forcibly, then beautifully—this will be the pupil's task. Uprooting the provincial pronunciation and expression, dispelling the fogs that surround the struggling thought, clarifying the paragraph as he frees it from all coarseness and roughness—this will be the teacher's task. The pupil because he, in some sort, creates, and the teacher because he adds the artistic touch that glorifies the work, should, and they will, take in this mutual contribution a delight that will cause their stay in the school-house to be, so to say, the path back to our lost Paradise. Apelles the painter became famous because he let no day go by without using his brush ; the teacher will know not to let a day pass without a line from his pupils, and as a result the work of teacher and pupil will not be repulsive but pleasant and highly profitable to both of them. Nor will it be considered sufficient in cases where no provision for the direct teaching of English has been made, if only the teachers in every other department bend their efforts toward improving the pupil's English—they can and they should be constant and valuable assistants in the work, because (1) they shall conceive this to be a part of their duty, (2) they shall have prepared themselves for it, (3) they shall be required to do it. Not to the detriment or even hindrance of their own work, but as concomitant and helpful, binding sandals to its feet that it may run its career the more quickly and easily. When the teachers of Latin and Greek, Science, Mathematics and the Modern Languages come to the rescue of the teacher of English fighting, in so many cases, his battle alone, we shall no longer see the valuable thoughts of these departments clothed by pupils in language that would make "Quintilian stare and gasp," we shall hear the harmony that results when "perfect music" has been married to "noble words."

Parallel with this *critical* work of the teacher and this *constructive* work of the pupil will develop on the part of both of them, the *appreciative interpretation* of literature in English. Not many days after he begins his school life—and the process should continue until that school life comes to an end—the pupil will be brought face to face with a classic adapted to his attainments—simple in thought, lucid in expression, inspirational in effect. And these classics will be read and studied not merely to consume an idle hour or to arouse an emotion for the patriotic, the aesthetic, the ethical that may soon pass off into cloudland—they will be read and studied, as well, for their effect upon the student's constructive work so that when he comes to think and write or speak it will be seen that he has been with the great authors and learned from them how they have instructed, inspired, delighted the generations sitting at their feet. As he progresses he will be introduced to these classics at the very time when he will best respond to them—Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," Christian's fight with Apollyon in the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Tom Brown at Rugby" for the growing, pugnacious boy; Scott's "Ivanhoe" and Shakespere's "As You Like It" for the youthful lover who at this time of his life is sighing like a furnace and writing woful ballads. He will not be introduced to excerpts and scraps and "middlings," he will be made acquainted with what master-men and women have seen fit to bless the world, not with what lesser people in their lack of wisdom and true feeling have determined to provide for him. Developed in this way he will be, when he enters College not a trifler, not omniverous, not a "bookful blockhead," but keen in his pursuit of the deeper things in the *best* of literature, as the hound in the pure morning air breaks his leash and speeds onward over the hills after his prey. His College professor will not need to coax and urge and force a shrinking victim to the executioner's block ; he will lead an eager comrade up this Alp and that, entranced with the "growing labors of the lengthened way." Thro his entire career, reading will not be a bore to him, because at each stage it will be of a world in which he then lives; speaking and writing will not be like the horror of deep darkness to him, because his mind, filled with the great thoughts of his books, and his heart, inspired by the noble company to which he has come, will combine to bid him: "Go and do thou likewise." On a foundation like this the College professor can build a structure "after the similitude of a palace." He is cheered as he sees more and more students who demand such training, and teachers in greater numbers who are anxious to qualify themselves to give such training, and boards of control that are willing to provide the opportunity for such training as rapidly as the general judgment of the people will sanction their efforts. He will be satisfied if candidates for entrance to College illustrate the training demanded by an educator, whose name I am unable to give: "I consider that they should be taught to read—not to know their letters glibly and get the sense of a paragraph in a book with quickness; but that they should cultivate and strive for the ability to take up the morning paper and read in an intelligent, pleasing fashion a column account of some happening of the day. I want them to learn to write, not so much to fill publishing houses with novels, treatises, or short stories, but to be able to sit down and write in legible script a comfortable or comforting letter to a parent or a friend. I want them to be able to speak the English language as it was intended it should be spoken—purely and simply, not to fill it with mannerisms nor to defile it with slang."

When all the millions of boys and girls in the public schools are subjected to a judicious and persistent training in English such as I have indicated, "may we not hope"—to quote the words of Professor Liddell in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "may we not hope for another such burst of thought as the one that gave us Shakespeare, and look for another Shakespeare to crown it all, another Shakespeare to whom some patient teacher in a public school may even now be giving his first instruction in English?"

OLD JOE'S HUSKING-BEE.

"Old Joe," as the fellows know him, was a countryman of the old school. On a few acres of run-down land he worked away with the same shiftless ambition that he had for years. His children had grown up and left the old home and now the old man and his faithful wife were left in that same antique little shanty in which they went to house-keeping, as bereft of domestic blessings as they were when married, save for the satisfaction of having reared a family.

Fate had placed his abode near an enterprising town in which a college was located. At first he had been a staunch supporter of the institution, but he was now opposed to all colleges, for the students, as most students are, were fond of a joke, and especially at Hallowe'en time. Old Joe being a seedy, harmless sort of a fellow, was almost invariably visited by these marauders on the 31st of October. That was the cause of his pessimistic views concerning colleges.

His health was poor this fall. All through the summer he had fought off the evident summons of nature to take a rest, but there was his good wife "Marm" to provide for and he must still struggle against the wolf at the door. Late and early he had worked through the spring seeding time. He had watched each crop as it yellowed and matured for the sickle, and carefully stored it away in his little barn. But now it was fall, the corn was all in shock and was "hurting" for the husking-peg.

It was the thirtieth of October. The good old lady was sitting by the fireside, in the evening, knitting away at a pair of winter socks for Joe. In a comfortable chair by her side sat her companion. One side of his face was puffed out with a monstrous quid of tobacco and ever and anon he would emit a quantity of juice into the grate. The low-ceilinged room was dimly lighted by a tallow candle, and a silence like that of death had fallen, save for the alternate tick of the clock and the click of the needles as they knit the heavy yarn.

At length he spoke. "To-morrow's Hallowe'en night, marm," he said, "an' I s'pose them Varsity fellows 'll be spoilin' some more property fer me. Well, some o' them may be in my fix some time. 'Bread cast upon the waters is sure to come back after many days'."

But let us look at another picture. On this same night, if one could have looked into one of the college rooms, he would have seen a fellow sitting comfortably on a bench whittling out a number of odd-looking wooden pegs that very much resembled a cigar or a miniature torpedo boat. The clock struck eleven, then twelve, but still he worked until he had thirty or forty of the instrumeuts manufactured. Then he went to bed to dream of his project for the coming night.

The following day a sign appeared on the college bulletin board : "All the fellows who want to have some fun to-night report at room No—, west wing, at 9:00 P. M., for information." Many of the students went out of curiosity, and some entered into the project.

At ten o'clock the town below was quiet and apparently deserted, except by the extra police force on duty that night. The full moon lighted up the country sufficiently for their purpose. Shortly after ten, thirty fellows in sweaters and "gym" suits stole quietly from the college, through the campus, through the shaded streets of the town and on into the country beyond, stealing along grassy lanes and over pastures till at last they were seated on the top rail of the fence overlooking "Old Joe's" cornfield. A gentle breeze was blowing and the long, thin blades of corn, as they fluttered to and fro, like the arms of an actress in a pantomime, seemed to beckon them on.

"Here we are, fellows," shouted the leader, "eight acres of corn to shuck before morning. Let each man forget to-morrow's flunk and think of poor old Joe."

Hurrahs rent the air and the good old man in the house, across the meadow, as he heard the shouts, said: "There's them Varsity boys again, marm, but I can't do nothin'; they'll have their way anyhow."

Shock after shock of the corn was pulled down and eagerly pounced upon by the active college boys. The yellow ears flew from dexterous hands into golden yellow heaps and on account of the merrymaking, songs, jokes, stories and yells, the time passed swiftly. Each one felt good because he was doing something *for* old Joe this year instead of *against* him.

Just as the moon was sinking behind the trees the job was finished. The yell was given and on the last shock, in a conspicuous place, was hung a card board on which was printed: "Please accept with compliments of the college students."

The next morning Joe came to the field to see what damage had been done. He slowly spelled the words on the placard and half an hour later when he came to the house he said, as he brushed a tear from his wrinkled cheek, "Marm, them Varsity fellows are all right, after all."

W. B. K., '03.

MY PRIMER.

My primer and I were both brand new
  That day we tottered to school,
And happy the hours together we spent
  By the side of the master's stool.
How innocent everything we did ;
  How much alike we seemed !
Together we grew my primer and I ;
  Together we slept and dreamed.
In primer's fair leaves my finger marks
  Some unknown way were placed ;
And into my mind the primer marks
  Of early life were traced.
The dog-eared leaves mean much to me
  When'er I turn them o'er,
The finger prints have much to add
  To memory's precious store.

WHERE TAM O'SHANTER RODE.

FRANK WEBER DILLON, A. B.

Two miles south of Ayr, in Southwestern Scotland, stands a memorial to the poet Burns. Within its marble columns constructed after the model of a Grecian temple, are grouped the figures of the poet and his literary characters and companions in country life, Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, whose descendants still reside in the vicinity of Ayr. This Monument occupies a commanding site on the banks of the swift little river Doon and is close beside the old bridge of Doon. It is surrounded by well-kept public gardens. In the public square in front of the railway station in Ayr there is another statue of the poet by Lawson. Electric automobile cars run from the statue to the monument every half hour, and on each trip the car carries one or more admirers of the Scotch bard. The travelers come from many lands, and not the least enthusiastic among them are the Scotchmen born and bred within the sixty miles seperating Ayr from Glasgow. The automobile cars cover what was essentially the road over which Tam O'Shanter made his famous midnight ride. The Tam O'Shanter Inn is not far from the statue, and at the other end of the journey as the pedestrian passes the monument, he comes upon the old bridge of Doon at the key-stone of which the frightened Tam escaped from his ghostly pursuers.

The associations of these two miles of country road are many and interesting, especially so for the student of Burns' poetry. Everywhere the country-side seems full of the scenes and places touched upon by his pen. Far away to either side of the broad macadamized highway stretch the farms and homes of the peaceful and thrifty cotters, with here and there the residence of a prominent business-man of Ayr, until the village of Alloway clusters its several scattered houses to the left of the main road. The village is no more than a small hamlet of a few hundred population, but Burns was born here. His little white cottage stands, preserved as it was in 1759, on the right hand side of the highway, close upon the road and not conspicuous among the neighboring cottages except by the sign-board that indicates its identity. Old Alloway church slowly crumbling down to the level of the ancient stones in its churchyard, is on the same side of the highway about a third of a mile beyond the cottage. A little farther is the new church on the opposite side of the way, and a quaint tavern at the point where the traffic-bearing road turns off to the right and crosses the new bridge of Doon at no great distance from the old bridge and the Burns monument. A cottage opposite the monument contains mementoes of the poet and guards the entrance to the gardens and the beautiful banks of the deeply running Doon.

Few visitors come to Alloway who do not stroll along the banks of the river Doon, the youthful walk of the poet. Burns has filled us with expectancy by his stanzas, telling how,

"Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine."

A well-trodden path extends along the brink of the river between the two bridges, and on the opposite side the bank rises to a prominent height, sloping gently upward and covered with trees and flowers in season. The bank on the monument side is not so steep but is high enough to give a feeling of seclusion from the world and intimacy with nature. The river path remains the Sabbath and holiday haunt of the lovers of Ayr and Alloway, and the vale a resting-place for the wearied tourist or farmer crossing the stream.

The river Doon has rather an inviting than a threatening appearance. It is not wide and the waters run smoothly, except perhaps in the floods of winter and springtime. It is quite deep enough to drown a man who is incapable of swimming the few strokes necessary to reach the bank from other reasons as suggested in the advice of Tam's "ain wife Kate,"

"She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon."

Tam, however, seemed to have little trouble in crossing the stream the night when the witches were after him. In truth, the river proved his salvation since the evil spirits could not pursue beyond mid-stream indicated by the key-stone of the bridge.

Curious hieroglyphics and intertwined initials cover the "key-stane of the brig" and more accessible parts of the old stone structure. This mingling of the names and marks of lads and lasses with the inscriptions cut by the passing travelers attest the popularity of the resort as well as the indestructibility of the stone structure. One high stone arch spans the rapid river and the approaches are steep enough to try the strength of horses and the self-control of drivers in mounting to the top, which is far above the flood limits of the water. How often Burns may have stood looking over the stone side walls on the bridge up and down the green banks of the river, is only safe to conjecture after realizing how his poetical nature must have turned to so romantic a scene.

Years to come will not efface the ruins of the "auld kirk Alloway" from its prominent position in the history of the village; and its name in literature bids fair to outlast the sturdy ruined walls and tower and live as long as "Tam O'Shanter" preserves the interesting antics of the bogies and witches of preceding years. Burns, lying in his little cottage bedroom, may have heard the jolly cotters who had loitered too long in the taverns of Ayr after disposing of the farm produce on the weekly market-days, clatter home at midnight along the hard highway passing the cottage door. It is not beyond possibility that his youthful eyes, his mind having been filled with tales of goblins repeated by an old woman in the house, scanned the intervening space between his cottage and the old church, and his poetic instinct pictured to him the first faint outlines of the scene in the later tale of "Tam O'Shanter:"

"Before him Doon pours all his floods,
  The doubling storm roars through the woods.
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
  Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees
  Kirk Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
  And loud resounded mirth and dancing.'

Such a view of the old church could best be obtained at the distance of the Burns' cottage during the playful frolics of the lightnings in a summer night's storm or in the spring thunder-storms. I had the accepted opportunity of seeing the ruined walls stand forth amid the lightning flashes of a sudden storm one evening late in April. I should not have been surprised to hear the old church-bell clang in the prevailing winds, except that the clangor was gone from it; but the ghosts were not in evidence, the reason and time of their departure, as I learned on the reported statement of the guardian of the Burns' cottage next day, being the burial of the poet's father, William Burns, and other village celebrities beneath the shadow of the now barren walls.

A visit to the birthplace of Burns is one of delight and interest. The bed in the chimney-corner where the Scotch bard was born into the family of a liberal-minded farmer has been looked upon by many learned professors who have wondered at the exceptional gifts given the illustrious young Ayrshire farmer whose boldness, truth and freedom won for him the respect of his fellow-poets and the everlasting love of Scotchmen. In the cottage are the chairs and tables he is said to have used, copies of his manuscript showing the plainly legible and distinct, though evidently delicate and refined, penmanship of the poet, and numerous mementoes of his life in the shape of gifts from influential friends and societies, and written contributions from men of letters who have been at Alloway. The penmanship of the poet shows in addition to a natural tendency to poetry a trained, self-educated and otherwise, accuracy and care for neat and finished production. His poetry of freedom was born of the open fields and, as Ayrshire men would have you know, of the traditions of a section of their native land that gave to Scotland from Lochmaben, daring, liberty-loving Robert Bruce.

SIDNEY LANIER.

There are in American literature a great number of minor poets who, while little read and unknown to-day to general readers, have done much to aid the development of our literature. They are of course outshone by Longfellow and Whittier, by Lowell and Holmes, yet many of them have written verses that are truly poetic and are well worthy the attention of students of American Literature. Such an one is Sidney Lanier.

He was first of all a musician. Among his ancestors were several men of high musical talent, and the hereditary trait of the family manifested itself in him while yet a child. He learned, without an instructor, to play the violin, flute, guitar, piano and organ, becoming especially skilful with the flute. In later life he supported his family and made quite a reputation as a musician by playing first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts at Baltimore. The evidences of this musical tendency are found in all of his poetical works.

Lanier was thoroughly educated. He graduated, at the age of eighteen, from Oglethorpe College, a Presbyterian institution of anti-bellum days located near Midway, Georgia. He then served as tutor in the college, leaving this position to enlist in the Confederate army, in a crack regiment, the Second Georgia Battalion. Later he was transferred to the signal service, and while on duty as signal officer on board a blockade runner, was captured and sent to Point Lookout Prison, where he remained until the close of the war. He spent his leisure hours, while in the army, practicing music and studying, learning Spanish, French and German and reading all the stray books that came in his way. He had the true spirit of scholarship and an insatiable love for learning. The poet, according to his theory, ought to know as much of everything as possible. He delighted in science, was not ignorant of philosophy, and had a thorough knowledge of Anglo Saxon and Early English at first hand. His work, "*The Science of English Verse,*" published while he was lecturer on literature at Johns Hopkins, shows painstaking, scientific investigation, involving both a rare analytical and strong constructive power.

His most notable poetic work is "Sunrise," in the "Hymns of the Marshes." This poem was written, with great pain, just a few months before the poet's death. The first stanza will illustrate all of its important characteristics.

"In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
Of the live oak, the marsh and the main.
The little green leaves would not let me alone in my sleep;
Up-breathed from the marshes, a message of range
and of sweep,
Interwoven with waftures of wild sea-liberties, drifting,
Came through the lapped leaves sifting, sifting,
Came to the gates of sleep.
Then my thoughts, in the dark of the dungeon-keep,
Of the Castle of Captives hid in the City of Sleep,
Upstarted, by twos and by threes assembling;
The gates of sleep fell a-trembling
Like the lips of a lady that forth falter *yes*,
Shaken with happiness:
The gates of sleep stood wide."

Here there are some of the elements of first-class poetry. Here are musical rythm, almost perfect symmetry, "recurrence of euphonic vowels and consonants," alliteration and rhyme, the elements of poetry according to Lanier's theory. Alliteration and assonance abound, but they are unobtrusive, are delicately woven into the poem and are the chief elements of that musical character for which his poetry is noted.

"Corn," one of the first poems that brought him into literary prominence, is somewhat more pretentious, but does not rise to the poetic level of "Sunrise." There is more poetic substance in the former but "Sunrise" is much more musical and is superior in form. However, the poem as a whole manifests considerable poetic power. Here is a particularly fine passage :

"Look, out of line one tall corn-captain stands
Advanced beyond the foremost of his bands,
And waves his blades upon the very edge
And hottest thicket of the battling hedge.
Thou lustrous stalk, that ne'er mayst walk, nor talk,
Still shalt thou type the poet soul sublime

That leads the vanward of his timid time
  And sings up cowards with commanding rhyme—
Soul calm, like thee, yet fain, like thee, to grow
  By double increment, above, below ;
Soul homely, as thou art, yet rich in grace like thee
  Teaching the yeoman selfless chivalry
That moves in gentle curves of courtesy ;
  Soul filled like thy long veins with sweetness tense,
By every godlike sense
Transmitted from the four wild elements."

Here are seen the germs of imaginative power of a high order. No selection from the poem can give a fair idea of all its characteristics. It is somewhat long and varies both in power and substance. "This poem," says his editor, "was the first outcome of his consciously-developing art-life." It was written in middle Georgia, about sixty miles north of Macon.

Of his other poems few, except the "Marshes of Glynn" and the "Symphony," are of much literary value. His dialect poems are of some interest as showing the middle Georgia dialect and character, but he was not a success as a dialect poet. His one novel, "Tiger Lillies," is now little known and little read.

His power was late in developing and his life of literary activity was short, but he did some work of which American Literature may be proud. Lanier was truly, as Ward says, "much more than a clever artisan in rhyme and metre."

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

DECEMBER, 1899.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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BUSINESS MANAGER,
O. S. V. MARTS.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

One of the most difficult problems which confront the student is the selection of the course of studies best suited to his needs. The old system of required studies had its advantages, and the elective system has its defects. Many students take what they call a "pleasure course," picking out the electives which they can pass with least study. These men, however, are hardly to be classed as students and would not study under the old plan. This is not a defect of the system, but of the men.

Another class of students begin to specialize too early in their course. This may make good specialists, but such is not the aim of college training. Specialization means narrowness. If a man follows one line exclusively he comes to weigh the world in terms of that subject. Its method becomes his method of thought. Its limits become the boundaries of his world. College training should, first of all, make broad men; men capable of adapting themselves to varying environments; men with a "luminous philosophy of life." The educated man should live in and be able to enjoy the *whole* world. It is the business of technical and professional schools to make specialists; it is the business of the college to make men.

Liberal culture demands a broad range of studies, and this demand the elective system fills. In a college course one can gain some knowledge of all arts and sciences, and this is just what the student should do. There will be time for special courses after college years are over. While in college, become as broad as you can. Acquire as broad knowledge of life and of the world as possible. This will prepare you to live in the world. It will prepare you to specialize without narrowing and restricting your thought world.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Henrietta Allen is a student in the dental department of the University of Iowa.

Coach Hoskins is retained as gymnasium instructor from Jan. 2, 1900 to June 20, 1900.

The second entertainment of the Brockway Course will be given in Music Hall, Dec. 16, by the John Thomas Concert Co.

Wm. J. Coxey, A. M., of Camden, N. J., has contributed a large number of new books to the sociological department of the library.

Dr. Perrine delivered an able sermon at the union Thanksgiving services held in the Lewisburg Evangelical church on the morning of Nov. 30.

Arrangements are being made for a debate between Franklin & Marshall and Bucknell. This year the debate will be held at Lancaster and will take place some time in February.

Zeta Literary Society held a most interesting open meeting in the institute chapel during the Thanksgiving recess. The meeting was largely attended and the program was successfully rendered throughout.

Registrar Gretzinger has returned from an extended sojourn at Clifton Springs, New York. Mr. Gretzinger is much improved in health, and has again resumed his office work. We trust he will soon completely regain his former good health.

Work on the new building is progressing. The brick work is finished and the roof has been started. The roof will be of slate. The contract for the roofing slate has been awarded to Madoc Slate Company of Allentown, with which C. R. James, '77, and Wm. H. Rodgers, '97, are connected.

The several classes will have the following courses of Monday morning lectures for the next term :

Seniors—History and Philosophy—Dr. Hulley.
Juniors—Dynamic Geology—Prof. Davis.
Sophomores—History of Art—Prof. Martin.
Freshmen—Rhetoric—Prof. Perrine.

The first entertainment of the new Bucknell Dramatic Club will be given in the Opera House on the evening of Dec. 14th. Two farces will be produced : "A Proposal Under Difficulties" and "The Unexpected Always Happens." Excellent music will be furnished. The amateurs are talented and enterprising and a first-class entertainment may be expected.

Suitable services to honor the memory of the late Dr. Robert Lowery were held in the chapel, Wednesday morning, Nov. 29. Prof. W. E. Martin delivered an able address in which he paid glowing tributes to Dr. Lowery's untiring efforts in religious, educational and musical work. Several of Dr. Lowery's most beautiful hymns were sung by the student body.

The electives to Juniors and Seniors for the second term are : Advanced Algebra, Integral Calculus, Roman History, Chemistry, Advanced Composition, Phaedo, Eng. Bible, History of Art, U. S. Constitutional History, Logic, History of Europe, Human Anatomy, Histology, Economics, German, Spanish, French, Blackstone. To Sophomores : Animal Physiology, Chemistry Course 3, Advanced Algebra, German.

The first preliminary Junior debate was held in Theta Alpha society hall Thursday evening, Nov. 16. The number of debaters (seventeen), was larger than in any previous preliminary contest. The following were elected to appear in the second debate: L. E. Ayres, Bechtel, Bidelspacher, Burpee, Myers, Shields, Snyder, Timlin, Trax. This second debate will be held some time during the winter term and the question for discussion is: Resolved, that the government should own the railroads.

ATHLETICS.

Capt. H. B. C. Riemer, '01, was again elected captain of the foot ball team for the season of 1900.

On Saturday, Dec. 2, Bucknell lost the last game of the season to the University of Buffalo by a score of 30—0. Buffalo was at her best and played an energetic game of straight football throughout. Bucknell was seriously handicapped by the absence of two of her strongest men—Armour and Mathewson; besides the unfortunate results of a lack of harmony among some of the players could clearly be seen in the miserable teamwork of the first half. At the end of the first half Buffalo had rolled up 24 points.

In the second half Bucknell took a better stand and played well up to her old time standard, so that it was with greatest difficulty that Buffalo made the one touch-down of this half, which brought her final score up to 30.

The annual autumn election of the Bucknell Athletic Association will be held Saturday, Dec. 16. A foot-ball manager for the coming year will be elected, as well as the following officers of the Athletic Association: A president, vice-president, secretary and two members of the finance committee. The greatest interest will center on the selection of a foot-ball manager. However the entire election is a most important one and no student can afford to shirk his duty and lose his vote by neglecting to become a member of the Athletic Association. Athletics rightfully claim a prominent place in college life and training and the successful maintenance of a high standard of excellence depends largely upon the support of the student body.

LAFAYETTE 12 ; BUCKNELL 0.

On Saturday, Nov. 18, Bucknell met Lafayette at Easton and in a hard-fought contest was defeated by a score of 12—0. Lafayette's team was heavier, and she had the very great advantage of playing on her own gridiron, yet the two elevens were quite evenly matched and the entire contest was most interesting. Trout, the left guard, made the touch-down for Lafayette in the first half, while Bray kicked the goal. In the second half Platt finally succeeded in getting through Bucknell's right tackle for a touch-down and again Bray kicked the goal.

Following is the Basket Ball schedule as arranged to date :

Jan. 5.	Danville Y. M. C. A. at............Lewisburg.
Jan. 19.	Bloomsburg State Normal School at Bloomsburg.
Jan. 20.	Pittston Y. M. C. A. at...............Pittston.
Jan. 23.	Quaker City Team at...............Lewisburg.
Feb. 1.	Dickinson College at...............Lewisburg.
Feb. 2.	Danville Y. M. C. A. at..............Danville.
	Williamsport Y. M. C. A. at......Williamsport.
Feb. 10.	State College at.................State College.
Feb. 17.	Cornell University at...............Lewisburg.
Feb. 22.	Bloomsburg State Normal School at Bloomsburg.
Mar. 2.	State College at....................Lewisburg.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'52. The many friends of Dr. Lowry were grieved to hear of his death in Plainfield, N. J., last Saturday. Dr. Lowry was seventy-three years old, born in Philadelphia, March 12, 1826. He graduated from Bucknell, then the University at Lewisburg, in 1852. While in college he was prominent in undergraduate circles and was a member of Phi Kappa Psi. At one time he was Professor of Rhetoric at Bucknell, and was also pastor of the Lewisburg Baptist church.

Ex-'63. James W. Pennepacker, for many years an employee of the Pennsylvania R. R., died at St. Petersburg, Fla., whither he had gone for his health, aged 61 years. Interment took place at Lansdowne, Penna., where he resided.

'69. John Spratt Wrightnour, D. D., has investigated the properties of liquid air, and invented an apparatus, which was patented November, 1899, for furnishing cool, oxygenated air to hospitals, hotels and private residences by the use of liquid air.

Ex-'87. Rev. E. M. Lake, of Pontiac, Ill., is rejoicing over the fact that $6,500 has been recently secured, thereby covering all indebtedness resting upon the First Baptist Church, of that city, of which he is pastor.

'88. Rev. G. W. Hatch is pastor of the Baptist Church at Cherry Valley, Ohio.

'90. Miss Eveline J. Stanton is down for an address, "Now-a-days at Bucknell," at the quarterly meeting of the Philadelphia Alumnae Club, March 12, 1900.

'94. Rev. T. S. Fretz, after a pastorate of several years at Beverley, N. J., has resigned to accept a unanimous call to Centralia, Wash.

'96. Albert C. Rohland, Esq., has opened a law office at 435 Diamond St., Pittsburg.

'97. James Stober is teaching at Albright College and is well liked by the student body.

'97. Rev. Carl Summerbell, A. M., is president of Palmer College, LeGrand, Iowa.

'99. Messrs. Albert Hutchinson and M. L. Ross are students in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania.

The Phila. Club of Bucknell University held its annual meeting and banquet at Boothby's last Monday evening. Over fifty were present. A. J. Rowland, D. D., presided. The principal address was made by President Harris. Addresses were also made by Charles R. James, Esq., Joseph E. Sagebeer, Ph. D., George E. Rees, D. D. and Mary Moore Wolfe, M. D. The following officers were elected: A. J. Rowland, D. D., President; Bernard E. MacMakin, Secretary; and Clement B. Lowe, M. D., Treasurer.

MARRIAGES.

COLESTOCK–KUNKLE.—In Williamsport, Penna., by Rev. H. C. Hall, D. D., ('82) pastor of the Erie Ave. Baptist Church, Rev. Henry J. Colestock, (class of '96), pastor of the First Baptist Church, Madison, Wis,, and Miss Emma E. Kunkle (class of '96 Inst.), of Williamsport.

MCMANN–RUFFNER.—In Kansas City, Mo., July 20, 1899, by Rev. E. B. Meredith, of Topeka, Kan., assisted by Rev. S. M. Brown, of Kansas City, Rev. Chas. F. McMann (class of '94), pastor of the Baptist Church at Concordia, Kas., and Miss Emma J. Ruffner, of Allegheny, Penna.

Miss Margaret Elizabeth Stoner and Mr. Ralph L. Melick, a graduate of the Academy, were married at Sunbury on Thanksgiving evening. Mrs. Melick is a sister of Mrs. Wm. C. Gretzinger.

EXCHANGES.

We are glad to see *The Allegheny Literary Monthly* and *The Western University Courant* among our exchanges.

The *Red and Blue* has a well written and interesting sketch of Joseph Rodman Drake. The November issue appears in a new and more attractive cover.

We also acknowledge receipt of *The Amherst Literary Monthly*, *The Messenger*, of Richmond College, *The Saint Johns Collegian*, *The Alfred University Monthly*, *The News Letter*, *The Lafayette*, *The Cherry and White*, *The Gettysburg Mercury*, *The Amulet*, and the *Vidette*, of which L. B. Sinnette, B. U., '97, is business manager.

Among our exchanges we find four magazines from colleges for women. *The Mount Holyoke* is well edited and compares favorably with any of the journals from men's colleges. "The Circus on the China" in the October number, is especially worthy of mention. The October *Sibyl*, of Elmira College, contains a short sketch of Thomas Bailey Aldrich and a number of well written short stories. *The College Folio*, of Allentown College for Women, reflects well the life of the school. *The Lesbian Herald*, of Woman's College, Frederick, Md., for October, contains a good story, "His point of View." The plot of the story is old but it is very well presented.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COLLEGE LABORATORY.

NOT BY GRAY.

The welcome gong now sounds the close of the lab.
The whistling crowd troops gaily out the door.
Each man betakes himself his separate way,
And leaves the room as silent as before.

Beneath that rugged pile the dust heap there,
Where daily increase heaps it higher still,
The sad remains of shattered test-tubes lie,
Which thus their ordained destiny fulfill.

For them no more the blazing gas shall burn,
Or busy student ply his awkward care,
The paths of learning lead through unseen ways,
And future bills cause sadness and despair.

Then hark, O zealous student entering here,
Prepare with fortitude thy path to tread ;
For ruin and disaster wait you here,
And dangers hover daily round your head.
The News Letter.

A Freshman was wrecked on an African shore,
Where a cannibal monarch held sway ;
And they served up the Freshman in slices on toast
On the eve of the very same day.

But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,
For ere next moon was seen,
The tribe was by cholera morbus attacked
For that Freshman was dreadfully green.
—*Ex.*

A Recipe.

A tireless tongue,
A pound of fun,
Of naive and grace about enough,
A smile, a laugh,
A bit of chaff,
And some exasperating bluff.
Stir well and serve with self-conceit,
'Tis the fin de siecle maid complete.
—*Ex.*

When he proposed, he looked so cheap,
And she was only human;
The bargain she could not resist,
So she took him—like a woman.
—Ex.

If I were rich how differently
I'd view the world! The land and sea,
The pleasant shore by breezes fann'd,
The ocean in its bed of sand
Would be a playground then for me.

How suddenly society
My hidden genius then would see!
How I'd be quoted through the land!
If I were rich.

And then most strange of all would be
How some sweet Gladys or Marie
(Just why it's hard to understand),
Most quickly with her little hand,
To make me happy would agree,
If I were rich.
—Ex.

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1900

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XIX. LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY, 1900. NO. 4.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

DIED NOV. 25, 1899.

Address at Memorial Services, Bucknell Hall, Nov. 29, 1899,

BY WM. E. MARTIN, A. M.

We are to contemplate a life to-day ; a vigorous, energetic life ; a beautiful, a fruitful, a victorious life. This life, in its buoyant youth, its tuneful Spring, made our campus vocal with happy shout and holy hymn. This life took form and strength, grew full and round, in the discipline of our institution ; this life kept fresh and warm its attachment to College and to town, for full fifty years ! How few men in the land have maintained such constancy of interest and sympathy, of affection and helpfulness, to their Alma-Mater, through fifty years ! This is why we ask students to pause to-day in our routine work to consider this son and friend of our institution, this ever youthful-hearted lover of his college, this one-time teacher in her halls, this peerless preacher in the college church, this brother of 45 generations of graduates in fellowship of college memories, in devotion to mutual culture and abiding friendship.

Robert Lowry was born in Philadelphia, March 12, 1826 ; was converted in the 1st Baptist church, and baptized by Dr. Geo. B. Ide in 1843. He entered the academic department of the University at Lewisburg in 1848 ; was graduated from the Collegiate Department with the honors of his class, in 1854.

That was a day of great expectations. The school in all its departments met in the basement of the original Baptist church edifice, then occupying the site of the present Music Hall. The Academy building was soon completed, to which the institution moved in a sort of triumphal procession. Soon the west wing of the college afforded students' rooms, while all class-rooms and study halls, and chapel and library and museum occupied the Academy building. But if the external structures were cramped and narrow, the spiritual building, the ideal plans of founders and faculty, were most generous for the times.

An institution of learning is an aggregation of men and books, in appropriate buildings, devoted to instruction. But the qualitative standard for its work must be found in the men it sends forth to the world's work. The graduates of this institution have always furnished a worthy index of its aims, its character, its results. Surely the students of the early day walked by faith and not by sight. That they gave such loyal devotion to their school is proof of their appreciation of the training received. Their enthusiasm had great influence throughout the state, and to them we of later days owe a debt of gratitude--to none more than to Robert Lowry and Francis Tustin, students from the first church, Philadelphia.

Robert Lowry was already a song-writer and choir-leader while a student. A feature of the time was the chapel choir and the vocal commencement music. The era of brass bands had not yet reached the University. The musical enthusiasm centred upon and haloed the leader, already famous for his original compositions. Little did he dream of the outcome of his youthful efforts in song ! To be famous the world around ; to be granted an ovation in the chief city of christendom by delegates from all civilized lands as the writer of hymns that bind all hearts in generous enthusiasm of prayer and praise—is granted to few men in any age !

Fifteen years of pastoral labor, of church-building, of Sunday school leadership and song-writing followed his graduation. West Chester, Pa., New York City and Brooklyn witnessed the growth of Robert Lowry as a preacher. Always a faithful student he kept pace with the great movement of his age, kept in touch with the great books of all time. He was a growing man, in the front rank of the powerful pulpit orators of an age that tested such to the utmost, "the sixties," the times that tried men's souls! In 1869 to the successful pastor of Hanson

Place Baptist Church, that seemed as permanently wedded to him as Plymouth to Mr. Beecher, or Pilgrim to Dr. Storrs, the call of his Alma-Mater came to become Professor of Rhetoric and Pastor of the College Baptist Church. He has said that from any other institution, or by the hand of any other man than President Loomis, it would not have been considered for a moment. Judge how he loved his college!

A preacher by supreme preference he came to help train other preachers; no less than to teach all students the secrets of Rhetoric, Logic and English Literature. It was one of the choice privileges of a life-time to be his pupil. To be for even a brief time in daily contact with so rich an experienee, so sane a personality, so sweet a spirit, so magnetic a teacher; to have at call, not text-book learning only, but culture from an acquaintance with the best in literature and thought; to drink in choice diction by unconscious imitation, rather than by rule, was much to be grateful for. To be thrilled by profound emotion, to be charmed by classic speech and eloquent delivery, to have imagination kindled and heart stirred, to develop admiration that is akin to love—such possibilities to a youth mean a coloring of his entire future. And surely the students from '70 to '78 or '79 will bear witness that their lives contain few influences so sweet, so abiding, as those emanating from this teacher of their youth.

To an observer of his six years' service in the college it was apparent that the teacher was outgrowing his best pupils. How he devoted every energy to preparation for every class and every sermon! And how manifest the expansion of the teacher and the preacher! What inspiration comes from the young to men privileged to guide them! What reaction, what stimules to do their best! Thus Professor Lowry grew, but the task was too severe, the double labor too arduous! The college was too poor to part from the church, the church too burdened to part from the college. He saved both the need of separation by his sacrifice of a position in which he had spent the six most intense years of his life; the six years of widest influence, since he sent forth his impress on men who became leaders of men.

Professor Lowry bore from the scenes of his educational labors a token of the esteem and affection of his late associates in the new designation, expressive of his recognized attainments, Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Lowry's year of rest at his new home in Plainfield, N. J., was broken by a proposition to organize a new Baptist church and to build a new meeting house in a growing quarter of the city, if he would assume the pastoral care. A beautiful house was erected at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, and the new enterprise flourished from the start. Here Dr. Lowry continued in the active ministry for nine years. Since 1885 he has lived a retired life in study and musical composition,—varied by travel and occasional preaching, honored and loved by a host of friends, and interested in the progress of all good things.

Dr. Lowry was a unique personality. Of frank and open countenance, his eyes danced and sparkled with good humor. His greeting was hearty, sometimes explosive. His hand-grasp meant an electric thrill. Super-abundant health and vitality bathed him in an atmosphere of cheerfulness. The kindly smile always reflected the sunny depths of the soul within. It was a benediction to meet him. His artistic temperament of sensitive responsive feeling, his delicate features informed by emotion and lit by impassioned utterance became expressive of meaning too deep for words. The whole soul shone forth in glance, in gesture, in attitude, and we knew the stirrings of genius, the flashes of inspiration, the melting tenderness, the all-conquering love within. It is thus that oratory ever appeals to men; it is self-revelation. All veils are drawn aside and we see the heart of the speaker in full play. It is a great privilege for any young man to come under the spell of such self-revealing eloquence when the personality behind is a Lowry! That day a bell is rung in the soul's dormitory. That day resolution takes her station, decision is made, the future is assured!

The personality moulded by culture, trained by experience, the product of education and all the forces of heredity and environment, holds converse with God, with nature and with men. The communication with God is prayer ; it is the inner harmony of the entire personality with the will of God as perceived by the soul; it is the interpretation of the character, work and being of God; it is adoration of the highest spirit by the lower spirit. This veneration, this adoration, this converse, is more than thought about God; it is personal association and agreement with God. Theological thinking, in itself, is not piety; only harmonious converse with God is piety.

The outlook of the personality upon nature may be artistic in its apprehension and appreciation of beauty, truth and science; or it may be interpretative of nature in terms of its relation to a higher, even God. Now the preacher had to do with nature as the expression of God to men. The homiletic habit of mind is not artistic, but mediatorial, always revealing the spiritual and unseen to the eyes of the spiritual and unseeing, using the objects of nature as glasses to help growing sight. He did not describe nature as nature but as God's work. He had the true poet's perception, the true artist's appreciation, but the preacher's purpose.

His use of music was not in deference to the artistic approval of the centres of musical criticism, but was all-concerned with the service of song to burdened hearts, to sorrowing men and women, to infants lisping praise. Service was the criterion of his artistic appeal to human hearts, and these hearts responded to his appeal in every corner of the globe where his songs penetrated. He was popular in the truest sense, of service to the most. Rather was he universal.

Dr. Lowry's style was fashioned by his personality. He was not essentially a controversialist and so his style was not that of the arena. He was not given to the scientific development of abstruse questions, and so his style was free from metaphysical terminology. He *was* busy with life, and his style was eminently concrete. He saw life in its relation to its culmination, its perfection, its ideals, its sanctification; and his style was filled with symbols, pictures, representations of the facts of life in natural and biblical imagery.

Imagination wrought its finest chemistry upon the elemental words; they seemed to crystalize in sight of the hearer; they sparkled with diamond facets of reflection; they glowed with the seven banded spectrum of prismatic beauty. But you never lost sight of the truth in the corruscating gleams of the crystal speech. He was not rhetorical for rhetoric's sake. He was not pyrotechnical in speech for the sake of the smoke, but for the light, and he turned the light full upon the theme in hand.

In his prime Dr. Lowry's ear was as perfect for word harmony as for tonal harmony. His modulation of voice was effortless and faultless. Music is of the soul as truly as of the ear. Harmony was the dominant characteristic of his mental, moral, literary and musical constitution. It was God's gift, which he cultivated to the utmost for God's service.

It must not be inferred that this dominance of harmonic unity, this perfection of culture, this keenness of sensibility argued a weak will or an unmanly man. You cannot polish a brick! But you can polish granite until it becomes a mirror. Dr. Lowry had a will of granite texture ; but he kept it in the control of a sweet reasonableness and an ideal beauty of conduct and christian kindness of spirit. When provoked to the defense of truth as he thought it assaulted, he could deal sledge-hammer blows; but he was not angry in his own behalf ; he was a defender of the faith, a champion of the truth; as such he struck ; when battle was over he was himself again. Persuasion was his aim and not conviction or forensic victory. Not the conquest of his fellows, but their glad acceptance of his message pleased him.

But all expression is relative to that which is to be expressed, the personality. This is the true style. This nature of finest grain, of resplendent polish, of harmonious development, of keenest sensibility—this happy combination of well-proportioned excellences, this rounded totality of being, had been early fused in the fire of a holy ambition. Mark the term "granite" used a while ago of his character. Remember whence the granite's perfect unity ; what elemental fires fused its pebbles into consistency and coherence to endure for ages ! Happy the youth that is molten and fused by this fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost! Sad and disjointed the life that knows it not. Dr. Lowry was a christian student. The passion of a holy love for men and for his Savior consumed the dross of youthful folly at its first approach to him. And this fire of love, this enthusiasm for his Master and his fellow-men glowed as the never-dying altar fire upon his heart 'till his latest hour.

The true penetralia of our life is in the emotions. There need be no depreciation of the intellectual powers, no minimizing of the importance of regnant will, but in the emotions resides the central fire, the motive energy, the dynamic of personality. Well for us if early in our student career the divine flame of love has kindled our souls!—has quickened will and intellect to new and fresh activity, to high consecration, to noblest ideals, to the uttermost service, to the Christly sacrifice. This divine flame became the beacon light for Lowry's educational progress; it guided him through the mazes of History by its unerring ray; it vivified Literature; it made a cosmos of the universe; it centred Philosophy in spirit; it illumined humanity with a light divine. Man in his possibilities of redemption was no longer sunk in inextricable sin and misery. The youthful minister went forth to rescue, to save, to realize the divine intent in every life.

Is any experience of humanity comparable with that of the early years of service of the earnest christian minister? Who will write the soul history of a Jewish Priest? Let him next essay the portrayal of the Christian Minister. Recent attempts are only external studies,—not vital psychological representations of the totality of experience. The transforming power of this greatest affection left its impress upon every fiber of student Lowry's being. The pastorate quickened into expression his vision of God, and gave him the key to human hearts.

Dr. Lowry was a toiler. He seldom depended upon the inspiration of the moment, though to few men did moments of inspiration so frequently come. He wrought in secret the thought that in public seemed so spontaneous. The true orator is ever a delver for ore, a smelter of the ore into metal, a fashioner of the Damascus blade in fire and with file. We see the finished product and its execution, and too often expect to rival it without expense of the effort,—the forge, the anvil and the lathe. Let not extemporaneity be a delusion and a snare to the youthful aspirant for the honors and the service of oratory. The words that breathe, the thoughts that burn are kindled in the soul that toils, in the will that directs, in the love that sways the whole man. Oratory is earnest work, consuming work ; yet how signal its victories, how eminent its services! And the pathway to success in it is obvious. "Have somewhat to say!" thunders Carlyle, anxious that formal speech shall not hide poverty of message. Find your message as Robert Lowry found his, in passionate devotion to a great work.

To be devoted exclusively to expression, to become a tailor in words, would be a poor sphere for any man of worth, and might entail the loss of any real ability he possessed. So we rightly withhold our approbation from mere form. But when form is the fit expression of precious thought, of worthy feeling, we recur to Solomon's praise of the "apples of gold in the pictures of silver," and we speak of the fine art of literary composition. The form is incidental but the substance is vital.

Dr. Lowry was a scholar. He knew and loved books, was able to extract their sweets, to live in their atmosphere, to utilize their energies. He says of them in a casual private letter: "Books! why they are meat and drink, air and sunshine, bath and wardrobe, elixer and medicine, drum corps and orchestra, to me. Some of them I shall never open again, but they smile at me from their shelves. They wink at me, and talk to me, and sing for me, and think with me, and ward off the sere and yellow leaf by their perpetual freshness. There is no loneliness, no ennui, no cussedness when my books encircle me. We dance together, we confide with one another, we tread the shady walks in company, we forget that there is any outside world when we sit down together and tell our love." This is not the language of a mere book-lover who buys and pets his books, who cherishes them for their covers or their rarity. No more is it the word of the man who puts them on his shelves, but locks them out of his heart, who never permits the life-giving rills from their snowy peaks to refresh his desert life. The scholar uses books as he uses friends, for their stimulus to his own thought, as sources of refreshment and reinvigoration, as treasuries whence to bring things new and old, for the delight and improvement of his associates.

In cherishing the memory and emulating the example of Dr. Lowry, the students of our University will aid in perpetuating the choicest traditions of our history of fifty years, in preserving the memories of its earliest distinction, the outline and embodiment of its purpose and end. They will also honor one, who, with devoted zeal, strove to perpetuate the affiliation between colleges and their sons, and to make them mutually helpful. No man of our time of equal station and prominence has so devoted himself to perpetuate throughout the after days, the friendship formed in college life. He has been an example and an inspiration to all alumni and fraternity workers who desire to see the worthiest fruits of friendship clothe the trees planted in student days. In so doing he has strengthened the bonds between all true students, who view their culture unselfishly and patriotically.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

Rev. Robert Lowry, A. M., D. D., was born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 12, 1826, and died at Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 25, 1899. He was the valedictorian of the Class of 1854 of Bucknell University, and that same year was ordained and called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of West Chester, Pa. In 1858 he was called to the pastorate of the Bloomingdale Church of New York City, and in 1861 became pastor of the Hanson Place Church of New York City where he remained eight years. In 1869 he became Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres at Bucknell University, and pastor of the Lewisburg Baptist Church. During the six years of his labors there the present beautiful edifice of the Lewisburg Church was erected. From Lewisburg he went to Plainfield, N. J., when he became pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, retiring from the active work a few years ago. As a writer of sacred music, Dr. Lowry had an international reputation, and his melodies are sung in every English speaking land, while some of his hymns have been translated into foreign tongues. Some of his best known pieces are: "Shall We Gather at the River;" "One More Day's Work for Jesus;" "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night:" "I Need Thee Every Hour;" "The Mistakes of My Life,"

While the doctor has said, "I would rather preach a gospel sermon to an appreciative, receptive congregation, than write a hymn," yet in spite of his preferences, his hymns have gone on and on in many languages, preaching and comforting thousands upon thousands of souls, furnishing them expression for their deepest feelings of praise and gratitude to God for his goodness to the children of men.

What he has thought in his inmost soul has become a part of the emotions of the whole Christian world. We are all his debtors.

At the Robert Raikes Centennial in 1880 he attended the meeting of delegates in London, in which speeches were made by representative men from all parts of the world. Near the close of the meeting, the chairman, a member of Parliament, rose and said, "I am told that Dr. Lowry, the author of 'Shall We Gather at the River' is present, we would be glad to hear from him." The effect was startling. As Dr. Lowry came forward and stood on the platform, the whole audience broke forth in applause. Persons rose to their feet and waved their handkerchiefs. For some moments it was impossible to say a word. Not more than a dozen Americans in the room had ever seen the man, but they gave spontaneous tribute to the song writer whose name had been a household word to them for many years.

The funeral services were held at his late residence on Tuesday, Nov. 28, and were conducted by Rev. J. W. Richardson of the Park Avenue Church, Rev. D. J. Yerkes, D. D., of the First Baptist Church, Rev. Geo. A. Peltz, D. D., of Philadelphia, and Chaplain Cumming, of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity. He is survived by his widow and three sons, one of whom is Rev. H. M. Lowry, of Rahway, N. J., Class of '77. A noted preacher, a tender pastor, a loving friend, a loyal alumnus of his beloved Alma Mater. Dr. Lowry has gone into that glory about which his inspired pen so beautifully wrote while on earth now, and in eternity by and by, an unnumbered host calls him blessed.

R. B. McDanel,
Alumni Editor.

DR. LOWRY AS A FRATERNITY MAN.

Dr. Lowry was a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. He took a lively interest in the general welfare of the fraternity and was particularly interested in the chapter at Bucknell, of which he was a member. Dr. Lowry was president of the fraternity from 1888 to 1890. In 1893 he published the first song book of the fraternity.

ROBERT LOWRY AS A STUDENT.

REV. DR. GEO. A. PELTZ.

Those who knew Robert Lowry as a student are becoming very few. Of his own class the majority are gone. The class immediately preceding his has not a surviving member. Of those graduating earlier hardly half a dozen remain, and of those in college with him and graduating later there are not a score. Of his instructors only two have survived him. So it has come to pass that opportunity for personal reminiscences of his student life is quite restricted.

He entered the Academic Department of the University at Lewisburg (now Bucknell University) in 1848, was matriculated as a Freshman in 1850, and graduated in 1854, in a class of nine members. On this occasion he delivered an oration on "The Vengence of the Future," and also the valedictory address.

Few men who attain Dr. Lowry's age carry so much of their youthful appearance to the end. He never lost his elastic-quick movement nor his fresh, clear complexion, nor the brilliancy and depth of his eye, nor his resonant voice and decisive enunciation. His hair showed some silver threads, but in color and cut were much the same as in his youth. Indeed, to the eye of the writer the Robert Lowry of last July, when three days were spent most delightfully together, was all but the identical Robert Lowry whom he first met on the old board-walk at Lewisburg in May of 1852. Those who ever saw him need change the image but little to fit it to the student of a half-century ago.

College sports were few in those days. The ruder demonstrations, hazing, "painting the town red," making night hideous, etc., were unknown arts. Town ball was played on the campus back of the West Wing, and hand ball against the blank east wall of that newly erected building, and in these games Dr. Lowry was an enthusiastic expert. Vocal serenades at midnight hours were popular also, and the voices of Bob Lowry, Ed. Taylor, Mac Taylor, Had Loomis and others could easily be detected in those sweet disturbances of balmy sleep. Most of these singers have been gathered about the throne above, where they sing on as in student days.

In the class room Lowry was ever at the front. Nothing was too much for his keen perception, his superb intelligence, his matchless expression. Specially was he conspicuous in political economy and mental and moral science. He had thoroughly studied such topics. He had opinions on them and he could state and defend his opinions. Many a time has the professor's skill been taxed as Lowry jabbed his rhetorical and logical lances into the text books, and even into the professorial dictum.

In the literary societies of the day he was an inspiration. No man could approach him in the use of language. His essays and poems led all his associates. For the sake of stirring up the boys he would occasionally launch out into some unexpected waters, such as an elaborate defense of Judas Iscariot, or an exhaustive study of the character and conduct of Athaliah, or some other obscure personage of antiquity. He delighted to fling all his force against slavery, then in the height of its arrogance, and on all possible occasions he would smite it with terrific blows.

He was a humorist of rare quality. He could caricature men and things with marvelous point and power. A letter of his lies before the writer, dated in 1854, and in twelve pen pictures it tells a story as no verbiage could have done. In our daily walks, at our boarding house table, anywhere, everywhere, Lowry would toss together a bunch of unusual words that would amaze us with their fitness and convulse us with their fun.

In all his intercourse with other students, with the townspeople, and especially with his instructors, Robert Lowry was the gentleman. He was ever frank but never rude, ever manly but never domineering, ever positive but never arrogant, ever courteous but never cringing. He was popular everywhere, praised by all, equal to any occasion, conceded to be a leader, recognized as a man destined for a high place, and yet he was our own genial, gentlemanly, beloved "Bob Lowry."

His Christian character was, however, his crowning grace. It did not show itself in gush, or cant, or whining, or criticising, or theorizing, but in a manly separateness from sin and adhesion to right. In the students' prayer meeting, the local Sunday-school, the church prayer meeting, the church choir, the school house missions, the neighboring churches, the college chapel, the daily life, Robert Lowry was a worthy example. He was an instructor of the ignorant, a comforter of the sorrowing, a friend of every man. A closer approach to "the perfect man" it will be hard to find in any company of undergraduates.

RESOLUTION OF PHI KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY.

Hall of Penna. Gamma Chaper, Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, Lewisburg, Pa.

Nov. 27th, 1899.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from this life our beloved brother, Dr. Robert Lowry;

Whereas, By his death our Fraternity has suffered a great and irreparable loss;

Whereas, This local chapter has lost one of her most loyal sons, be it,

Resolved, That we the members of Penna. Gamma Chapter, Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity do hereby express our sorrow and grief which we as brothers have sustained;

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the records of Penna. Gamma, that a copy be sent to his family and also be published in the *Shield*, and the college papers.

A. J. Sherwood,
D. E. Hottenstein,
S. C. Smith.

THE FINAL SERVICE.

On Tuesday, November 28th, 1899, a sorrowing company assembled in Plainfield, N. J., for the funeral service of Dr. Lowry. His body lay in the parlor of his late home, surrounded by floral tokens from many loving friends. The face was expressive of perfect peace and the light so shone upon it as to invest it with a charming radiance. About him gathered comrades of his Greek letter fraternity, the Phi Kappa Psi. Elsewhere clerical and musical friends assembled. His study was occupied by the family and relatives. Other parts of the spacious house were filled with friends and neighbors, and upon all rested the deepest solemnity.

He had chosen the hymns to be sung and the singers and speakers for the occasion. At the appointed hour sweet music stole through the apartments and a choice company of muiscal friends sang, "Shall we gather at the River?" and then came the reading of Scripture selections by the Rev. Mr. Richardson, Dr. Lowry's pastor, followed by prayer, led by the Rev. Dr. Richards, of the Presbyterian church. After another hymn, "It won't be long," the Rev. Dr. Yerkes, of Plainfield, spoke of Dr. Lowry as a preacher. Singing followed again, and then the Rev. Dr. Peltz, a life-long and intimate associate of Dr. Lowry, spoke of his departed friend as a man, a friend, and a Christian. "Up from the grave he rose" was then sung, after which the Phi Psi ritual for the dead, arranged by Dr. Lowry himself, was read. The body was borne from the house by Fraternity bearers. At the Hillside Cemetery, near by, Dr. Lowry's son, the Rev. H. W. Lowry, said the final words, and the loved form was left to await the resurrection morning.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
JANUARY, 1900.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.
☞In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.
☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

The literary department of this issue is devoted to the memory of our honored alumnus, Dr. Robert Lowry. In all his long intercourse with the University, Dr. Lowry has encouraged every worthy enterprise we have undertaken. His articles have frequently appeared in *L'Agenda* and he was always a ready and willing contributor to the MIRROR. He will long be remembered and his assistance missed by every department of the University.

We are frequently asked if we will accept contributions from students. In the first number of this volume we stated that contributions from undergraduates are especially welcome. One of the MIRROR's aims is to open a field for practical work in English composition to undergraduate students. We want stories, essays and poems and will be glad to receive them at any time and from any student in the University.

A certain class of our students are always wishing that they could go to one of the great universities. The impression seems to be that a large college has some patent appliance by which it can open a man's head and pour learning and culture in. This attitude is due not to any defect of the smaller college, or to any special advantage to be gained by going to a larger one, but to a very common mental state, i. e., chronic dissatisfaction with one's present condition, a certain longing for the unattainable. The old German proverb, *Unser gluck sei nur dort wo wir nicht sind,* states the case exactly.

Considerable discussion has been going on recently as to the relative merits of the large and the small colleges, both in the college magazines and in some outside periodicals. Many of the arguments in favor of small colleges have been refuted, but some very strong points still remain untouched. Direct contact of professors and students is one advantage which the great university can not give. Few students realize the benefit of coming in personal contact with the professors under whom they work. More is sometimes gained by this association than from the texts studied. Culture and inspiration are to be derived not from solitary study of text books, but from personal association with men more cultured and learned than ourselves.

We may, however, view the question from another standpoint. The student who can get nothing at a small college has no one to blame but himself. Does he study? No. How, then, can he expect to accomplish anything here or any place else. What a man gets from any work depends on himself. He gets out of his study just what he puts into it. Do the thing and you shall have the power, is the substance of a doctrine taught by the Sage of Concord. Study, think, become interested, and you shall have the learning and culture. Do not waste your time complaining because you cannot go to a larger institution, but go to work and make use of the golden opportunities which are before you.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Chas. J. Pearse, '00, of Erie, Pa., has not returned to his college work on account of ill health.

The University has received $300 from the Bachus estate which has been expended in books for the Library.

The third of a series of Basket Ball Benefit Assemblies was held in the Armory Thursday evening, Jan 11.

John A. Hague, '01, was a successful competitor in a prize tenor solo contest held at Plymouth, on Christmas Day.

On the evening of the 19th inst. Dr. R. S. McArthur will deliver his most interesting lecture "The Empire of the Czar" in the Opera House.

Rush H. Kress, 1900, has accepted a lucrative position with the Southern Syndicate of 5 and 10 cent stores, having charge of the main office in New York City.

Llewellyn Phillips, A. M., formerly Instructor in Elocution at Bucknell but now pursuing studies at Rochester Seminary, was here during the first week of the term.

The opening address of the winter term was delivered by Dr. Harris in Bucknell Hall, Monday morning, Jan. 8. The subject of the address was "Ulysses S. Grant."

The Bucknell Glee and Mandolin Club will give an entertainment at Northumberland some evening during the coming week. Arrangements are being made for an extended trip and the series of entertainments will be announced later.

The University catalogue is now in press. It will show a total attendance of 486 in all departments of the University of which number 314 are in college and 91 in the Freshman class.

According to precedent all Seniors are requested to hand the subjects of their Commencement themes to the Professor of Rhetoric within two weeks from the opening of the winter term.

The Freshmen will use "Specimens of Description" as their text-book in Elocution for this term, while the work of the Sophomores will be based on Miss Buck's book on "Argumentative Writing."

Regular classes in gymnastics have been organized for all students. Systematic gymnasium work is required of Freshmen and Sophomores, while special work including wrestling and the art of self-defense may be pursued by any students who desire to do so. All training is given under the personal direction of Instructor Hoskins.

E. H. Dutton, '98, was the guest of his mother at her home on Sixth Street during the holiday vacation and greeted many of his old college friends during the opening week. Mr. Dutton has abandoned his second year's work at Rochester Theological Seminary to accept the position of New York State Secretary of Y. M. C. A. Home Mission Work.; at the same time Mr. Dutton will be private secretary to the distinguished christian worker, John R. Mott.

The opening meetings of both literary societies were well attended. Euepia organized for the term by electing the following officers:

President—M. A. Carringer.
Vice President—L. J. Ulmer.
Secretary—A. M. Weaver.
Critic—Edward Bell.
Treasurer—Tiffany.
Curator—Irvin Bartholomew.

Theta Alpha's officers for the ensuing term are:
President—Chas. H. Miller.
Vice President—A. S. Bechtel.
Secretary—Reese Harris.
Critic—Edgar Reed.
Treasurer—T. P. Kyle.
Censor—G. Miles Robbins.
Curator—H. B. C. Riemer.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'55. Rev. Chas. H. Malcom, D. D., died at Newport, R. I., during the summer. He was at one time pastor of the Second Baptist Church in that city; but afterwards united with the Episcopalian faith.

Ex-'62. Hon. Wm. S. Shallenberger, Second Assistant Postmaster General of the U. S., was elected Moderator of the Columbia Baptist Association at its recent meeting in Washington, D. C.

'75. Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., of Dauer, Ga., was elected Secretary of the Berean Association of Negro Baptists, organized in August, in Savannah.

'77. Rev. Geo. T. Street, of Braddock, Penna., and his people, are contemplating the erection of a new house of worship.

'78. Rev. J. E. Perry, Ph. D., formerly Principal of Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J., has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, in Allston, Mass., a suburb of Boston. Dr. Perry has been taking a post-graduate course of study at Harvard, and during the time has been supplying pulpits with great acceptance in the vicinity of Boston.

'79. Rev. A. J. Irey, pastor of the Baptist Church, at Warren, Penna., was recently called to his old home at Aaronsburg, Centre Co., by the death of his mother.

'81. Rev. F. H. Shermer has removed from Cape May Court House, N. J. and has become pastor of the Pearl St. Baptist Church of Bridgeton, N. J.

'81. Rev. Frank H. Shermer, of Cape May, C. H., N. J., has been invited to the pastorate of the Pearl St. Baptist Church, Bridgeton, N. J., and has announced his acceptance.

'84. Rev. C. A. Gardner is treasurer of the Baptist Minister's Conference, of Toledo, Ohio.

'84. Rev. F. M. Goodchild, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, New York City, recently underwent a serious surgical operation which has temporarily laid him aside from all pastoral work. His recovery is assured.

Among the readers of papers at the recent Baptist Congress at Pittsburg, Pa., were Rev. O. P. Eaches, D. D. '63, and Rev. S. Z. Batten '85.

'85. "The Bible in Court" is a strong, vigorous, and exhaustive book, written by Rev. Jas. E. Sagebeer, Ph. D., pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Germantown, Philadelphia. The book has aroused much favorable comment. It is from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

'91. Prof. J. H. Minnick is editor of periodicals and textbooks in the publishing department of Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'94. Geo. E. Deppen, '94, has been appointed from Co. K. Quartermaster Sergeant of the 12th regt., N. G. P.

'94. Rev. Geo. H. Waid is secretary of the Baptist Ministers' Conference, of Detroit, Mich.

'95. Rev. R. R. Snow, of Marquette, Mich., was elected 1st Vice President of the Michigan B. Y. P. U., recently held. An excellent likeness appeared in the *Christian Herald* (Detroit), August 17, among a group of B. Y. P. U. officers of that State.

'96. George A. Jennings is studying medicine in Baltimore, Md.

'97. Instructor Fisk was married to Miss Anna Belle Briggs, of Erie, on Dec. 27, 1899. They have taken up their residence in the Evans home on N. 3d street.

'98. Prof. James P. Stober is professor of physics and chemistry in Albright College, Myerstown. A rich citizen of Reading recently presented Albright College with a complete cabinet of apparatus for the department of physics.

'99. Miss Grace DeWolf is at Columbia, giving her attention almost entirely to Mathematics and especially to Astronomy.

'99. Miss Bertha C. Watkins, who recently spent a short time among Alma Mater friends, has accepted a position in the Chicago schools.

'99. J. E. Calvin is attending the Divinity School of U. of C.

BUCKNELL ALUMNAE CLUB.

The December meeting of the Bucknell Alumnae Club was held Tuesday evening, Dec. 12th, in the Institute parlors, Mrs. Annie Kaler Dreisbach, president, in the chair.

A vocal solo was rendered by Miss Mary Matlack, and a letter of greeting from Mrs. Katherine B. Larison was read by Mrs. Wm. E. Martin. The club then took up the discussion of the sociological problem, adopted as the subject of study for this year.

Miss Annie Van Gundy discussed "Prison and Capital Punishment." Miss Eliza Bell spoke on "Reformatories and Penitentiaries," with special reference to the Reformatory at Huntingdon, which she has visited. Mrs. Wm. E. Martin spoke on the "Drunkard and Liquor Laws." Mrs. W. G. Owens gave a description of the Girls' Reformatory at Albion, N. Y. An instrumental solo by Miss Mary Thornton followed.

After the literary program was disposed of, the annual feast was held and every one present had an enjoyable social hour.

MARY S. GRETZINGER, Secretary.

EXCHANGES.

The *Converse Concept* has appeared among our exchanges. It is a neat, well-edited literary magazine and contains a number of very good stories.

The exchange column of *The Red and Blue* discusses college verse in a friendly and unbiassed spirit. A more critical discussion of this subject would be of much value to college editors.

The *Saint John's Collegian* contains a valuable and interesting article on Education and the Arabs. It is based on personal observation and, while not intended to be exhaustive, shows a thorough knowledge of the subject.

The *College Student* contains an excellent article on the Schwenkfelders, a peculiar religious sect of Montgomery, Berks and Lehigh counties. These studies of subjects near at hand can be made most interesting. Writers for college journals often seek for subjects sublime and distant, forgetting that their own neighborhood contains good literary material.

Our life is but an ill shaped isle,
  Afloat upon a boundless sea;
The past, immeasurable, behind,
  Before us dim eternity.
Madisonieusis.

A Junior with a young maid sat
  Beneath some shady trees;
He gazed upon her winsome eyes,
  And longed her waist to squeeze.

"All flesh is grass," at length he sighed,
  The maid replied, "How true,
As all must know who've sat beside
  A yap as green as you."
Western University Courant.

ON LOOKING AT MY FIRE.

See the flames, lurid flames,
How the hemlock timber tames
  To the dying fire's feeble, scattered power!
And the embers faintly throw
Light that 'round the room doth show,
With a cheerful, merry glow,
  All the luxuries that riches on us shower.

But beyond those ruddy deeps
Something pitilessly peeps,
  Significant of wretchedness forlorn;
And my thoughts drop down the steeps
To the mirky, dismal keeps,
Where the loathsome creature creeps:
  Have I aught accomplished since the happy morn?

Haverfordian.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

I asked a maid in fair Bordeaux
To marry me. I loved her seaux.
Ah, me! It was a crushing bleaux
When she replied, "You booby, neaux."

So then I journeyed to Cologne
To wed a girl I long had knogne.
When I got there, my bird had flogne,
And I, alas, am still alogne!

So now I linger in Marseilles,
With a cheerfulness that never feilles—
Hoping that soon some favoring geilles
Will put new wind into my seilles.

Tech.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XIX. LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY, 1900. No. 5.

SONG OF THE NATIVITY.

Dedicated, Christmas, A. D. 1899, to My Mother.
Aet. 88 yrs.

Lo ! Angels bring
On heavenly wing
Tidings of love—Dear Mother ;
Sweet, precious thought !
Tis love unbought,
And Joy above all other.

Two thousand years !
And still appears
That same bright star—Dear Mother—
By Shepherds seen ;
Still doth it gleam
On high, to guide the Wanderer.

The Angels sang
Good will to man—
Let Peace abound forever—
This day was born
The true God-Man,
Messiah, Christ, Redeemer.

Oh happy day—
Oh blessed way—
For "God is Love"—Dear Mother ;
The Father, Son,
And Spirit—one
In Triune love—God, ever.

Oh Lord, our King,
Of Thee we sing,
Our Saviour—Mediator—
At thy right hand,
Grant we may stand
With Thee, Dear Lord and Saviour.

Rock Island, Ill., *V. M. Blanding.*
Dec. 25, 1899.

THE BONNY FOLK OF AYRSHIRE.

FRANK WEBER DILLON.

Ayrshire folks are not so greatly different from their countrymen of the south of Scotland. They breathe more freely the open air of the fields apart from the thickly populated manufacturing centres between Glasgow and Edinburgh. They labor in factories also, but their woolen mills are few compared with the acres of broad lands on which may be found, as formerly, the husbandmen of their soil. In general characteristics, the Ayrshire men mingle the active, liberty-loving spirit of the old Scotch blood with the stern and persevering energy of the northern English farmer.

Their first acquaintance I made at the annual spring show of the Ayrshire Agricultural Society held in the town of Ayr late in April. Some twenty thousand ruddy-faced and honest appearing farmers with their bonnie wives and lassies were on the fair-grounds. There were such folks as "the humbler ranks of human-kind" of whom Burns wrote,

"To lower orders are assigned
The humbler ranks of humankind,
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
The Artisan ;
All chuse, as various they're inclin'd
The various man.

"Of these am I—Coila my name ;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbell's chiefs of fame
Held ruling pow'r."

Coila is the name applied to the southwestern part of Scotland and more particularly in its original importance as a poetical form of Kyle, a district in Ayrshire, where the burial-place of Coilus, a king of Picts, is still shown. What wonder that "The tree of Liberty" should flourish in a country where Scotchmen

"sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Where muirs red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae south'ron billies."

To Coila, including the shires of Ayr and Dumfries, history has bestowed a train of memories, noble, heroic, and inspiring; memories which the modern Scots recall in pleasure but with no desire to repeat except against a mutual foreign foe, so closely have the parts in the kingdom of Great Britain been united for years; memories of the bloody battles of the great Wallaces, of the birth and prestige of the Bruces, of the sway of the Stuarts, and of the uprisings of border chieftains. Campbells, Maxwells, and Douglases are associated with the history of Ayrshire. Wallacetown is a part of the burgh of Ayr, named from the famous leaders of Richardton, and an old tower of William Wallace stands in the High street. Ayrshire saw the early exploits of Wallace and produced the patriot-leader Robert Bruce who secured the independence of Scotland at Bannockburn in 1314. Bruce, reputed to have been born at Lochmaben, held his territorial rights as Earl of Carrick in southwestern Scotland. Maxwelltown is opposite Dumfries and the "Maxwellton Braes" and ancient home of the Maxwells, Caerlaverock Castle, are not far distant. The reading and learning about such famous men of Scotland must have led the poet Burns to chide his people for their seeming decline in the latter part of the eighteenth century and impelled him to say:

"Wild beats my heart to trace your steps
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore."

Burns honored Scotland too greatly for what it had been; he looked too much upon the dark side of his own times, no doubt because of the harshness and incongeniality of his surroundings; and he saw too little of the improvement and growth of the future. We who live now can judge the poet as we honor him for breathing liberty and honest self-esteem into the life and work of his fellow-men. In the days of Burns, Scotland, not

Ayrshire alone, was changing from a land of border uprisings crushed with loss of life and destitution of property, to a land of superiority in agriculture and manufactures. The last of the border wars ended in the middle of the eighteenth century; agriculture on a scientific basis was introduced in Ayrshire; and workshops sprung up later to turn the wool and iron into products of modern life. For years these changes have been complete and the half-barbaric freedom of the wearer of the tartan and the followers of the slogan has been subdued in loyalty to their queen. When thoughts of war had passed, the pursuits of peace prevailed. Ayrshire became known by the products of farms rather than of mills, the Ayrshire short-horn cattle, the Clydesdale horses, Cheddar cheese, butter and grain, and the wool furnished for the world-known Scotch cloths. Because of such products, the burgh of Ayr, grown to the substantial population of thousands of mill-workers, fishermen, and tradesmen, welcomes the shire folk to semi-weekly markets and, at stated intervals, to more pretentious displays in agricultural fairs and animal shows. Markets and fairs retain many old customs and the merriment of the taverns, now coupled with more progressive intellectual life fulfilling "The vision of Burns, whose Ayr,

"Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace."

Edinburgh, Scotland,
December, 1899.

"CHANCE" IN LIFE.

In the classroom a discussion was recently held on chance as relating to the individual. Chance, as popularly applied is a misnomer. Bently has stated, or defined, it in its true sense as "but a mere name and really nothing in itself; a conception of our mind and only a compendious way of speaking, whereby we would express, that such effects as are commonly attributed to chance, were verily produced by their true and proper causes, but without their design to produce them." Many think that the welfare of man in numerous instances is due to chance, or, as otherwise expressed, "luck." One would say that the chance by which one is born into the race determines his after life. Another that the chance of hereditary temperment affects his development. Again that the chance of environment materially decides his education. Such is not the case. Chance is unknown to the successful man in any vocation that he enters.

It is not by chance that the child is born, no less than the fact that he possesses a mind. As Todd states, "In the beginning is mind, already equipped to receive sense impressions, to attend, to discriminate, to feel, to form its own faculties of the more complex and higher sort." Temperament is a matter of causation, "a mental constitution and development due to the inherited characteristics of the bodily organism." Consequently it is incorrect to speak of the chance of the temperament in the crude sense. Besides there are many influences that tend to control, change and develop the temperament; such as home life, parental teaching, companions in school, college and business.

The environment is not a matter of chance. When the child comes to the reasoning age, nay, even earlier, it is a matter of choice. For example, the fatherless babe of the deserted mother is left in the orphan asylnm. It is by choice that the childless wife is attracted to it, takes the babe to her own home and rears it under the influence of a fine environment. Or at a more advanced age, the temperament of the boy is such as to cause him to be dissatisfied, to leave the loathsome atmosphere to which he has been confined and finds one more suited to his tastes. The theft of the knave becomes a matter of habit caused by the recurrence of the action ; it is by choice that he is such and not by chance.

The influence of temperament and environment in the character is seen in all phases of life. It is by some means that change is made in moral qualities for better or worse.

It is not chance that makes the man. Success cannot be attributed to luck. Predestination is a thing of the past or of the mind not modern. Every man has a free will, to discriminate and decide with, according to his own judgment. It matters little whether he is born in the family of the millionaire, college professor, farmer, laborer, or in the slums. The boy in the slums, in many instances starting as a newsboy or bootblack, lacking the good influences of the more fortunate youth, becomes the master of the latter by perseverence in work and determination to win. The dullard of the class became Sir Isaac Newton. Cooper, born a cripple, handicapped by the intense pain of his disease, was afterwards the first Earl of Shaftsbury and the author of the Habeas Corpus Act. It was only by determination to succeed accompanied by pluck, good judgment and fearlessness of decision that the son of a poor English clergyman is now the controlling financier in the De Beers Mining Company ; it is even averred by the Boers that Cecil Rhodes provoked the present war in the Transvaal.

It is through embracing his opportunities that the person of good judgment and common sense succeeds. The superficial call it chance or say that it is luck. The world is in need of fine artisans, good business men, skillful surgeons. Tallyrand truthfully stated that "The art of putting the right man in the right place is, perhaps, the first in the science of government, but the art of finding a satisfactory position for the discontented man is most difficult." The one may fortunately, not by chance, be more gifted than the other. But many geniuses are failures. Every man has the power to do good. Each has equal "chance" of advancement. There are hundreds of positions open for *the* man. Two presidencies of railroads have been vacant for the past six months for the lack of the *men*. It took Yale almost a year to decide on a man for president; no chance placed Hadley in the chair. "What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor," written by Bulwer years ago, still applies to all vocations. How often it is to be seen that "victims of circumstances" never amount to much. They are usually the ones who are looking for the chances to the road of success.

Do as Longfellow advises, "Study yourself, and, most of all, note well wherein kind nature meant you to excel." Do not wait for the opportunity to arise. It is utterly impossible to keep a good man down. Altho suppressed for the time, he will rise and become a leader.

Lose no opportunity while in college in studying to make yourself as perfect as it is in your power. The leader is the man with the fewest faults, especially great ones. Find your own, then eliminate them from your character. And finally, do not wait for your chance; it is before you daily and if you do not accept it, use it, educate it, the time will pass and then you may truly state that you have lost your "chance."

R. H. K., '00.

ROBERT MORRIS.

I gazed adown the scroll of heroes bold
  Of world-wide Revolutionary fame.
Methought I saw in characters of gold
  One peerless, yet full oft-neglected name.

That name, with honor spoken far and wide,
  As firmest bulwark to his country proved ;
His time he gave, self-interest denied
  To save the glorious cause he deeply loved.

He gave so freely of his hard-earned store
  To save his country from the tyrant's sway,
And stood behind the rolling clouds of war
  To help the weak republic on its way.

How mighty England in her conscious power
  Gazed mocking on the little patriot band,
And proudly thought to crush them in an hour
  With all the legioned hosts at her command !

But thou didst conquor, noble hero band,—
  Invincible alone through Right and Truth,—
The scales were touched by God's unerring hand,
  Columbia stood in free exultant youth !

Then when the mighty din of conflict ceased
  Our hero still with vigor labored on
Until the young republic's strength increased,
  And that was saved which was so nobly won.

And can we mark his pitious decline
  Without a tear-drop springing to the eye,
To think that one so noble, so benign
  Should by the land he saved neglected *die ?*

O, let us crown him with a nation's praise !
  Tho' tardy tribute, heartfelt may it be.
All honor, patriot of the early days,
  For thy devotion rare, we render thee !

—Oriana M. Williams.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Tuckermann says: "The poems of Fitz-Greene Halleck, altho' limited in quantity, are perhaps the best known and most cherished, especially in the latitude of New York, of all American verses." In all there are but four thousand lines of coarse print published under the name of Fitz-Greene Halleck. Moreover, but very little concerning his life is accessible to the general reader; we have only its mere outline.

He was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in 1795. When eighteen years of age he went to New York City and there entered the banking house of Jacob Barker. He was associated with this house for many years and subsequently became secretary in the private office of John Jacob Astor. After the great millionaire's death he retired to his old home in Connecticut, where he died in 1867. In 1822-23 he traveled in England and on the continent.

The one glimpse we have into his private life is his great friendship for Joseph Rodman Drake. Duyckinck in his *Cyclopedia of American Literature* gives the following account of the beginning of this friendship: "Halleck's acquaintance with Drake arose in a poetical incident on the Battery one day when in a retiring shower the heavens were spanned by a rainbow. DeKay (a relative and great friend of Drake) and Drake were together and Halleck was talking with them. The conversation taking the turn of some passing expression of the wishes of the moment, Halleck whimsically remarked that it would be heaven for him, just then, to ride on that rainbow and read Campbell. The idea arrested the attention of Drake. He seized Halleck by the hand, and from that moment they were friends."

Although Halleck is said to have written verses very early his first literary fame was gained by the Croaker Papers, written in connection with Drake. These papers were poetical squibs dealing with the fashionable and political follies of the day. They were first published in the *Evening Post* in 1819 and afterwards a few of them appeared in the *National Advocate.* These verses are not published in the collection of Halleck's poems on account of the personalities they contain. They are, however, well worthy of a permanent place in literature. For their keen wit and finely moulded phraseology they are valuable as poetical effusions. For the references to the political history of the city of New York found in them they deserve a place in civic annals.

Among the published verses of Halleck are "Fanny," which appeared in 1812, a poem satirical in style, directed at the fashionable, literary and poetical enthusiasms of the time; "Alnewick Castle," which grew out of his trip abroad; "Connecticut," which combines his serious and lighter views; "Young America," published in the New York *Ledger* in 1864, a poem of some three hundred lines, rather a series of lyrics in varied measure, and "Marco Bozzaris," the best war lyric in our langunge.

In his serious poems Halleck shows the influence of Campbell while his lighter ones remind us of the best parts of "Don Juan." The one great characteristic of his poetry, however, is its music, its perfection of versification. Speaking of this a critic says: "In no poet can be found passages which flow with more sweet and liquid smoothness; but he knows very well that to make this smoothness perceived and to preserve it from degenerating into monotony occasional roughness must be interposed. This roughness often takes the form of a sudden ludicrous turn to the thought and may be seen in the following stanza of a song from "Fanny,"

"Theres music in the dash of waves
  When the swift bark cleaves their foam;
There's music heard upon her deck,
  The mariner's song of home.

When moon and starbeams smiling meet
  At midnight on the sea—
And there's music once a week
  At Scudder's balcony."

This stanza likewise illustrates the poet's evident dislike to anything having a suspicion of sentimentality.

Halleck's kindly face, the spirit of geniality pervading his work, his connection with old New York, all remind us of him who immortalized the Hudson and its traditions. And like Irving, Halleck is enshrined in many a heart. Whose blood has not tingled in his veins to the powerful music of these lines from Marco Bozzaris ?

"Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike—for your altars and your fires :
Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
God—and your native land !"

Who has not felt the deep tenderness of his tribute at the death of his friend Drake ?

"Green be the turf above thee,
  Friend of my better days !
None knew thee but to love thee,
  Nor named thee but to praise."

A survey of Halleck's work leaves us but the one regret—that he wrote so little.

EMELIE POOLEY.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

It is December. The sun has set, but the soft, white snow relieves somewhat the gloom of approaching night. No light shines in the little brown cottage on the hill. It stands, solitary and dark, against its white background. In one of the rooms sits an old woman. Her face is wrinkled and careworn, her shoulders are bent, her entire attitude is one of despondency. To-morrow they will take her to the poor-house. She is too old to work, too poor to pay her debts. She is simply an incumbrance to the community. Yet, think you, because she is old and poor, that she feels the disgrace less keenly than you or I might ?

Fifty years ago she was young and pretty, the belle of the town. She might to-day be living in luxury and ease if she had only thus chosen them. Yes, on just such an evening as this there was offered to her a mansion, instead of a cottage, wealth, instead of poverty, ease instead of suffering, and she refused it. Why, oh why had she done thus ?

It is night now. The gathering storm has broken. The wind shrieks around the tiny cottage, shaking it like a leaf in its grasp. She looks out of the window to the place where two graves lie under the trees, but she cannot see them save in her imagination. The first was filled when many, many years ago she laid her baby there. Oh, the awful blackness of the time which followed, when the baby feet no longer came running at her call, when no childish laughter rang through the house ! Only a week ago was the other filled. How desolate her life had been since ! No one to comfort her, no one to help. Her life is empty now, no joy, no hope, no desires—except for death.

A light glimmers in the window of the mansion in the valley. That home was full—full of comfort, luxury and ease, full of young life and hope. Two old people sat side by side, looking with content on those around them. Death had not entered there. And she might have enjoyed all this, if she only had wished it fifty years ago.

Her heart had said "no" then, and now, even in her sorrow, she would not wish it changed if it were possible. There would have been no love in the mansion for her. Suddenly her own life appears in a new light. As, in the distance, the road which we have traveled with toil and trouble appears smooth and pleasant, as the stones and rough places disappear, so the trials of those fifty years seems lighter, the road smoother, and all is aglow with the light of love. Oh, what a glorious life had hers been ! A smile of sweet content steals across her face.

And God in His mercy, lifted the veil of sorrow from her life. After the darkness, dawn,

> "And with the dawn those angel faces smile
> Which she has loved long since, and lost awhile."

N. M. G.

LITTLE JIMMIE'S GONE ABOVE.

Broken was the family circle,
Empty was a little chair,
And the mem'ry of his prattle,
Only mocked their dark despair.

Mother's heart was filled with anguish,
And her eyes with tears grew dim,
As her loving glances lingered,
Where once sat her little Jim.

For his little place was vacant,
His knife and fork lay there,
And the mother, broken-hearted,
Sent above a fervent prayer.

He had left this happy gathering,
He had left the family group ;
He had gone upstairs with father,
Just because he'd spilt the soup.

REMINISCENCE.

"'Tis man's prerogative to dream the common royalty
of peasant and king."

Fifty years ago I was an ambitious schoolboy tenderly cared for by a patient father and a loving mother. Nought of care I knew, but even then ambition had begun to stir in my soul. I built air castles; saw myself rich, learned and powerful. Soon, however, my yearnings became more practical and thought I, "when I have finished my work in High School and carried home my diploma, I will be supremely happy; Then indeed I will begin to live." That glorious day came at last, and with it the expected satisfaction? No indeed, I found to my intense surprise that my ambition had assumed larger proportions. Some of my chums had attended the Academy in the neighboring village and their brilliance and learning completely dazzled me. "If I can only go to the Academy and graduate," I thought, "then I will be contented." To the Academy I went and finally commencement day came with its honors and disappointments. The glamour was all gone. I realized that I had hardly started on the road to learning. I was but prepared to enter college.

College days came bringing their dreams. A college degree was my absorbing ambition. "Then surely I will be learned; I will have insight into life; I will have reached the goal at last." College days passed, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and at last the coveted Senior year was reached. But learning was yet farther away. I began to realize that man can know but little. I began to see a deeper meaning in the words of the poet,

"They told me knowledge only was divine,
And so I strove straightway to make it mine.
I read all works, held converse with the wise,
Travelled all lands and searched the distant skies.
Then standing on the edge of learning's sea
I heard the breakers calling thus to me:
'In vain, O man, my depths thou wouldst explore,
Thy soundings all lie close within the shore.' "

I began to see that we are indeed "picking up a few pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of knowledge lies unexplored before us."

From the commencement platform I looked out into a future filled with boundless possibilities but all hope of gaining permanent satisfaction had disappeared. A profession appeared as my next ideal and this meant more years of study and preparation. At last I plunged into what I thought would be real life. I sought wealth ; I sought fame, but, as before, my ideal had disappeared into the misty future. I experienced life's burdens and responsibilities, its joys and its sorrows, but there was no change. I was still longing for something greater. Thus I have gone through life striving after ideals. But always when I thought that I had at last reached the goal, I would find my ideal far beyond.

But why should man seek satisfaction? The man whose ambition is satisfied is dead. Life is progress, movement. When ideals cease to grow the man ceases to live. Yet one cannot help wondering sometimes what it all means. If my life has a purpose, what is it? The sphynx, however, persistently refuses to solve her own riddle. We must go on stumbling blindly through life, learning by our own, and others errors. Through life I have studied mastering "Many a quaint and curious volume," yet here like Faust

"I stand with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before."

"X."

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
FEBRUARY, 1900.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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BUSINESS MANAGER,
O. S. V. MARTS.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIALS.

There has been a noticable increase in the interest taken in the College Literary Societies. This is a good indication. The training given by the societies is a most important part of education. Nearly all college men will engage in public life in some form, either directly, as preacher or political speaker, or indirectly as a leader of some society or convention. Training in public speaking and in the conduct of public assemblies is the object of Literary Society work. The society can help you and your presence will be a benefit to others. Attend your Literary Society.

It is not an uncommon thing to find some of our students reading trashy novels. This habit is one of the worst that a student can form. It is, in the first place, a great waste of valuable time. No good can possibly be derived from reading such trash and the practice long continued so weakens the intellect that it becomes impossible to read works more profound. Again, it is a kind of literature better adapted to the mind of early youth than to the mind of a collegian who is expected to have some degree of learning and culture. The great masterpieces of our literature are not much more difficult to read while they are just as interesting and certainly far more valuable. There is no excuse for anyone reading "The Seven Blue Devils of Eldorado" or any of its kind while Dickens, Scott, Bulwer, Thackery and a dozen other great novelists are still unread.

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom." This is a favorite theme of the old Hebrew moralists. We find it again and again. "Get wisdom, get understanding : forget it not." "The wise shall inherit glory." "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding." "Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister ; and call understanding thy kinswoman." "For wisdom is better than rubies ; and all things that may be desired are not to be compared to it." Wisdom and learning are twin sisters. To be very wise one must also have learning, yet learning is not always accompanied by wisdom. A man may be possessed of great erudition and yet be of little use in the affairs of actual life. Knowledge of Greek roots, or infinitesmals will not in themselves give him the tact, foresight, in short the wisdom necessary to successful conduct of real life.

Erudition may be gained by poring day and night over books, by tabulating, analysing, committing, but this process alone produces the "bookfull blockhead, ignorantly read, with loads of learned lumber in his head." Wisdom must be gained by a joint process of study and experience. The student must keep in touch with the world. He must be constantly using the power and knowledge he has gained. He must become resourceful and tactful.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The new dormitory is now under roof. It will be known as "The West College."

Rev. Henry M. Wolf, Jr., '80, alumni poet for next commencement, has accepted the honor.

Several students received invitations to the recent reception given by the girls of Wilson College.

The second preliminary Junior Debate will be held in Bucknell Hall Thursday evening, March the first.

The Ball to be given in Armory Hall on the 23rd inst. by members of the Junior class promises to be highly successful.

Miss Eveline Stanton, principal of the Institute, will be the guest of the Philadelphia Alumnæ Club at the March meeting.

Rev. Calvin A. Hare has been engaged to assist in the movement of raising funds for the new building and the endowment.

Dr. Perrine delivered an instructive address before the members of the recently organized Shakespearean Club on Thursday evening, Feb. 15.

The college girls gave their annual reception in the Institute on the evening of Feb. 16. The event was a most successful one in every respect.

The Citizens' Band, of Steelton, one of the finest organizations in the state, has been engaged to furnish the music at the 50th commencement.

The University Orchestra is now in a promising condition. Weekly practice is given on Tuesday afternoon under the direction of Dr. Aviragnet.

Judge E. A. Armstrong, of Camden, N. J., and Mr. Thomas Y. England, one of Philadelphia's leading business men, have been elected trustees of the University.

Dr. Rudolph Schwill gave a very practical talk at a recent meeting of Euepia, urging the importance of literary society training as a means of developing thoroughly modern men.

"The Weather Bureau" was the chief topic for discussion at the first February meeting of the Chemical and Physical Society. Prof. Owens' address awakened much interest in the subject.

Mr. F. M. Gilbert, a graduate of Yale and secretary of the student volunteers in the United States, delivered a series of addresses in Bucknell Hall on Feb. 3rd and 4th, setting forth the needs and claims of mission work.

A joint meeting of the two literary societies was recently held in Theta Alpha Hall. The question discussed was, "Resolved that Great Britain is justified in making war on the South African Republic." Sherman, '00, and McCracken, '02, represented Theta Alpha, and Timblin, '01, and Bidelspacher, '01, represented Euepia. The judges, Profs. Hamblin, Perrine and Edwards, decided in favor of the negative on the ground that the affirmative had not fully established their side of the question.

The Keystone Academy Alumni Club held its first meeting in the parlors of Bucknell Institute on Friday evening Feb. 9th. An organization was effected by electing the following officers: President, C. E. Bunnell; Vice Pres., L. E. Ayres; Secretary, Miss Carolyn Patterson; Treasurer, E. A. Sterling. The next meeting of the club was held in the Laboratory Tuesday, Feb. 13, at which time some splendid stereoptican views were presented by Prof. Davis and Sterling, '02. A constitution will soon be adopted so that the organization will be a permanent one with regular meetings.

ATHLETICS.

Bucknell 29—Danville 12.

Bucknell's basket-ball season was opened by a game with Danville in Tustin Gymnasium on Friday evening, Jan. 12. During the first half both teams did good team work and for a time the visiting team seemed superior. Bucknell, however, continued to play with swift accurate passes throughout the game and the results were all that could be expected.

Bloomsburg 15—Bucknell 5.

The Normal School has an exceptionally strong team and the attendance at this game was very large. Both teams did quick, hard work. At the end of the game the home team had five field goals to her credit, while Bucknell had tossed two.

Pittston 21—Bucknell 12.

The game at Pittston was played on a smooth and very slippery floor. The home team has been made up of the same players for several seasons and as a result is very strong.

Bucknell 15—Dickinson 12.

The game was played in Dickinson Gymnasium Saturday, Jan. 23. Dickinson played with much spirit from the first ; Bucknell for a time assumed the defensive. Wassell threw the basket on a foul. First half closed six to one in Dickinson's favor. During the second half three baskets were thrown by Dickinson and seven by Bucknell.

Bucknell 15—Dickinson 12.

Dickinson college played her return game, in Tustin Gymnasium, Thursday evening, Feb. 1. Bucknell's goal throwing in the first half was not very successful and Dickinson held the lead. With the call of time Bucknell immediately began an offensive game. During this half the visiting team was unable to score and the final score again stood 12–15 in favor of Bucknell.

State 11—Bucknell 6.

This most interesting game was played at State College. Our team was treated royally and Coach Hoskins was greeted with applause when he appeared before the game. It was hard, fast ball from beginning to end. State secured in all four field goals and three goals on fouls, while Bucknell threw two field goals and two on fouls. State will play a return game here on March 2.

The Cornell University team played Bucknell in Tustin Gymnasium Thursday evening, Feb. 15. Score 29-10 in favor of Bucknell.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'64. Rev. Ross Ward is pastor of the Cheat River, Kingwood and Terra Alta Baptist churches in W. Va. His address is Terra Alta, W. Va.

Ex-'69. Chas. S. Mirick and wife, (formerly Gwennie R. Evans, Inst. '67), of Philadelphia, have been bereaved in the death of their son, S. Willard Mirick, which occurred at their home, 4018 Green St., Jan. 21, aged 20 years.

'73. R. A. Kennedy, M. D., Shamokin, died the latter part of January.

'73. In the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post" of Jan. 27, John B. Cook, of Greely, Colo., has written some interesting student reminiscences of Ex-Pres. David J. Hill '74, now First Assistant Secretary of State.

'79. E. M. Purdy is now residing at High Point, N. C.

Ex-'81. Rev. H. C. Peeples, after a fourteen year pastorate in one of the larger churches in Rochester, N. Y., recently tendered his resignation.

'83. A. W. Puller, D. D., is now pastor of the First Baptist church, Renceverte, W. Va.

'84. Rev. Frank E. Goodchild, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, New York City, received on his birthday, Dec. 26, a purse of $260 in gold from his people, as a token of love and esteem. In addition to this munificent gift, numerous other valuable remembrances were received from individual members.

'87. MARRIED.—At Mullica Hill, N. J., Dec. 28, 1899, by Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D., Walter S. Harley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Sara Murrill Stratton. Prof. Harley is one of the Faculty of the Erasmus Hall High School of Brooklyn.

'88. Dr. Paul J. Pontius, recognized as one of the leading oculists in Philadelphia, has removed his office from 1829 Chestnut St., to the Professional Building, 1831 Chestnut St.

'88. In the first year just closed of the pastorate of Rev. J. S. Braker, over one hundred new members have been added to the Beth Eden Baptist church, of Waltham, Mass.

Ex-'89. Rev. J W. Neyman accepts a call to Loda, Ills.

Ex-'89. Rev. J. W. Neyman recently preached his farewell sermon at Evergreen Park, a suburb of Chicago, to accept the call of the Baptist Church, at Loda, Ill.

'91. Rev. C. G. Langford, Pittston, has accepted a call from the Baptist church, Morasia, N. Y.

'92. John Urban Wagner is Vice Principal of the Scranton High School.

'93. Arthur F. Gardner is teaching in the High School at Troy, N. Y.

'94. Rev. Andrew Freeman Anderson, who was pastor of the Grace Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., from '94–'99, is at present a student of Theology at Rochester, N. Y.

'94. Rev. A. H. Wynkoop, of Philadelphia, lately pastor of the Baptist Church at Covington, Pa., has been invited to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Brooklyn, Conn.

'94. Rev. Chas. F. McMann, Concordia, Kas., is rejoicing with his people in a church home free of debt, the last dollar of the obligation being paid Jan. 1.

Ex-95. Mr. R. H. Simpson has been appointed Engineer Maintenance of Way, Michigan Division *Vice* W. S. Moore transferred.

'96. Amos Thomas Williams, Ridgway, Pa., is a student of medicine at U. P.

'96. Rev. E. C. Kunkle is located at Hinckley, Ill., and is doing excellent work.

'96. Rev. Daniel E. Lewis has become pastor of the Manatawna Baptist Church, Roxborough, Philadelphia, and his work opens very auspiciously.

'96. Rev. Thomas Reber Taggart graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1899 and at present is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Bridgeville, Del.

'99. Mr. W. C. Purdy is teaching in the preparatory school of U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

Following is a list of the new addresses of several of the alumni:
Ex-'60. Rev. J. N. Folivell, Hasbrouck Height, N. Y.
'77. Rev. T. B. Morgan, pastor of First Baptist Church, Mahanoy City, Pa.
'72. Rev. T. M. Eastwood, Pastor First Baptist church, Burlington, N. J.
'83. Rev. F. W. Overhiser, Pastor Baptist church, Bedford, N. Y.
'96. Rev. Thomas Lewis Josephs, Pastor Baptist church, Ebensburg, Pa.

EXCHANGES.

There has been considerable discussion recently as to what criticism the exchange column should contain. As a matter of fact the exchange editors do not seem to know exactly what to do. Most criticism is nothing but vapid compliment while adverse criticism is sparingly and very timidly used. There is however no cause for this hesitation in offering candid criticism, providing of course that it be unprejudiced as well as candid.

Most college editors are not afraid of criticism ; if they are they will not long remain editors. The editors must of course avoid stirring up ill feeling between the colleges. They should rather inspire friendly feeling and draw the colleges into closer bonds of intimacy.

The *Allegheny Literary Monthly* for January contains a number of well written articles. "Chemistry, A Creditor" is an interesting exposition of the value of chemistry to modern life. "Horace's Sabine Estate" is principally derived from Boissier and some other authorities. Yet the references have evidently been verified by the author and the study is well written. The poem "Twilight," is superior to the average work of college poets. The discussion of Fra Paoli Sarpi is well written but shows no indication of independent thought. "The Verdict" is a very entertaining little story. On the whole the editors are to be complimented on the high standard which they maintain.

"Thumb-Nails Sketches" are an interesting feature of the January *Free Lance*. The sketch of Hawthorne's Early Life" is also very good. The standard of this magazine is high but we consider that the side talk between "The Editor and the Critic" is carried to the extreme.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XIX. LEWISBURG, PA., MARCH, 1900. No. 6.

DEBATING AS A FACTOR IN EDUCATION.

EDWIN MAXEY, D. C. L., LL. D. *

The collapse of the scheme for a series of debates between the leading Universities of this country, on the question "What order of studies is best adapted to fit the average man for his duties in the world of to-day," is prolific of interesting speculation. Why did the scheme fail? Surely it was not because the question was not debatable, practical and interesting; nor yet could it have been because of an aversion on the part of students to competing for the very liberal prizes offered. I will not incur the odium incident to impiety by even suggesting that the Universities misunderstood Mr. Walker's motives and indulged for a fraction of a moment the utterly erroneous suspicion that his benevolent proposition might perchance be in part a Cosmopolitan advertising scheme in which they were to play the part of the fabled cat; neither will I hint at the equally unfounded suspicion that they looked upon Mr. Walker's detailed arrangements of times and places of debates as savoring of over-officiousness. Nevertheless they bolted, those Stubborn Presidents, and the contests will not take place. And since the world has lost the benefit to be derived from such a series of debates upon a question of so great interest, I trust that I will be pardoned for pointing out some of the defects in the system of education prevalent in our secondary schools, colleges and Universities. It is apart from my purpose and out of keeping with my ability, were I so inclined, to compile a complete catalogue of all the weaknesses of said system; I will rather content myself with noticing those which could be cured in part, if not entirely, by giving a reasonable amount of time and energy to the practice of debating.

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* Dr. Maxey, Bucknell '93, winner of Leiter Prize in '98 at University of Chicago. Author of A Comparative Study of the Law of Real Property; Abridgment of the Principles of Equity; The Demagogue; Monograph on The Court of Star Chamber; Ex-President of Palatinate College; Sometime Lecturer in Illinois College of Law, etc.

The first defect in our system of education, for which I would suggest debating as a remedy, is a failure to cultivate the virtue of originality; students become to an unholy degree parasites on the body of organized knowledge as contained in text-books and presented by instructors. Protests of instructors against this avail little so long as the character of work in the carricula admits of it, and in fact too often puts a premium upon it. With the great majority of students that kind of work, and that kind only will be done which is essential to maintaining a good standing in class; and there are comparatively few studies in which one's standing will not be high, provided they absorb the facts of the text and the lectures. This is impossible in debating and the debater soon finds it out. One must form his own plan of debate and make it conform to his own aptitudes. It is true that some few, true to their parasitic nature, will fasten themselves to some set form of debate as found in Brookings and Ringwalt, Baker et al., but only a few will suffer themselves to be thus handicapped by the necessity of running their thoughts and facts into a fixed mould.

From the moment preparation begins the debater finds himself under the necessity of using his own ingenuity in locating material; in choosing; and in organizing it. Thus there are general principles in logic which assist one somewhat in much of this work, just as there are treatises which furnish valuable hints to one in writing essays and orations; but the individuality of the writer must play a large part, otherwise the product will be painfully mechanical. And what is true of the writer is doubly true of the debater as he must not only judge of the strength of his own side but also of that of the opposition, and right here is one of the great virtues of debate, viz: it creates a habit of mind of looking on both sides of a question, a virtue which far too few possess. The habit of looking upon but one side of a question—for it is a habit—and its kindred failing of jumping at conclusions which is proverbially American, cannot co-exist with the habit of research which is a necessary characteristic of the debater.

Whatever puts a premium upon individual research, and debating certainly does, goes a long distance towards developing true students. That the true student is one who investigates according to a plan of his own and not one suggested by the text or the lecturer, is recognized by all graduate schools; in fact it is the basis of all really graduate work. But it is extremely hazardous to postpone the developement of this habit till one begins graduate work, particularly as very few have the opportunity of pursuing a course of graduate study. Therefore for the great mass of students the cultivation of habits of investigation must be had in the public schools and colleges.

Yet it is not the preparation which is the severest test of a debater's originality. That which constitutes at once the severest test as well as the best training for one's original genius is found in the debate itself. Opposition is the essence of debate. Hence the debater must develop the power to meet opposition successfully. Time is an important element—as the whole method of defence may have to be reconstructed within a few minutes. Rebuttal, which is the characteristic feature of debate and distinguishes it from the oration, the lecture, the sermon etc., develops the following qualities: The power to analyze quickly and accurately the strength of the opposition and its vulnerable points; to determine quickly how the debater himself can best meet the arguments of his opponents, i. e. he must take an inventory of his own powers and of the impressions made upon the minds of the judges; then of the relative adaptability of the means at his disposal to the accomplishing of the end, and all this almost instantaneously. The most common arguments of the opposition may, it is true, be known in advance and the defence prepared along with the preparation of the argument in chief; but there is always room for surprises as well in the matter as in the form of stating it, there should always be the utmost freedom for change of tactics in order to meet the opposition in the form in which it is stated. Without the capacity to do this the debate, if debate it may be called, soon becomes lifeless and uninteresting. Few things can be more humiliating to a self-respecting debater, or more wearying to an assembly, than to be caught disregarding the argument his opponent did actually make and answering with painful accuracy and elaboration, arguments which he might have made but did not. And this is unfortunately not rare among inexperienced debaters. As there is room for almost infinite variety in the manner of presenting any broad question, anticipation as to form and matter would require an approximation to omniscience. It is the ability to meet these variations and annihilate your opponent on his own ground that gives life and interest to a debate and wins the decision. This ability is largely a result of well directed experience. While each debater develops a style of his own, these are some distinctive types which it may not be out of place to notice very briefly. There is the style of debate, which I may term Gladstonian, of simply overwhelming your adversary by a deluge of facts poured forth upon him in such a torrent that it seems to fairly sweep the ground from under him and leave him a helpless wreck upon the waves of the flood, bewildered and grasping hopelessly for the broken fragments of the structure he had builded. This is in general the style used by Webster, by John Sherman, and by Herbert Spencer. There is the opposite of this—used by Disraeli and Robert Ingersol, which is to laugh the other fellow's case out of court by the use of ingenious ridicule and sarcasm. This however is an exceedingly dangerous style and can be used by very few ; for except in the hands of an artist it makes the user and not the opposing argument ridiculous. There is another style which in my judgment, is superior to either of the above—it is a combination of them both and may be called from its master the Lincolnian style. It has the advantage of being more interesting to the average audience in that it gives room for greater variety and is better adapted to the abilities of the debater, except he be one of a few rare geniuses. If you will allow the comparison, the first is characteristically German, the second French, and the third American.

In addition to cultivating originality, debating possesses in a preeminent degree the rare virtue of compelling one to take a practical view of things. The pedant soon comes to grief in debate. He cannot hope to win because a narrow view, in others, does not appeal to the judges. The muddled metaphysics of Mediaevalism must give way to plain, practical common sense. In an age when our philosophy is tinctured with the commercial spirit the narrow theorist finds little welcome. The character of questions debated, in which there has been a marked improvement within the last 20 years, puts a premium upon practicality. If one will but look through the minute-books of debating societies or the record of inter-collegiate debates he will find that the questions for debate are no longer—Resolved: "That there is greater pleasure in pursuit than in possession" or "That hope is a more powerful incentive toward righteousness than fear," but that they are now in the vast majority of cases questions of interest to practical men such for instance as: "Shall the U. S. retain the Philippines," "Shall the city of Chicago own and operate her street railway lines," "Has the Speaker of the House of Representatives too much power." And in dealing with questions of the latter type narrowness will not be tolerated. The necessity of viewing such questions broadly in order to handle them successfully begets the habit of taking a broad, practical view of all questions. The importance of this will readily appear when we consider that the mission of the schools is no longer to prepare for the learned professions but the vastly higher mission of preparing for citizenship. And even in the learned professions pedantry and bigotry and all forms of narrowness appear at a decided disadvantage alongside of liberalism, which is an outgrowth of looking upon both sides of a question and being forced to recognize the cogency of opposing views. A debater soon learns to have a wholesome respect for one who holds views different from his own; because to be successful he must learn to see things from the standpoint of the other fellow. To seriously underestimate the strength of your adversary's position is fatal in debate as well as in war. There is equal opportunity for the display of generalship in conducting a debate as in conducting a campaign. There is the same necessity for determining the weak points in the enemy's line and of judging of the most effective order of attack and defence. And the same tactics are by no means amiss in real life.

The last matter to which I shall refer is the development of self-control, or if you please, mastery of one's own powers. And for the attaining of this I know of no exercise which gives a training equally valuable with that furnished by a well conducted debate. Systematic discussion is at once the best mirror for revealing a man's mental powers to himself and the best crucible in which to dissipate his efferescent emotionalities and leave but the crystalized grains of pure truth. The individual as well as society is not so much in need of an increase of mental force as of fully appreciating the amount on hand and of properly directing the output. The fault is not so much with the fountain as in a failure to control the flow. Training in debate cannot fail to teach economy of energy, nervous as well as mental ; and here, as elsewhere, the prerequisite to economy is the recognition of limitations and the relative effectiveness of means at one's disposal. For instance, the debater soon learns that to lose control of his temper and that to disregard the rights and feelings of others is worse than useless. In short, a debater who loses his head is *ipso facto* out of the contest. Here again the necessity begets habits which become constitutional, i. e. become a part of the very nerve and fiber of his being and are carried over into the other activities and relations of life.

I am aware that I have by no means exhausted the list of qualities which go to fit men for real life and for the development of which debating is preeminently adapted (for I firmly believe that it cultivates a wider range of faculties which are factors in determining one's usefulness than any other exercise), yet I trust that I have emphasized some truths which though they seem self-evident are nevertheless too often lost sight of. However, I am pleased to note that intercollegiate debates are attracting more and more general attention as can be seen by the increased space given to them in the columns of the cosmopolitan dailies. In fact it is not uncommon to accord one-tenth as much space to an intercollegiate debate as to an intercollegiate foot-ball game. And, being naturally optimistic, I entertain, with some degree of assurance, the hope that soon the press may consider an abstract of the arguments in a debate between such universities as Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Chicago, Pennsylvania, etc., of as much importance as a mass play on tackle for two yards, a tandem-buck between centre and guard for no gain, a criss-cross play around right end for a loss of one yard. And there is the further hopeful sign that some of the graduate schools, e. g. the University of Chicago, has established regular courses in debate under some of their ablest instructors and to eliminate the excuse so often given by the student that he has no time for outside study, the same credit is given to these courses as in Coptic, Assyriac, Paleontology or Quaternions.

SHAKESPEARE'S INFLUENCE IN ENGLISH SOCIAL LIFE.

FRANK WEBER DILLON.

At some time in our lives, we have felt the influence exerted upon us by the reading of a book. The book may have been the grandest of all works—the Holy Bible, or it may have been some favorite author; and the influence upon our intellect, our thoughts, our very words and actions, possibly unnoticed at first, developed through the acquisition of kindred influences, and became a part of our existence. Such influences are often not evidenced to others until by the mingled relations of society, a similar or contrary expression brings out the hidden thoughts. Thus individual influences become social influences, broaden into national and international influences, and surviving from generation to generation, permeate and exist as settled influences in civilized life.

Again, there is the influence of acts of life presented before our eyes, many scenes arresting our attention as they are passing, others appearing in our recollection and daily talk for some time after. Who has seen Henry Irving upon the dramatic stage and forgotten his delineation of characters? Who forgets our own famed Booth and Barrett? Who has not heard of the lasting triumphs of David Garrick, the tragedian of other years? These men, and many others, interpreted Shakespeare; they presented Shakespeare's characters to people who had been reading Shakespeare since childhood, and the result was more lasting influences.

Have you not marvelled at the general acceptance of Shakespeare as an authoritative and standard work? So far back as we can remember, Shakespeare is held the model of dramatic literature, a grouping of chatacters portrayed as truly to themselves and to their associates when judged by the people of our own times as in the sixteenth century. This truthful reality to life in the *dramatis personae* existed and has existed until these characters have taken such a prominent place in our social world, have exercised such influence in the growth of men and principles, and have become such a recognized part of our intellectual and conversational existence in society of various degrees, that next to the Holy Bible, Shakespeare holds the prime position of influence in the Anglo-Saxon mind.

These influences of reading and knowing, of seeing and interpreting of feeling and repeating the knowledge from books, from lectures, and from stage presentations comprise in general the scope of that influence induced by Shakespeare, and augmented during the passage of time, upon English speaking society. One expressed opinion would not make it stronger now than in Elizabethan England; but I have observed that the influence of Shakespeare in America is as great, if not greater, than in his native England to-day.

Recently I was calling at the home of an elderly Scotch lady, somewhat of a Puritan in her worldly views, residing in a small town near Edinburgh. "Do you never go to a theatre, Mrs. Mackey?" asked I. "No," she answered, "at least not to the common shows that seem to please the people; but whenever Shakespeare comes along, I like to see the plays, for there always is such humanly sound sense in them." I can assure the readers that Henry Irving, or any Shakespearian celebrity does not appear at the hall in the town referred to, which goes to prove that, no matter how poorly presented, there is a popular opinion of the worth of Shakespeare's productions sufficient to draw a crowd of patrons who, otherwise, seldom attend theatricals. The dramatic season of a town in Great Britain is incomplete without one or more renditions of Shakespeare.

The major part of Shakespeare's influence is produced, not through the indirect medium of the stage and players, but through the direct contact of people with the published works. We need not digress to estimate the extent of Shakespearian bibliography, nor the countless hours of diligent study employed by scholars to reveal the wealth of subject matter for thought stored beneath the surface. Those of us who do not get below the surface thoughts are pleased and educated; those of us who conduct deeper researches are developed in strength, in lucidity, in keenness, in earnestness, in depth, and in accuracy of thought and language. Some study Homer for the beauty and diversity of the highly polished Greek literature, Cicero for the strength and vigor of the Latin speech, Moliére and Schiller for the refinement and usefulness of the foreign French and German; but Shakespeare for English embracing the essentials of correct and classic language. Shakespeare, excluding a few antiquated forms and obsolete words, is the model language and literature of the schools, and colleges, and universities in Great Britain. In England as in America, to the children, Shakespeare is entertaining; to the students, interesting and instructive; to the progressive thinkers, a fund of information concerning the formation and development of characters and a mine of knowledge in the realms of original thoughts.

So extended and intimate has become the popular knowledge of the greatest dramatic poetry that Shakespeare might well be termed a training school for human nature. People shudder at the evil meetings and incantations of the witches revealed in "Macbeth." Who would wish to become such a witch in these days except some low, desperate, evil-minded persons? The cold, dark muirs of Scotland might shelter many such had not the popular mind been educated to despise and spurn, not fear and flatter, vicious beings and to avoid the evil thoughts of treachery, greed and murder, or to suffer the terrible consequence of crime. The lesson of treachery in "Macbeth" has been taken to heart often enough, as has the lesson of ambition in "Julius Cæsar," of jealousy in "Othello," and of greed in "Merchant of Venice." Such strong traits of human nature, whether evilly or goodly inclined, are few, and men work out their lives in them according to the ardor of their being. Young people would make love as strongly and as truly as Orlando and Rosalind in "As You Like It," were Shakespeare only half as great or not at all; but then they would not have these ideal lovers with whom to compare their loyal devotion, nor these examples to follow which they do humanly enough scribbling their sentiments in secret places and displaying their affections in seasonable moments. When men of self-importance like Sir John Falstaff in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" are apt to prove themselves ridiculous to common people and to common-sense, Shakespeare warns them of the peril to their reputation; when men would be philosophers, they readily take lessons from "Hamlet;" or when bent on melancholy subjects, they turn Jacques in "As You Like It." Ask yourself if you and others would not do the same, and you cannot deny the influence that Shakespeare exerts continually on these moods of men. No more can learned judges in modern courts deny the qualities of mercy and justice when referred to the outcome of the trial of Antonio, "Merchant of Venice."

Any interested person may ask with affected ignorance, "Are these Shakespearian characters living realities? Do the dramatic incidents recur in life?" This is a most interesting phase of the subject of Shakespeare's influence; it is much too evident to the observing man, the reading man, the thinking man, to require an affirmative answer. Pick up your newspaper and read, "A Modern Shylock," "Love's Labor Lost," "All's Well That Ends Well;" they are common subjects, treated in a common style intelligible to all, common repetitions of the past recurring as often as men are alike in nature; but they are frequently distorted and misused. Look in the pictorial papers, *Punch, Life, Judge*, and see Shakespeare applied to modern life,—applied when Shakespeare would be master if they went beneath the sound of words. Hear the little ones recite, "All the world's a stage;" and the so-called orators brawl, "This is the winter of our discontent," or "He was the noblest Roman of them all;" so clearly has Shakespeare permeated social life. Once in a while Shakespearian scenes are enacted in the assemblies of law makers as in Congress, when a well-known senator distinguished his fellow senators as Cæsar, Cassius, Brutus, and others of the roles in tragedy. Incidents might be added; let few suffice; and believe that Shakespeare becomes as common as we make him.

Numerous pertinent questions might be asked on this broad subject: How deeply into the strata of English society does the influence of Shakespeare extend? Might Shakespeare have attained influence beyond the present bounds? Is this influence of Shakespeare fluctuating or steady ? Do you think Shakespeare will maintain an enduring infiuence ? What are the principal elements in English social life destructive of the influence ? What will be the ultimate result of Shakespeare's influence ? Granting that all above a certain schooling are acquainted with Shakespeare, when you consider that a vast amount of the printed matter circulated, that the subject of much modern conversation, and that a fundamental point in English education concerns Shakespeare, you will understand that few are too lowly born or too ignorant to be acquainted with and to fall under his influence. Had Shakespeare lived later than the Puritan revolution, he might have presented new and interesting phases of human life in the relation of man to God, man to man, and man to self. Thus as we see new natures gradually developed in humanity,—the mental displacing the animal, the moral superseding the mental,—we may imagine a time when Shakespeare would become obselete, but not until the disappearance of love, jealousy, ambition, treachery, and the moods of life will Shakespeare's influence become diminished, a period of ideal life which modern minds can little comprehend. Truly, if all Shakespeare's works and all connected literature were destroyed to-day, they would be reproduced to-morrow, so deeply is his knowledge among men. However, some things have tended to weaken, not utterly to destroy the influence of Shakespeare, such states of men as destroy all knowledge and intelligence,—ignorance, lack of understanding, misrepresentation, laxity in thought, and ridicule, —to none of which the stronger enduring Anglo-Saxon minds would be guilty knowingly, and which intelligence and education may crush ; so that, under present progress, we can hopefully look forward to the increase of Shakespeare's influence until through such influence is developed a greater, nobler, purer, and more enduring mind and work than ever possessed by Shakespeare.

Aberdeen, Scotland,
January, 1900.

HIS QUAKER BLOOD—A STUDY.

The old college was stirred to its vitals that night. The arrival of the recruiting officer in the town the night before had quickened the blood of Young America to an unwonted degree. Volunteers were wanted for the Philippine service, and the college boys, always most quickly awakened by demands on their patriotism, had gathered in little knots during the day eagerly discussing the advisability of enlisting. A mass meeting had been held that night, and the speeches made were saturated with patriotic sentiments to a degree superlative. Eighteen of the boys had announced their intention of enlisting in the company which was rapidly forming in the town. One of the number was Hugh Williams, "Quaker" he was familiarly called because of the fact that he belonged to the Society of Friends. At the mass meeting Hugh had sat silent and apparently inattentive, but beneath the calm exterior a fierce battle had been raging. Conflicting emotions strove for supremacy, and at last, unable longer to contain himself, he had boldly declared himself ready to enlist and fight for the flag.

That night after all was still, and the old halls were dark and empty, Hugh lay awake in his narrow dormitory and thought it all over. He knew his enlistment would have a terrible effect upon his parents; the news would fall like a clap of doom upon his stern, old father and his loving, Christian mother. "Friends" they were and "Friends" had been his ancestors for generations. War and carnage were held in abhorrence by them, and the news that Hugh, their son, had enlisted to wage war against his fellows would, Hugh knew, cause an unspeakable grief in the humble home. Then the thought came that he had acted rashly; that he had been victimized by his boyhood enthusiasm and the ardor of his fellows. How foolish he had been! There were lots of others willing to go; fellows whose parents cherished no such antipathy to war and its attendant destructiveness. Why, then, had he enlisted? He was certain that he could never bring himself to shoot a fellow human. Well;

'twas done now and he would stick by it, and reasoning thus he fell asleep.

What an enchantress is sleep! The dreams that come how they delight in weaving a mosaic of the unreal, the fantastic! In his dreams Hugh saw himself boldly leading his company into the thickest of the fray. With what dash they swept all before them! He was happy, supremely happy.

Morning came and with it the dreams fled like ghosts which have been revelling during the night, and fly at the first glimmer of dawn. When he awoke the real intensified itself, and he saw the situation in its true light. He, a Quaker, had enlisted for warfare!

The company was to leave in the evening of that day, and all day long the enlisted were busy making preparations for their departure. Farewells were said, letters written, and everything was gotten in readiness. Buoyed up by the excitement Hugh had not much time to reflect upon his situation. He had been flitting here and there all day, and something like the enthusiasm engendered by the mass meeting had possession of him.

The time came 'round at last, and the newly formed company marched to the station to take the train which had been standing on a side-track during the day. All along the line of march handkerchiefs were waved, and college yells made the air resonant.

Everything was in readiness at last and as the train shortly pulled out of the station tears glistened in the eyes of more than one spectator, and sad and thoughtful good-byes were said. A few minutes more and they were speeding on their way. The college buildings gradually faded from sight, and a feeling of intense regret and longing filled Hugh. He choked back the lump which was in his throat, and endeavored to join in the merriment about him. Try as he would, however, he could not drive from his thoughts the picture of his aged father and mother sitting quietly at home in the even-tide—the hour of prayer and thankfulness for blessings during the day. How vividly it all came back to him! He remembered how as a boy he had knelt in the fading twilight at his mother's knee, while his dear, old father had lifted up his voice in prayer. He remembered how fervently prayers had been made that their son might grow up in the paths of wisdom and righteousness. He felt himself an ingrate to rush off thus into cruel war, and without even writing to them. He had tried to write and tell them of his step, but he had found it impossible. He had promised himself that he would write immediately upon his arrival in San Francisco, for then the step would be irrevocable.

Heart sick and weary from his long journey across the continent Hugh arrived with his company at San Francisco. Then, for two weeks they had been drilling and making preparations for the front, and at last the orders came to sail on the transport Senator, which lay in the harbor.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A calm filled the air, but it was like the lull before a storm. An ominous silence held the city ot Manila in its grasp, as the inhabitants lay slumbering. Sentinels paced monotonously to and fro, their forms silhouetted against the sky, giving a spectral appearance to the scene. Far out on the edge of the city the Pennsylvania boys were encamped. They had arrived but two days before, but they had been rapidly quartered. Rumors had been coming in all day that Aguinaldo was attempting to incite the natives to insurrection. Animated by an insane ambition and spurred on by reports of unpatriotic attacks upon the Administration by members of Congress, he imagined that with a show of arms he could assume the dictatorship and rule supreme in the Islands.

Standing just on the line of shadow which the little native church threw, Hugh stood leaning on his gun. He had been detailed for sentinel duty that night, and standing there in the oppressive silence it was no cheerful frame of mind which possessed him. Many times he had wished himself back at the little Pennsylvania college, and far away from all semblance of warfare. A kind, a heart-rending letter had been received from his parents. They regretted exceedingly that he had so far forgotten their teachings as to enlist for war, but they prayed that God would care for, and guide their boy.

The moon had just emerged from behind a big, black cloud which for several minutes had held it captive, and in its borrowed light the rows of white tents glistened. Not a sound broke the silence when suddenly like a sacrilege the noise of a crackling twig disturbed the quiet, and aroused Hugh from his abstraction. Looking around he saw a dark, uncertain form flitting among the trees in the nearby grove. Gradually and cautiously the dark form approached, seemingly believing the sentinel asleep. "Halt," the command issued clear and strong from Hugh's lips. The dark form straightened itself, and for answer sent a bullet whistling dangerously near the sentinel's head. Impulsively Hugh raised his own gun and fired. The dark form staggered, uttered a convulsive shriek and fell tottering. Appalled by the thought that he had killed the intruder, Hugh ran to investigate, and found the blood issuing from a gaping wound in the skulker's head. It was a Filipino and he was dead, quite dead and Hugh had done it. The thought paralyzed him. He, a Quaker, had killed a fellow human! Had committed murder! What would his parents say? He could never face them again. O God! He didn't want to live now. No, better death a thousand times than to live a self-condemned murderer. The weight of those generations of Quaker blood cried at him in horror. It would be impossible to live unhaunted after such a deed. Snatching a revolver from his belt he placed it against his breast and fired. Down he sank upon the ground, his eyes gazing in mute appeal to Heaven for forgiveness, while his warm Quaker blood dyed the grass near the little Filipino church.

J. D. E., '00.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

MARCH, 1900.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address, BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

Do you read poetry? In answer to this question many persons will answer "No, I am not sentimental enough." The word sentimental has fallen into some disrepute. In the sense it is here used it evidently refers to a sort of school girl sentimentality of the grade found in silly love stories. The sentiment found in true poetry is something vastly different from this. Poetry must appeal to the emotions or it lacks one of the characteristics which made it poetry. Emotion however is a word of broad content and includes a very large portion of soul life. Every great poet has been noted for his insight into human sentiments and human passions. He analyzes the complex emotions from which spring human action. Parental love, sex love, love of nature, love of God, love of humanity, ambition, hatred, anger, vengeance, jealousy, envy—these are some of his themes. He writes a "criticism on life." Human life is the only limit of his greatest theme.

Sentimental. This may be true of a few minor writers, but of the great poets, rarely if ever. They are sentimental only in the broad sense, that they appeal to the emotions. Shakspere has touched almost every phase of human emotion. His motto is, "to hold the mirror up to nature," particularly human nature. This is why his fame is enduring. Life is the thing in which every man is interested. Burns, too, is a poet of the emotions, yet what is there in the "Cotter's Saturday Night" or in "To Mary in Heaven" of sentimentality in the ordinary, vulgar sense? So it is with Byron, Keats, Shelley, Chaucer and the rest. They all indeed treat of love, but that is because love occupies such a large place in human life.

Poetry, again, is a fine art. Its devotees even go so far as to call it the highest of the fine arts. This alone would make it interesting. The "grand, melodious organ tones" of Milton would almost be interesting if they expressed no thought, just as music stirs the soul without the aid of words. The mastery of the higher poetic forms is so difficult that only a few great masters have reached the heights.

The real reason why many persons do not read poetry is that it requires some degree of scholarship to read the great masters with any pleasure. Much poetry is but a few steps removed from philosophy. Browning's poetry is impregnated with philosophic ideas. Pope is a disciple of Bolingbroke, and Emerson cannot write a quatrain without quoting Plato. Others again are infused with classical learning. This makes Milton almost inaccessible to the unlearned reader. Still others as Spenser and Keats are called poet's poets, implying that genius is required for their proper comprehension. Work of this kind requires study and it will seldom be read by persons seeking nothing but amusement. If you can't read poetry, you had better learn how. Do not say that it is "too silly" or "too sentimental." Such statements are harsh criticisms on their authors.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Musicale given on Mar. 9th by pupils in the School of Music was very well attended.

The second preliminary Junior Debate will be held in Bucknell Hall on the evening of the 15th inst.

Dr. Lincoln Hulley gave some excellent readings from "Dooley" in the chapel, Thursday evening, March 8.

Dr. Enoch Perrine delivered the sermon on Founders' Day, Feb. 18th, at the Peddie Memorial Church, Newark, N. J.

Prof. Martin delivered a lecture on "The Life of Christ" in the First Baptist church of Williamsport, Monday evening, March 5.

An Indoor Athletic Meeting will be held in Tustin Gymnasium Friday, Mar. 16, under the direction of Instructor Hoskins.

Dr. Hulley delivered the Washington's Birthday oration in Bucknell Hall on the subject : "An Estimate of Washington's Character."

The officers of Y. M. C. A. for the ensuing year are : Pres., Alexander ; V. Pres., Goodall ; Cor. Sec., C. B. Ayars ; Rec. Sec., Eisenmenger ; Treas., Myers.

The Demosthenian Club held its second annual banquet at Hotel Haag, Milton, Friday, Mar. 9. Previous to the banquet the club witnessed the production of Faust.

Rev. J. F. Bartlett, D. D., pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church of Philadelphia, will preach the annual sermon before the Christian Associations on Sunday, April 8th.

The four act comedy entitled "A Night Off or A Page from Balzac" was presented with remarkable success on Washington's Birthday by the Lewisburg Dramatic Club.

The customary Annual Ball was given by members of the Junior class, Friday evening, Feb. 23. This important social event proved highly successful, fully meeting the expectations of all.

The Institute Seniors' Reception was given Friday evening, Mar. 2. A skilled orchestra was a pleasing innovation, and did much toward making this particular event surpass former ones of a like nature.

The class of 1902 held their L'Agenda Board election Sat., March 3. Following is the staff: Editor-in-Chief, Pitt; Assistant Editor, Miss Wylie; LITERARY DEPARTMENT—Chairman, Miss Race; Assistants, Ulmer, Miss Unger, Miss Runyan, Miss Judd; Organizations, M. J. Davis; Classes, Maneval; Athletics, Stanton; Fraternities, Prichard; Artist, Goodall; Photographer, Sterling; Bus. Mgr., Weidensaul; Asst. Mgr., Anthony.

Rev. Lucius E. Smith, D. D., who occupied the chair of Pastoral Theology from 1865 to 1868 in Bucknell (Theological Department), died February 10, at Groton, Mass., where he was ordained in 1858, to the work of the ministry, and where he lived in the declining years of his life. He was 77 years of age. Born in Williamstown, Mass., he was an alumnus of Williams College ('43), and after graduation studied law, subsequently entering the field of journalism. After graduation from Newton Theological Institution in '57, he entered the Baptist pastorate at Groton, Mass., which he relinquished to take up his new work at Lewisburg. After leaving Lewisburg he became associate editor of "The Examiner" (New York), and afterward of "The Watchman" (Boston). He was a man of ripe scholarship.

ATHLETICS.

BUCKNELL 25; BLOOMSBURG NORMAL 5.

The game was played in Tustin Gymnasium on Washington's Birthday. The Normal team had not lost a game in two years and a confident force of rooters accompanied it, expecting one more signal triumph. The first half was exciting and at times somewhat rough. Bloomsburg scored one field goal and received two points on fouls. Bucknell threw four field goals. Thus the first half closed with a score of 8 to 4 in Bucknell's favor. Both teams entered the second half with determination. Bucknell dropped goals in rapid succession, scoring 17 points, while Bloomsburg secured one point on a foul.

STATE COLLEGE 6; BUCKNELL 19.

Great interest was manifest and the largest crowd of the season was in attendance. The game was a clean one throughout. The playing in the first half was very even, neither side scoring except one point made by Bucknell on a free throw from foul. Every man entered the second half with firm determination. Bucknell's excellent team work alone won the final victory. It was a splendid game—one that most fittingly closed a successful basket ball season.

INTER-CLASS GAMES.

Although all the Inter-College games have been played, the series of Inter-Class games arranged by Manager Thompson have continued the interest in basket ball. The rivalry of these contests tend to develop new material and affords excellent training to all candidates for next year's team. The first game of the series was played Wed., Mar. 7 between the Juniors and Freshmen. The Juniors won by a score of 8 to 0. In the first half Bevan tossed one goal, while Pierson, Beven and Evans each secured one goal during the second half. Following was the line-up:

1901.		1903.
Evans, T	attack	Darlington (Donehower)
Pierson	attack	Friend
Riemer	centre	Edwards (Snow)
Bevan (capt.)	guard	Siegel
Smith, A. M	guard	Snow (capt), (Coon), (Dershimer)

The second inter-class game was played in the Gymnasium last Saturday at 2:30 P. M. It was a contest between the Seniors and Sophomores, and the Seniors won. The game was speedy and spirited. First half closed with the Sophomores ahead by a score of 8 to 7. The Sophomores had secured four free goals while the Seniors had to their credit three free goals and one point secured on a foul. In the second half the Seniors scored more rapidly and at the close the score stood 25 to 12 in their favor. The excellent work of Wassell and Weymouth in passing the ball did much to win the game; Armour, too, passed the ball in a creditable manner.

The classes lined up as follows:

Seniors.		*Sophomores.*
Wassell	forward	Davis
Armour	forward	Goodall
Weymouth	center	Mathewson (Theis)
Shorkley	guard	Stanton
Sherwood, Morris	guard	Gray

The final game of the inter-class series will be played soon between the Seniors and the Juniors.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'54. Rev. C. M. Dietz has resigned his pastorate at Frenchtown, N. J., to take effect May 1.

'59. R. H. L. Atkinson's address is 801 W. 6th St., Philadelphia, Pa. He is a Professor of Science and Mathematics.

'62. Rev. W. H. Conard, D. D., of Philadelphia, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Baptist State Mission Society, recently spent two weeks in Florida enjoying a well-earned vacation.

'64. Rev. Ross Ward has removed from Terra Alta, W. Va., to Kingwood, W. Va.

Ex-'69. Geo. K. Baker is living at Downs, Kansas.

'73. R. A. Kennedy, M. D., of Shamokin, died at his home in that city February 9, aged 44 years. He was also a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

Ex-'79. James K. Maus is with the firm of Chas. R. Partridge in a hard wood and cabinet wood lumber yard at 11th Avenue and 29th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Ex-'81. It is announced that Rev. H. C. Peeples, who for fourteen years served as pastor of the Park Ave. Baptist Church, Rochester, N. Y., is to become pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Newport, R. I.

'81. Rev. E. B. Cornell is doing evangelistic work, and makes his home at Ransomville, N. Y.

'84. John A. Hornberger is in the Educational Dept. of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. His home address at Naperville, Ill.

Ex-'85. The "Baptist Commonwealth" of Feb. 8 announces that Rev. T. E. Schumaker, pastor of the Wylie Ave. Baptist Church, Pittsburg, will return to Japan during the month of March.

'86. Rev. E. A. Johnson is pastor of the First Baptist Church, South Dover, N. J.

Ex-'88. Rev. P. F. DeLancey, pastor of the Mt. Washington Baptist Church, Pittsburg, read a paper before the Pittsburg Baptist Ministers' Conference recently on "Christ as a Preacher." The paper elicited most favorable criticism.

'88. Rev. Geo. W. Hatch has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Sistersville, W. Va. He has accepted and will begin his labors March 18.

Ex-'89. Rev. John Skym, formerly of Lansford, Pa., becomes pastor of the Baptist Church, Carroll, Neb.

Ex-'89. C. A. Rodenbaugh is manager of the Eclipse Cement and Blacking Co., 45 Market St., Chicago, Ill.

'89. Hon. Edwin Heister Guie is a lawyer at Seattle, Washington. He was a member of the Washington State legislature of 1897 and was Speaker of the House of Legislature of 1899.

Miss Kate Wolfe, class of '90 Institute, died suddenly at her home on South Third Street, of heart failure on Thursday, Feb. 1st. She had been suffering with diphtheria, but had nearly recovered from that. She was a teacher in one of the Lewisburg schools. The funeral was held Saturday at 2 P. M.

'91. Rev. W. D. Kirkendall is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Colville, Wash.

'91. Rev. Almon Idell Stevens is pastor of the First Congregational Church, Pontiac, Michigan.

Ex-'91. Mr. John H. Blackwood is assistant chief clerk of the Census Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Ex-'91. Rev. Charles DeWoody is pastor of the Baptist Church at Geneva, N. Y.

Ex-'91. Miss Gertrude Myers (Jones) is living at Milton, Indiana.

'91. H. C. Donat is with the cedar vat and tank works of George Woolford, Philadelphia. He secured an interest in the business Jan. 1, '99. Mr. Donat makes his home at Sharon Hill, Pa.

Ex-'92. Rev. G. Fred Love, pastor of the West Baptist Church, Oswego, N. Y., has an article in the "Baptist Union" (Chicago), of Feb. 10, on "Lyndale's Monumental Life-work."

'93. W. Clarence Weber, M. D., is a physician at Denver, Colorado.

'94. Rev. A. H. Wynkoop, lately of Covington, Pa., has become pastor of the Baptist Church, Brooklyn, Conn.

'94. Harvey L. Fasset is engaged in graduate work in Mathematics at Cornell.

Ex-'95. Rev. D. A. Solly is pastor of one of the Roanoke (Va.) Baptist Churches.

'95. William H. Carey is at present Assistant Foreman of the Elmira Bridge Co., Elmira Heights, Elmira, N. Y.

Ex-'96. W. Rae Harper is acting in the capacity of Physical Culture Expert at Providence, R. I.

'96. Rev. Daniel E. Lewis, who recently became pastor of the Manatawna Baptist Church, Roxborough, Philadelphia, has been bereaved in the death of his wife. She died at Roxborough, February 20, of typhoid fever.

'96. The Baptist Church at Greenwich, N. J., Rev. B. B. Ware, pastor, has recently celebrated its semi-centennial.

'96. Rev. S. R. Wood has commenced his labors as pastor of the North Baptist Church of Wilmington, Del.

'96. The Baptist Church at Elkhart, Ind., is greatly prospering under the pastoral care of Rev. A. A. Coler.

'97. Pelmer L. Williams was admitted to practice at the Lackawanna county bar Monday, Feb. 12th.

'98. Mr. C. W. Clement is attending law lectures at Columbian University, Washington, D. C., and is in the law office of Watson & Watson.

'98. G. Morgan Davis is a student at the Hamilton Theological Seminary, Hamilton, N. Y.

'98. Louis Hecker Burge is employed as Electrical Machinist by the General Electric Co., of Philadelphia.

Ex-'99. John Bogert is at the Theological Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky.

The following are new addresses :
'60. G. W. Folivell, 609 E. Chelten Ave., Philadelphia.
Ex-'95. Alfred Hayes, Jr., 10, East 40th St., New York.
'94. Rev. Henry Thomas Colestock, Madison, Wis.

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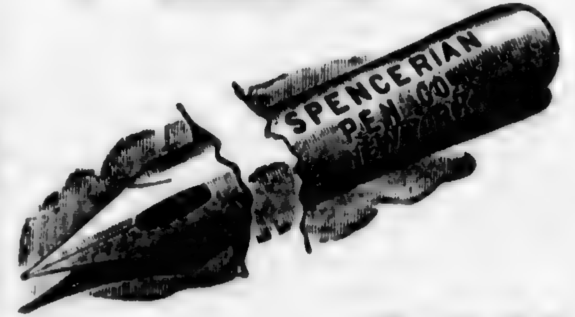
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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XIX. Lewisburg, Pa., April, 1900. No. 7.

RESPONSIBILITIES INVOLVED IN NATIONAL EXPANSION.

MAJOR. GEO. G. GROFF,

Superintendent Public Instruction in Puerto Rico, Professor of Organic Sciences, Bucknell University.

We have extended our boundaries over lands densely peopled with alien races, whose languages, customs and religious aspirations are largely strange to our people. We have entered tropical and subtropical regions, where good government has never been known, where bad government, oppression, ignorance, superstition and immorality here reveled unchecked for centuries, and here produced results upon the human race dwelling in these regions, appalling beyond the power of man to believe possible. Here the degraded masses live on a lower scale than the brute animals. They are human only in form and in the possession of the powers of development which belong to man. The masses are all children. They grow old and die, but they never outlive their childhood. To some superior person, they must look for every creature comfort they ever obtain. So degraded and so ignorant are the masses in the tropics, that on the most fertile soils, they are unable to sustain their lives, because they neither know how to produce needed food, nor how to prepare such wild products as may be found, in a manner to be fit for food. The result is, that in all tropical lands, the masses are constantly in a state of chronic starvation. They live almost exclusively on vegetable food, and it does not nourish them sufficiently to make them vigorous in either body or mind.

Such are the teeming millions who form the masses in our new possessions. But, be it distinctly understood, these masses are human, and have all the possibilities of development. Give these people good government, show them public and private morality, place a pure church before them, and there is no reason why they should not advance as rapidly as any people has ever done.

Besides the degraded masses, there is the small ruling class, consisting of educated, cultured and refined men and women, who have been taught to believe that the peasant class exists only to till the earth and to minister to the comfort of the lords of creation. The ruling class looks upon the public offices, as existing, not for the good of the people, but rather for the good of the fortunate possessor of the same. The principal form of activity among the ruling is to draw the largest salaries possible, or else to engage in struggles to remove persons in office in order that the salaries attached to the same may be secured. While there are good men in these counties who are pure and noble patriots, the only form of government they know, are the forms left behind by their former oppressors, among whom official integrity was almost unknown. To rob and plunder the masses, seemed to be their only purpose.

Such ideas, the best people in the tropics have inherited. They knew nothing else. Human beings are so conservative that they change but slowly. The problem before us is to elevate the ignorant women, and at the same time to teach the principles of good and righteous government to the ruling class. This can be done, only when we understand the thoughts and aspirations of the people, and we can attain to them only through a knowledge of their language.

To the young men and young women who desire to take a part in the upbuilding and sustaining the Greater United States, the first thing is a knowledge of the Spanish language. Nothing can be done without this. Let the motto of every college man be "America for the Anglo Saxon." But he must bestir himself, or the German *soon* will ask us to divide South America with him.

San Juan, P. R.

SEVEN FAVORITE WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

FRANK WEBER DILLON.

To attain popularity appears to be the aim of many modern writers. Authors nowadays like to be favored of the people because popularity means money, and money becomes a necessary factor in a writer's life very often though perhaps not so often as to be responsible for the decadence of literature. The reason rather seems to be that not one in one hundred of the so-called literary workers place true artistic excellence to the front. Very few have learned the lesson of sacrifice, and being elated with pleasing the people in their first attempts, consider further research and study as quite unnecessary. But the contention is not that poverty and true art go hand in hand, for Milton was quite poorly paid while Shakespeare had a fairly liberal income from literary work ; nor is the argument that popularity determines the literary capacity and position of the author. Newspapers and magazines lead the people astray so often that doubts arise as to what value to place on public opinion. The English people have been led to believe that Rudyard Kipling's "Absent Minded Beggar" is the best of literature, and that Mark Twain's writings represent the truly American style at the close of the century. This may be true; but there are a few dissentient voices, and the writers mentioned are not known to have affirmed or denied the opinions so freely advanced. Neither are Kipling and Clemens closely allied with the money grasping class of authors ; they seem to live retired and to avoid public appearances; and they strive to let the work stand before the man ; in this they are justly popular as living writers. No great acuteness of observation is necessary to note that no living author of standard literature is as popular as any one of perhaps a dozen, at least seven, who are dead. The antagonism of contemporaries and the greed of publishers counteract the two chief results of national favoritism which in England may lead to a peerage through devious political windings and influences, and to wealth through the royalty on published works. These are advantages for the living which make popularity worth striving after, but the popularity after death is some sign of true worth and some evidence that the literary works appeal to the enduring nature of mankind.

Seven favorite authors of England may easily be selected when certain restrictions are made. First, assuming that the distinction of literary favorites can be extended to none outside the recognized classical writers; secondly, assuming that the people have had sufficient opportunity to become acquainted with the works when not dissuaded by adverse criticism nor impelled to read by flattering advertisements; and thirdly, assuming that the best evidence of the popular favorites is in the seven selected by publishers with the desire of pleasing the majority of people, the following names are presented in accord with the seven eminent writers series of a recent selection, namely, Shakspere, Burns, Byron, Scott, Dickens, Tennyson, and Longfellow. Some of these will seem to you a just selection; if not all, bear in mind that the different elements of a population embracing a strong Scotch following will favor Burns and Scott, the distinctly English will read Byron and Dickens, the majority of the readers coming from middle class homes will take more favorably to the poetry of the heart as discovered in Tennyson and Longfellow than to the poetry of philosophy and literature in Wordsworth and Milton, and almost all will unite in pronouncing Shakspere the most apparent favorite.

Dramatization has much to do with this renewed interest in the works of the greatest of English popular poets. At present you will read that a leading London theatre is reserved for the production of almost the complete repertoire of Shakspere's plays, the nightly attendance having been beyond expectations. This metropolitan revival of Shakspere is under the direction of Mr. Beerbohm Tree during the absence of Mr. Henry Irving in America. "The Winter's Tale" has been gorgeously presented since New Year's in the fifth annual Shaksperian revival at the leading theatre in Manchester; and now the second theatre announces that a large part of next season will be devoted to a similar revival. Edinburgh, Liverpool, and other cities are following with dramatic revivals which give an added interest to Shaksperian reading.

Upon my travels, I found one man who had the courage of his convictions. He was a thorough Scotchman, an Ayrshire schoolmaster, who asserted that Robert Burns excelled Shakspere in more ways than one, and he was of the opinion that Bacon wrote the best part of Shakspere. Overlooking the latter statement, there is no doubt that any person with Scotch blood will uphold Burns or Scott against the world, admitting at the same time that Burns must be read with the peculiar emphasis of the Scotch tongue to be appreciated. The knowledge of this peculiar emphasis has crept throughout England as has the more interesting life story of the Ayrshire cottage poet until all are ready to honor Burns for being a man without the guinea stamp, even in England where the temptation for wealth and honor is so great. Scott has been growing in favor because of the never failing attractiveness of the romances and the ease of reading stories so long drawn out. Scott realized several things before he ventured to publish his famous "Waverly," namely, that he was writing for English speaking and thinking patrons, that one book well written would be worth more than a dozen poorly constructed, that he needed mature understanding and observation to produce such a book, that the places described in his work should be places of popular resort and interest, that the characters should be people whom the readers might readily appreciate and understand, and that the lesson of the story should be one of virtue rewarded and vice punished according to the usual mercies of human nature. This foresight has given Scott an unnumbered host of admirers throughout England.

Discussing the question as to which are the most read, the works of Scott or the novels of Dickens, one might conclude in favor of the former. In fact the appearances indicate that the "Waverly Novels" find most favor with the English, they being lately published complete in a cheap edition for which the demand has been very great. The readers of Dickens are not of the class which gives the most external evidences of literary preference, the class of persons who are old enough to delight in studying humanity in the individual, to seek the odd characters, and to feel more reticent in divulging their opinions to the public. They may all of them have read Scott in their younger days, for Scott is recognized as the romanticist of the more youthful, more affectionate, and more energetic readers. All these evident characteristics of youth become changed in the course of English life until we have in middle age the stolid, plodding Englishman conforming to his proper place in the unchanging social world, altogether the man of individual prominence found in Dickens. London is still the one place in the world where the metropolitan novelist is read most extensively; and just during the recent season literary London was agreeably surprised by the appearance of a popular character artist in a public representation of the characters of Dickens, whose success was so complete that the newspapers and magazines made special mention of the event. The young man has not yet appeared in the provincial towns, but he will meet with enthusiastic receptions from lovers of Dickens. Dickens is as essentially English in the novel as Byron is characteristically English in poetry. You are aware that Taine has selected Lord Byron as "the greatest and most English of these literary men; he is so great and so English that from him alone we shall learn more truths of his country and of his age than from all the rest put together." And Taine goes on to discover many faults, partly true and partly false, in English life deduced from Byron. Nowhere in the world will you find Byron so enthusiastically read as in England, largely because the impulsive poet wrote to please people who delight in adventure, travel, sentiment, and a bit of scandal. "The Prisoner of Chillon" and "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" are the most read of Byron's various works.

On the other hand, there are a large number of people who would not take to reading Byron's poetry under any circumstances. These people are the Puritans of the modern world, the descendants of the elder Puritans and lovers of Cromwell who abound in Lincolnshire and the eastern counties. Tennyson owes much of his purity of thought and language to an early acquaintance with these hardy people, and among them are found the former poet laureate's best admirers. Tennyson was one of the few great writers who saw success crown their efforts during lifetime, the laureateship coming to him as a royal consent to the will of the stronger and purer minds of England. The noblest and most admired thoughts of modern English poetry are recognized as coming through Tennyson's courageous appeal to the more elevating thoughts of human nature. But in all these attempts to attain popular ideals of morality, Tennyson evidences the struggle by climbing to a cold and distant pinnacle quite foreign to many hearts. His poetry would lead us to believe that English morality was the forced morality of the intellect rather than of the heart, but this opinion gives way when the wonderful reception of Longfellow's poems is stated. It is not a new truth that throughout old England, the greatest poet of the new world is found in almost as many homes as Shakespeare. Born in a distant land, educated in the midst of freedom, accustomed to feel the true sentiments of the heart unshadowed by the gloom of a depressing climate and the doubts of a depreciating society, Longfellow has borne to England what the Anglo-Saxon heart has longed for years to hear,—freedom ; the freedom of heart to feel and of mind to think with courage and with animation answerable only to the dictates of conscience ; and Longfellow has, perhaps unknowingly, fathered human impulses, which if they grow to be national impulses, promise to effect a beneficial change in the time-worn, social relations of Englishmen.

Manchester, England,
March, 1900.

STEPHEN JOHNSON FIELD AS A PUBLIC SERVANT.

I. A. De Witt, '00.

The recent announcement that Justice Stephen Johnson Field had breathed his last brought deep regret to every intelligent American citizen, especially to those of the legal profession.

Of a worthy lineage; the sixth in one of America's most illustrious families; born shortly after the close of our second war with England, living through all the periods in which his country responded to marked economical and industrial changes; at 13 going abroad to study modern languges; graduated by Williams College at 21; he spent the next ten years of his life in teaching, studying and practicing law, and in traveling in Europe. Attracted by the report of a "gold-find" in California he became a "Forty-niner" and journeyed thither by way of the isthmus.

Three days after entering the Golden Gate he was chosen "Alcade" of Marysville and became its law-maker, law-interpreter, and executive. As a legislator framing the important laws, a legal adviser in difficult land cases, a judge of the state supreme court, the chief justice of the same tribunal, Judge Field actually created the landed system of California and is justly termed the "Codifier of the laws of the Pacific Slope States."

Recognizing his intimate acquaintance with the landed system of the West, President Lincoln appointed him associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. It is in this position that we please to study his work and in so doing we shall find that he stood preëminently for personal liberty and individual freedom, and uniformly against the centralization of power.

In the constitution of Missouri there was a provision declaring that anyone holding office of honor, trust or profit, or any one acting as an attorney, bishop, priest, elder, clergyman, professor, teacher, should be required to take the "iron-clad" oath, the purport of which was that the person had neither aided, favored, nor had had any sympathy with the Rebellion. Father Cummings, a Catholic priest, was convicted of teaching and preaching without taking the oath and the State supreme court sustained the decision of the lower courts. On appeal to the United States Supreme Court Justice Field gave the casting vote reversing the State court's decision.

He contended that the oath was retrospective, was directed against not merely overt and visible acts of hostility to the government but was intended to reach words, desires and sympathies also, and that it permitted no distinction between acts springing from malignant enmity and acts which may have been prompted by charity, or affection or relationship. Arguing that such act was in fact a punishment, and, therefore, an *ex post facto* law, he said, "The theory upon which our political institutions rest is, that all men have certain inalienable rights . . . . and that in the pursuit of happiness, all vocations, all honors, all positions are alike open to everyone, and that in the protection of their rights all are equal before the law." Looking back of the form to the substance of legislative enactments, he said, "The constitution deals with substance, not with shadows. Its inhibition was leveled at the thing, not the name. It intended that the rights of the citizen should be secure against deprivation for past conduct by legislative enactment, under any form however disguised. If the inhibition can be evaded by the form of the enactment, its insertion in the fundamental law was a vain and futile proceeding."

At the close of the war when congress was endeavoring to set aside the President's right of granting pardons, it was Justice Field who delivered the decision of a divided Court declaring that "a pardon reaches both the punishment prescribed for the offence, and the guilt of the offender . . . . . . It removes the penalties and disabilities, and restores him to all his civil rights; it makes him as it were a new man and gives him a new credit and capacity. To exclude the petitioner, by reason of that offence from continuing in the enjoyment of a previously acquired right, is to enforce a punishment for the offence notwithstanding the pardon. It is not within the constitutional power of congress thus to inflict punishment beyond the right of executive clemency."

Justice Field delivered an opinion against the law requiring railroad officials to testify before commissions, even though the testimony incriminate the witness. In his unanswerable argument, he says, "It is true that both the safe-guard of the constitution and the common-law rule spring alike from that sentiment of personal self-respect, liberty, independence, and dignity which has inhabited the breasts of English-speaking peoples for centuries, and to save which they have always been ready to sacrifice many governmental facilities and conveniences . . . . Self-incrimination is the result of the long struggle between the opposing forces of the spirit of liberty on the one hand and the collective power of the state on the other. As such it should be condemned with great earnestness. The essential and inherent cruelty of compelling a man to expose his own guilt is obvious to every one. . . . . . . The proud sense of personal independence which is the basis of the most valued qualities of a free citizen is sustained and cultivated by the consciousness that there are limits which even the state cannot pass in tearing open the secrets of his bosom."

Justice Field's profoundest opinion was given against the final Legal Tender Decision. In this he argued that the making of notes or bills of credit legal tender in the payment of preexisting debts was inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution and was, in effect, prohibited by that instrument. Upon the reasoning of this opinion he may well commit his reputation to the judgement of posterity. His conclusion in this opinion admirably sets forth his position as a public servant: "I do not yield to anyone in honoring and reverencing the patriotic men who were in the councils of the nation during the terrible struggle with the Rebellion. To them belongs the greatest of all glories of our history,—that of having saved the Union, and that of having emançipated a race. For these results they will be remembered and honored so long as the English language is spoken among men. But I do not admit that a blind approval of every measure which they may have thought essential to put down the Rebellion is any evidence of loyalty to the country. The only loyalty which I can admit consists in obedience to the constitution and laws made in pursuance of it."

Justice Field was trained in the Democratic school of politics. During the greater part of his term the legislative department of the government was under Republican control. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that he should oppose every enactment based on narrow constitutional grounds. In this sphere his services were preëminent. During the Reconstruction days he, of all men, was the most effective in maintaining the principle of local self-government when the tendency toward centralization seemed almost irresistible. Therefore, his most notable opinions were minority reports.

The death of Justice Field closed a long, useful and distinguished career, a life filled with adventure, uniformly successful, not, however, without its mistakes, and sometimes, even, biased by prejudice. As a worker he was remarkable; he voiced the decisions of 1042 cases; as a man tenacious of purpose seldom equaled; he held his position for eleven years longer than necessary to secure full pay for life, subjecting himself to the risk of unpopularity, and, even, assassination; as a justice he stands in the front rank with Taney and Story and Marshall.

? SKLAWEDIS.

No matter whether good or bad
Some things one can't subdue
And if I am ungracious, pray,
How does the thing strike you ?

Four years I've traveled back and forth
From College Hill to town !
Four years in regular routine
I've walked up hill and down.

I'm not complaining 'cause the hills
Go up and down ; instead,
I am a thinking of the place,
Whereon we have to tread.

How can a fellow follow out
"The straight and narrow way,"
Whose numerous deviations
No *savant* scarce could say ?

It's only when a fellow's full
He can appreciate
The whereupon he's stepping
With slow and stagg'ring gait.

From casual observations made
As far as one can see,
The town folk and the students are
Bowlegged as can be.

It's all because these cursed walks
Tip everywhere a bit,
And Nature, (worthy dame she is),
Makes us poor mortals fit.

* * * * * * *

In the fall you take your bearings
Of the ups and downs of life,
And in wintry icy mornings
Ups and downs wage fiercest strife.

But in spring, oh glorious season !
When the rain is falling fast,
And the robin sings a carol
To the footman going past !

When Jack Frost has every brickbat
Of the sidewalks in his hand,
And is tipping them for pleasure
In the place you try to stand !

Then it is that angels hover
Near thy saintly whistled tunes,
As the mud and water swishes
Up and down your pantaloons.

Mon Dieu ! Mein Gott ! Diantre,
Can it be with both feet wet,
Mortal man must struggle onward
Without sigh or deep regret !

Fate has dealt with us peculiar,
But she never yet designed
That the front yards of our houses
Should be placed right back behind.

Or that steps and sometimes porches
In the walk should have a place,
Even which one stumbles after
Uttering words of dire disgrace.

If you don't believe the statements
I have made are true,
When you've had your years of trouble
Tell me how the thing strikes you.

THE ORIGINAL IN LITERATURE.

"He is not original. He borrowed from the classics. This story is found in this work; this thought in that work." These are charges and complaints brought against every great writer. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Byron—even Shakspere himself has not escaped.

And in these charges the error is not in the fact. These writers each and all did borrow from the ancients. More than that, they borrowed from their contemporaries—yes, even from their neighbors. Shakspere took the mass of dramatic writing of his time and used it for his own purposes. How many of his plays are absolutely original? Why, not one. Chaucer likewise borrowed. It is free use indeed that he makes of the tales of Bocaccio and Petrarch. Byron is called a plagiarist for having transformed the substance of one of Waller's crude stanzas into one of the finest gems in the language. So with all the rest.

The error of the charge is an error of interpretation. Granted that our great authors did borrow many things.—What of it? A great author is not a machine to grind out strange and unheard-of ideas. Further, there are no monopolies in the realm of thought. Knowledge is universal. "What Plato has thought, I may think. What the saints have felt, I may feel."

The ancient classics have become common literary property. They are the artistic expressions of ancient civilizations, on which civilizations our own is built. Their ideas and forms are so mingled with the body of thought that one cannot write a page without unconsciously borrowing from them. This ancient thought is modified gradually by changing conditions, gaining volume and depth from age to age. The body of knowledge, as well as the structure of a planet, is a product of evolution. This product belongs to no individual or set of individuals. It is a race product and is the common property of the race.

So it is with the whole mass of literary material. It is a product of race development. We borrow from the ancients—Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Horace. They borrowed from more ancient sources—from the mythology and tradition or their own time. Mythology and tradition are developments of folk-lore—folk-learning, the embodied thought and experience of primitive people.

The great stories are handed down from age to age. Each new writer interprets them in terms of the spirit and experience of his own time. Their ultimate source is often lost in the obscurity of prehistoric times. The Faust legend has given rise to a vast amount of literature in Germany, and has even made its appearance in England in Marlowe's "Faustus." The tale itself can be traced back to the folk-lore of primitive Germany. It takes many forms—now a story, now a poem, until some great master moulds it into highest artistic form and it is Goethe's "Faust" henceforward. Likewise with the "Tale of Troy, Divine," the Legend of Arthur and the story of the Patient Grissel.

Now we can see the place of the great writer. The body of knowledge is a product of race thought and experience. A given age, with this past as a foundation, develops its own spirit and thought. This spirit is expressed, in more or less artistic ways, by a multitude of lesser men. By and by a genius appears who has sufficient insight properly to interpret the age spirit and who embodies it in the best artistic forms. This is the highest originality. He of course uses all the material at hand, both the literature of the past and that of his own time, but he passes it through the maelstrom of a mighty intellect, whence it comes purified, distilled, artistic. Thus Shakspere used dramas written by his contemporaries, but who would hesitate for a moment in the choice between the work of the master and the crude plays of his predecessors?

This then gives us a broad conception of the original in literature. Thought belongs to him who can use it. Each man who uses it impresses upon it his own individuality. The story belongs to him who can tell it best and his originality lies in his interpretation and his art. Originality does not mean the production of something new but the production in artistic form, of what everybody is thinking.

"X."

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

APRIL, 1900.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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BUSINESS MANAGER,
O. S. V. MARTS.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

Spring time is here and brings to the new student an opportunity to become acquainted with the surrounding region. Take your exercise in the open air. There is no better form of recreation than a ramble over fields and woods, getting in touch with nature.

The University is located in one of the most beautiful and most interesting valleys in the state. It was the ancient home of the Delaware and later of the Iriquois Indians and the close observer can still find many traces of these aborigines. An interesting collection of darts and other indian relics can be made with a little effort. The site of the ancient capitol of the Iriquois chief, Shikellimy, is within walking distance to the north and the village of Logan not far to the south. There are also in the valley several forts which gained some note in the early indian wars.

The student of nature will find much in the immediate vicinity to interest him. The flowering plants of the region are almost countless. The rocks are full of fossils. Many interesting geological strata are accessible. Then there are the caves, Dale's and Winfield, which attract the student whether he be a geologist or not.

The grave of Dr. Joseph Priestley is in the Riverview Cemetery at Northumberland. The little church, founded by this noted man is also located in Northumberland. In the old cemeteries of the vicinity rest the bones of many a Revolutionary hero. All these places are worthy of a visit and such rambles add a pleasant variety to a life of study. The opportunity of travel in foreign lands is not given to all but it costs nothing to see the things of interest around us if we will but open our eyes.

Edward C. Caldwell, son of Major John M. Caldwell, of Milton, died on Tuesday, April 3d, aged 22 years. He was a former member of the class of 1901 and was a student at Cornell at the time of his death.

The following resolutions of sympathy and respect were passed by the Kappa Chapter of the Sigma Chi Fraternity of which the deceased was a member:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God to remove from this life our dearly beloved brother Edward C. Caldwell; and

WHEREAS, the Kappa Chapter of the Sigma Chi Fraternity deems it proper to pay a tribute to our departed brother and to place on record a testimonial of our esteem and of his loyal services to the Fraternity; be it

Resolved, That in our sincere grief and regard for our beloved brother, we will ever cherish his memory, his noble and manly character; and be it

Resolved, That we extend our most sincere sympathy to the bereaved parents; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved parents; that they be published in the Sigma Chi *Quarterly* and the college papers and that they be spread upon the minutes of the chapter.

W. E. THOMPSON,
M. A. CARRINGER,
F. J. STOUGHTON.

Sigma Chi Hall,
April 4th, 1900.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Saturdry morning, April 7th, the senior class held a meeting to arrange for Class Day and the other final exercises of the class.

Judge Martin Bell, of Hollidaysburg, will be the alumni orator at the fiftieth annual commencement next June. Judge Bell is a member of the class of '69.

The Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity gave their annual dance, in the Armory, Friday evening, April 6th. It was adjudged a complete success by all who were present.

At a recent preliminary F. E. Burpee, H. A. Trax, C. F. Bidelspacher and J. F. Snyder were selected to compete for the Junior debate prize on the night of June 16.

Rev. Bartlett, of the Tenth Baptist Church of Philadelphia, delivered the annual sermon before the Christian Associations, in the Baptist church, on Sunday morning, April 8th.

In Theta Alpha the officers elected are as follows: President, J. F. Snyder; Vice President, F. E. Burpee; Critic, J. A. Koons; Secretary, Rhodes; Censor, C. B. Ayars; Curator, A. B. S. Bechtel.

Euepia Literary Society has elected the following officers for the spring term: President, C. F. Bidelspacher; Vice President, C. A. Woodard; Secretary, S. B. Dunlap; Critic, E. C. Switzer; Treasurer, J. S. Stephens; Sergeant-at-Arms, Kester.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

Ex-'64. Captain N. M. Brooks, Supt. foreign mails, Washington, D. C., has had bestowed upon him by the German government the Order of the Red Eagle, in recognition of his services in negotiating the March post convention with Germany.

Ex-'74. Hamil Marr Alexander, M. D., who is engaged in the Propagation of Vaccine Virus has his home, office and main plant at Marietta, Pa. He also has Aecroscopical Laboratories at Chicago, Omaha, New York and London, Eng.

Ex-'81. Rev. F. G. McKeever, of New London, Conn., has declined a call to Portland, Me.

Ex-'83. Rev. Benj. L. Herr's address is 1639 S. Broad St., Phila.

'84. The father of Rev. A. W. Hand, of Putnam, Conn., died recently at Cape May Court House, N. J., aged 80 years.

'88. Rev. J. S. Braker is meeting with great success in his pastorate of the Beth Eden Baptist Church of Waltham, Mass.

Ex-'88. Rev. T. P. Holloway has accepted a call from a Baltimore Baptist Church.

'89. The *Baptist Commonwealth* of March 8 contains an excellent likeness of Rev. R. M. West, of Philadelphia, while on the front page of the paper is the picture of the just completed edifice of the Lehigh Ave. Baptist Church, of which he has, for nearly eight years, been pastor. The church has a membership of 483, and occupies a prominent place among the Baptist Churches of the city.

'91. Rev. C. G. Langford has removed from Pittston, Pa., to Moravia, N. Y.

Ex-'91. Rev. T. P. Halloway, for nearly six years pastor of the ancient Lower Dublin Baptist Church, located in the Philadelphia suburb of Bustleton, has tendered his resignation to become pastor of the Huntington Baptist Church, in the Waverley district of Baltimore. An effort was made by his

Philadelphia parishioners to induce him to withdraw his resignation.

Ex-'92. Prof. A. S. Hershey, Ph. D., is asst. professor of political science in the Indiana State University.

'92. Rev. A. R. E. Wyant has been elected Vice President of the Baptist Minister's Conference of Chicago.

'94. Rev. A. C. Lathrop, M. A., is Principal of the Everett Normal and Select School at Everett, Pa. The school will open May 7th, 1900, and continue for eight weeks.

'96. Charles Firth was ordained to the work of the Baptist ministry at Frazee, Minn., on March 16.

Rev. David Spencer, D. D., has been called by the Blokeley Baptist Church.

A. Judson Hyatt, for several years a student at Bucknell is now located at 18 Wall Street, New York City, as Attorney and Counselor at Law.

ATHLETICS.

The Baseball season was opened with the Syracuse game played on the campus, Saturday, April 7th. The game was fast from start to finish. There are several weak places in our team which the Syracuse team soon discovered. The game ended with the score standing 4–3 in favor of Syracuse.

SYRACUSE.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Adams, 1b.	1	2	9	3	1
House, 3b.......	1	0	1	1	1
Manly, 2b.......	1	2	5	3	0
Castello, p......	0	0	4	3	1
Dillon, c........	0	1	4	5	0
Sarsfield, lf.....	0	0	2	0	0
Dissell, rf.......	0	0	0	0	0
Mosher, ss......	0	1	1	0	0
Cummings. cf...	1	1	1	0	0
Totals........	4	7	27	15	3

BUCKNELL.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Weidensaul, cf..	1	2	0	1	0
Davis, 2b........	0	0	2	4	0
Teufel, ss........	0	0	5	3	0
Graham, c.......	0	0	3	2	0
Kase, lf..........	1	0	0	0	0
Milligan, rf.....	0	1	0	0	0
Edwards, 1b	0	0	11	0	0
Wallauer, 3b....	0	0	2	4	2
Prichard, p	1	1	1	1	0
Totals......	3	4	24	15	2

Hit by pitched ball, Kase, 2; Strike outs, Prichard, 3, Castello, 4; Bases on balls, Castello, 2, Prichard, 2; Umpire, Godcharles, Lafayette, '93.

Dickinson won from Bucknell, on Saturday, April 14, at Carlisle, by a score of 20 to 1.

The game with State College scheduled for the afternoon of the 17th, was postponed on account of rain.

Manager Weymouth announces the baseball schedule as follows :

April 14, Dickinson at Carlisle.
April 17, State at Lewisburg.
April 21, Susquehanna at Lewisburg.
April 27, Gettysburg at Lewisburg.
May 2, Bloomsburg at Bloomsburg.
May 5, Dickinson at Lewisburg.
May 9, F. and M. at Lewisburg.
May 17, F. and M. at Lancaster.
May 26, Carlisle Indians at Lewisburg.
June 1, Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
June 2, St. Mary's at Emmittsburg, Md.
June 9, State at State College.
June 19, Lafayette at Easton.
June 20, Bloomsburg at Lewisburg.

WHEN BONNY APRIL COMES.

(FROM SCHOOL SONGS BY ORIANA M. WILLIAMS.)

The leaf-buds burst on every tree
When bonny April comes,
The robins all are mad with glee
When bonny April comes !

And children, too, rejoice and sing
Their carols to returning Spring
When smiling, flowery, tearful, showery,
Changeful April comes !

The violet-buds with yearning thrill
When bonny April comes,
And wakes the sturdy daffodil
When bonny April comes !

Arbutus blushes 'neath the leaves,
While raindrops patter on the eaves,
As smiling, showery, tearful, flowery,
Changeful April comes !

EXCHANGES.

The *College Student* for March is a poetry number and contains some very creditable work.

We are glad to welcome *The Beaver* among our exchanges from Western Pennsylvania. It is a bright little monthly published by the students of Beaver College.

The *Gettysburg Mercury* is full of good essays and short stories. This is the first issue under the new editorial staff and they are to be congratulated on their good start.

The Georgetonian has made its appearance among our exchanges for the first time. It contains an interesting serial, "Over the Lake." Among other good short articles "An Upright Man" and "Why Read Poetry" are worthy of mention.

The *Western University Courant* presents a good March number. Particularly interesting is the eulogy of Dr. Shaw, by T. M. T. McKennan, M. D., which was delivered before the Medical College. "William the Silent" is a well written article.

"He that hath money, and refuseth to subscribe for his college paper, but rather looketh over his neighbor's back to behold the contents thereof, is like unto an ass who, having a manger full of straw, nevertheless cribbeth that of his blind companion, and then brayeth loudly in brutish glee."

The following clipping from the *Red and Blue* is a good statement of the true field of the college magazine, but it is almost impossible for most editors to follow this principle. They are often forced by a scarcity of material to publish matter not pertaining to the college campus, and in fact they often use material which they know to be trash, for the same reason :

"The average college magazine is somewhat too pretentious, and quite often safely ensconces itself in that peaceful, mediocre region between the great magazines and the college publication. When one desires to read a good story, he does not turn to his college magazine; but takes up one of the papers, where he knows a story by a trained writer will be found. If he reads an essay, will he take the youthful contribution of the average college writer, or will he go to the issue of a critical journal? Evidently the field of the college magazine should not encroach upon that of the great magazine, unless we are willing to make the plea of the charity of our readers, who will wade waist-deep through our contributions in the hope of some day finding a faint glimmer of genius or evidence of skillful workmanship.

The field of the college magazine is small and well defined—it is the college campus."

AN INVETERATE.

He smoked in the daytime, he smoked in the night,
He used one expression, "Please give me a light!"
Cigar in his mouth, cigarettes in his vest,
A pipe in each pocket—he stands fully dressed.

* * * * * * *

However, grim Death, with a scythe sharp and keen,
Compelled him at last to give up nicotine;
And now on his tombstone, just over the hill,
Is seen this quaint epitaph—"He's smoking still."

—*Exchange.*

A WEATHER MYTH.

The Sun had given jolly Earth much wine;
  His nose was pointed west, a rosy red;
A drunken drowsiness dulled every sense,
  And the Stars were forced to light him to his bed.

The gentle Moon came sailing slowly by,
  Shedding all about a modest light;
She saw, and slipped behind a cloud, for shame,
  At seeing Earth in such a sorry plight.

Next day old Earth felt pangs of keen remorse,
  His head was throbbing with an awful pain,
The tears began to fill his aching eyes,
  And men said "It is surely going to rain."

—*Amherst Lit. Monthly.*

THE SONG OF THE FRESHMAN.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Freshman sat with an open book,
Pushing her pencil of lead.
Parse ! parse ! parse !
With person, number and case ;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang of the Roman race.

Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim !
Parse—parse—parse,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Cæsar—Hannibal—Gauls,
Pass on in a constant stream ;
Till over the book she falls asleep,
And sees them still in a dream !

O men of deeds oft told,
In language of various kinds,
It is not patience your wearing out
But poor young creatures' minds.
Parse ! parse ! parse !
With lexicon, grammar and "horse ;"
Cæsar is dead but his book lives on
And sings the song of remorse !

—*College Folio*

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat ;
Methought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.

No other hand into my soul
Could so great solace bring,
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.—*Ex.*

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XIX. Lewisburg, Pa., May, 1900. No. 8.

ZDE AND HIER, OR, THE AUSTRIAN INTER-SPRACHEN WAR.

The friction in the Austro-Hungarian Empire has been for a long time increasing and at present threatens a crisis which may result in the dissolution of the Empire. While the situation is unfortunate and lamentable it is none the less worthy of serious study as it raises the very important political question—what constitutes national unity ? While it is not our purpose to attempt an arbitrary answer, a brief examination of political history will no doubt be of value. We must in the first place distinguish between national and political unity—for while the latter is external and factitous the former is psychic.

Political unity may rest upon force as in the Alexandrine and Roman Empires, or upon voluntary consent in which case it is generally based on national unity. Its characteristic marks are administrative and legislative unity which may have as its center and source one person or more than one person. As distinguished from national unity it is arbitrary and temporary ; it is characteristic of an early stage in political development ; it may be largely or entirely the outgrowth of individual genius. On the other hand national unity rests upon unity in race, language, territory, interests, experience, sentiments and ideas. At times one may be emphasized to the apparent exclusion of the others, and indeed some of them may be wanting entirely but the presence of all renders the unity more perfect and enduring. Were I to venture an estimate of the relative importance of the above factors I would say that race, language, interests, experiences and territory are all subordinate to and in fact are important only in so far as they culminate in sentiments and ideas. That the former do as a rule affect the latter is an established fact ; yet the absence of one or more of them is not fatal to national unity, as for instance in Switzerland we have no unity of race or language but have however a unity of sentiment and ideas resulting in national unity. A unity of territory and interests may make a state but it is a unity of sentiment and ideas, or, if you please, the spirit of the people makes a nation. One word further with reference to interests, it is not so much a unity of interests as a perfection of that unity which constitutes a bond of union. While we are now convinced that there exists a unity of interests between the North and South, it took a four years' war to convince the South of that fact. Unity of territory is by no means as important a factor as formerly ; for what were once practically insuperable barriers have by reason of the marvelous development in means of communication become relatively unimportant. We do not mean to argue that other things being equal a unity of territory does not tend to beget a unity of sentiment and ideas, for we think it does, and to that extent is important.

Without discussing the abstract question further let us turn to the concrete conditions existing in the Austro-Hungarian Empire which are responsible for the present strained relations between the discordant factions. The population of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is about 40,000,000; made up as follows : German 10,500,000 ; Bohemian, Moravian and Slovak, 7,300,000 ; Polish 4,000,000 ; Ruthenian 3,500,000 ; Slovene 1,250,000 ; Servian and Croatian 3,250,000 ; Roumanian 3,000,000 ; Magyar 7,500,000. We have here not only a confusion of tongues but a medley of races, chief of which are the Teutonic and Slavic. The friction between these two races has for some time showed itself in the Reichsrath, both in the Abgeordnetenhaus and the Herrenhaus. During the past few years it has upon several occasions risen to a degree that it rendered legislation impossible and lead to riots (in this they have set a very bad example for Kentucky). The official language for the whole Empire is German ; and the Germans insist that it shall continue to be, and in this they are in agreement with the Emperor, Francis Joseph. The Bohemians insist with great determination and vehemence that Czech be the official language in Bohemia ; they feel that it is tyranny to compel them to transact their legal business in a tongue which to them is foreign ; and, indeed, their argument is, from their point of view at least, not without foundation and force, particularly when we consider that they nearly equal the Germans in numbers. The struggle between the two languages has very recently been transferred in part from the Reichsrath to the army where the Bohemians insist upon answering the roll call by 'zde' instead of 'hier'; this has been forbidden by the army officials and within the last month the Emperor has decided that the army requires all soldiers to respond to the roll call by 'hier' under penalty of court martial. What effect this order of the Emperor will have remains to be seen. It may have the effect of weakening very materially the respect which the non-German population of the Empire has for him ; which, in the minds of many, is the strongest bond holding the warring factions together. It will certainly be a difficult matter to induce the majority to yield to the minority and adopt the German in place of their mother tongue. It is also practically certain that the Germans will not change from the language of the fatherland to that of any of the other peoples of the Empire. Therefore, the unification of the language of the Empire seems hopeless. The question then is, can there be a successful compromise, now that the question of lingual supremacy has been raised and has reached the present stage in its warfare ? For one of three things must result ;—surrender, compromise, or dissolution. While we have not unlimited confidence in the efficacy of compromises, it seems to us that in the present strained condition of affairs the interests of the Empire in particular and of Europe in general would be best subserved by a compromise ; for a surrender of either faction even if it could be effected would leave a disgruntled element in the Empire which would be a permanent source of weakness ; and a dissolution would be a calamity—to the Empire at least—toward which we cannot look with indifference. While it is apart from our purpose to play the role of a prophet, we cannot close our eyes to the more obvious consequences of a dissolution of the Austrian Empire. Manifestly the first question which presents itself is, what would become of the fragments? While any answer to the question is necessarily speculative, yet speculations, if based upon facts and the logic of political action, are not without value.

The first great fragment, that of the Germans, would very likely seek and obtain admission into the German Empire; but this would disturb the national equilibrium of Europe, i. e. the 'balance of power.' Hence it would be strenuously opposed, especially by those states which are not in a position to gain any thing by said dissolution. Among which states France would be chief; for the admission of the German element of the Austrian Empire would make France a second rate power —there would then be but two first rate powers on the continent of Europe, Russia and Germany. Russia would very probably not oppose this increase in the area and population of Germany, provided as a *quid pro quo* Russia were to receive a like increase from the Slavic element of the once dreaded House of Hapsburg. To this latter proposition it is not reasonable to suppose that England would remain indifferent. It is true that if Russia and Germany were to agree upon a plan of partition England would hesitate to go further than to enter a vigorous diplomatic protest unless supported by a powerful ally. In this case it is difficult to say whether France would hate England less and Germany more and thus join England in thwarting the purposes of Russia and Germany. Hence we see that a breaking up of the Austrian Empire would raise diplomatic questions of tremendous importance—questions worthy of the diplomatic genius of Tallyrand, Metternich, Bismarck, Canning and Cavour—the great masters in the art of diplomacy. But as yet we have only disposed of half of the kingdom—ten million to Germany another ten to Russia and we have twenty left. Yet as this would probably form into an independent state or states it would not cause so serious a question diplomatically. The most rational disposition of it would be the formation of a state under the lead of Hungary; yet it is altogether possible that it would form into several small states. In either case the remnants of the Empire would play but a minor role in the political drama of Europe. Viewed, then, from either the standpoint of the peace of the rest of Europe or from the standpoint of the highest welfare of the majority of the peoples constituting the present Austrian Empire, it is to be hoped that their better judgment will prevail over their prejudices and result in a reconciliation of the warring factions and the growth of a loftier patriotism that will impel men to overlook differences of race and language in the presence of national calamity. So far as the other elements of national unity are concerned we find them all present, with the exception of the variance in sentiments and ideas necessarily resultant upon the factional struggle we have already noticed. Whether or not the cementing force of a unity of territory, interests and experiences will outweigh the repellant force of differences in race and language is the question upon which the fate of the Empire turns. To this question, as applied to this particular case, time alone can give a final answer.

EDWIN MAXEY.

HUMAN NATURE.

If Human Nature is to blame
For all that she's accused,
The faults of almost all the world
Are pretty much excused.

When things go wrong and passions rise,
And wicked words outpour,
It never is the man *himself*,
But Human Nature swore.

When father, tired out and worn,
Is cranky as can be,
His Human Nature is a sight
Quite plain enough to see.

And mother, dear old soul she is,
Will say so kind and true :
"Don't let your Human Nature, Tom,
Get such a hold on you."

And brother, when green apples come,
And he has had his fill,
His Human Nature tends the case,
Though much against his will.

Oh! Human Nature, what art thou ?
If what folks say is true,
You swear, you love, you hate, you blame,
You bind us through and through.

You are the only thing to blame
For all the wrongs we do ;
But credit for all kindly deeds
Is for *us* not for you.

Oh ! can it be that in this life,
We mortals live below,
That Human Nature is a shade,
Which knows not where to go !

But wand'ring through the Human race,
It is a target fair
At which devising mortals shoot
The shafts of their despair.

MAN NOT AN AUTOMATION.

CHAS. F. ARMOUR.

For those intricate problems in philosophy that bear a relation to the activity of mankind, elaborate solutions have been perfected.

The materialists have devoted much time to an automaton-theory in which they assert that human effort can neither originate nor alter our actions. Since will is immaterial and matter material there is no affinity between the two. How then can volition set the brain-substance in motion ? Consciousness produces no action. First the vibration of the central organs is affected by the influence of physical surroundings. Then the oscillation issues in action. Last of all, we become conscious of bodily movement. Thus we are not self-active but purely automatic. The human body is only a machine through which motion is transmitted from a higher source.

It can be plainly seen that such a theory of activity would soon lead to a belief in predestination ; because, if man is a machine then surely some power is necessary to control that machine. The human mind can conceive of no such power but God. The automaton-theory and predestination are therefore closely allied.

It is well to ascribe infinite power to the Almighty. If it has been ordained that the human race shall compose a vast mechanism in which no individual has any responsibility, surely we can not deny the fact that God has the potency to determine just what each one of us must do. But it is doubtful whether such a belief has a true basis.

If man should ever become shrouded in such an unhappy belief every soul would soon sink beneath the weight of utter despondency. Human reason would recognize no ethical virtue in duty ; no reward for beautifying physical environments ; no glory in multiplying comforts and increasing happiness ; and no blessedness in promoting spiritual welfare. All aspirations for perfection in this life would be destroyed. There would be little reason to hope that even death will bring a crowning reward.

Judging from our own inmost feelings it seems much more rational to decide that the Omniscient has endowed each one with such powers as will enable him to control his manner of living. We feel that every rational being possesses the potentiality necessary to create his own destiny. He can descend to the lowest depths of human depravity or elevate himself to be a pure and noble specimen of mankind.

God is consistent. Hence it follows that there are no conflicts in His plans. If He has not endowed us with a freedom of choice then He must act through us. Our acts are God's acts. We are unable to do anything that will anger Him, because God cannot displease himself. But, does God commend all human actions? If so, then it is true that He foreorders all activity. If not all the deeds of men meet with God's sanction, then those acts that cause His indignation must not be the creations of His will. These are the products of human effort. Now there are surely crimes perpetrated by man that God hates. Therefore the will of man is exerted in some of his deeds, at least. This fact plainly demonstrates that human effort has authority over material substance. Hence predestination becomes impossible. We are not purely automatic beings, but the conscious originators of our own activity. We possess a guiding will that is exercised with as much freedom in the small sphere through which it moves as the divine will in its great unbounded universe.

If these human bodies are machines governed in every respect by a higher power, then by analogy, nations are also machines, controlled in like manner. All mankind being subject to the same authority, we would expect to find all nations in about the same plane. The English, the Germans, the Russians and the Japanese have progressed greatly. The Chinese for centuries have remained almost stationary. The Italians, the French and the Spaniards have deteriorated. From this it appears that man has the self-activity and power of will to determine his own course. He can decide whether he will remain a mere entity or become a forceful individuality.

Man is not an automaton. He is an active and progressive being. He has great powers and almost an infinite number of responsibilities. Man is in duty bound to exercise the faculties with which he is endowed. He who remains a passive recipient for inspiration neglects his duty. Self-dependence and self-activity are the requisites necessary for success.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

It does well enough for the elementary student of English Literature to begin with the study of modern English masterpieces. In fact, this is the only way he can well begin. He is acquiring principles and elements, not studying literary movements, and any part of modern English will serve the purpose. But for the advanced student the problem is a different one. He is seeking the development of literary schools and the causes or sources of particular phases of literature, as well as the effect of these movements on later literature.

Now, Biology maintains that we can not understand the mammal of to-day without studying the history of the species. Geology demands to know the history of the world's development. Sociology studies society by investigating the history of society, and understands the complex present by the aid of principles learned from the study of simple origins. That is, they begin at the earliest and simplest stages and catch each new factor as it appears in its simplicity.

Why will this method not apply to advanced literary study? Literature may be looked at from the standpoint of scientific method. It is a decidedly complex affair; it contains many elements; it is a resultant of many factors. It is a growth of centuries and contains in itself, traces of all these diverse periods of civilization. In order to understand this complex whole, in order to understand the significance of modern literary movements, in order to give to the masterpieces their proper setting, one must study the literature from its origin. We must begin as far back as possible. We must find and study the literature in its simple beginnings. Here are but few elements and they can be easily comprehended. The period of Alfred, with its chronicles, its translations, its rude poetry, will give us many clews to later movements. We might go back even farther and find the origin of these elements in the primitive literature of Angle and Jute, of Celt and Dane. "Nibelungen Leid" and the Sagas of the Norsemen will give us some of the spirit of our early literary works.

With this preparation and the continued historical study of the literature, step by step, we shall be able to see each new factor as it enters, as a rivulet flowing into the stream of literature. The study of literature, however, cannot be divorced from the study of the development of civilization. Civilization is the determining factor in literary development, the spirit and culture of the people are mirrored in their literature. Genetic or historical study is being applied to all branches of learning and will be invaluable to literature. X.

THE OLD SCULPTOR.

The sculptor was an old friend of mine and oftentimes, when tired and weary, I would wander into his little old dusty shop; sit down upon a rickety bench, which I felt to be mine by right of possession, and listen to the rhythmical beat of his mallet as he chipped off pieces of the marble block which concealed some figure within, a figure which I could not see but which was before him as plain as day.

I always liked to happen in when he was just ready to begin on a new block. And as piece after piece was chipped away I imagined that I could tell what sort of a figure the old man was going to make by the sound of his mallet blows. Sometimes his blows were firm and precise and his face was a study in mathematics and after several weeks I saw Newton's face peering out of the cold marble. But when his manner was careless and his strokes seemed hit or miss and the wrinkles in his face softened up and occasionally he would brush away the dust from his eyebrows, I correctly surmised that he was sculpturing a Grecian dancing girl.

For several years I continued to be a regular visitor at his shop. There was a fascination in the mallet blows, the flying pieces of marble, and the gradual unfolding of the old sculptor's idea as he embodied it in the lifeless block of marble which would set me thinking. Sometimes I would write my thoughts down after I went to my room but usually they were written in the dust on the floor with a marble pencil which at one time was firmly held in the marble hand of Benjamin Franklin. One day a careless visitor accidentally struck this slender part of the statue with his elbow and the work of several months was destroyed. The old sculptor had kindly given the broken pencil to me and I made use of it, while sitting upon an old low bench, in writing maxims in the dust, maxims which undoubtedly, would never have been written had the pencil remained in Franklin's hand.

The boy who swept out the shop in the morning, the old sculptor and myself were the only ones who had the privilege of reading the proverbs which I traced out in the dust. They were in range from the sublime to the ridiculous. Though I have many thanks for the boy, because he gave me a clean page to write on every day, yet whenever I pass the shop and see the heap of dust outside, I heave a long-drawn sigh for the pages of thought which are mingled in the uttermost confusion therein. Some day I intend to purchase the heap and perhaps I can find some of my treasure pages. I could not have entertained such an idea before, for every day I have been adding a page to the already numerous volumes.

One day, when tired of writing in the dust, I looked up to the old sculptor and said: "Pranciscus, why are you a sculptor?" Placing his paper cap a little to one side on his head, he laid down his chisel and mallet and sitting down upon a bench opposite me, told me why he was a sculptor. "When but a little boy" said he "of only four or five years, I used to play in a bed of blue clay near our house. For hours I would amuse myself in making balls of clay and baking them in the sun. When I became a little older I would shape the plastic clay into forms of grotesque faces. I gave them names and called them my playmates. I liked them the best because their whole existence was at my disposal and it was I who moulded their character.

"Finally when I was about twelve years old and had acquired quite a little skill in making heads and small figures out of the clay, I decided that I would try a little harder. Accordingly I made a block of clay which must have been nearly a foot each way. It took it several days to harden in the sun and while it was hardening, I was trying to decide what sort of a face I would use it for. Sometimes I thought I would make a warrior's head out of it, again I thought I would try to fashion it into an angel's head. In fact I thought of all sorts of people with all sorts of heads. I could not decide. At last it had hardened. I had an old knife blade for a chisel and a pine-knot for a mallet. I went to work at it. I had determined to make a fairy's head out of it. But, alas! I made so many false blows; the clay was not solid; it crumbled and where I had intended to have the end of the nose there was no clay at all. In despair I gave up, after I had broken off both ears and the back of the head had crumbled away.

"In front of our house on the top of a stone wall there was a stone, almost a perfect cube and larger than the clay cube I made. I used to look at it and in it I could see so many figures. In it there was the possibility of sculptoring the head of any one who ever lived. To my mind that was a startling revelation. I determined to be a sculptor. As soon as I was old enough I left my home and found employment with an old sculptor. He gave me my board for sweeping out the shop and for helping him handle the blocks of marble. At last I got a chance to use the chisel and mallet. I have been at it ever since. Every block is full of faces which are begging me to let them out. It is often hard to decide which one to uncover, but after I have decided I never change my mind."

The old sculptor got up and went at his work again. The mallet blows were still ringing in my ears after I had reached my room. I thought of what he had told me till the oil in my lamp burned out and the room was in darkness. "In it there was the possibility of sculptoring the head of any one who ever lived." The more I thought about it the more I was struck by the host of analogies which the old sculptor could have drawn from his marble block. I fell into a kind of a dream. All the boxes, bottles, books, cushions and in fact everything in my room became heads of illustrious personages staring at me. The mallet blows began to ring again and soon I could feel the chisel of Franciscus as he stood at my side, chipping off here and there a piece of my head and fashioning it into the form of an imaginary monk of the middle ages.

When I awoke next morning I felt as stiff and sore as if I had been pounded all night long. I was still sitting erect in my chair. The news boy had tucked the morning paper under my door. I picked it up and began to read. On the second page I read the following: "Franciscus Xavier, an old sculptor was found dead in his shop on Cemetery Street, early this morning. His chisel and mallet were still in his hands. His body was standing upright beside a half finished statute and he seemed to be in the act of striking a blow."

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Where is thy power, O circumstance,
That thy dread clutch, a human soul,
As destiny, may seize? What chance
Or might doth fix thy stern control?

As petals in the lily set,
As gems wrought into metal's clasp,
As gold ensnared in iron net,
So are we held within thy grasp!

May we not do, shall we not dare,
If your command does say us nay?
Shall life sink aimless in despair,
When thou dost mock the prayers we pray?

Are you merciless? Far beyond
Your menace rises dauntless will,
Which dares to break your cruel bond,
And nobler destiny fulfil.

A coward he who owns your thrall,
And yields his life to your dictate.
Who hears and heeds diviner call,
He is the master of his fate!

The sea that bars us from the shore,
Itself shall bear us safely there,
The winds contentious, bear us o'er
Wild waters to a haven fair.

And e'en from circumstance adverse,
The earnest, faithful soul may wrest
True victory, and from her curse,
Win patience that shall make him blest.

Lyrion.

OUR TERRITORIAL SYSTEM.

Local self-government and universal suffrage are fundamental principles of the American democracy. It is set forth in our greatest political document, the Declaration of Independence, that all men are equal in the eyes of the state, yet, within our own borders—in our own great republic, are citizens who are not accorded these inalienable rights. Our historians expound the injustice of British rule in the thirteen colonies, while at the same time, the United States are exercising a rule over a class of her own citizens as abominable as was the rule of Britain. I refer to our territorial administration.

Our territorial system is unjust—first, because it deprives the citizens of our territories of the right of local self-government. Their higher officers are all appointed by the central government. The act providing for the civil government of Alaska, after enumerating the officers and their duties, provides, "that the Governor, Attorney, Judge, Marshal, clerk and commissioners, provided in the act, shall be appointed by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the senate" and yet this is a Republic where all men are born free and equal, and the right of self-government is inalienable !

It is unjust because it deprives them of a voice in the national congress. Truly, they send a delegate, but he has no vote. He can do nothing for his constituents. He is a constant reminder to the citizens of his district of the injustice of their position. Yet, this is a representative democracy, where every citizen is entitled to representation in the councils of the nation.

It is unjust because it deprives citizens of our territories of a voice in our national elections. Suffrage is one of the inalienable rights of every citizen. With the overthrow of this principle, comes the doom of democratic government. The vote of our armies is taken in the field, yet this large class of our inhabitants has no vote and no voice in the Federal government.

In addition to the territorial system being unjust in principle, it is vicious in its operation. The officials appointed for the territories are frequently party politicians who must be "cared for." With an unprincipled politician, a territorial office is a source of financial gain. We have corruption in our own state, where the people elect their "boss." How much worse must it be in a territory where the people have no power over their officers! If corruption is to be restrained, the state officials must be responsible to the people.

Thus we see that a citizen of a territory is deprived of many rights which belong to every citizen of the United States,—no voice in the selection of his local officers; no vote in national elections; and no representation in the national congress. This is as bad as "Taxation without Representation." It reminds one of Roman provincial administration rather than of democratic government. The whole territorial system is entirely unjust and incongruous with the principles of American democracy; hence it should be abolished. Y.

IMMORTAL MAN!

Immortal man! A mariner upon a restless sea
Adrift. Before him stretches out a broad expanse unknown,
Except by casual sign of those who sailed before and left
Sometimes a mound or on some foreign strand a battered keel.
Immortal man! Who knows not why into this world he came.
Perhaps a babbler, rocked and lulled to sleep on loving breast;
Or else, whose feeble cry is stifled by a frenzied clutch,
Which now would cover up a crime of infamous disgrace.
Immortal Man! A victim to the trials and toils of life,
Whose days perchance attain into a ripe old age and then,
The tott'ring form, the hacking voice have naught to do but die.
Immortal Man! A worshipper of forms and unknown Gods,
Whose hands are red with human blood; whose heart beats but for gain;
Who cannot in the pleading, upturned eyes of his dumb friends
Behold a plea for life; but in his blindness strikes and kills
And leaves to crumble into dust a form much like his own.
Immortal Man! If true thy immortality exists
Thou canst not tell me so. Because thou canst not fathom out
The wonders of the universe and all that therein is,
And life itself with all its wondrous change and mystic laws,
It is no proof that thou art part of that eternal force
Which made the world and filled it full of life and law and love.
Consider well thy feeble powers. Boast not thyself too much.
Perhaps the dog which follows at thy heels lives in a world
That knows thee as a slave and laughs to see thy vaunting pride.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

MAY, 1900.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

With this issue the work of the present editors is ended and we bid farewell to our readers and our friends. We started out with a high standard but in many cases we have fallen far short of our ideals. Yet we have done our best and that yields a certain satisfaction. We hope that the next board may be able to improve upon our work and profit by our errors. The University is growing very rapidly and its literary magazine must grow *pari passu*.

The rapid development of the University in recent years is truly wonderful. Activity and energy are manifest in every department. The number of students has greatly increased and next year's Freshman class will be the largest in the history of the University. A new dormitory is nearing completion and additions have been made to the endowment. Old courses have been enlarged and broadened and one new chair has been established. Young instructors, full of energy and new ideas, have been added to the faculty. Old classical moorings have been left and now the institution is prevaded by the new scientific spirit. At the same time the moral tone of the student body has improved and a more liberal spirit in regard to religious and scientific questions has become manifest. It is a rapidly growing institution and the present presages a brilliant future.

CO-EDUCATION AT U. P.

Editorial from *Red and Blue*.

That co-education is growing at Pennsylvania was unpleasantly brought to our notice the other day with the opening of a club house for the female students. These students, who are matriculated in the College, Department of Law, and largely in the teachers' courses on Saturday mornings, have not as yet reached alarming numbers, as at Cornell or Columbia, and it is not too late to again close the few courses in the University which are open to them.

Co-education is extremely unpopular in the University at large, and we should not be surprised to see some action taken by the College classes on the subject. There is a feeling that the women restrict the freedom of the college halls and classrooms, and this, coupled with their obtrusive presence at every University function, has aroused towards them a repugnance that is greater than the existing situation really warrants.

Why should women desire to attend a man's college ? We have met men who showed some desire to frequent Bryn Mawr, Vassar or Wellesley, but never any that applied for actual admission or protested for their equal rights in educational advantages. If the number of women's colleges was not so large, nor their curriculi so good, there might exist some excuse for co-education, but we at present see no reason for its continuance at the University of Pennsylvania, especially in the face of a determined student opposition.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from this life the father of our beloved sister in Pi Beta Phi, Edith Lee Phillips, be it therefore

Resolved, That we thus express our sympathy for our sister in her bereavement, and be it

Resolved, That we extend our condolence to the family in their great sorrow, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our sister, that they be entered on the minutes of the chapter and that they be published in the college papers.

May 9, 1900—COMMITTEE.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The faculty and students of Bloomsburg State Normal received a treat on the evening of April 28th. Dr. Hully gave "An Evening with J. Whitcomb Riley."

Rev. Lemuel Moss, D. D., Professor in the Theological Department of the University from 1865 to 1868, has removed from Philadelphia to 724 Watchung Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

Dr. Perrine delivered the Commencement address to the graduates of Marienville, Pa. High School, April 24. Miller, 1900, who returned to college April 30th, is the Assistant Principal of this school.

A chorus of fifty voices is being formed under the direction of Dr. Aviragnet for the purpose of rendering the chorus entitled "Bucknell Jubilee Song," on Saturday evening of Commencement week, June 16th. The voices will be accompanied by the University Band.

Arrangements have been made for an Inter-society debate between "Euepia" and "Theta Alpha," the selection of debaters confined to the Sophomore and Freshman classes. Those selected from "Euepia" being A. M. Weaver, '03, L. J. Ulmer, '02, from "Theta Alpha W. K. Rhodes, '03, J. W, McCracken, '02. The debate is to take place Friday evening, May 18th.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

Ex-55. Rev. Moses Heath, for a number of years superintendent of city missions in Wilmington, Del., died at his home in that city, April 9, aged 72 years. He was an alumnus of Colgate.

Ex-'63. Rev. David Spencer, D. D., whose home has been for several years at Dover, N. J., has become pastor of the Blakely Baptist church, in the suburbs of Scranton. His post-office address is Olyphant, Penna.

'68. Inst. Miss Sarah A. Reed, niece, and for many years the secretary of the late Rev. Dr. Geo. M. Spratt, died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Oscar Kase, in Danville, Pa., March 31, and was buried, April 3, at Northumberland.

'71. Rev. Charles Jones, M. A., pastor of the Welsh Baptist church, Naticoke, Penna., died April 17, after an illness of one week, aged 64 years. He was honor man of his class.

'72. Rev. S. F. Forgeus, D. D., was a recent visitor at the University.

'74. Hon. David J. Hill, LL. D., First Assistant Secretary of State, addressed the recent Convocation of the University of Chicago, on "The Place of America in World Politics."

Ex-'85. Rev. T. E. Shumaker, lately pastor of the Wylie Ave. Baptist church, Pittsburg, and wife were tendered a reception in the Fourth Ave. Baptist church, that city, March 29. Mr. Shumaker and family sail for his new field of labor in Japan during the present month.

'87. Rev. W. E. Staub has entered on the seventh year of his successful pastorate of the First Baptist church of Elizabeth, N. J.

'88. Rev. A. B. Bowser, pastor of the Baptist church, Danville, Penna., and author of "Heralds of Grace," a Sunday school singing book that is rapidly winning favor, is president of the Montour Co. Sunday school Association.

Ex-'92. Rev. G. Fred Love, Jr., of Oswego, N. Y., died in Rome, Italy, on April 5, of small pox contracted while on a tour of Egypt and Palestine.

'93-Inst. Miss Oriana M. Williams, of Peckville, Penna., contributes an Easter Day acrostic to the "Baptist Commonwealth," of April 12.

'93. Rev. E. E. Pauling, for five years a missionary in Korea, is in the United States on a year's leave of absence. He has been giving assistance in evangelistic services to the pastors at Lockport and Lewistown, Penna. He may be addressed at Northumberland, Penna.

'94. Born to Rev. P. S. Calvin and Mrs. P. S. Calvin (Miss Minnie Cotton) a daughter, April 20th, 1900. Rev. Calvin is pastor of the Union Baptist church, Neenah, Wis.

'96. Chas. Firth was ordained to the work of the ministry at Frazee, Minn., March 16.

'96. The address of Rev. E. E. Hall is Wolf Creek, Monroe Co., W. Va.

'97. J. Y. Sinton, pastor of the Baptist church, Perkasie, Penna., was ordained to the work of the ministry, April 19.

'99. I. R. Hevan is connected with the Graphic Correspondence Institute at Philadelphia, Pa. He is Manager State of Maryland.

MARRIED.

CUTLER—THOMPSON.—April 11, 1900, at the East New Market (Md.) Baptist church, by Rev. J. Wesley Sullivan, of Philadelphia, Rev. John A. Cutler ('98) and Miss Celia Thompson, both of East New Market.

EXCHANGE.

We recognize fully the difficulties encountered by college Editors in securing good stories, and feel like encouraging any attempt of undergraduates along this line, yet we cannot refrain from criticising the love stories which appear in college magazines. This field, like that of the sentimental lyric, has been overworked in recent years. Occasionally a good love story appears in a college publication, but most of them are simply trash. The plots are old or do not deserve to be called plots. The sentiment is usually a kind of school girl sentimentality which manifests neither depth nor insight into life. To write stories of life demands both insight and experience on the part of the author. This silly stuff written by love-lorn youth and maidens should be consigned to the waste basket.

Several of our exchanges contain articles on Ruskin. Some of these are well written and show considerable literary insight.

Here is a little poem much superior to the average poetry found in college magazines:

A SONG OF THE SEA.

I sing not a song of birds, or flowers,
Of forests, or painted skies;
I'm not in a mood to sit and brood
O'er an ode to my Lady's eyes;
No ballad of spring, no wintry dirge
Shall the strain of my music be,
But a song of life on the foaming surge,
A song of the briny sea.

And a song of the sea—of the gentle sea—
Where the ripples are hushed in sleep,
And the signal light is shining bright
O'er the vast and silent deep,
And only the stars in the cloudless sky
Look down from above on me,
As I muse and dream in the moonlight's gleam,
'Tis a song of the lonely sea.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern
"You must set this matter right.
What time did theSophomore leave
Who sent in his card last night ?"

"His marks was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great ;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes,
And her dimple deeper grew ;
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two." —*Ex.*

History repeats
But Shakespeare never will ;
This is a double adage
Which is quite true ;—but still
We cannot help from wishing
(Though we scarcely hope to meet him):
If *Shakespeare* won't repeat himself
That history may repeat him.
—*William and Mary College Monthly.*

SONNET.

The world is disenchanting ; though we may
With reverent worship hold a fair ideal,
And fondly hope it will to us reveal
The fullness of our yearning, day by day
The golden statue turns to common clay.
Our hard won crown, which seemed to us so real,
A priceless jewelled chaplet, now we feel
A band of dross,—its richness reft away.
Ah ! would to God that all this pomp and show
Might be uplifted, for our searching gaze
Beneath its mask to wander to and fro ;
But men will e'er be lured by every blaze
Of Fortune's flame ; where'er her fire-flies go
Her fools will follow and pursue their rays.
Haverfordian.

SOLILOQUY OF A BOARDING CLUB STUDENT.

"Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight;
Feed me on gruel again just for to-night.
I am so weary of sole-leather steak,
Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake;
Oysters that slept in the watery bath,
Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath.

Weary of paying for what I don't eat,
Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.
Backward, turn backward, for weary I am;
Give me a whack at grandmother's jam;
Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed.
Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie,
And then I'll be ready to turn up and die."—*Ex.*

Freshman—"Comedy of Errors,"
Sophomore—"Much ado about nothing."
Junior—"As you like it."
Senior—"All's well that ends well."

L'ENVOI.

Type of the sea—that other sea—
Where our life-barks aimless roam,
Where calm is found, and storms abound,
'Ere we moor in our tranquil home.
—*Georgetown College Journal.*

"Songs of all the Colleges" has just been published by Hinds and Noble, of New York. The book is neatly bound and contains about two hundred of the most popular college songs. In selecting the material for this new book, the compilers have endeavored to select the songs which are the most popular to-day in all the colleges. Some of the very latest college songs are published which have never been published before.

"Pennsylvania Stories," by Arthur Hobsin Quinn, is an excellent volume of college stories. The stories are all very interesting and give a good idea of college life at the University of Pennsylvania. The book is neatly bound in the college colors, blue and red. It is published by the Penn Publishing Co., of Phila.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XX. LEWISBURG, PA., OCTOBER, 1900. NO. 1.

WILLIAM LOUIS KURTZ,

DIED AUG. 24, 1900.

On the 24th of last August, William Louis Kurtz, '85, editor and proprietor of the Lewisburg *Journal*, died of typhoid fever at Centre Hall, Pa. By his death, Bucknell lost one of her strongest and most loyal alumni.

William L. Kurtz was born at Aaronsburg, Pa., April 12, 1862. He entered Bucknell University in the fall of 1881 and graduated with high honors in the class of '85. As a college student, he already manifested those qualities of character which so marked him in after life and won for him the admiration and respect of all who knew him. He was a careful, conscientious student, and a hard worker. He was very active in the work of the Literary Society. He also took an active part in college sports and athletics and was ever ready to do anything or say anything that would advance the interests of his school. He was exceedingly companionable, sympathizing with any of the boys in trouble and rejoicing in their success. In spite of his hard work, he was always light-hearted and full of fun. He never failed to see the funny side of many things which to others in college would seem dry and prosaic. His general conduct while in college won for him many friends among students and professors alike.

Immediately after his graduation, Mr. Kurtz went into the flour milling business at Centre Hall.

In 1895 he returned to Lewisburg and purchased the *Journal* printing establishment. Immediately the *Journal* was infused with new life. From a dull, lifeless sheet it became under his management one of the leading publications of Union County. He also enlarged the printing establishment, purchased the most improved presses and the finest type, so that he was able to compete with printing establishments in the large cities. In fact he was constantly crowded with work from distant towns, cities, and Universities. Mr. Kurtz printed practically all of the Bucknell publications. The *Orange and Blue* and the MIRROR owe their success in some measure to his efforts. He printed the *Commencement News*, Y. M. C. A. hand-book, and numerous programs for entertainments and athletic contests. He was also publisher of the *Phi Gamma Delta*.

In his work for the students Mr. Kurtz was exceedingly obliging and anxious to please. Not only was his work of the highest quality but his prices were such that he was himself frequently the loser in the transaction.

He seemed to consider the interests of his friends before his own. He was always interested in whatever concerned the students and was ever ready to lend his aid to their enterprises.

Mr. Kurtz was a quiet, unobtrusive man. What he did, was done without bluster or show. He worked carefully, conscientiously, and with tireless energy, ever striving to promote justice and right. As a politician, Mr. Kurtz was the leader of his party in Union County. By his energy and tact, he quickly brought the Democratic party in this section into prominence and power.

In politics he was liberal in his views and just and fair to his opponents. He worked without hope of reward, his sole object being to aid what be believed to be the right, and thus promote the interests of the community.

Mr. Kurtz was a sincere Christian, a just and upright man. By his death the community lost a valuable citizen, the University a staunch friend and his fraternity, a true and loyal brother.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from this life our beloved friend and brother William L. Kurtz and

Whereas, the Delta Chapter of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity deems it proper to pay a tribute to our departed brother, and to place on record a testimonial of our esteem for his loyal services to the fraternity; be it

Resolved, That in our sincere grief and regard for our beloved brother, we will ever cherish the memory of his noble and manly character; and be it

Resolved, That we extend our most sincere sympathy to his bereaved family; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family; that they be published in the *Phi Gamma Delta* and the college papers and that they be placed upon the minutes of the chapter.

JOHN S. STEVENS,
LEWIS E. THEIS,
REESE H. HARRIS.

TENNYSON IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

FRANK W. DILLON.

Tennyson's poetry has often been remarked for purity of sentiment and simplicity of personage. Puritanism stands forth in almost every work, stronger in the men than in the women, as becoming the nature of the sex. The *puritanism*, however, is not identical with the doctrines or practices of the Cromwellian period; it is rather the product of a mind developed in modern freedom of thought and trained in high ideals of honor and duty, a mind which in an age of sterner men and bolder actions, might easily have ranged beside that of Milton. When the men of Tennyson love, they love with all their hearts, in constancy with no taint of vice and in simplicity without guile ; and the women are led by the men. A glance into the early life of the poet will explain why such characteristics should prevail in many of his best works.

At Somerby in Mid Lincolnshire, Alfred Tennyson was born. Somerby is still an out-of-the-way place, several miles from the railways and highways. The rectory where the Rev. Dr. Tennyson, the poet's father, resided at the time, appears to have had many points in common with the rural homes of the thrifty agricultural class ; it might also be compared with the wayside cottage of the Ayrshire farmer at Alloway, where Robert Burns was born. Both houses were little better than long, low cottages, surrounded by the beauties of nature cultivated in broad fields, shady trees, and bright flowers. Luxuries of life were often lacking and the struggle for existence was perhaps as keenly felt by the father Tennyson in the scattered livings of his country parish as by the father Burns in the varying values of uncertain crops. Here the similarities cease ; Burns in youth and growing manhood, studied nature at his daily tasks and associated with companions of doubtful sobriety and morals, young Tennyson had the books, the schools, and, better than these, the well-guided home life of a conscientious country minister and the strengthening companionship of earnest Lincolnshire folks who lived apart from the follies and vices of the commercial and manufacturing districts.

Scarcely two centuries before the birth of Tennyson, the Pilgrim Fathers had set forth from the little Lincolnshire port of Boston on that famous voyage to establish an enduring home of purity and freedom, wandering first to Holland, thence touching on the native soil of old England at Plymouth, and finally establishing a greater Boston beyond the sea. Later, Oliver Cromwell, coming from the neighboring shire of Huntingdon, fought successfully on the not-distant fields of Marston Moor and Naseby. Again in the same eventful century, when the royal adherents had broken the strength of Puritanism, John Bunyan suffered for his belief in the goals of his home town, Bedford. The eastern Shires, Lincoln, Huntingdon, Rutland, and Bedford, fostered the birth, the growth, the success, and witnessed the decay of a spiritual movement which the tyranny of a century could not crush out of the hearts of the enduring farmer and hardy fisher folks. To say that the spirit of Puritanism is dead in the eastern English counties of to-day is to overlook with discredit the memorials constantly bestowed and the cherished preservation of the homes and haunts of Cromwell, Bunyan, and less famous Puritan leaders in their native shires.

Puritanism as a political issue proved a failure after a most severe trial. The precepts of Cromwell appealed to individuals of mental strength and developed powers of self-control, not to men who sought to sway the masses. But in Puritanism were involved undying principles of freedom and of sacrifice, principles not to be flaunted in the face of satisfied, weak humanity but to be cherished and reverenced in the hearts of the truly strong. When Alfred Tennyson, the poet, the son of an unknown country clergyman, became the champion of the new Puritanism, he found a multitude of eager listeners from the mighty sovereign on her throne to the humblest laborer in the tiny cottage. During the height of fame as poet laureate lord Tennyson continued to live in remote Farringford on the Isle of Wight as secluded from the busy world as when practically unheard of in youth he wandered in the dead of night over the broad sea-sands from Mablethorpe to Donna Nook along the low coast line of Lincolnshire.

Few critics have ever suggested that there was anything extraordinary in the life and manners of Lord Tennyson living so much apart from the world. English gentlemen in the early part of the century were brought less into contact with the activity which is encroaching everywhere, steadily but with the unfailing steps of progress, upon their accustomed reserve. The poet was known to have grown up in the country which he loved, to have little in common with the life of the great cities, and to have chosen his subjects in harmony with his country haunts. He did not describe humanity with such exactness that the reader might say that this character is a representative farmer of Lincolnshire or a fisherman of Wight. Even those most closely acquainted with the poets life at Somerby and vicinity speak doubtfully when they endeavor to localise the best described places as familiar scenes of his youth. The facts that Lord Tennyson lived away from Lincolnshire in mature years, that his native shire is much too flat and common in aspect to serve for extended political description, and that the poet as artist customarily followed the uncertain outlines of poetical imagination rather than accurate descriptive details, prove that Lincolnshire forms but a minor part in presenting adequate scenes for Tennyson's works.

Inaccessibility has much to do with the lack of popular knowledge of the youthful haunts of Tennyson. Once the Rev. Drummond Rawnsley wrote, "What Wadsworth has done for the English lakes and Scott for the Highlands, our poet has done for homelier scenes of his boyhood and early manhood in Mid Lincolnshire. They live for us in his pages, depicted with all the truth and accuracy of a photograph." Pilgrims to the Tennyson country have not at their command an adequate train service such as conveys travellers to within a few minutes walk of the home of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, note the numerous coaches from Ambleside passing near the Rydal Mount of Wordsworth, nor the ferry from the railway station to Scott's home, Abbotsford-on-Tweed, nor the modern auto-motor cars going frequently from Ayr to the cottage of Burns at Alloway;

but the enthusiast has to use the inconvenient and clumsy omnibuses common to Lincolnshire or engage special conveyance from the nearest stations of Horncastle, Spilsby, or Alford. Otherwise he can walk the eight miles stretching from the lowland farms to the small hills. The scenes upon arriving are confined to the birthplace of the poet in the rectory at Somerby, the few quaint farm houses of the district, the little old church of Bagenderby where the poets father conducted services, and by prolonging the tour according to local directions, Holywell Glen of which the poet has spoken, Stockworth Mill the dwelling-place of "The Miller's Daughter," Louth, a progressive market town where Tennyson went to school, the supposed Locksley Hall near the coast, and the broad sands where he often walked to Donna Nook from Mablethorpe, the latter village now growing as a favorite seaside resort and as the home of fishermen who engage in herring catching off the shallow coast banks.

Remoteness which has caused more than one contemplative visitor to retire, gives the pilgrim a vivid idea of what life must have been to the young poet living so far inland. Yet Tennyson seemed to find numerous studies of natural beauties, rare and varied, and of human life, entertaining and instructive. All can join in the final hope that every place and every phase of life may some day present their most beautiful and most beneficial aspects through the medium of as good and as great a poet as Lord Alfred Tennyson.

LINCOLN, ENGLAND,
September, 1900.

WYOMING VALLEY.

Wyoming Valley, probably best known as the place of the massacre, received its name from the Indian word Maugh-wau-wa-me, meaning large plains or meadows. About two centuries ago after having passed through various transformations the word finally assumed its present form, Wyoming.

Like other parts of this country, the valley contains ruins. These remains seemed to have been at one time fortifications and must have been built by a race very different to that found here by the European settler. Much of the structure has been obliterated by time, but enough of that found near Kingston remains to determine that the original was apparently elliptical or oval in shape. Another found near Wilkes Barre is very similar to the one found near Kingston.

When the white man first came to the valley, it was claimed by Iroquois or Five Nations and used by them and their subjugated races as a hunting ground. Among those tribes who inhabited the valley were the Delawares and Shawenese. These tribes lived on the banks of the Susquehanna; the Shawenese occupying the western bank—the present site of Plymouth, the Delawares the eastern bank.

Even at this early date these two tribes doomed the valley to a war said to be the most bloody probably for the numbers engaged and for a most trifling cause. It happened thus: One day while the men of both tribes were hunting, the Shawenese women with their children crossed the river to gather fruit. Harmony reigned until the children of the different tribes entered into a dispute about the possession of a large grass-hopper. A quarrel ensued in which the women of each tribe took sides with their respective children. The Delaware women who outnumbered the Shawenese women finally succeeded in driving the Shawenese women across the river to their own homes. When the men returned in the evening they upheld the actions of the women of their own tribe. The Shawenese armed themselves and crossed the river but found the Delawares had also prepared for war. After great slaughter on both sides, the Delawares won and the Shawenese were compelled to retire.

Speaking generally the white settlers suffered little at the hands of the Indians during the earlier years. White man, however, fought white man. For Connecticut as well as the Pennsylvanians claimed the valley. The Yankees finally succeeded in driving the Pennanite from the valley and at the time of the Revolutionary war the military companies from the valley were credited to Connecticut.

The account of the tortures, cruelties and hardships endured at the time of the massacre has made this period of history most important and has given Wyoming a world-wide fame. The stories of the trials of individual families at the time are many, but probably the most interesting is that of the Slocum family.

Mr. Slocum belonged to the society of Friends and was a non-combitant. When the English and Indians appeared in the neighborhood he did not go to the fort with his neighbors but staid on his farm. The inmates of the house at the time the Indians surrounded it were Mrs. Slocum and four children. Mrs. Slocum hid in some bushes outside where she could see without being seen. One of her daughters seizing her youngest brother ran toward the fort. Through all her fear at the pursuit of the Indians, nothing could induce her to drop her brother. The Indians, it is said, laughed heartily at the little girl's panic but admired her pluck and allowed her to escape.

Frances, a girl about nine years old, had hidden herself behind the stair-case. After the Indians had completed their plundering and were about to leave the house she was discovered. Preparations were made to take her and her brother, who was lame, as captives. The mother rushed from her hiding place and pleaded for the restoration of her children, but in vain. Finally she appealed to their selfishness, showing that the lame boy would be a hindrance to them. Her reasons prevailed and her son was given back, but Frances was taken.

Years passed in which a vain search was made for the girl. The mother died and the story was forgotten by all except the brothers and sister.

In the year 1835 Colonel Ewing, engaged in the Indian trade was overtaken by darkness when far from the home of a white man. He was received into the lodge of an Indian and during the evening he met the mistress of the house. Her unusually light complexion led him to believe that she was a white woman. Later he succeeded in getting her to tell the story of her life.

She said her name was Frances Slocum. She had been stolen by a party of Delawares when very young and had been brought up by them and taught to believe that the white man was the implacable foe of the Indian. She had married a Miami Chief and until this time had never revealed her name.

Her story was sent to the postmaster at Lancaster with the request that it should be published in some paper. For two years it remained among other material, when fortunately it was found and published in a paper whose columns had been engaged for some temperance work and whose circulation was on this account greater. A copy of the paper was sent to the clergyman who had heard the story from his brother. He in turn sent the copy to his brother, who placed it in the hands of Joseph Slocum one of the survivors of the family.

The two brothers and sisters prepared to visit the town where the Indian squaw lived. They arrived and found the story true. No persuasions or entreaties, however, could induce Frances to leave her adopted people.

The massacre marked a most important period in the history of the valley and really made the valley known. To-day a monument—a stone column sixty-two feet high, rectangular in form, with an appropriate inscription on one face, and on two of the other faces the names of the slain as nearly as could be ascertained, marks the spot near which the battle of Wyoming was fought.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

OCT., 1900.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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ASSISTANT MANAGER,
M. R. SHELDON, '03.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

In issuing this the initial number of the MIRROR for the current year we extend a hearty welcome to all those who for the first time have come to Bucknell. We trust that you will soon be completely identified with the life and interests of our institution so that you may receive a full share of her choicest blessings.

It matters not what special lines a student delights to pursue, provision has been made for some literary training along with every course. The work in composition and essay-writing required during the first years in college, will, if well done, give the mastery of the underlying principles and should serve as an incentive to still better voluntary efforts.

The choice of a remote subject will at once bring the beginner into a strange entanglement of difficulties from which he sometimes comes forth master, but more often gives up in despair. Now this choice of strange subjects is altogether wrong. There is perhaps not a single study in our entire curriculum that will not furnish abundant material for articles of genuine interest and value. He who delights most in a certain study is in the best position to arrange that material in attractive form. Intensity of interest, which deepens with the knowledge of a subject, determines largely the measure of successful writing. When our students learn to choose subjects which they delight to investigate and concerning which they already *know*, be that subject ever so commonplace, it can be readily wrought into literary form.

We appeal then to students of every department, to contribute something that may help in a literary way to reflect the varied life and pursuits at our University.

"I never saw much in that paper anyway and I do not see what purpose it serves." So spake a senior a few years ago, to an undergraduate who was carefully reading the MIRROR. This same senior upon being asked whether he intended to take up the study of Shakespeare during that term replied that he was not looking for easy things while in college. Thus wise in his own conceit the studious young man remained ignorant of the great treasures of thought stored in our literature. Treating with derision all attempts at literary composition by students, this same man of more "practical knowledge" never wrote anything unless compelled to do so. Even the orations of his senior year were written under protest and his final attempt remains with us—a pitiable memorial of an extremely one-sided education.

It may be that our college publications do not always come up to your expectations. If so, remember that our publications are *yours*. The editors stand only as your representatives. The most effective criticism is, not to find fault, but to do something towards making existing conditions better. Let every undergraduate contribute his best to maintain our literary monthly. We need your help and you need the training.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. Hulley preached in the Presbyterian Church, Oct. 7.

Edgett, ex-'02, and Sterling, ex-'02, have entered Cornell this fall.

H. C. Stanton was in town a few days on his way to Univ. of Pennsylvania.

C. A. Weymouth, 1900, made a short visit to the boys on the hill recently.

Ned Moyer, 1900, visited his Σ A E brothers at their chapter house for a few days.

Willard M. Bunnell, Esq., and wife, of Scranton, were in town recently visiting relatives.

Quite a number of Bucknell Alumnæ were noticed on the "Hill" watching the Bucknell-Wyoming game Sept. 29.

Class elections seem to have been in order lately. All four classes of the University have elected their officers for the coming year.

Edwards, '03, has been initiated into Φ Γ Δ, Woodard, '02, into Kappa Sigma, Dunlap, '03, into Σ A E and Konkle, '01, in Sigma Chi.

The Y. M. C. A. reception to the new students was very much enjoyed by all present. Speeches were made and every one endeavored to become acquainted with the new men.

English, '03, Woodard, '02, Goodman, '01, T. Evans, '01, Greene, '02, Packer, '02, and Milligan, '02, went to Ithaca with the football team to witness the Cornell-Bucknell game Oct. 6.

Wassell, 1900, was in town at the opening of the term attending the Lenhart murder trial as a reporter for one of the local papers. He expects to read law in Pittsburg this winter.

1st Lieut. Fetzer, '03, Elliot, '02, Shorkley, '03, Johnson, '04, Bell, 1900, Woodyear, '02 and Registrar Gretzinger were with Co .A., 12th Regimentat, Shenandoah, last month, when the troops were called out to keep the strikers from rioting.

The C. E. reception in the Baptist Church on Saturday evening, Oct. 6, was a great success.

The Freshman Class this year numbers about the same as last year's class. The University is still gaining in numbers.

The following are the Literary Societies officers :

THETA ALPHA.

Pres., H. A. Trax, '01 ; Vice Pres., E. P. Heckert, '02 , Critic, McCracken, '02 ; Treas., A. M. Smith '01 ; Sec., Forbell, '03 ; Censor, Weiser, '02.

EUEPIA.

Pres., P. Reilly, '02 ; Vice Pres., Weaver, '03 ; Treas., Steininger, '03 ; Sec., Kester, '03 ; Critic, Ulmer, '02 ; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ayres, '01.

HONORS IN DEBATE.

There has been appointed a permanent committee on debate consisting of the following members : Chairman, Professor of Rhetoric, Professor of History, Professor of Economics and Instructor in Elocution.

SENIORS.

During the year there are three public debates by seniors the last of which is an "honor contest." The first debate is open to all seniors who may wish to contest, and from the contest eight are chosen.

In the second debate four are selected to engage in the honor debate. All who take part in the honor debate if their work, in the judgment of the committee is of excellent grade, are credited each with a unit of honor work.

JUNIORS.

During the year there are three public debates by the juniors, the last of which is a prize debate. The first debate is open to all juniors who may wish to contest and from the contest eight are chosen. In the second debate four of the eight are selected who engage in the prize debate during commencement week. All who take part in the prize debate if their work, in the judgment of the committee, is of excellent grade, are credited each with a unit of honor work.

The above is a new faculty ruling and will form part of the college routine work hereafter.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'57. Rev. Geo. A. Peltz, D. D., is President of the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist ministers.

'63. Dr. Clement B. Lowe, of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and wife, were sorely bereaved during the summer by the death of their two daughters, who lost their lives in the surf at Ocean City, N. J.

'72. S. F. Forgeus, D. D., Chaplain of the Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory at Huntingdon, was elected Clerk of the Centre Baptist Association for the 13th consecutive session. Rev. Chas. A. Walker, ('89), of Bellwood, was re-elected Moderator, and Rev. A. C. Lathrop, ('94), of Everett, was chosen President of the Associational B. Y. P. U. The seventieth annual meeting of the Association was held August 29 and 30, at Port Matilda.

'77. Rev. E. T. Trimble, of Colfax, Wash., was elected moderafor of the Palouse Baptist Association at the recent session of that body.

'83. Rev. B. H. Thomas resigned the pastorate of the Olivet Church, Cleveland, O., last Friday evening. In a tender letter of resignation he reviewed the years—nearly sixteen—of the only pastorate the church has ever had. The Olivet Church was organized December 24, 1884, with nineteen constituent members. The present pastor had previously visited the field and it was on his recommendation that the organization was perfected. The City Mission Society, together with Rev. C. H. Prescott, were the financial supporters of the work. During these years 538 members have been received, the larger part of whom have come by baptism. The present membership is about 370. Pastor Thomas' resignation has been accepted by the church, and Sunday, October 7, will be his last. He expects to remain in Cleveland for the present, and contemplates a year's rest from the active work of the ministry.—"Journal and Messenger," Sept. 20, 1900.

'83. Rev. W. J. Coulston has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Elizabeth, Penna., and accepted the call of the First Baptist Church at Greensburg.

'85. James A. Israel, one of the best known newspaper men in Pittsburg, and for many years political editor of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, died June 15, of pneumonia, aged 38 years.

'85. William L. Kurtz, editor and proprietor of the *Lewisburg Journal*, died at the home of his parents at Centre Hall, Penna., August 25, of typhoid fever. He was 38 years of age.

'85. Rev. Joseph Evans Sagebeer, Ph. D., pastor of the 2nd Baptist Church, Germantown, Philadelphia, and author of "The Bible in Court," read a paper on "The Appeal to Reason," before the Philadelphia Ministerial Union, assembled in Wesley Hall, September 24. The paper was regarded as a masterful presentation, and evoked unbounded favorable criticism.

'86. The *Christian Banner*, a Baptist paper of Philadelphia, devoted to negro interests, in its issue of Aug. 31, published an excellent portrait of Rev. A. W. Pegues, Ph. D., of Raleigh, N. C., in its account of the Lott Carey Foreign Missionary Convention, recently held in Alexandria, Va., and of which body he is Recording Secretary.

'89. Rev. Thomas W. Booth died at Ford City, Penna., Sunday, September 2, suddenly.

'90. The *Baptist Commonwealth* of August 30, had an excellent portrait of Rev. J. H. Haslam, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Williamsport, on its first page. An article, descriptive of the life and labors of Mr. Haslam, from the pen of Rev. Chas. A. Walker ('89), of Bellwood, appears in the same paper.

'92, Rev. A. R. E. Wyant, of Morgan Park, Ill., has been made a Ph. D. by Shurtleff College.

'94. Rev. Geo. H. Waid is pastor at Beulah, Michigan.

'94. Mrs. Emma, wife of Rev. C. F. McMann, died at her home in Concordia, Kan., on July 15.

'94. Rev. A. F. Anderson has become the Associate Pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.

'94. Rev. Ralph R. Snow has resigned at Marquette, Mich., to become pastor of the East End Baptist Church, Cleveland, O.

'94. Rev. T. S. Fretz, of Centralia, Wash., was elected clerk of the Puget Sound Baptist Association, at its annual session, June 19.

Ex-'94. The *Evening Bulletin*, of Philadelphia, in its issue of October 4, has a picture of Rev. Geo. C. Horter, Ph. D., of Camden, N. J., and an article rehearsing how a rather free use of his kodak in the German fortification at Cologne during his European trip last summer, succeeded in securing for him six hours confinement in a German military prison until, with the help of the United States Consul, the proper explanations could be made.

'96. Rev. S. R. Wood has removed from Wilmington, Del., to Denver, Col.

'96. Rev. A. A. Cober, of Elkhart, Ind., has become pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church, Dayton, Ohio.

'96. The First Baptist Church of Madison, Wis., Rev. H. T. Colestock, pastor, has just dedicated a new building, costing $22,500.

'97. A. S. Barner was ordained to the Baptist ministry on June 22, and is pastor of the Immanuel Church of Utica, N. Y.

'97. T. Harry Sprague was ordained to the ministry June 7, at Haddon Heights, N. J., where he has assumed the pastorate of the Baptist Church. During the summer he preached three Sundays at Huntingdon, Penn., his home, with great acceptance.

'98. Fred W. Robbins is City Superintendent of the public schools in Bethlehem, Pa.

'98. Charles D. Koch is principal of the schools in the Curtin building, Williamsport, Pa.

'98. Frank Weber Dillon, A. B., who has been abroad since graduation, is identified with extensive business interests and resides at 3, New Oxford street, London, England.

'99. James Cattell is teaching French in an Academy near Philadelphia.

'99. Oliver J. Decker is in the law office of James B. Krause, Esq., of Williamsport, Pa.

'99. D. Howard Robbins has entered upon his second year's work as principal of the Pottsgrove Academy.

'99. E. W. Cober, who was captain of the 'Varsity football team for three years, is teaching at the Hudson River Military Academy, Nyack, N. Y.

'00. Ned A. Moyer is reading law at his home in Norristown, Pa.

'00. Chas. E. Bunnell has gone to Alaska, where he has accepted a position to teach.

The North American Tannery, located at Lewistown, owned and operated by Calvin Greene, one of the trustees of the University, was burned to the ground during the summer.

The handsome stone church of the First Church suffered $3000 damage from the fire which recently visited Williamsport, completely destroying the shoe manufactory of J. E. Dayton & Co.

MARRIED.

McDanel—Brugler.—At Belvidere, N. J., on June 27, 1900, by Rev. W. H. Clipman ('88) Rev. R. B. McDanel, of Clarksburg, W. Va., and Miss Mary S. Brugler.

Lehman—Lane.—At the bride's residence in Huntingdon, Pa., Sept. 18, by Rev. Dr. A. C. Applegarth of the Sixth Street Baptist Church, Prof. Ezra Lehman ('99,) of the Shippensburg Normal School, and Miss Lulu Lane, only daughter of Gen. F. H. Lane. The best wishes of the Mirror attends them.

Morris—McDowell.—At the home of the bride, Germantown, Philadelphia, June 6, by Rev. Theodore Sill Rumney, of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, W. Norman Morris, Esq., (ex-'91), of Philadelphia, and Miss Rebekah Warren McDowell. Mr. and Mrs. Morris will reside in West Chelten Ave., near Morris St., in Germantown.

ATHLETICS.

Frank Stanton, 1902, was elected captain of the football team in the absence of H. B. C. Riemer, who did not return to college this year. Stanton prepared at Peddie Institute, where he played on the football team three years. Since entering Bucknell he has held the position of half back on the 'Varsity. Undoubtedly he will make an excellent captain. We wish him success.

The following is the football schedule for 1900:

Oct. 13, Lehigh at Bethlehem.
" 20, D. C. & A. C., at Pittsburg.
" 27, Williamsport Wheel Club at Lewisburg.
Nov. 3, State College, at Williamsport.
" 10, Susquehanna at Lewisburg.
" 17, West Point at West Point.
" 24, Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
" 29, Homestead L. A. C., at Homestead.

BUCKNELL, 36. WYOMING, 0.

Bucknell lined up for the first game on Saturday, Sept. 29, against Wyoming Seminary. It was Bucknell's game from the start, but at times Wyoming showed a very strong defence and attack. Bucknell's team work was not as yet quite up to the standard. The individual work especially by Barrett, Sweet, Catterall and Mathewson added greatly in keeping the team together. The halves were short and this together with the six touchdowns Bucknell made will show that Bucknell scored almost at will. The line up was as follows:

BUCKNELL.	LINE UP.	WYOMING.
Barrett	left end	Crocker
Rowe, Wilcox,	left tackle	Hards
Taylor	left guard	Piekarski
Sweet	centre	Krauter
Gillus	right guard	Jack
Gray	right tackle	Rodgers
Freudenberger	right end	Maxwell
Teufel, Doolin,	quarter back	Bryden
Sheppard,	left half back	Fugerson
Catterall	right half back	Nebinger
Mathewson (capt.)	full back	Taggart

Touchdowns: Catterall, 3; Mathewson, 2; Barrett, 1. Goals kicked, Catterall, 6. Referee, Smith. Umpire, Brandamore. Linesmen, Hoskins and Day. Timekeepers, Hottenstein and Tuttle. Time 20 and 10 minute halves.

CORNELL VS. BUCKNELL.

On Saturday, Oct. 6, Bucknell met Cornell on Percy Field, Ithaca. Our boys played great football from start to finish, allowing Cornell only one touchdown and that in the last two minutes of the game.

In the first half the playing was in Cornell's territory all the time, and it was only by great effort on the part of the Ithacans that we were prevented from scoring. The ball being at one time on Cornell's ten yard line where it was fumbled and Cornell punted out of danger.

In the second half Cornell took the aggressive and by hard line plunges and end runs finally worked the ball over Bucknell's goal line. Our team deserves a great deal of credit for this game. They outplayed Cornell in many points.

The feature of the game was the great punting of Mathewson, Bucknell's star full back.

CORNELL, 6.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL, 0.
Leuder	l. e.	Barrett
Whitney	l. t.	Wilcox, Rowe
Warner	l. g.	Taylor
Namack	c.	Sweet
Hunt	r. g.	Gillus
Alex'd'r, Burns	r. t.	Gray
Taussig	r. e.	Freudenberger
Brew't'r, Fin'c'ne	q. b.	Catterall
Coffin, Purcell	l. h. b.	Stanton, Capt.
Morrison	r. h. b.	Prichard
Schoelkopf	f. b.	Mathewson

Touchdown, Purcell, 1. Goal from touchdown, Morrison. Referee, Lang, (Yale). Umpire, Evans, (Williams). Linesmen, Torney, (Cornell), Shepard, (Bucknell). Timekeepers, Cross, (Cornell), Hoskins, (Bucknell). Time, 15 and 10 minute halves.

Basketball players are beginning to do light work in the Gymnasium and the prospects are very bright for a prosperous season.

LEHIGH, 12; BUCKNELL, 6.

The game was played at Bethlehem. Mathewson did not play and the usual line-up was considerably changed. Bucknell scored the six points during the first half.

EXCHANGES.

The Touchstone, a purely literary monthly of Lafayette, enters upon the fifth year of its career. The October number contains some excellent short stories as well as articles of more solid worth.

The *Thielensian* comes to our desk "as a fat little budget, easy to be stuck into pockets, and read on walks." There is no mistaking its meaning either, for every paragraph is full of a commendable devotion to Thiel college.

A stirring college song to the tune of "Mandalay" appeared in the September number of the Alfred University Monthly.

The Betrothal of Prince Shikellimy is the subject of a romance written for the *Susquehanna*. We commend the choice of a subject of so much local historical interest.

The Greek professor sat in his chair.
His brow was marked with dire despair ;
"When," quoth he, "in this horseless age
Will the horseless student come on the stage ?"—*Ex.*

He pressed his lips fondly to the little round mouth,
He placed his arm gently around,
With a look of placid content on his face,
He, turned on the faucet and drank.—*Ex.*

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN.

O radiant nasturtium, crimson and gold,
Ruby and orange and cardinal bold,
Gorgeously glowing through long summer hours
In velvety brilliance, most sumptuous of flowers !

The hues of the autumn leaves thou dost portend,
The reign of sweet Summer too soon has an end,
But how can we pause in thy midst to repine ?
No blossoms of June have the splendor of thine.

The warmth and the richness, the pungent perfume
More gladsome than many more delicate bloom,
And now let us crown thee the queen of the hour,
Thou gorgeous, glowing nasturtium flower !

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

VOL. XX. LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER, 1900. No. 2.

A PLEA FOR THE ESSENTIAL TRUSTWORTHINESS OF TRADITION.

BY J. S. WRIGHTNOUR, D. D., '69.

The early history of most nations, before written records are made, is naturally in the form of legend or tradition. It is the custom, usually, to discard tradition, but there is almost invariably some kernel of truth in it. This fact should never be overlooked.

The stories of the gods of Greece become more vivid now that the cave in Crete traditionally supposed to have sheltered Zeus when his mother hid him from his cannibalistic father, has been explored, and votive offerings, which have lain there undisturbed from prehistoric times, have been exhumed. It has come to pass that, from numerous explorations in the Aegean Islands, in Crete, and the region around Troy, we have learned more of the Pelasgic races who dwelt there, than did the Aryan Hellenes themselves, who came down from the north, who blended with them, and have given us what we have of ancient Greek legend and history. Innumerable articles of pottery, inscriptions, coins, walls and other ruins of buildings, have revealed a prehistoric life, which, in the light of these things, seems wonderfully real to us, but which glimmer in the form of legend, as with a phosphorescent light upon ghostly figures, in the early tales of Greek mythology.

The spade which has revealed the fragments of successive cities on the site of Troy, compared with the earliest of which the Troy described in the Homeric poems is quite modern, has brought us face to face with a life and form of civilization which had trade intercourse with the Egypt of the earliest dynasties. These were the days when the gods of Greece were great leaders and heroes, and their human figures stand on the distant horizon of legendary lore, magnified a hundred fold with a nebulosity and indistinctness which gives them the appearance of some Spectre of the Brocken, but which after all is only the image of the spectator magnified upon the clouds.

With the spade of the archeologist laying bare Nippur and Ur, in Chaldea, opening up libraries of clay, that were old when Abram set out on his emigration, with explorations in Canaan unearthing towns with libraries which tell of trade and correspondence with Egypt, and minute details of business and daily life in the times of the earlier Pharoahs, before Abram was born, we seem to stand to-day behind the curtain, in front of which these mystic legendary figures moved, and see the real men which, in the legendary light, have seemed to the vision of a far later age so vast and portentous.

More and more, as we move in this scene of the origin of traditions, we discover the essential reality of many things which have seemed only fabulous. Menes was a real king and actual founder of the first Egyptian dynasty, with a definitely known burial place, and not a mere legendary character, as Egyptologists have till lately thought ; and there was another race and another Egyptian occupancy before him. The time may come when we shall know all about Romulus and Remus, the nursing wolf, and the early history of the Roman kingdom, and may find that tradition and legend have not so greatly distorted the real facts. Dr. Schleiman did a great service in showing that the Homeric poems were not only a faithful picture of early Hellenic life, but described faithfully a real Troy with gates and palaces as described therein, and no doubt a real war with incidents essentially as described.

Every archeological discovery in either Biblical or classic fields has tended to confirm the trustworthiness of tradition, or at least of the essential facts back of it. It was the fashion some years ago to discredit Josephus as a historian, but over and over again have discoveries been made in the field of archeological or historical exploration which show that Josephus was correct, as for instance in the case of his descriptron of a Jewish temple in Egypt in the days of the Ptolomies.

Much more has the historical trustworthiness of the Biblical records been confirmed, and this in scores of instances. The spade is not a higher critic of the Kuenen School. Ninevah, that "great city" whose exact site had become unknown when Xenophon with his ten thousand passed near the plain where it stood, and the grassy hills which were the ruins of its walls and palaces, is now unearthed, and its records and monuments, as well as those of Babylon, touch elbows and shoulders exactly with the ancient Hebrew records as we have them. So with Chaldea, and its legends of creation and flood. So with ancient Egypt, and the manners, customs, and general impress thereof, as revealed in the books of Genesis and Exodus. The sunken eye sockets of the mummied Rameses of the oppression furnish light to illumine the page which bears the name of Moses, and illuminate a story that may well have been set down in an age of innumerable inscriptions recording events, and of clay cylinders and inscribed bricks, and of whole libraries as in that Canaanitish "book town" centuries before his day.

I am saying nothing as to the trustworthiness of the supernatural element in old records, and in the legends and traditions which precede written records; but it has come to be a firm conviction in my mind that simply because a view is traditional, it is not therefore to be swept away as "merely legendary," and hence fabulous. Was the Holy Sepulchre located where tradition places it? Tradition creates an immense prepossession in favor of that locality; for when would it be conceivable that the true site could be lost sight of, with believers constantly coming and going to Jerusalem, and interested in that spot? The "Lord's Supper" is an observance whose only explanation, as it has come down through eighteen centuries, is that of a simple memorial meal instituted as described in the record. The feast of Purim is observed by Jews. It can be traced through the centuries. It must have had an origin. The only credible explanation of its origin is the narrative in the book of Esther. If not thus, how did it originate? Its observance has been little altered in many generations, contrary to the assumption that lapse of time always brings mythical accretions. The Passover has come down essentially the same for many more centuries. Does anything but the narrative in Exodus account for its origin ?

There is a parlor game called "gossip." A circuit of ten or twenty persons is formed, one whispers a narrative in the ear of the one at his end of the circuit, it is repeated as faithfully as possible by each one to his neighbor, and the story is repeated aloud by the last one just as it came to him. The hearer is amused at the variations and exaggerations and mistakes, yet surprised at the essential similarity to the account originally given. For each individual substitute a generation, and you have a legend twenty generations old.

Are there not floating traditions of happenings in past generations at Bucknell ? Have they ever been committed to writing ? Did a cow with muffled feet ever actually parade the fourth floor of the East Wing ? Was a window pane of the old college chapel ever rudely broken by a cane when the chapel was barricaded from within ? Did a little company of pious students ever assemble, and in all seriousness tell one of their number, a student for the ministry, that they had called him in that they might pray together that "the Lord would deliver him from his fearful habit of lying ?" Did these things ever happen ? If they did, it was at widely separated periods of time, and the tradition of them has been filtered down through many successive generations of college students. And there are those living who can verify the traditions.

Oil City, Pa.

CAUSE OF HAMLET'S IRRESOLUTION.

J. A. HAGUE, '01.

Shakespeare, in his magnificent word picture of the character of Hamlet, has depicted very vividly a highly intellectual, reflective, sensitive, moral and spiritual nature; a nature the depths of which are rather difficult to fathom; a nature which impresses itself deeply upon every thoughtful reader. Not only is it a portraiture of an individual character, but that of humanity, for which reason it touches a sympathetic and responsive chord in the heart of every student. Yet, amid all that is noble in this character, there appears, at first sight, an irresolution due to reasons entirely subjective, from which one is inclined to conclude, that the character under consideration is one upon whom a task has been laid for the completion of which he is utterly incapable. That Hamlet failed, to a great extent, and that his failure was due to irresolution, is true, but, that this irresolution was due to reasons entirely subjective, is not true.

There are two theories advanced by which their supporters attempt to explain the cause of Hamlet's irresolution: the one called "Subjective," the other "Objective." There is undoubtedly considerable truth in both, but neither advances adequate reasons.

Shakespeare in his delineation of the various characters in "Hamlet" has pictured to the world, with the exception of the character Hamlet, a typical king and courtiers of that time; but in his portraiture of Hamlet, the prince, the character is too idealistic for the age. Hamlet is not a typical prince. Had the task been laid on the shoulders of one less scrupulous, less reflective, with a narrower intellectual horizon, it would have been carried on to its completion by the momentum and force characteristic of a narrow mind urged on by an unconquerable will, circumstances would have been compelled to bend and shape themselves to the unchanging purpose of an indomitable will. But the task has been placed on one whose character was quite the opposite. Hamlet possessed a highly intellectual, sensitive, moral and spiritual nature. To one possessing such a nature, the task laid upon Hamlet has been, and will be repulsive through all the ages of the world. Here we find laid upon a noble character the task of avenging the murder of a dearly beloved father and a highly esteemed king.

"List, List, O, List!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder."

The great problem, now, before Hamlet's mind to be solved is to avenge the murder without leaving a tainted name. We do not have much in the text that directly proves the above statement, but judging from the fact that he made strenuous efforts to conceal the truth that his father had been murdered, and his own plans until he was justified in taking the final step, and from his dying words to Horatio, we may conclude that he was anxious that his name should not be tainted.

"Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest, report me and my cause aright
To thee unsatisfied."

"O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story."

We are not to think of Hamlet, by nature, an irresolute man; there are times when the strongest resolution manifests itself. Immediately upon learning the truth from the ghost he forms a strong resolution to revenge the murder.

"Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge."

In reply to the last words of the ghost before leaving him for the first time—

"Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me,"

Hamlet says—

"O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart,
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
. . . . . So, uncle, there
You are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn't."

Under the impressions received from such strong language, one feels as though he were in the presence of the speaker, and could see the highly flushed cheek, the expression of perplexity overshadowing his brow, the flash of determination in his eye, and an expression of dread and revenge upon his quivering lips. We feel confident that the task laid upon him is soon to be accomplished. But, ere long, signs of wavering are manifested; Shortly after the ghost disappears, Hamlet under the weight of the great burden exclaims—

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

This tendency to wavering grows on him until it finds expression in a desire to commit suicide—

"To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. . . . . .
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns,
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin."

We find later on, that this lack of resolution, has grown to such a degree that the ghost revisits him:

"Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

So we see a perpetual conflict between impulse and reason, in which reason gains the ascendency. When the thought of his murdered father has complete possession of his mind, he is aroused to the point of action; strong resolution manifests itself; we are impressed with the belief that he will "sweep to his revenge."

> "For now the very witching time of night,
> When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
> Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
> And do such bitter business as the day
> Would quake to look on."

But when about to act reason calls a halt.

Undoubtedly deference to national opinion, in conjunction with the circumstance that there was no available evidence of the sovereign's guilt, influenced him greatly. The only testimony, that of the apparition, was expressly withheld from revelation, and even if it could have been disclosed, its validity would have been questioned. Hamlet himself, after first impressions, entertained doubt respecting the truth of the revelation until the termination of the performance of the inner play—

> "This spirit that I have seen
> May be the devil; and the devil hath power
> To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
> Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
> As he is very potent with such spirit,
> Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
> More relative than this. The play's the thing
> Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

The fact that Hamlet had a murderer to contend with, one who would not scruple to design his assassination if at any moment safety could be in that way secured, checked him in his attempts to complete the task laid upon him.

Hamlet was, certainly, unable to make circumstances bend to his purpose, they controlled him rather than he controlled them.

> "Now might I do it pat, now he is playing;
> And now I'll do it: and so he goes to heaven:
> And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:
> A villain kills my father; and for that,
> I, his sole son, do this same villain send to heaven.
> O, this is hire and salary, not revenge. . . . . .

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in his incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At games, a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in it,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick to heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes."

Procrastination in decision upon affairs of importance, excepting where immediate action is stimulated or necessary is the inevitable accompaniment of a highly reflective nature. This illustrates Hamlet's condition. Not only is it true of Hamlet, but it is true of all men foreseeing such intellectual natures. The German Reformation would have been impossible without a Luther, although there was a Melanchthon at its head who was of a highly intellectual and reflective nature ; plans were originated in his brain, but it required a Luther, a man of action, to carry them out. So with Hamlet, he was not a man of action, and he reproaches himself for the delay—

"Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn away
And lose the name of action."

It is quite evident that some of the delay arises from an excessive reflection over all the possible combinations that might result from action.

So from the passages cited we may conclude that Hamlet's irresolution was not due to either subjective or objective reasons alone, but to both, and it is difficult to determine which, if either predominates. We can safely voice the sentiments of Goethe, that Hamlet's mind was oppressed by the weight of a mission which he was unable to accomplish.

AUTUMN PICTURES.

Dreamily I aimless wander
In the hazy autumn day,
While the Indian summer sunshine
Slants its beams across my way ;
White the dusty street out-stretches,
Bordered oft with gold and red
Where the gorgeous autumn trophies
Softly float from boughs o'erheard.
Smoke wreathes dim the distant hill top,
Yet the golden splendor nigh
Clothes the earth with mellow beauty,
For the summer's last good-bye.

The dreary dropping of dead leaves
Which dash on my window pane,
The moan on the waving tree tops,
The sob of continual rain,
All blend with my weary heart-beats
A dirge for the summer dead ;
While a pall of darkness gathers
From the thickening clouds o'erhead.

Hark ! to the sonnd of the dry leaves' fall,
Like the patter of tiny dancing feet,
Tripping so lightly,
Merry and sprightly,
Like fairies or brownies in joy complete.
Hark ! to the chestnuts rattling down
And the rolicking wind so wild and free,
Whistling so coldly,
Scattering boldly,
Brown masses of rustling leaves in glee.
There's a hint of snow in the frosty wind,
And a breath of Thanksgiving it brings afar ;
Onward advancing,
Sprightly steeds prancing,
Comes the monarch of winter who drives the frost car.

Frique.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.
NOV., 1900.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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ASSISTANT MANAGER,
M. R. SHELDON, '03.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

The value of coming in contact with men from other colleges cannot readily be over-estimated. All thoughtful friends of higher education must heartily approve the various agencies through which different colleges come to have an interest in a common work and through which the student relations and acquaintances are both deepened and extended. The fact that some of the recognized best educational leaders of the day are most actively engaged in advancing various inter-collegiate movements is not only strong evidence of the importance of these movements but at the same time presages their further growth and development.

Inter-collegiate athletic contests, aside from the benefits of physical training, bring valuable experience to those who plan and make the preliminary arrangements. In nearly all our colleges the managing of athletics is left as far as possible in the hands of students. The reputation of the college as determined by victories in athletic contests; the awakening of public interest in games; the necessary financial support; all these elements of success depend largely upon the arrangement of schedules. Under a keen sense of responsibility the student managers are impelled to best efforts and the results of their negotiations with each other often reveal the adoption of long-sighted policies. The captain of a team is also better trained and tested as a leader, by being brought into active contest with men from other institutions.

The debaters in the inter-collegiate leagues, when they come before the students and friends of institutions other than their own, must of necessity master self-control amid strange surroundings.

The Young Men's Christian Associations and other similar organizations, by bringing students together, open to each a wider field of christian usefulness and better opportunities for development. Hundreds can testify to the inspiration which comes to the individual from great assemblies of students such as the annual Northfield conference.

The conventions of the various Greek letter societies of our American colleges bring to each student a wider meaning of that fraternalism which is the fundamental conception of his organization, that he would get without this contact with members of other chapters.

But aside from the special objects of each of these agencies, in so far as they all tend to bring about closer relations between students of various colleges, they, in common, are instrumental in bringing much good to the students. Acquaintance with men of other colleges brings culture. We get a wider knowledge of human affairs. Our outlook becomes more extended for we learn to see things from the stand-point of others. We profit by one another's experience. Our mutual aspirations, hopes and ambitions tend to unite us under a bond of common interest, while the diversities of opinion and variances of pursuit tend to make us broad and tolerant. "Talent is developed in secret, but character only in the stream of the world." Likewise, that one who has a very narrow circle of acquaintances may become possessed of much erudition, but to him comes the greatest strength and breadth of character who in student days, mingles most freely and judiciously in the stream of the college world.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Chas. Whitehead, '04, was compelled to be out of college for a week owing to a slight illness.

There was an excellent representation of Bucknell "rooters" at the State-Bucknell game at Williamsport on Nov. 3rd.

The "At Home" at the Seminary on Nov. 5th was a decided success. Everyone who was present speaks very highly of the pleasant hours spent.

Mr. Louis Gamboa, of Merida, Yucatan, a former student here at the Academy is now taking a course at Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, New York.

The Ladies' Dramatic Club under the direction of Miss Schillinger, gave a very creditable entertainment in the school room of the Institute on Friday evening, Nov. 9.

H. J. Nogle & Bro. have presented the Library with a handsome clock. The Nogel Brothers show a lively interest in all Bucknell affairs. They have the hearty thanks of the student body.

Within a few weeks the Bucknell Dramatic Club will produce the drama "Why Jones left Home." Rehearsals are held several times each week and everything indicates a successful production.

The 1902 *L'Agenda* has been dedicated by the board of editors to Mr. Harry S. Hopper, Chairman of the Board of Trustees since 1890. The Editors of the *L'Agenda* are to be congratu'ated upon their wise choice in deciding to honor such an enthusiastic friend of Bucknell.

At the Honest Government meeting in the Opera House Friday evening Nov. 2nd, Dr. Harris presided. He made a few excellent remarks and introduced the speaker of the evening, Hon. John Wanamaker. Both Dr. Harris and Mr. Wanamaker were loudly cheered by a large number of the college boys who were present.

The Chemical and Physical Society held its second meeting for the term in the lecture room of the Laboratory on Thursday, Nov. 8. Prof. W. G. Owens is president of the organization. Among the subjects discussed were : "History of Oil, Coal Oil and Petroleum," by Meschter, '01 ; "Petrolum as Fuel," by Williams, '02 ; "How a weather map is made," by Konkle, '01 : "Gas from Culm," by Bevan, '01.

Dr. Lemuel Moss delivered a highly instructive lecture before the members of the Literary Societies on the evening of October 26. His subject was "A Square Man" and Dr. Moss treated it in that clear, deliberate, pleasing way which characterizes all his addresses. Miss Halfpenny, president of Zeta, Mr. Trax, president of Theta Alpha and Mr. Reilly, president of Euepia escorted the speaker to the platform.

Among the recent students entering the Academy is Mr. Ricardo Sagrado, of Manzanillo, Cuba, and Mr. Juan Pino, of Merida, Yucatan. Both are excellent young men of refinement and have been well educated in the Spanish language. Mr. Alfredo Gamboa, also of Merida, Yucatan, is a diligent student and has made many friends during the few months he has been at Bucknell. All three gentleman are rapidly acquiring a good knowledge of English, which they deem essential in order to be most successful in their future business pursuits.

ATHLETICS.

D. C. AND A. C., 29. BUCKNELL, 0.

On Saturday, October 20th, Bucknell lined up against the strong Duquense Country and Athletic Club at Pittsburg, and were defeated by the score of 29–0. D. C. and A. C. played a very hard game and Bucknell did well to hold them down as well as she did. Matthewson, Sweet, Freudenberger and Barrett deserve especial mention for good work.

BUCKNELL, 39. WILLIAMSPORT WHEEL CLUB, 0.

Bucknell played her preparatory game for State, Saturday, Oct. 27, on the campus with the Williamsport Wheel Club. In the first half Bucknell played her regular 'varsity and scored at will. The most of the 'varsity men were taken out, however, in the second half and the Subs were given a chance. The Subs did good work and this half was very interesting.

BUCKNELL–STATE.

Actual Score ; Bucknell, 12. State, 5.
Official Score ; Bucknell, 0. State, 6.

Never before in the history of football at Bucknell and especially in the games with State College has the orange and blue been so unfortunate in the choice of a referee, as she was at Williamsport on Nov. 3rd. The person in question was W. W. Hubley, of Lafayette, who undertook the task of refereeing the game but who before it was over, gained for himself a reputation which is far from desirable. We do not propose to publish here the assertions that are made concerning him but do say that his unfair decisions spoiled for Bucknell one of the prettiest victories likely to be seen on the gridiron.

The first half was Bucknell's, from start to finish. Line plunges, end runs and mass plays scored two touchdowns for the orange and blue. The sensational play of this half and of the game was after eight minutes of play when Barrett, Bucknell's sturdy end, made a run of 32 yds. for a touchdown. One more touchdown was made this half by Freudenberger, who secured the ball on a fumble and crossed the line. Thus the first half ended Bucknell, 12. State, 0.

The second half began with State on the aggressive. Time and again they played through Bucknell's line for gains and finally after hard work secured a touchdown but failed to kick an easy goal. The playing continued for several minutes in this way, when Martin, of State, in circling Bucknell's left end ran out of bounds and here the dispute arose. State without notifying the referee of their intention, while time was being taken out and the referee's back turned, touched the ball on bounds and kicked it, then securing the ball, were downed on Bucknell's ten yard line.

Much talk ensued between captains and officials, Referee Hubley claiming State was justifiable in making the play. Finally Capt. Stanton very wisely took his men from the field and the great game was over. Every man on the Bucknell Team played in a way that made the Bucknell rooters nearly wild with joy. Matthewson as usual, got in his long punts which aided greatly in keeping the ball well out of Bucknell's territory most of the game. The line up was as follows :

STATE.	POSITIONS.	BUCKNELL.
Ruble	Left End	Barrett
F. Miller	L. Tackle	Gates
Dodge	L. Guard	Taylor
T. Miller	Center	Sweet, Wilcox
Fugate	Right Guard	Gillis
Scholl (capt.)	Right Tackle	Gray
Bennett, Craft	Right End	Freudenberger
Hewitt	Quarterback	Prichard
Martin	Left Half	Stanton (Capt.)
Whitworth	Right Half	Catterall
Cummings	Full Back	Matthewson

BUCKNELL, 35. SUSQUEHANNA, 0.

Susquehanna proved very easy for Bucknell this year. The game was played Saturday, Nov. 10, on Athletic field. Except for the long runs of the Bucknell backs the game was a very slow one to watch. Matthewson especially distinguished himself during the game by his magnificent punts some of which netted over 70 yds. and his runs two of which were nearly the length of the field. Susquehanna's quarterback deserves credit for playing a very snappy game. The final score was Bucknell, 35. Susquehanna, 0.

Line up.

BUCKNELL.	POSITIONS.	SUSQUEHANNA
Bell	l. e.	Rand
Gates	l. t.	Wingert
Taylor	l. g.	Snyder
Sweet (Wilcox)	c.	Miller
Gillis	r. g.	Burns
Gray (Thompson)	r. t.	Strall
Freudenberger	r. e.	Herman
Prichard	q. b.	Benfer
Teufel	l. h. b.	Walker
Doolin (Shepard)	r. h. b.	Frank
Matthewson	f. b.	(Capt.) Nichols

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, It has seemed wise to our Omniscient Providence to remove from this life our beloved friend and former member, Stephen F. Reed; and,

Whereas, He greatly endeared himself to us during his stay among us; and,

Whereas, We are mindful of the great grief which has been caused to his loved ones by his decease; therefore be it

Resolved, That we the members of the Neyhart Club, extend to his wife and to his bereaved relatives our deep feeling of sympathy for them in their great sorrow. And be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to his wife and a copy be published in the college papers.

HENRY J. JOHNSON,
CALEB B. AYARS,
M. R. SHELDON.

Lewisburg, Pa., Nov, 6th, 1900.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'52. Virgil M. Blanding, of Rock Island, Ill., is one of the four surviving members of the Class of '52. He was born in Wayne Co. Pa., Dec. 8, 1832. His ancestors were of Huguenot extraction, and came to this country in 1640. His four great grandfathers were brave soldiers in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Blanding removed to Illinois, and was admitted to the bar. He has successively served as County Superintendent of schools, City Attorney, Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court, and Mayor of Rock Island. Mr. Blanding is a member of the Masonic fraternity, having attained to the thirty-second degree, and is now Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge of Illinois. Politically he is a sound money Democrat, and in his religious views he is an Episcopalian. He has a wife, son, and daughter, and is one of Rock Island's most eminent citizens.

'55. Henry I. Budd, of Mt. Holly, N. J., was born in that State in 1836. His ancestors were among the original proprietors of West Jersey. Mr. Budd is extensively engaged in farming, and is a member of various agricultural, horticultural, literary and historical societies. By appointment of three successive Governors he holds the position of Commissioner of Public Roads, and has been instrumental in building several hundred miles of macadam roads. He has been an eminent resident of Mt. Holly for thirty-three years.

'59. Rev. A. D. Hawn, D. D., has been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Delaware, O., for twenty-two years. During this time over 1000 new members have been added to the Church. Delaware is the seat of the Ohio Wesleyan University, enrolling over 1300 students. Four years ago, Dr. Hawn was sent by the General Assembly of his Church as a delegate to the Pan Presbyterian Council at Glasgow, and afterwards spent three years in European travel. He has been in the active ministry forty-one years.

'59. O. P. Chamberlin, of Flemington, N. J., has practised law, was Counsel of the Board of Freeholders, of Hunterdon Co., for several years, was appointed Public Prosecutor of the Pleas by two different Governors, and served ten years, was appointed by another Governor Law Judge of the same county, and served five years. He is now engaged again in the practice of law.

'71. Rev. Thomas R. Evans died early in October at Riverside, Cal.

'76. Rev. L. H. Copeland preached the introductory sermon before the Camden Baptist Association of New Jersey on Oct. 2.

'80. Rev. H. A. Griesemer, of Haddonfield, N. J., after a seventeen year pastorate, has been invited to the pastorate of the Franklin Square Baptist Church, Baltimore.

Ex-'81. Rev. F. G. McKeever, of New London, Conn., preached the annual sermon before the Connecticut Baptist State Convention.

'84. Rev. C. A. Gardner has resigned the pastorate of the Riverside Baptist Church, Toledo, O.

Ex-'88. Rev. H. J. Roberts has removed from Ocean City, N. J., to Hamburg, N. J.

Ex-'89. Rev. John Skym is pastor at Carroll, Nebraska.

'94. Rev. C. W. Williams, of Vineland, N. J., was elected Moderator of the West Jersey Baptist Association, at Mullica Hill, N. J., on Oct. 2.

Hon. James Buchanan, a trustee of Bucknell University, died suddenly at Trenton, N. J., on Oct. 30, aged 61 years. He was admitted to the bar in 1864, and was Law Judge of Mercer Co., from 1872 to 1877. In 1885, he was elected to Congress, and served four years. At the time of his death he was City Solicitor of Trenton. He was made a Trustee of Bucknell in 1887, and was ever one of its faithful friends and supporters. He will be greatly missed.

'95. Rev. R. D. Minch, of Hawley, Penna., has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at that place, to take a course of theology at Crozer Seminary.

'96. Rev. Daniel E. Lewis, of Upper Roxborough, Philadelphia, preached by invitation, October 28, in the First Baptist Church, Elizabeth City, N. C.

In the Lower Providence Baptist Church on Wednesday, October 24, at noon, Rev. Theo. Heysham, Ph. D., (ex-'94), and Ella M. Reese, ('94 Ins.,) were united in marriage by Rev. Wm. Corson, ('90), pastor of the church. The best man was Rev. Geo. C. Horter, Ph. D., (ex-'94), of Camden, N. J. Rev. Chas. Williams, ('95), of Vineland, N. J., was one of the ushers. A reception was held at the home of the bride in Fairview Village.

The regular meeting of the Bucknell Alumnæ Club of Philadelphia, was held in the Crozer building on Tuesday, Oct. 23rd. Luncheon was served, after which a short business meeting was held. The Club decided to give a Musical Tea in Griffith Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 13th, for the benefit of the Scholarship Fund.

At the close of the business meeting Mrs. W. E. R. Cobb gave an interesting account of the Convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, held in Williamsport in October.

Among the Bucknell Alumni who participated in the Pennsylvania Baptist Anniversaries, held Oct. 22–25, at Erie, were W. H. Conard, D. D., ('62), of Philadelphia; Leroy Stephens, D. D., ('68), of Lewisburg; S. F. Forgeus, D. D., ('72), of Huntingdon; Rev. Geo. T. Street, ('77), of Braddock; Rev. O. R. Thomas ('83), of Franklin; Rev. Chas. A. Walker ('89), of Bellwood; Rev. A. J. Irey ('79), of Warren; David Spencer, D. D. (ex-'63), of Olyphant; Rev. C. A. Soars, ('88), of Nicetown, Philadelphia; J. S. Wrightnour, D. D., ('69), of Oil City; J. S. Hutson, D. D., ('66,) of Allegheny; M. G. Evans, D. D. ('82), of Crozer Theological Seminary; Rev. J. H. Haslam, ('90), of Williamsport; Principal Elkanah Hulley, (92), of Keystone Academy; Owen James, D. D., ('76), of Johnstown; and Rev. D. E. Lewis, ('96), of Philadelphia.

MARRIED.

MACNAB—MIXNER.—At the bride's residence, Bridgeton, N. J., on July 9, by Rev. Clark T. Brownell, Prof. James D.

Macnab, ('96), of the South Jersey Institute, to Miss Nellie S. Mixner.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 1, at the home of the bride in Middleburg, Mr. Edward M. Greene and Carrie C. Whittenmyer, ('91 Ins.,). The ceremony was performed by Dr. Lincoln Hulley, of Lewisburg. The bride was attended by her sisters, Misses Bertha and Mabel Whittenmyer and Misses Nora and Ida Greene, sisters of the groom. The best man was Mr. Horace L. Henderson, of Phila.

RAPHAEL'S "PAUL."

The head of Paul the Apostle, as Raphael paints him in his famous panel picture, is one that would satisfy the most devoted student of Paul's life and character. To an indifferent observer the face is not pleasing. The abundance of hair curling over the forehead, the dark beard covering the lower part of the face, give an unkempt appearance that at first outweighs the noble features. But these are forgotten when the face is studied carefully. The ruggedness which they impart to the whole expression is accepted as a part of the man. That the artist could put into the same face vigor and tenderness, vehemence and sympathy, dignity and humility, is truly marvellous. Look at the sweetness and honesty expressed in the eyes, and then at the restless and almost stern lines about the mouth and nose! The brow and forehead reveal the scholarly dignity of a master mind. In nothing does the artist disappoint us. The longer we contemplate his work, the better satisfied we become, and the nearer we seem to approach to the soul of the great Apostle himself.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XX. Lewisburg, Pa., December, 1900. No. 3.

ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.*

EDWIN MAXEY, D. C. L., LL. D., '93.

It frequently happens that laws, customs and institutions outlive the reasons upon which they rest. It is a maxim in law that reason is the soul of law and when the reason ceases the law should cease. And this maxim is entirely logical, nevertheless the logic of theory does not conform to the logic of fact.

As a matter of fact changes in laws do trail behind changes in the conditions and ideas which called those laws into existence and which form the basis upon which they rest. As evidence of the truth of this statement we need but to examine the records. The law of primogeniture in the male line had its inception in a state of society which subordinated peace to war and hence during the Feudal regime, which was built upon the idea that society should be organized for war rather than for peace, we find this law of primogeniture almost universally recognized, as was natural; but the law long survived the death of the Feudal System. The same is true as to the property rights and in fact as to nearly all the legal rights of a married woman. The laws of England required that the records of the courts be kept in Latin long after there was any practical reason for so doing. French is still the language of diplomacy, notwithstanding the fact that the reason has disappeared owing to the decided preeminence of the Anglo-Saxon. The law still requires the presidential Electors to choose the President of the United States, when everybody knows that the President has already been chosen in the November Elections, and that the Electors are not expected to, nay even dare not, exercise their discretion. But we trust that few, if any, will seriously dispute the proposition, therefore we will not submit further evidence unless called upon to do so.

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*Editor's Note:—In the August and also in the October Review of Reviews the reader will find under the heading "Leading Articles of the Month" reviews of articles of Dr. Maxey. The first is a review of "The American Referendum" written by Dr. Maxey for the July Arena while the October number reviews Dr. Maxey's excellent article on "Methods in Political Discussion" which appeared in September number of Modern Culture.

However we may differ as to our explanation, it seems to us the fact is evident that customs, laws and institutions are in their nature conservative, static; that while they exist to enable society to the better realize its purposes and ideals they respond but tardily to changes in social conceptions, however rational those changes may be. Hence the existence of a custom, law or institution while it may be an argument in favor of its expediency is not proof of its expediency. Applying the above bit of philosophy to the case in hand we are furnished with an explanation of the continuance of the present method of electing U. S. Senators, but not necessarily a justification of it. When the framers of our Constitution placed in that instrument the provision that Senators should be elected by the State legislatures, thus making it the supreme law of the land, they had a reason for so doing and considered this reason a good one. They, or at least the great majority of them, believed that it would not be safe to have the U. S. Senators elected directly by the people, any more than it would be to have the President so elected. Their democracy had not developed to the point where they had sufficient confidence in the wisdom and conservatism of the people to entrust them with the power of electing more than one branch of the Legislature. We commonly look upon our Revolutionary Fathers as being intensely democratic, and measured by the political standards of those days they were;

but judged by present standards they were not. Whether rightly or wrongly they distrusted the political wisdom of the people, as can be clearly seen from Elliot's Debates containing the discussions of the Convention which framed our Constitution. Holding these views they had a reason for favoring the method which they adopted for electing Senators; but our political evolution has removed this reason and in order to be consistent we should revise the method so as to make it conform to our changed political ideas.

Our political experience has shown that the election of members of the House, by the People, is attended with fewer inconveniences and upon the whole better results than is the election of Senators by the Legislatures. We will mention the more prominent inconveniences and evils which the actual working of this method has developed. These may fairly well be classified under three heads according to their effects (1) upon the Senate (2) upon the State legislatures (3) upon the people.

As a result of this method, the Senate is congested with men whose purse and political trickery is out of all proportion to their ability as Statesmen. For it is a matter which cannot be gainsaid, that the political machine can be used far more effectively in electing a legislature favorable to a "Boss" or his political creations, than it is to secure their own election at the polls. And the further fact is well known, that money can be used to a much better advantage in lobbying a legislature than in buying an election where the money must needs be distributed over a much larger surface, and the safeguards against corruption are much more numerous. A Pennsylvania politician formulated this with more frankness than self-respect in the following statement. "I can use my money to a better advantage in buying a legislature than in buying the people of the State."

Senators do not feel their responsibility to the people of the State to the extent they would if elected directly by the people. If a Senator is unscrupulous, it is a matter of indifference to him what the people think of him so long as he can retain his hold upon their legislatures. It is a fundamental principle of representative government that power should be coupled with responsibility. While this in theory holds with reference to our U. S. Senators, as a matter of fact responsibility becomes considerably attenuated when the body to whom one is responsible is not a permanent body, and this is the case with our State legislatures, few members of our legislatures continue in office for more than six years, so that a Senator may disregard the wishes of his state legislature with comparative impunity.

Not so when his responsibility is to the people, they are a relatively permanent body and the same constituency which elects him once will have an opportunity to elect or defeat him again. The fact that they are elected for a six year term, which is three times as long as that of a congressman, removes sufficiently their sense of responsibility without having this insulting pad in way of a legislature placed between them and the people. Responsibility is always most effective when direct and certain.

The effect upon our state legislatures is equally marked and all too often equally demoralizing. The members of the legislature are chosen too frequently not with a view to their fitness to serve their state in the capacity of legislators but because they favor this or the other candidate for the U. S. Senate. Here, then, is a mixing of issues in State elections the effect of which is too easily understood to need comment. The next effect is to invite corruption ; for there are always some members uninstructed by their constituents with reference to candidates for the U. S. Senate and some more who are willing to disregard their instructions, provided the monetary arguments of the candidate or his friends are sufficiently eloquent, or to put it in a bolder form they can be induced to set a price upon themselves. There is the further objection that it frequently uses a large portion of their time. A direct election by the people would thus save the legislature considerable time which if not needed for legislation they could adjourn and go home that much earlier and by so doing save the state considerable expense as well as suspense.

If the contest for the senatorship is fierce and the forces of the dominant party divided and factional feeling bitter, we have a deadlock. And of late deadlocks are by no means infrequent. If the case is an aggravated one the whole session is sometimes used up without getting anything done, this is a twofold injury to the state : first, in that time which should have been spent in legislating for the interests of the state has been uselessly squandered and, second, in that the state loses a part of its representation in the U. S. Senate. The deadlocks in Delaware, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and California are too recent to need more than a passing mention in order to renew in your minds the disgraceful and disgusting incidents connected therewith.

Upon the people the effect is certainly not such as to commend the present method. It increases their distrust of their state legislatures; because if the contest is at all close, there are seldom wanting charges, too often well-founded, of treachery and bribery. It is in part responsible for a lack of confidence in, and respect for the U. S. Senate. It is a lamentable fact that the American people have, to a considerable degree, lost confidence in this body to which a half century ago they looked with pride; and justly so, for during the early half of the Nineteenth Century it compared very favorably with any legislative body in the world. True, they had the same method of electing senators then as now; but circumstances have changed. The political machine exerted but a fraction of the effect upon Legislatures then as it does now; nor was lobbying practiced to anything near the same extent.

Viewed in the light of past experiences and present conditions it seems to us clear that the present method cannot be justified either in theory or in fact. The practical thing to do is, therefore, to change it so as to make it conform to present conditions and consistent with present political ideas.

We are not insensible to the fact that it is an exceedingly difficult thing to amend our Constitution; but unless we greatly mistake the public mind on this point there is a strong popular sentiment in favor of amending that instrument with reference to the provisions in question in this case. All that is needed, then, is to crystallize this sentiment into action. A move toward this end would meet with serious opposition in but three directions, to wit: the Senate; the State Legislatures; and that ultra-conservation of some people which is opposed to change as such, no matter for what end. The opposition from the first two directions could readily be overcome by the pressure of public opinion, wisely and judiciously set in motion by the press, the platform and popular conventions. The reason for the opposition from these directions is not far to seek. Certain members of the Senate are convinced that it would render their "job" insecure; and as for the State legislatures it would necessitate a surrender of power, to which men are generally constitutionally opposed. But of these two the opposition by the Senate constitutes the only very serious obstacle; for in the ordinary method of amending the Constitution the amendment is proposed by two thirds of both Houses. The method of amending by a National Convention called at the request of two thirds of the legislatures of the various states has never been resorted to. The opposition due to the third cause would in all probability be in this case very slight and may for all practical purposes be safely disregarded. On the whole, it seems that the people are entitled to a change and can by a reasonable effort secure it; and we trust that they will in the not far distant future put forth such effort.

THE CHARACTERISTICS WHICH MAKE BRYANT A TRUE POET.

In discussing the merits or success of a poet the first question that we must settle is: by what means are we going to test that success? By what tribunal may the verdict be rendered? and what is the standard upon which the judgment may be based? It is quite evident that we can not be influenced by the popular demand for a work, for some of the most trashy novels have had enormous sales. It is also unsafe to attempt to judge a work by the sentiment expressed by the most learned of the poet's contemporary critics. Because works that have taken strong and enduring hold on the hearts of men, have at the outset been attacked ferociously from this source. Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow and a host of others were attacked with great fury by eminent contemporaries. Therefore, "The merits of a poet must be tested" says Dr. Palmer, "by a higher tribunal carrried in the hearts of men." There is a power in poetry which touches every chord of human feeling, fires the imagination and lifts the soul above the ordinary routine of life. It elevates human thought to the higher and ideal plane. This then is the means by which the success of all poets is determined. This gives him his place in the hearts of men from generation to generation.

Measu ed by this standard Bryant as a poet was a success. When one reads carefully any of his poems the heart is touched with marvelous power. No man who is not absolutely dead to poetic feeling can meditate upon his "Hymn to the North Star" without having a feeling of solemnity and majesty. The pathetic feeling which steals silently upon one when reading "The Death of the Flowers" is very marked indeed. And so this feeling pervades all his poetry, giving it power over the human heart.

What, then are some of the essential characteristics of his poetry that gives it this power? The first and most prominent, is the fact that his poems are the truth as it existed in the heart of an honest man. Mr. Bryant was a firm believer in the ultimate triumph of truth. His beautiful stanza on "The Battle Field" well proves this statement.

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;
> The eternal years of God are hers ;
> But Error wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies among his worshipers."

One could not ask for better proof of the truth of sentiment expressed in this stanza than the example of the life and works of the poet himself. His daily life reveals the fact that he intended to write only the truth as he saw it. Compare, for example, his domestic life with the sentiment expressed in "Oh, Fairest of Rural Maids," or his entire life with the closing lines of his "Thanatopsis" and it will be seen that his poetry is only the expression of his inward self. It is this communication of the very soul of the poet to the heart of the reader that lifts him to that ideal plain and transfigures life before him. This can be only when the poet speaks truth as he knows and feels it. This characteristic, above all others, has contributed to Bryant's success as a poet.

It is but natural, after what has been said, to conclude that his poetry is original. Bryant has been called the American Wordsworth. The name is appropriate only in so far as it implies his likeness to Wordsworth in his love of nature and in the moral tone which pervades his writings. Because Bryant was not in any way an imitator of Wordsworth. He is eminently original. This will be seen in the nature and great diversity of his subjects. He chose subjects from his immediate surroundings and gave them the coloring of his own personal feeling. Thus we get from his writings what is richest, purest and highest in his own inward life. All of his poems bear distinctly the impress of his own personality. Take for instance his poem entitled "The Gladness of Nature." There is a personal element here that is unmistakable. The very form of verse and the felicitous use of simple language reveal to us the author. Again, his "Thanatopsis" bears so clearly his personality that Curtis has well said, "It was without a harbinger in our literature and without a trace of the English masters of the hour." We may safely say, then, that one of the essential characteristics of Bryant's poems is their originality.

It is also important to note how his soul must have been endowed with those characteristics which in themselves give such power to his writings. Mark the tender and sympathetic feeling that pervades this stanza :—

"And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her, where the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers."

He also had a fine poetic imagination. It is not meant by this that, forgetting reality, he wanders out into the purely imaginative. On the contrary his sentiment is based on the real, but his imagination is given free play in picturing the scenes or setting forth a truth. If any one reads carefully his poem "June" they must be impressed with the free play of imagination in painting those scenes. No one could give us a portrait of those scenes unless he had a fine poetic imagination and at the same time the power to control it.

It is barely necessary for us to say that he had a sincere love of nature. There is scarcely one of his poems which does not show this. We are unable to take up any of his poems without beholding a fine picture of nature in her relation to man. Mark the sentiment expressed in the opening lines of "Green River."

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green, etc.

His great and abundant faith in the guiding Providence of God is well shown by his selection "To a Waterfowl." Take also his "Hymn to Death" and we may see clearly revealed a firm faith in the Christian religion. In fact this firm faith is shown in all his poems. He wrote also a number of distinctly Christian hymns.

It is clear then that his soul was endowed with a tender feeling, a fine imagination, a sincere love of nature and a firm faith in the Christian religion. The one poem which could be elected as illustrating all these combined, is his "Thanatopsis." In it his whole being is portrayed which makes it one of the finest productions of the age.

Bryant exercised the best of judgment in selecting a style of verse and rhythm appropriate to his thought. He was a perfect master of blank verse and his selections written in this style are beyond criticism. In that wonderful selection already mentioned, "To a Waterfowl," the mind of the reader is helped and actually carried along by the form and style of verse. This is also the case in many of his selections. His easy flow of the simplest type of language gives a charm and felicity to his writings that is found in but few authors.

JOHN W. McCRACKEN, '02.

LIKE FATHER'S

Said a young and tactless husband
  To his inexperienced wife:
"If you should give up leading
  Such a fashionable life,
And devote more time to cooking—
  How to mix and when to bake—
Then perhaps you might make pastry
  Such as mother used to make."
And the wife resenting answered
  (For the worm will turn, you know):
"If you would give up horses
  And a score of clubs or so,
To devote more time to business—
  When to buy and what to stake—
Then perhaps you might make money
  Such as father used to make."

—Boston Journal.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CIGARETTE FIEND.

Oh Sir Walter, you who first awed the natives by belching forth the fumes of the stimulating weed, what a prestige you brought into the new world! Had that practice not been introduced, this dull pain that creeps around my heart to-night must either find lodgment elsewhere or cease to be. This now drowsy brain of mine would not have been impeded as it is, but allowed to continue its work unrestrained.

What does it mean? Years ago when my mother taught me to say my little prayers and my father taught me little rhymes, my mind grasped them eagerly. Now my lessons go half prepared and when I do try to study my mind scarcely works. Drowsiness comes over me and I find myself merely a thief of time.

In my childhood days, it was my mother's joy to speak of her fair faced boy. But her fair faced boy is no more. His complexion resembles that of one with the jaundice. And these stains of yellow smoke on my fingers, curses on you! You caused me to tell a lie when I was home at the last vacation. My mother and I played a duet on the piano and as my yellow stained fingers ran over the keys they contrasted sharply with the white ivory beneath them. After the piece was finished, my mother chided me about them. "Oh mother," said I, "that will soon wear off. You know at a school of pharmacy the work is nearly all in the laboratory. It is only some chemical I have spilled on my hand." And she, poor woman, not used to the ways of the college world, believed it.

Curses on you, foul weed, I wish you were in the bottom of the sea where the nymphs could suck your branches. I *must* forsake you, my purse demands it, my work demands it, my body demands it. But then I will take an occasional sm—— O! that dreadful pain! Chum toss me over another smoke. May be it will ease the pain. No I was going to quit, but I can't. The appetite has bound me with fetters; I can't get away. I'm a lost man———and lost at twenty! Some day the papers will announce another victim of cigarettes. Oh Heaven, can't it stop short of that?

HORACE; LIBER I, CARMEN XXII.

The pure in heart untouched by crime and sin
Need not the Moorish javelins nor the bow,
Nor quiver filled with poisoned darts within,
This Fuseus know.

Whether he make his way through Afric's sand,
Or through unfriendly Caucasus he goes
Or if he wander through sunny lands
Hydaspes flows.

And this I know, for when in Sabine woods
I sung my Lalage so free from care,
A wolf in fright fled from my powerless hand,
Defenceless there.

Such monster as the warlike Daunia
Ne'er nourished in her deep oak forests' shade,
Nor Jubae's parched land had e'er sustained
In woodland glade.

Yea, place me where on scorching arid plain
No tree is favored with refreshing wind,
Or in that land where clouds and angry sky
Are never kind.

Place me where near the sun's course lies
In lands denied to mortal man for home;
Still laughing, speaking, Lalage I'll love
Where'er I roam.

FRIQUE.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

DEC, 1900.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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ASSISTANT MANAGER,
M. R. SHELDON, '03.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

It has been the aim of the editors to secure for each number of the MIRROR one article by an alumnus. The remaining space is reserved for productions possessing some literary worth written by students. Some of our students have responded quite willingly and in every instance was the work well done. We heartily appreciate any earnest effort made towards helping us to do our best or towards creating a deeper interest in our paper. The portrayal of human life and character is a fine art and any attempts by college students along this line may not come up to a very high standard. Nevertheless we have reason to believe that there are students in Bucknell who could write an occasional story for the MIRROR. We trust that some well written short stories may be forthcoming for the numbers of the new year.

We wish to call the attention of our students to the fact that among our exchanges are some excellent publications of other colleges well worth reading. While our exchange list is not so large as we desire it to be yet by making use of the opportunities at hand we can become better acquainted with student life at nearly a score of other institutions of learning.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'54. John M. Finn has removed from Caln, Penna., to 4053 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

Ex-'61. M. W. McAlarney, editor of the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, died Dec. 5, at his home in that city, aged 60 years Mr. McAlarney was postmaster of Harrisburg from 1874 until 1887. He was a former president of the Board of Trade and prominently interested in the religious work of the city. During the civil war Mr. McAlarney was provost marshal of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania district. He was recently appointed by President McKinley to a second term in the postmastership of Harrisburg.

Ex-'63. The address of Rev. David Spencer, D. D., is Olyphant, Penna., not Blakely (misprinted Blokely) as appears in the Quinquennial Catalogue. Dr. Spencer is pastor of the Blakely Baptist Church, located at Olyphant.

The President of the New Jersey Baptist Education Society is Rev. O. P. Eaches, D. D., '63, and four Bucknell Alumni are on the Board of Managers, viz: Rev. Albert Foster, D. D., '72, Rev. W. W. Case, '63; Rev. H. M. Lowry, '77, and Rev. J. M. Hare, '85.

Among the officers of the New Jersey Baptist State Convention are Rev. T. M. Eastwood, '72, and Rev. W. E. Staub, '87.

Ex-'73. Rev. Geo. G. Craft has resigned the pastorate of the East End Baptist Church, Cleveland, O.

'88. Rev. Daniel M. Jones is pastor at Grafton, Vermont.

'80. Rev. H. A. Griesemer has accepted the pastorate of the Franklin Square Baptist Church, Baltimore.

'93. Dr. Edwin Maxey, who contributes the Alumni article for this number is Dean, of the Law Department in the Southern Normal University at Huntingdon, Tennessee. As evidence of the rapid growth of this school is the fact that it has had a larger proportional increase in attendance than any other Law School in the United States.

'94. Rev. C. F. McMann has resigned at Concordia, Kansas.

'94. Rev. A. E. Finn, of Cherryville, N. J., is Secretary of the New Jersey Baptist Pastor's Conference.

'97. John M. Wilson, who graduated from Harvard last year, is at present identified with petroleum interests in the western part of the state.

'97. Edward C. Kunkle, who is a senior in the Theological Department of Chicago University, is at the same time pastor of the Baptist Church at Hinckley, Illinois.

'99. Edwin A. Humeston is a successful business man of Meadville, Pa.

Arthur A. Smith is principal of the schools at Liberty, in Tioga County, Pa.

Ins. '90. Miss Edith Hull is engaged in kindergarten work in Scranton, Pa.

Ins. '92. Miss Fanny Montgomery has been elected First Assistant principal of the High School in Bryan, Ohio.

The Bucknell Alumnæ Club of Philadelphia, gave a Musical Tea in the Griffith Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 13. Among those who received were Miss Nellie Conard, President of the Club, Mrs. Francis W. Tustin, Mrs. Harry S. Hopper, Mrs. J. Harrison O'Harra and Mrs. Samuel Bolton.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The College Girl's Glee and Mandolin Club gave a successful concert in Bucknell Hall, on the evening of December 7th.

The girls of Zeta rendered an excellent program at the open meeting held in the Institute chapel on the Friday night of the Thanksgiving recess.

The annual election of football manager, members of the Finance Committee and officers of the Athletic Association will take place Saturday, Dec. 15.

Basketball practice has started with a large number of promising candidates for team. A large number of the old players are in college so that the prospects for a good team are bright.

The Shakespeare Club banquetted at the Hotel Haag in Milton, on the night of Friday, December 7th, with twelve members present. Dr. Perrine accompanied the boys and participated in the festive enjoyments.

The Juniors discussed the question, Resolved, that trusts should be controlled by legislation in the interests of the people. Ulmer, Kyle, Boyer, Johnson, McCracken, Reilly, Robinson and Heckert participated in this debate.

The Seniors who participated in the first preliminary debate were: Bechtel, Newhauser, Alexander, Burpee and Shields. Question: Resolved, that it should be the policy of the United States to maintain the integrity of the Chinese Empire.

"Why Jones Left Home" was produced in the Opera House by the Bucknell Dramatic Club on the evening of Nov. 26. While not a big house the audience was a most appreciative one and altogether this the initial performance for the year was a most successful one.

ATHLETICS.

U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, 18. BUCKNELL, 10.

On Saturday, Nov. 17th, Bucknell met the strong U. S. Military Academy at West Point and played an excellent game. In the first half Bucknell seemed to have everything her own way. Soon after the game started, Matthewson distinguished himself by dropping a beautiful field goal from the 45 yard line. After a series of plays and a long punt by Matthewson, the ball was carried over West Point's goal for a touchdown, the goal being missed. West Point now began to take a brace and by hard work managed to get a touchdown and kick the goal. Thus the half ended: Bucknell, 10, West Point, 6. In the second half, which seemed to be Bucknell's fatal one this season West Point turned the tables, and by hard line plunges scored two touchdowns kicking both goals. Bucknell was unable to score and so the game ended: West Point, 18. Bucknell, 10. The game throughout was fast and our boys deserve a great deal of credit for their hard fight and good score against such a strong team.

THE GAME AT VILLA NOVA.

The last game of the seaeon was played with Villa Nova College, on Nov. 24th, at Villa Nova. The game was an unfortunate one for Bucknell, for many of the men were unable to go with the team. During the first half, Barrett made a touchdown after a long run, but by an unfair decision it was not allowed, the referee claiming an offside play. The remainder of the game was mostly a punting duel between Matthewson and Powers, the former getting the better of the argument. Neither side was able to score and the game ended. Bucknell, 0. Villa Nova, 0.

The football season of 1900 is now a thing of the past. It has been one of hard fought victories and defeats. The men were of the very best ever battling for Bucknell. They played a fast, snappy game and every man on the team did his best. Of the separate games we have not space to mention but would site the Cornell, State and West Point games as games which Bucknell in time to come can be proud of. At a meeting of the team on Dec. 12th, Frank Stanton was again elected captain for the season of 1901. We wish him the best of success.

BASKETBALL.

Since the close of the football season basketball has become prominent. The candidates for the team are numerous and a very fast team seems assured. Great interest seems to be manifest in this line of sport this season. Coach Hoskins is daily drilling the men and undoubtedly will develop the men into a strong team. The first game of the season will be played earlier than usual this year thereby giving the team some experience before the harder games later in the season. The schedule has not as yet been announced.

EXCHANGES.

While commenting on the value of well written stories the *Georgetonian* rightly maintains that the "interest of our college papers would be greatly increased if there were less of the Roman Empire and Greek heroes and gods, and more of human life and feeling."

Under the heading "In old Ben Franklin's Time" the November number of *The Muhlenberg* presents interesting historical facts concerning the Lehigh Valley. When local history is thus presented in accurate and pleasing manner it forms the basis of articles which commend themselves to any of our college magazines. A reading of "Dicken's Power of Portraying Character" discloses the power of careful thought and analysis on the part of the writer.

All the articles in the November *College Student* were contributed by students. This spirit of active work in any college will surely produce a worthy paper and result in much good to the contributors. The review of "Eben Holden" in the same number is well written.

In the editorial department of the *Lesbian Herald* for November is found an instructive discussion arising from the question "what constitutes a good story?"

The lightning one day struck our Jane——
Alas! she always had bad luck,
When asked the feeling to explain,
Said she, "Oh, I was thunderstruck."
O. L. in Red and Blue.

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1901

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XX. Lewisburg, Pa., January, 1901. No. 4.

ENGLISH COMEDY REVIVAL.

FRANK WEBER DILLON.

Early in the present dramatic season, lovers of classical literature have witnessed magnificent reproductions of the favorite plays in the provinces. Coming as the companies have from the best London theatres to successes unprecedented in the first play-houses of Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and the chief cities, their productions are embellished with all the gorgeous setting that modern art and skill can fashion, and with all the vigorous and true life-likeness that the most successful, the most ambitious, and the most studious masters of histrionic characters can impart. And yet they come during a few brief days and nights only, sweeping like meteors of unusual brilliancy through the less fashionable centres of English society, leaving in their train a multitude of new ideas and fancies by which to know that the height of true art can never be reached by contented, unambitious, plodding human intellects, and returning to the city—many-sided London where praise and criticism, fame and obscurity, wealth and poverty reside—to be welcomed by the ever-changing but the never-failing multitudes who applaud and line with gold the warmly contested field of dramatic success. After them come the lesser masters annually busy with adaptations and rehearsals in every dramatic centre of importance to bring forth at the holiday season something new or something very old in a new environment, to run a lively contest for popularity with the ever-bright, ever-joyous, ever-typical English Christmas pantomime. There is this difference—

the pantomimes come out with the other pleasures of Christmas, have a month or more of merry existence, and perish amid the soiled tinsel, the dimmed lights, and the short-lived jollity of the whole dead to the busy world until the re-appearance next Christmastide; the revivals remain longer, often appear with the opening of the season and continue to the end, because the productions are the works of master minds which do not and may never perish.

Old English comedies known as classics have ever been to the front in these revivals, perhaps more frequently in recent years when the comedy stage has been developed through the loss of the great tragedians of earlier years. To be in harmony with the happiness and prosperity of the closing century, the stage has turned to joyous scenes, to musical themes, and to sportive plots; and in the absence of pleasing literary dramatists, has reproduced the best and most popular of the comedies of Shakespeare and others. “Much Ado About Nothing,” and “Merry Wives of Windsor” have had the distinction of many elaborate and largely attended reproductions, and are almost as popular on the stage as the masterpiece, “As You Like It.” Perhaps the literary excellence of the latter comedy gives a wider circle of interested audiences, but even “As You Like It” is seen more often as a matinee or as an out-of-door performance. The public do not seem to regard Shakespeare worthy of the best patronage for the theatres have been crowded to the doors at many revivals of “School for Scandal” and “She Stoops to Conquer.” Sheridan's masterpiece played now by the recognized best English comedy company may be said to be the most popular, the best staged, and the most profitable of the three really great comedies on the regular programmes.

Readers and students, even though they may be gifted with the mental power of portraying the scenes realistically before the mind or of turning in imagination the varying changes of the scenes, can seldom realize the great beauty of the comedy as opened to them by seeing the same comedy properly acted and elaborately staged. But some of the best comedies do not appear to gain much by modern stage adaptation. “As You Like It” must have been quite as realistic with the crude forest scenery of the Elizabethan stage as with the picturesque Arden of the present day in which rustling leaves and moss-clad logs rippling brooks and tangled wildwood form pleasing changes with the luxuriant gardens of the ducal palace and the homelier surroundings of Oliver's house, in all showing nature in the wildest contrasts with the characters of the comedy. Truly “As You Like It” is an out-of-doors production, the comedy of a sunshiny afternoon eminently fitted for what it has become, a splendid matinee. The “Merry Wives of Windsor” approaches more closely to the homes of men,—a field, a street, an inn, and a room are the several changes which surround the personages with quite common but quite appropriate scenes. In the same line of slender display comedies appears Goldsmith's “She Stoops to Conquer,” a country home mistaken for a country inn, but not to be doubted as a country home when the truth is revealed. “Much Ado About Nothing” and “School for Scandal” take a decided step upwards to the height of stage display. They afford just what the modern theatrical manager desires, the opportunity for lavish show in scenic effects and costumes. The former has a ducal palace with marble arches and columns, a street at night where lights glimmer and die out from the small windows of tall Elizabethan structures and the quaint old market-cross throws indistinct shadows from the lantern of the night-watch, a court-yard with many lights and flowers around high carved steps and paved promenades, and best of all for effect, a church interior, not an ordinary church of the present day but the nave of an old cathedral with deep-set choir, oaken screen, lofty transepts, and broad aisles widening between decorated pillars to the last resting place of a duke's daughter. The latter has richly decorated rooms of titled gentlemen with furnishings most numerous, a drawing room of a generous lady entertainer where the hidden orchestra discourses music for the olden-time gavotte whilst the guests not dancing gossip gaily over tea, a hall of an ancient mansion of which the wealth shows forth in groups of ancestral paintings covering the walls, in massive silver on the oaken board of the spendthrift owner, and stores of old wines and sparkling liquors for the jolly party assembled, and not less elaborate a scene follows in the library of “a man of sentiment” with case on case of books and secret cabinets and curtained recesses from which the secrets are known at the climax. All these scenes, so many and so different, appear essential to the adequate presentation of the comedy and the correct understanding of the characters.

Equally great care is taken in the costuming, the dresses being chosen, as one may anticipate, with regard to harmony with the character, the environment, and the time. The time which is otherwise considered indefinite is customarily fixed as the time of the author, largely to preserve the popular idea of revival. Primarily, the course of action in the plot has decided the uninstructed setting of the stage and the interpretation of of the characters demands costumes of such modesty or such elegance as the person may think fit, although there seems at times to be an inconsistency in the variety of colors and the modes of attire excused on the plea for effects. The costumes and scenery in turn help to impress on the memory of the audience the essential points of each character, whether of weakness or of strength. From the sober-hued garments of the melancholy Jacques soliloquizing on the better end of a rotten log to the spotless silken garments of Lady Teazle pleading an opportunity to escape the scandalous society around her and prove her newly awakened love for her injured husband, Sir Peter, the dress indicates the nature of the person before a word is spoken. In fact the stage is bordered by figures who move around and speak not, yet the audience knows them full well by dress and action as in the pantomine. The dramatis personae have attired them in their best dress to do justice to classical comedy; and so far as comedy is bright and merry, the costumes are bright ann merry, and so far as the soberness of life enters into the jollity of festive occasions, the darker cloaks of thoughtful men or scheming villains will appear to contrast the dazzling brilliance predominating.

The most perfect scenes of comedy have a clearly defined background however distant, the most truthful characters walk on the earth no matter how far they seem carried above it in their actions, the most entertaining speeches are restrained in flights of wit and humor by the thoughtful words of studied soliloquy, the most charming plots which run so smoothly and so much in harmony with the well-wishes of the audience have at times the touches of villiany so life-like and the rough spots so evidently surmountable by the buoyant spirited and strong minded heroes—these with many associated and developed conceptions are the features brought out in the modern revival of classical comedies. Patrons by their presence prove the popular assent to the long-studied and highly embellished representations of the masterpieces ; the people are attracted, they attend and are pleased, they are interested in the very productions they had overlooked in their library, they return home and read either for the first time or with renewed interest, and they learn the lessons imparted by masters, lessons that they must remember and involuntarily practice in their daily life.

There are other reasons why these classical comedies are revived with so great success in old England. In the first place these comedies are truly dramatic, they have stood for years and years before the public without losing any of the original vigor or interest or approval which characterized their introduction to the English stage. They are truly English in place and person, and however much learned students dispute concerning the indefinite situation of the action of some, the audiences can readily see and understand that the plots were originally laid amid scenes not unfamiliarly known in the present and the localization of such environment has been undertaken with added effect in the revivals. They have already created through their unquestioned literary excellence, a vast number of readers throughout the land who find their revival on modern lines very helpful to the better understanding and more thorough study of the works as literary works; and at the same time, the revivals are leading other people who have disliked or failed in classical reading to undertake or renew their acquaintance with works which can make such admirable productions. Perhaps the greatest reason is that the classical productions, in comedy quite as much as in tragedy, afford the final opportunity for the successful dramatic performer. It is well-known that tragedians of the highest ambition have selected the classics for their most masterly efforts, the reason being that the classics stand at the head of the practical drama as well as of dramatic literature, and for the same reason, the best comedians have selected the classical comedies as most worthy of the best efforts and as a fitting close to years of study in dramatic art.

Manchester, England, November, 1900.

THOUGHTS.

One may fill his mind with love of philosophers and sages; he may "read all books, hold converse with the wise, travel all lands and search the distant skies," but only in solitary meditation do these become a part of his inmost self. Alone, separated from libraries and learned men these thoughts come to him in entirely different form. Each one, in solitary reflection, finds somewhere on the tablets of his own brain an unwritten commentary on men and things; a commentary on life, the one great problem which confronts each and every man. Years of study and experience are worked over and assimilated, forming, unconsciously it may be, a luminous philosophy of life which is the highest product of education.

This product is all personal property although each single element of it has belonged to wise men for ages. This thought was borrowed from Plato, that from Bacon or Shakespere; yet the assimilated whole belongs to the ego. It is worked over and interpreted in terms of the self and has become a part of the individual self. The first thinker worked out a philosophy of life for himself—in its elements somewhat like mine—but that will not do for me. I am a different personality with a different mental content, a different series of observations and life experiences, so I must solve the sphynx riddle for myself.

Thoughts which accompany solitude change one's attitude toward things. What heretofore was fact now becomes living truth. What was heretofore extraneous, a part of the universe, now becomes part of the vital self. The student has a tendency to look at things in the abstract, as somewhat apart from and unrelated to himself. Meditation leads him to see relations between all things and to make all truth related to and a part of his own being. He sees that "fact isolated is not fact and truths out of relations tell lies." His mental life from being external, in books and things, becomes internal ; from being extensive it grows intensive. Its breadth is not necessarily diminished but its depth is increased.

"Reading" it is true "maketh a full man," but "too much reading makes a bookful blockhead." Meditation alone breeds wisdom. Bereft of books, the student is compelled to fall back on his own resources. He can no longer depend on the recorded thoughts of others for his daily intellectual food. He must delve into the stores of learning in his own brain. He must be intellectually self supporting. He must in a sense live within himself. He must himself repeat the musings of the sages.

If he can do this one of the elements of happiness is in his possession. One will not always have his favorite books in which he can find consolation. He will be sometimes left alone in his own company. Let him see to it he prepares his own inmost self to be a good companion. "He is the rich man," says Thoreau, "and enjoys the fruits of riches, who summer and winter forever can find delight in his own thoughts.".

'00.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

A few miles away from the home of my childhood stood the old Dunkard church. Often as a small boy had I gone there on a winter's night with my good old grand-parents and having selected the bench against the side wall behind one of the big stoves, listless and tired as boys always are during long services, I busied myself with counting the smooth white-pine benches in each row. From the double doors with their iron strap-hinges, a wide aisle ran up to the little square table upon which was a Bible, some hymn books and a brightly burning lamp. Sixteen benches there were on either side of this aisle between the doors and the four posts which stood as supports in the middle of the church but in a line at right angles to the main aisle. Along this row of posts was another aisle extending clear from one side of the meeting-house to the other. Thus the room was divided into quarters. The two quarters next to the leader's table contained rows of shorter benches running parallel to the main aisle. I knew full well the exact number of benches in these rows for I counted them again and again.

Weary of counting, my eyes would sometimes wander along the big logs in the walls or along the smooth white strips of plaster between. Then my attention would be fixed among the rafters overhead where my childish fancy found all sorts of figures stained grayish black by the heat or by circles of smoke that came up from the two big stoves. So with my thoughts directed to things above, although no higher perhaps than those rafters, soothed by a good old hymn, I would go to sleep.

This was years ago. More modern are the churches I attend now. Houses of worship where architecture, art and science have each contributed their full share towards making the building most complete. Yet I love to dwell on the picture of the old meeting-house interior as I remember it now. The plainness of that room was in keeping with the child-like simplicity of its worshipers. The great logs and rugged rafters were well suited to the intense earnestness, which marked the devotions of the country folk, and the steady glow of the fire fitly symbolized their quiet earnest lives.

'01.

PORTRAIT AND CHARACTER SKETCH.

Abraham Berger had lived on his own farm for more than forty years. Under his careful industrious management many improvements had been made so that his wild acres had long since been turned into a productive home-farm. He was an honest kind-hearted German. Everybody liked him and all the neighbors for miles around called him Uncle Abe. To him many of the younger farmers farther down the valley owed much of their success because of his readiness to help any deserving young man. In person he was rather spare, but now at the age of seventy he still possessed that excellent health and evenness of temper always indicative of carefully husbanded strength. His hair was white and his honest gray eyes retained the lustre of one much younger in years. The cleanly shaven face, the spotless white shirt and carefully tied cravat, together with the home-spun trousers and blacked boots, were in keeping with the frugal simplicity of his entire life.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS.

Lincoln Hulley, Ph. D., our Professor of History and Biblical Literature, has recently published a book of child verse entitled, "Lullabies and Slumber Songs." Anyone who reads carefully the poems, can not fail to notice the utter absence of anything puerile, either in choice of subject or in treatment. Trifling thoughts have been carefully avoided and the familiar forms of expression through the medium of "baby talk," which characterize so much of our juvenile literature, are not to be found. No attempt has been made to use words other than the strongest and best words of modern English. The verse is good, well suited to the purpose of the poems, and more uniform than in most productions of a like nature.

As the title indicates, the little volume is confined to the treatment of one phase only of child life. But in the realm of slumber-land the author has found abundant material to weave the delights and disappointments of many different children under various conditions into expressions of simple song. The writer is more than a careful student of children. He enters deeply into the spirit of the child-world and shares with the children their pleasures and troubles.

A few of the verses are distinctly reflective in their nature. "Born by Request," is especially strong in this respect. "A Vesper Song," "Dance, Faeries, Dance," "Asleep," "An Orchard Nap," "The Night Express, and "Mother's Wee Willie Winkie Lad," are among some of the best. By permission of the author we give to our readers a "Gypsy Lullaby."

GYPSY LULLABY.

Sleep 'neath the stars on a summer night,
Little brown gypsy baby.
Dream of the sunlands happy and bright,
Little brown gypsy baby.
Wandering here and there over the earth,
Stranger at last in the land of thy birth,
Stranger to sympathy, happiness, mirth,
Little brown gypsy baby.

Sleep 'neath the trees of the summer night,
Little brown gypsy baby.
Dream of the mystical fairy wood sprite,
Little brown gypsy baby.
Brownies dance under thy resting place,
Fairies are fanning thy pretty brown face,
Jolly young cupids will come on apace,
Little brown gypsy baby.

Sleep in the camp on a summer night,
Little brown gypsy baby.
For their idol gypsies would fight,
Little brown gypsy baby.
Wayward of heart are a gypsy's ways,
Vagabond nature he strays and strays,
Wilful and free to the end of days,
Little brown gypsy baby.

RETROSPECTION.

Alone in a foreign country, I stood at close of day
Upon a lofty mountain peak, in the twilight dim and gray;
Before me rose the hill-tops, their summits wreathed in light
So purple and red and golden, where the sun sunk from sight.

Long I stood there, watching, musing, alone at close of day,
While the purple turned to golden, and the golden turned to gray;
And as darkness fell around me, wrapping the world in gloom,
So o'er my soul came stealing a longing for friends and home.

I tho't of the tiny cottage, half hid 'neath the clust'ring vines,
That stood by the murm'ring brooklet, under the waving pines;
I tho't of friends and brother with whom I used to play,
Of sister, father, mother, with her dear, old-fashioned way.

But one there was whose image suffused mine eyes with tears,
Whose memory has grown sacred thro' intervening years.
A maiden. young and tender, whose face and figure too
Were those of the gentle maid I loved—the maid I loved so true.

In a graveyard on a hillside, forlorn and bleak and bare
Stands the gravestone of that loved one—the maid so wondrous fair;
And that is why I wandered, an exile, far away,
And stood on a lofty mountain, at the close of the day.

—A Nonymou

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

JAN, 1901.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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ASSISTANT MANAGER,
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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

Sometimes we meet with students who do not consider the study of our own literature sufficiently worthy to occupy any of their time. The more practical branches demand their attention and absorbed in the study of these they are deluded into the foolish thought that our own language can well be ignored or else reserved for study in later life.

Leading educators, however, insist more firmly than ever on the importance of English literature in a college course. A careful study of English literature brings many rewards. Through it we become acquainted with the best thinkers of a great people and their choicest thoughts become ours. The student finds an English classic to be a compact of permanent ideas presented in the best possible manner. Through it he learns to appreciate more and more the true worth of his mother tongue. The direct simplicity; the strong idiomatic expressions; the plain statements—all combined in an artistic product, lead the student to the highest regard for the great "language of civilization."

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'54. Rev. Charles M. Deitz was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 7, 1830. He graduated from the Central High School of that city, Bucknell University and Rochester Theological Seminary. He was ordained to the Baptist ministry at Upper Freehold, N. J., in 1858, and was pastor there from 1858 to 1866. In 1866-67 he was financial agent of South Jersey Institute at Bridgeton, N. J. He then returned to the pastorate, and labored in the following places: Second Church, Camden, N. J., 1867-1869; Coatesville, Pa., 1869-1875; Holmesburg, Phila., 1876-1880; Ridley Park, Pa., 1880-1885; First Church, Reading, Pa., 1885-1889; Florence, N. J., 1889-1893, and Frenchtown, N. J., 1895-1900. He was a member of the old Board of Curators of his Alma Mater from 1868 to 1882, and was once the President of the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers. He is not now in the pastorate, and is residing at Palmyra, N. J.

'71. Rev. Thomas R. Evans, who died at Riverside, California in October last, was born in Wales in 1839. In 1852 he came to this country. He was licensed to preach by the Welsh Baptist Church, of Pittston, Pa., and then entered Bucknell University, from which he graduated in 1871. After his graduation from Crozer Seminary in 1873, he became pastor at West Conshohocken, Pa., where he remained twelve years. Because of ill health he removed to the West, and for six years was pastor at Iowa City, Iowa. He then went to Azusa, Cal., where he labored for five years. Failing health compelled him to relinquish his work and he removed to Riverside, where he died. He was twice married. He was a clear and a logical thinker and an able preacher, and was a success in each of his pastorates.

'72. Died at Cascade, Montana, on Nov. 30, 1900, Lucius Torrey James, son of Dr. E. E. James, ('72.)

'84. R. A. Gardner is now pastor of the Owl Creek and Martinsburg Baptist Churches in Ohio.

'84. Dr. J. A. Hornberger is the successful manager of the educational department of Rand, McNally Co., Chicago. Dr. Hornberger has taken, on examination, the degreo of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Pedagogy, and has also spent some time at the University of Chicago. Since leaving college he has taught and lectured with great success. His address is Napesville, Illinois.

Ex-'89. Rev. John Skym has resigned at Carrol, Neb.

'89. Rev. Charles A. Walker after a pastorate of eight years and a half of the Logan Valley Baptist Church, Bellwood, Pa., has resigned to accept a call to the pastorate of the First Church, Malvern, Pa. Mr. Walker has had a very successful work in Bellwood, where he has been very active in denominational affairs in that section of the State. He will be very much missed in the councils of his brethren, and goes to his new field with the best wishes of a multitude of friends.

'98. L. T. Fetzer, who graduated from the Law Department in Columbia University last spring, has been admilted to practise and is located with the well known law firm of Hill, Sturcke and Andrews in New York City.

'96. H. H. Bower was admitted to the Snyder county bar last week, having passed a very creditable examination. He received the Democratic nomination for Assembly in Snyder county, and although defeated, he succeeded in reducing the Republican majority to a very low figure.

'98. David Elliott has gone to Scranton from where he and his wife will leave for a trip to Los Angeles, California.

'00. John Sherman has accepted an unanimous call to the Picture Rocks Baptist church.

'98. Dillon and wife, now in London, are rejoicing in the birth of a daughter. They expect to return to America in the spring.

'96. Miss Mary Owens has accepted a position as teacher in the Hughesville public schools.

'96. Rev. F. D. Finn is pastor at the Windsor Park Church, Chicago.

'94. Rev. R. R. Snow is pastor of a newly organized Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio.

Married. On Christmas Day, at the residence of the bride's parents at Gettysburg, Pa., Herbert Baldwin Moyer, A. B., '96, to Miss Gertrude Seiber. Mr. Moyer is Professor of Sciences in the Norristown High School.

'98. George T. Ritter is principal of the South Williamsport schools.

'98. Albert Rowland Garner is a second year man at the Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia.

Married. At Corsica, Pa., on December 26th, William Carey Purdy, '99, to Miss Bertha Alberta Simkins. Mr. Purdy is principal of the schools at Big Run, Pa.

'00. I. A. DeWitt who holds a lucrative position in the Census Department at Washington was married during the holiday week.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Hanna has returned from her study in Berlin, Germany, and has taken up her work in the Seminary.

Miss Jessie Wheeler, who has been a teacher in the Seminary for several years, did not return this term. She has accepted a position in the Cincinnati College Settlement.

The girls of the College and Institute gave a very successful elocution recital Friday evening, Jan. 11th, in the Institute chapel. The affair was under the direction of Miss Olive Schillinger, who has charge of the elocution department in the Institute.

The foundation for the University light and power house has been completed and work will begin on the superstructure as soon as the weather permits. The building is to be of brown stone. It will be equipped with the necessary appliances for teaching the technical course and will be used at the same time for lighting and heating the College buildings.

The first of the series of inter-class basket ball games was played in the Gymnasium, Jan. 14, and resulted in the Juniors winning from the Freshmen by the score of 18 to 4.

The literary societies have elected the following officers for the winter term:

THETA ALPHA—President, Burpee, '01; Vice President, Bechtel, '01; Secretary, Bresnehan, '03; Treasurer, Taylor, '03; Critic, Heckert, '02; Censor, Carringer, '03; Curator, Hart, '03.

EUEPIA—President, John Stephens, '01; Vice President, Robinson, '04; Secretary, Cule, '04; Treasurer, Beaver, '02; Critic, Weaver, '03; Seargeant-at-Arms, Livezey, '04.

ATHLETICS.

BASKET BALL.

Since our last issue basket ball has become the leading form of Bucknell athletics. Our team this year promises to be the best Bucknell ever had. Most of last year's players are back, including Capt. Elliott, Davis, Mathewson, Bevan, Stanton and Theis. These together with English, Groff, Griffiths, Snow, Friend, and many others, make up a very strong squad. Two games have been played. The first on Dec. 14th, with Milton Y. M. C. A., whom Bucknell defeated 40–6. The second with the strong Quaker City team of Philadelphia, on Jan. 12th, whom Bucknell also defeated 28–10 in a very interesting and fast game. Manager Burrowes has announced the following schedule:

Dec. 14.	Milton Y. M. C. A. at Lewisburg.
Jan. 12.	Quaker City at Lewisburg.
Jan. 19.	U. of P. at Lewisburg.
Jan. 26.	Dickinson at Lewisburg.
Feb. 1.	Williamsport Y. M. C. A. at Williamsport.
Feb. 5.	Syracuse at Lewisburg.
Feb. 8.	Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
Feb. 9.	Dickinson at Carlisle.
Feb. 12.	Williamsport Y. M. C. A. at Lewisburg.
Feb. 15.	Pittston Y. M. C. A. at Pittston.
Feb. 16.	Wyoming Seminary at Kingston.
Feb. 22.	Bloomsburg Normal at Lewisburg.
Mar. 2.	Cornell at Lewisburg.
Mar. 8.	Williamsport Y. M. C. A. at Williamsport.
Mar. 12.	Gettysburg at Lewisburg.
Mar. 15.	Allegheny at Meadville.
Mar. 16.	Homestead A. C. at Homestead.

The following prospective games are being arranged for the Easter vacation:

Cornell at Ithaca, N. Y.
Syracuse at Syracuse, N. Y.
Hamilton at Clinton, N. Y.
Little Falls at Little Falls, N. Y.

CLASS GAMES.

Aschedule of class games has been also arranged by which each class plays every other class, making six games in all. Coach G. W. Hoskins has offered a beautiful silver cup to the class having the best percentage at the close of the series. This cup is to be contested for annually. The name of the winner being engraved on it each year. The schedule is as follows:

Jan. 14.	4.15 p. m.	1902 vs. 1904.
Jan. 31.	8.00 p. m.	1904 vs. 1903.
Feb. 13.	4.15 p. m.	1901 vs. 1903.
Feb. 19.	8.00 p. m.	1901 vs. 1902.
Feb. 27.	4.15 p. m.	1901 vs. 1904.
Mar. 5.	8.00 p. m.	1902 vs. 1903.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION ELECTION.

On Saturday, December 15th, the annual election of the Athletic Association took place. The rivalry this year for the various offices, especially the office of foot ball manager was far greater than it has been for years. The following officers were elected:

President—McCracken, 1902.
Vice Pres.—Forbell, 1903.
Secretary—Walkinshaw, 1903.
Treasurer—Heckert, 1902.
Finance Committee—Eisenmenger, 1903, Teufel, 1904.
Track Manager—Goodman, 1901.
Foot Ball Manager—Goodall, 1902.

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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XX. Lewisburg, Pa., February, 1901. No. 5.

WHY COLLEGE MEN SHOULD TRAVEL.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

The purpose of this article is to present, for the consideration of the readers of the MIRROR some of the practical benefits resulting from travel. It is the conviction of the author, based on practical experience, that there is great practical value to be derived from travelling in the countries of the Old World, whose history runs back into mediaeval and ancient times. The benefits may be classified into a two-fold division: (1) those which contribute to good health; and (2) those which enhance one's culture. The benefits to health which travel brings are apparent to all and therefore need not be discussed. This article, furthermore, is written to emphasize the culture benefits only.

What are some of these benefits? We start our answer to this question with the statement that, if a college student wishes to secure a truly thorough, reliable, and finished education, he should spend, either during or at the close of his educational career, a year or more in travel, visiting some of the countries of greatest historical interest. To the culture of the school, the Academy, College and University, should be added the culture of travel, that is the culture which results from wide observation of the life and institutions of other nations. The term culture is used here as meaning personal equipment in matters moral, spiritual, and intellectual, for effective endeavor in life.

The first culture value of travel, to which I wish to call attention, is knowledge;—knowledge of matters touching every avenue of human activity. The knowledge thus gained is a very valuable and necessary supplement to the store of information and conception acquired in the school from books and professors. The knowledge acquired by travel supplements book knowledge by serving as a corrective of false impressions arising from unreliable historical imagination. Many of our mental pictures of the history of the year and of the present social, political, economical, and religious condition of all nations, are in many points untrue to fact. These incorrect pictures can largely be removed by the observations of travel and corrections formed in their stead. First hard impressions, through personal contact and observation, are always preferable to impressions received through the medium of literature. In this way false interest in things can be corrected and inadequate appreciation increased to just measure. To possess a true estimate, and to enjoy a justifiable interest in the institutions and forces which go to make up the life of a nation, these are marks of a truly cultured man. Therefore, whoever is ambitious to realize the broadest and surest culture or to live in the fullest freedom from unwarranted conceptions, from false impressions, and from misinformed prejudices, concerning the world life, should spend some, yea much time in travel.

Then, too, the knowledge and experience gained in travel supplements the culture of the school by vivifying the history of the past. The full significance of modern civilization can be understood only by realizing the full meaning of the history which lies back of it and out of which it has sprung. The more real the history of the past stands out, the more vital becomes the present. Travel illumes the record of the past by bringing nearer to the present the events of the past. This effect is produced by observing their monumental evidence and their physical environments. Thus it is that the great characters, around which center many of the great political, social, industrial, and religious movements of the past, stand out with greater vividness to us after we have stood beside the many monuments to their memory and have literally walked over the same spots which were then customary haunts. Thus it is that men make their pilgrimage to Stratford on the Avon, to "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese Inn," [London], to the Palace of Versailles, to the Castle of Wartburg, to Weimar, Rome, the Holy Land, etc. In fact it is hardly possible to emphasize too highly the value of the vivifying effect upon history by travel.

The history of the past is full of meaning and instruction to such as can get near enough to it. Napoleon felt this nearness when, addressing his soldiers at the base of one of the pyramids of Egypt, he said: "There are forty centuries looking down upon you." The past has a message for the future. To get this message is but one task in the pursuit of culture which every student owes to himself.

Another practical benefit of travel is that it enables one to get a truer view of the world. And this is most important, since it has much to do in determining one's personal point of view of life. And to arrive at a correct, sane point of view for personal action is supremely important. There are two extreme views of life either of which is impossible to one who possesses a true view of the world life. These are: pure pessimism and pure optimism. Whoever says that the world is "going to the dogs" shows that he does not know the trend of the world life. This may be because his knowledge of the world is but a surface knowledge or else because it is hopelessly limited. Whoever says that the world is going along all right likewise reveals a false view of life. Neither pure pessimism nor pure optimism [which is blind] is the true view of the world, but a middle view, that of hopelessness which is nevertheless not without its fears. This view is what Browning calls the view of the "meliorist."

There are two characteristics which mark true and safe culture, namely: depth of insight, and breadth of information. The first is acquired largely by long and patient thinking; the second, by wide reading and extensive travelling. It may be secured from books alone, but there is danger of false impressions and of conceptions untrue to fact. As noted above, the knowledge derived from books needs to be corrected by the facts of travel. But even more, travel broadens one in many ways in which book information cannot. Personal contact with all classes of people, in their varied social, political, and industrial conditions, getting their points of view of life, observing their needs and the methods created to meet these needs, these are things not to be acquired from books but by travel. Such contact will save one from narrow sympathies, and a spirit of intolerance. Disraeli well says: "Travel teaches toleration." Bacon has said: "Reading maketh a full man; conversation a ready man; and writing an exact man." To this might be added with perfect fitness: Travel maketh a broad or comprehensive man. Whoever is ambitious to be free from narrow prejudices and false sympathies arising from an inadequate point of view of life, let him hear what humanity has to say of life, and see how the world lives.

Another benefit which travel brings to earnest men is inspiration to noble effort. The world has not failed to express its appreciation of superior manhood, as manifested in various lines of worthy achievements. The continent of Europe is full of monuments to the memory of great men and patriotic sacrifice. By means of monuments the dead still speak and the living applaud their noble deeds. The fact that the world is grateful for worthy efforts is a stimulus to good endeavor. By the innumerable memorials of every description erected the world over in recognition of superior worth, greatness has been magnified and the accumulating inspiration ofnoble examples has been transmitted from one generation to another.

Whoever has visited Westminster Abbey has surely felt the inspiration of monumental testimony to human greatness. Who, that has strolled through the nave and aisles of the Abbey, has not been thrilled by the host of the great in the form of marble bust or statue, and by the numerous expressions of national gratitude inscribed in marble slabs upon the wall! In the midst of such an environment, every foot of which is consecrated to departed greatness, one instinctively reflects upon his own littleness and then silently goes forth to the world without with an inward resolve to escape the infamy of so many lives, namely:

of dying and not being missed. To be of some value to society, this is one inspiration which travel will bring to every traveller who is not a fool.

There is one more practical benefit to be derived from travel, especially among the countries of Europe. It is the refinement of contact with art as witnessed in the great master pieces of painting; in the great works of sculpture, and in the varied styles of architecture. No one can visit Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," or Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple among the Doctors" in the Dresden gallery and not go away a better man. Likewise, the impressions, of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, The Dom in Cologne and other great cathedrals, upon the soul are most helpful. If there is any one thing which the American visitor feels, when he returns from a European trip, it is the lack of art in our cities. For the real helpfulness which the contemplation of fine art affords, the student must go to foreign lands. Nor will he count the outlay of time and money in visiting the great galleries of Europe misspent when once he has stood before the master pieces of the world, unless he be void of the artistic sense.

CHILDHOOD.

Ever since the appearance of the little book of "Lullabies and Slumber Songs" I have been asked a great many questions about childhood and the sort of literature that children should read. I have no new theories about little folks, and cannot say anything that will be edifying, but the following things I believe with all my heart:

1. All children are entitled to a happy childhood. That is as simple and as clear to me as any proposition ever was. It is very true that many children are not happy but are forced too soon to assume the serious duties of life. Too much is required of them. Hard work saddens them. Harsh words and cruel punishments make scores of children to suffer. Could we but know how sensitive the tender nature of a child is to the frown or rebuke of an older person there would be more sympathy for them.

2. Childhood is one whole stage of the journey of life. It is a wonderful period, full of tremendous issues. Time was never so long as it was during our childhood. Hills were never so high, nor brooks so wide, nor roads so long. Our sorrows were never so tragic as when we suffered the loss of playmates, playthings, and other objects held dear. The mind never had such profound psychic adventures as it experienced in the realm of fancy during childhood. Some one ought to sing the full song of this period of that wonderful career that each soul makes in life.

3. The best is none too good for the child. This is the formative period of one's nature, and hence only the things that are true and right should be given to the child. Saint Paul's words should be especially applied to childhood, namely that whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, well reported, virtuous and praiseworthy—that these should occupy the mind.

In this I do not mean that children should be brought up on a milk and water diet, that they should never be told a fairy tale because it is fiction; or that they should be lessoned and moralized by rule of thumb. Whole recreations and enjoyments should be given to them, and careful regard be given to their usual occupations.

4. Child psychology should be better understood. By this I do not mean that any one should master the subtle theories of specialists as to the time reactions of a child's mind, but rather that practical knowledge of a child that any careful and observant person may acquire through some contact with children. Ability to catch a child's point of view, and to feel with a child is an art perhaps more than a science. Thousands of children suffer from the fantastic fears of childhood. Much so called perversity is really inability to understand. Much disobedience is due to poor memory, or to an undeveloped will that is unable to resist inclination. The remedy is not severity but patient education.

5. Wonder, fancy, and faith are the precious possessions of every child. The Santa Claus legend, fairy tales with their appeals to the imagination, and the great wealth of modern fiction written with special reference to the needs of little folks supply materials for air castles and other creations of the wonder faculty. Among the most beautiful recollections of my own childhood is the face of my own mother as she used to tell me the tales of "Jack the Giant Killer," "Little Red Riding Hood," and those other charming legends that we all probably were taught by some one.

6. The love and confidence of a child are priceless possessions If love is only a dance of molecules in the brain, it matters little whether we wake or sleep. But the love of a child will go a long way to prove that life is worth while and that there are some realities. It is one of the eternal secrets of the heart. It will rouse courage and smooth the way like magic. Here is confidence that is not, as a rule, self seeking; a trust that is never suspicious; an innocence that is altogether lovely; and a dependence that awakens sympathy.

LINCOLN HULLEY.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

The mid-day sun peeped in through the window at the cradle in which the little stranger lay. He threw dancing sunbeams over the crib for the baby to catch at, and as he heard her laugh and crow his face shone with merriment.

The first rays of the rising sun were bathing the old fashioned garden with rosy light, causing the dew-drops on the grass to sparkle like diamonds. The bees flew busily from flower to flower humming drowsy songs to the blossoms which nodded and swayed in the breeze, and the robins trilled merry songs as they hopped about the soft brown earth in search of food. All nature was bright and joyous, including the sunny haired child who tripped gaily over the trim gravel path of the garden stopping now and then to chase a gaudy butterfly, or to peep into the fragrant cups full of shining dew. Her hair gleamed like burnished gold as the sunlight fell upon it and the sweet child face was as pure as the snow-white lilies over which she paused to bend; her eyes danced mischievously and her lips parted in a roguish smile, as she deftly captured a honey-bee by closing the lily cup. Happy child! Sorrow and suffering have not yet left their traces on thy innocent face nor tears of grief dimmed thy clear blue eyes.

Dusk was settling over the earth. The birds were all in their nests with their sleepy heads tucked under their wings. The shrill chirp of a cricket hopping about in the long dry grass, or the faint dismal croak of a frog that lived in a pond far away, broke the oppressive stillness of the summer twilight. A breath of air heavy with dew and the scent of may flowers gently blew the curls from the fair, thoughtful brow of a maiden who sat alone by the bank of a brook. Her book had fallen to the ground and her hands lay idly on her lap. She was gazing into the water with a dreamy look in her blue eyes. The soft color came and went on her delicate face and her eyes grew large and dark. She did not heed the merry babbling of the brook or the low wind which fanned her hot forehead; her thoughts were far away.

It was Indian Summer and the proud trees were arrayed in autumn foliage. The harvest had all been gathered and now golden shocks of corn stood at regular intervals upon the stubble fields. The full red moon and the twinkling stars smiled down upon the maiden standing at the open window—a beautiful maiden who gazed with eager eyes down the garden path, bending her head at times to listen intently. The night was perfect, so perfect that it was an effort to think. There was not a breath stirring and a soft haze hung over the land. Now and then a gorgeous leaf of crimson, brown and gold fluttered noiselessly to the ground. Not a sound broke the stillness. A look of keen disappointment and anxiety stole over the face of the listening girl. She stepped out upon the porch, and stood leaning against the vine-clad pillar. As she stood there nervously plucking the leaves from the old vine, she caught the sound of hasty footsteps coming up the garden path, and soon a merry whistle announced the arrival of her lover, a rollicking sailor boy. She heard the sound and a look of joy passed over her face, then with a happy smile she ran forward to meet him.

The meadows looked fresh and green after the refreshing shower, and the golden-eyed daisies rocked in the long, blue grass. The blue sea sparkled in the distance. A troop of bright eyed lads and lassies were frolicking over the meadows, stopping to gather the largest flowers for their happy mother who sat watching them with smiling eyes. The playful breeze caught their hair and tossed and tumbled it as they romped about. At length their little feet became tired and they approached their mother bringing armfuls of daisies which they threw at her feet. She gathered them close around her and while fashioning for them a daisy chain, told them a story, a wonderful story of a ship which was sailing over the blue waters bearing one who perhaps was thinking of them now. Her eyes grew tender and tearful as she thought of the absent one and she planted a kiss on the foreheads of the sturdy lads, resembling so closely the sailor far away. Then she looked toward heaven and breathed a prayer for the protection of her loved ones.

The light burned low in the parlor and the dying coals in the grate cast their feeble light about the room. On a low rocker sat a woman dressed in mourning. There were traces of deepest suffering and anguish on her wan face, and the hair on the bowed head was streaked with gray. But a look of peace stole upon her as she read from the open Book lying in her lap. The rain beat fiercely on the window pane ; the wind without howled and moaned ; the frail house trembled under the fury of the storm, but she heeded it not as she read page after page.

The ground was white with snow and bells rang out cheerily through the frosty air. The bright blaze in the open fireplace shed its ruddy glow upon the face of the woman standing before it. She looked with tear-dimmed eyes around the quaint old parlor, whose walls were entirely concealed by decorations of evergreen and holly, for she was thinking of the child whom she had reared so tenderly and was about to lose. While she stood meditating thus with a face full of pain, the door opened softly and a slender girl in snowy bridal robes crossed the room and knelt by her mother's side. The mother turned quickly, and laying her hand caressingly on the golden head, spoke tenderly, giving her daughter the last loving counsel. And as she looked upon the fair, upturned face she thought of the time when she was a happy bride and had wed a merry sailor boy.

The night was cold and dreary and dense black clouds veiled the moon. Through the darkness came the sound of waves breaking on the shore and the roar of the distant ocean. As the sound of the beating waves fell upon the ears of the white-haired woman who sat by the window of a little cottage, she arose slowly and throwing the window wide open, drew back the heavy curtains with trembling hands. With face turned toward the sea she gazed out into the night. While she listened to the breakers rolling on the beach she thought of the one who lay beneath them and a wistful look crept into her dim eyes. Her lips moved in prayer ; she looked heavenward, and a smile of contentment again stole over her face.

At the foot of the path in the old garden lies the grave of one who when a child romped among the flowers. The withered blossoms bow their heads over the lonely grave and the clouds above as they pass over the garden drop tears on the brown sod.

ALIF STEPHENS, '03.

A DAY IN SANTIAGO.

It was evening. We had been sailing all day in tropical seas. Suddenly in the distance a light appeared, "Cuba!" "Cuba!" "Look, there is Cuba!" voices on all sides cried. We asked the captain when we would enter the harbor. "About five in the morning" he answered," and you must be sure to be up, for entering Santiago harbor in the early morning is one of the grandest sights I have ever seen."

We were up early. It was about four o'clock. As we came on deck we saw before us Cuba. Like a great dark mountain it rose in front of us. The air was fresh and cool. In the sky the stars still shone. In the light of early morning everything seemed strange and unreal. Nearer and nearer the shore we came. There in the dark coast was a break—a little opening. Surely that could not be the entrance. But as the transport slowly turned we knew that it was indeed the entrance to Santiago harbor.

It seemed but a short time until we were at the opening. A grand and beautiful scene lay before us. The grim old Spanish Morro guarded the approach to the harbor. It was a magnificient fort and it almost seemed as if we could not pass if those in the fort were unwilling. Nearer we came. We could see our American soldiers standing on the walls and ramparts of the Morro. They cheered to us and waved as we sailed into the channel.

The passage is very narrow and winds and curves so that soon the Morro and our cheering soldiers were lost to view. It was light now but the sun had not yet risen. On both sides green mountains rose. Here and there on the shore were strange trees with beautiful scarlet flowers. Some one pointed out San Juan hill. There in the water appeared an object of interest—the smokestack of the sunken Merrimac. Just as we dropped anchor in the harbor the sun rose over the mountains back of the little city of Santiago.

We wandered over the deck looking now at the city, now at the surrounding mountains and down into the water. The water in the harbor was dull and stagnant. Jelly fish swam in it. Now and then a shark rose to the surface. Over Santiago we watched the vultures circling high in the air.

We waited for breakfast before going ashore. The health officer had come aboard and said that since there was no yellow fever we might land. The captain's steam-launch was placed at the disposal of the passengers. Soon with several others we were steaming to land. There were many other boats plying to and from the transport.

Crowds of natives were on the wharf when we landed. We hurried away and passed over a public square. Oh how intensely hot the sun was—"the burning splendor of the tropics," in truth. We wandered slowly through the principal street. The houses were low with red-tiled roofs. Few persons were on the streets save at some corner a wretched beggar. We went to the palace, a large, white building. Then we went to the cathedral. A flight of stone steps led to the great open door. We went in. It was a beautiful old building. The basin with holy water stood inside the door. Almost the whole interior consisted of one large room. Along the walls were niches with statues of Christ and the Virgin. Turbaned negresses knelt before them or wandered from one saint to another incessantly muttering their prayers. As we passed out we saw three black-robed priests standing near the cathedral wall.

We passed a pawnbroker shop on our way back to the transport. Curiosity bade us enter. There was a motley collection within. Old swords and bugles hung on pillars and walls. In cases were rings and brooches which must have been worn by Spanish senoras and senoritas. Golden rosaries and bracelets were there; old coins and an infinite variety of trinkets.

Then we wandered back to the wharf. Many of the passengers were gathered there waiting for the steam launch. Soon we were all in the transport. We watched a Swedish ship come sailing into the harbor and amused ourselves looking at the boatful of Americans which came out to the transport.

About four o'clock the anchor was raised and we turned and sailed slowly away. How beautiful Santiago looked. The little town with its many colored homes nestled against the green mountains. Slowly we sailed into the channel. The American soldiers on the Morro cheered almost sadly it seemed, as we sailed past and on into the sea. MARGARET GROFF, '03.

A MAN AND A MAID.

A Man and a maid were strolling one night
'Neath the blissful haze of the moon's soft light.

Her form was slender, but his was strong,
And his ready arm helped her along

The shining sands by the shimmering sea,
As he told of his love and loyalty.

And her voice was haughty, her head was high,—
"Algernon Snigglefritz, you're getting fly!"

Did he subside? Oh no, not he!
But drank his hemlock manfully.

His arm he dropped where it ought to be,
And left her alone by the shimmering sea.

No did he come back as the time flew by,
But left her a poor old maid to die.

The moral of this is easy to tell,
Many have learned it e'en too well,—

Be loath to put a man to flight,
If he makes a break on a moonlight night.

—THE TOUCHSTONE.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

FEB, 1901.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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BUSINESS MANAGER,
O. S. V. MARTS, '02.
ASSISTANT MANAGER,
M. R. SHELDON, '03.

TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

Not infrequently do we meet with persons nearing the end of their college course who are singularly deficient in the correct use of good English. This, too, sometimes among those whose grades rank high and who have been studious throughout their college career.

Such persons are grossly unjust to themselves and the college which they represent. Instead of acquiring a reputation for finished scholarship which through continuous application and mastery they would otherwise deserve, men set them down as crude unfinished products of a second-rate institution. The outside world may never know of the class average attained or the exhaustive research made in some particular department at study; but he who leaves college with the carefully formed habit of using always the best English, carries with him a recommendation which men are bound to recognize and respect.

Deficiency in the correct use of English can almost always be attributed to one of two causes either of which can in all cases be removed by an intelligent student for himself. Sometimes the student otherwise bright is not aware of his deficiency. It may be that his circle of intimate associates is a narrow one and that within that circle the same grammatical errors or provincial forms find common expression. Here the remedy is plain and simple. The student must place himself in a position where he will be able to find out his faults. Let him seek new acquaintances. Especially should he seek the society of the cultured and refined. Many organizations among the student body will also help to reveal his own deficiencies. He should attend literary society with a mind ready and willing to learn and he will soon become aware of his own short comings.

It may be, however, that despite better knowledge, the student is simply too careless to correct his speech. Carlessness frequently is the only cause for poor forms of expression. Here again the remedy is near at hand. The student should remember that his conversation, his personal appearance,—in short those things which often seem to him matters of minor importance, are precisely the standards by which most people will judge of his education and culture. If careless in the use of English he is doing himself an injustice. If careless because too much engrossed in science or the pursuit of abstract knowledge let the student take the old English grammar of his preparatory school days and again look up the guiding principles for the correct use of English. Let him review the tense forms until he is again their complete master. Let him read the best books and study their style. Let him resolve that with the completion of his college course, whatever defects there may yet be, he shall at least have gained a mastering control in the correct use of English.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Members of the Senior class of the Seminary will receive in the parlors and reception rooms of the Institute on the evening of March first.

Prof. Ephraim M. Heim will address the Lycoming County Teachers' Association at Montgomery, Pa., on Saturday, February 23.

The Senior class of the college enjoyed a sleigh ride on the night of Feb. 6th, stopping on the return for supper at the Hotel Broadway in Milton.

The Junior class of the college has made elaborate preparations for the customary Annual Ball, Lewisburg Armory, Thursday, February twenty-first. Overture at 8.30.

At the last meeting of the Chemical and Physical Society, Dr. Enoch Perrine delivered a scholarly address in his usual interesting manner on the subject, "Science and Literature—Help Meets."

Butler, '97, Goodman, '01, Rowe, '01. Bidelspacher, '01, and McNitt, '03, represented the Penna. Zeta Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity at the installation of a chapter at the University of Pennsylvania. The installation took place at the Hotel Lafayette on the evening of Feb. 9, and a banquet followed.

The Glee and Mandolin Club has been thoroughly re-organized recently and under the direction of Dr. E. Aviragnet is making great progress. The club meets regularly for practice several times a week, and Manager Smith has arranged some very desirable trips.

Dr. Lincoln Hulley was the guest of honor at the Lincoln Day Banquet held at the Park Hotel, Williamsport, Pa. He responded to the toast, "Abraham Lincoln." Hon. Emerson Collins, of the Williamsport bar, who addressed our students two years ago on Washington's birthday, responded in most eloquent manner to the toast, "America beyond the seas."

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'62. Thomas R. Jones, after his graduation, was captain of 131st and later of the 28th Pennsylvania Regiments in the Union Army. From 1865 to 1862 he was accountant in the U. S. treasury. He graduated from the Law Department of Columbian University in 1868. Cashier of the National Savings Bank of Washington, D. C., from 1872 to 1884. Manager of the New York Branch of the American Baptist Publication Society from 1884 to 1892. Until 1897 he was Vice President of the National Safe Deposit, Savings and Trust Co., of Washington, D. C., and since 1897 has been its President. He is an active member of the Calvary Baptist Church of Washington, and a companion of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

'78. Joseph E. Perry, Ph. D., pastor of the Baptist church in Allstone, a suburb of Boston, Mass., visited relatives in Lewisburg during the past month.

'84. Hon. David J. Hill, First Assistant Secretary of State of the United States, delivered an address before the Union League of Philadelphia on January 26, on "Our Place Among the Nations."

'85. Rev. S. G. Reading has been called to the pastorate of the Hampden Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md.

'88. Rev. J. S. Braker has just completed two years of his pastorate of Beth Eden Baptist Church of Waltham, Mass. In this time the membership of the church has increased from 274 to 440.

'90. Ins. Annie Sellers Blackburn is living at Altoona where her husband is engaged in the practice of medicine.

'93. Rev. E. C. Pauling has been called to Marblehead, Mass.

'94. Warren Martz is still at Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, Pa., where he has been teaching Greek and Latin since his graduation. He has held the office of Vice Principal for the last three years. He is at present rejoicing over the birth of a son.

'94. Ins. Alice J. Lillibridge, M. D., has located in Philadelphia.

'95. Honor has come to one of the younger members of our Alumnae. Dr. Mary M. Wolfe has recently been elected chief resident physician of the Women's Department of the State Hospital for the Insane at Norristown. We wish Dr. Wolfe success in her new position.

'95. Andrew Gregg Loomis, son of our late ex-President Loomis, and a graduate of Columbia Law School, is now practicing with the firm of Page and Eckley, in New York City.

'97. Louis Browning Sinnette, Professor of Higher Mathematics at the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, Pa., died of pneumonia on Sunday morning, January 20th.

The regular meeting of the Bucknell Alumnae Club was held in the Crozer building, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, Jan. 22. It was College Day and representations from some of our leading colleges for women were present. Mrs. S. M. Lindsay spoke for Oxford, Eng.; Miss Hellen Foss for Wellesley; Miss Emily Palmer for Bryn Mawr; Miss Helen Richards for Smith, and Miss Nellie Conard for Bucknell.

EXCHANGES.

"Allegheny College in the Fifties" appears in the current number of the "Allegheny Literary Monthly." The writer, an alumnus, presents the history of that interesting period when Allegheny "stood upon a firm, although not a broad foundation."

Among the best in the "Western University Courant" this month, we find "The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales."

A series of interesting articles under the head of "Virginians in Modern Fiction," is running through the "Richmond College Messenger." The first article of the series was devoted to "Thomas Nelson Page and His Place in American Literature." "The Literary Life of Marion Harland" appeared in the January number, while "Ellen Glasgow—Her Work and Future," and "Mary Johnson's Career in the World of Fiction,."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, death hath suddenly removed the mother of Archibald Merrill Allison from the maternal sovereignty of her home; and

Whereas, we, the Class of 1901 of Bucknell University desire to extend to our brother and class-mate, our heart-felt sympathy at this, the time of his bereavement; be it therefore

Resolved, that we hereby communicate this expression of our feelings as to his loss, and that we commend him to the All-Wise Guardian of the living and the dead; and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our sorrow-stricken brother, and that they be inserted in the College papers.

CHAS. F. BIDELSPACHER, Pres.
LAURA ALLEN, Sec'y.

February 14, 1901.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XX. Lewisburg, Pa., March, 1901. No. 6.

"SUN DO MOVE JOHN JASPER."

It seems strange that in this age of enlightenment when the newspapers and periodicals are ever telling us how much we know and how much we have accomplished, and when some of us are daily expecting a message from Mars, any one should still believe that the earth is four cornered and that the sun moves around it; nevertheless there is such a one and he "holds forth" weekly at the Sixth Mount Zion Baptist church (colored) Richmond, Virginia.

When "Sun do move Jasper" is mentioned in the north, some of us are apt to think of an erratic colored preacher who has served his purpose and gone to his rest, but that is a mistake, for the old gentlemen—he claims to have been born July 4, 1812—is still active and on occasions preaches the famous sermon that has secured for him so wide a reputation. These occasions are generally provided in response to requests from the State legislature or some convention holding its sessions in the city.

On the days when this sermon is to be preached there gathers in front of the church at least half an hour before the doors open such a crowd as would be complimentary, so far as size is concerned, to an operatic star. Jasper has told his own congregation to stay away and visitors from other colored churches must go into the gallery. A moment after the doors are opened the seats are all taken and the aisles fill rapidly with men and women—even the gallery aisles are similarly filled. The crowd grows and some persons take seats on the pulpit steps only to be forced upon the pulpit; the last time the sermon was preached at least a dozen white persons stood upon the pulpit and several had seats there.

These are the times when the old man is in his glory—he is preaching to whites, and those who do not know how closely the color line is drawn here do not appreciate what that means. By way of introduction, he informs his audience that it takes him two hours and a half to deliver the "entire discourse," and invites anyone to whom he does not clearly prove that the sun moves around the earth to spit in his face the next time they see him on the street.

The sermon begins with a long drawn out recital of Old Testament narrative; this is a familiar device and is used by many old colored "reverends" to fill in time and create a respect for their biblical learning. The subject proper of the discourse is reached when the preacher expatiates upon Joshua's feat of halting the sun on Gibbeon, and upon the bringing back of the shadow on the sun dial of Ahaz, lengthy references are made to some five or six places in the Old Testament where the rising and the setting of the sun are spoken of and as a clincher to the biblical argument we are told that the Lord is no fool and well knows what he is talking about when in Revelation he speaks of the four corners of the earth, and in Jeremiah he makes declaration concerning the foundations of the earth.

Next the sermon turns to the speculations of various philosophers, prominent among whom is Mr. Kopper Naicus (Copernicus), the differences between these speculations are discussed, ridiculed, and finally used as a clear proof of ignorance and foolishness. The old man has read not a little and has a remarkable memory for figures.

Finally Jasper comes to the ludicrous part of his sermon and then many is the laugh he creates, he himself joining in with evident satisfaction. He takes up the illustrative statement sometimes made that it would take a cannon ball twenty-four years to reach the sun if fired from the earth, and wants to know how a man would take enough clothing with him on a cannon ball to last twenty-four years, likewise how he would manage to take enough food and a cook stove, how he could stop at the sun, and who would hold his tape line so that he could see how far he had come. Perhaps the old man mistakes the laughter of his amusement-seeking audience for approval, at any rate he continues his mirth making for some considerable time, and the sermon is more likely to end with a merry laugh than a benediction.

Most of his hearers go away amused, or at least with a satisfied curiosity, but there are some who have looked at the matter in a different light and go away saddened and that too, not without reason.

C. ARTHUR LINDEMANN.

CHARLES LAMB.

PROF. ENOCH PERRINE, LITT. D.

Charles Lamb—not *Lamb* as we speak in an unfamiliar way of Shakespere cr Tennyson, and not *Charles Lamb* to distinguish him from his sister Mary—is unique among English authors; and perhaps this is the reason why he is generally called, as we call no other writer, by his first and last name. He is widely known not for his poetry, a form of literary effort in which, despite his attempts, he did not succeed with but, perhaps, one exception; not so much for his dramatic criticisms of the Elizabethan poems and play-wrights, criticisms that have not been surpassed and did more in his day than all other forces combined to revive and keep alive an interest in the immortal plays of the "spacious times of great Elizabeth"; but because of his familiar essays which, as Woodberry says, were "as well fitted to him as his natural voice". He belongs to no school, and left no successors; he defies classification; he found in the essay a form that suited his self-conscious, rambling, sentimental, whimsical, humorous self. The essay was not a new but a very old thing in his day; and yet his essays are no more nearly like those of Montaigne—the father of the essay—or of Addison and Steele who brought it into such popular favor than his life and character are like those of Coleridge whom he knew and loved.

The following recently published letter, written to his physician, exhibits very many of the characteristics of his more famous essays:

"I should apologize to you and Mrs. A. for being carried home upon a man's shoulders through Silver Street, up Parson's Lane, by the Chapels (which might have taught me better), and then to be deposited like a dead log at Gaffar Westwood's, who, it seems, does not 'insure' against intoxication.

Not that the mode of conveyance is objectionable. On the contrary, it is more easy than a one-horse chaise. Arie in the 'Tempest' says:

On a bat's black do I fly
After sunset merrily.

Now I take it that Ariel must sometimes have staid out late of nights.

But then, you will say, what a shocking sight to see a middle aged gentleman-and-a-half riding upon a gentleman's back up Parson's Lane at midnight. Exactly the time for that sort of conveyance, when nobody can see him—nobody but heaven and his own conscience.

I thought he would have let me down just as got we to Lieut. Barker's coal shed, (or emporium), but by a cunning jerk I eased myself and righted my posture. I protest I thought myself in a palanquin, and never felt myself so grandly carried. It was a slave under me.

My sister has begged me to write an apology to Mrs. A. and you for disgracing your party. Now, it does seem to me that I rather honored your party, for every one that was not drunk must have been set off greatly in contrast to me. I was the scapegoat. The soberer they seemed.

But still you will say (or the men and maids at your house will say) that it is not a seemly sight for an old gentleman to go home pick-a-back. Well, maybe it is not. But I never studied grace. I take it to be a mere superficial accomplishment. I regard the more internal acquisitions.

The great object after supper is to get home, and whether that is attained in a horizontal posture or perpendicular (as foolish men and apes affect for dignity) I think is little to the purpose.

The end is always greater than the means."

Here we have (1) the personal reference that informs so much of what he wrote—we can construct a continuous biography from his works. He conceals himself behind no curtain; (2) the honesty in painting things as they were. "Charles," writes Mary Lamb to a friend, "came home last night very smoky and very drinky." While he regretted his failings, he never attempted to deny or excuse them except in a humorous way that carried with it a note of sadness; he could joke on the gravest subjects as when he discusses the inconveniences attending one who is being hanged; (3) the unexpected, fantastic and absolutely original cast of his thought. No other could or would have attempted such a letter which, on a subject otherwise repulsive, is made delightful by his "quips and cranks;" (4) the close, familiar style of both thought and expression that made him a charming companion and cause him to be the reader's genial friend; (5) the pervasive, literary humor—not coarse, loud, obtrusive, calling forth a stupid guffaw, but delicate, sly, interfused, responded to by a half-concealed smile and a merry twinkle; (6) the frequent use of quotation—especially from the Elizabethans, as in the given example—and of allusion to foreign, ancient, remote habits and customs, as in "palanquin;" (7) the parenthesis, the short sentence, the rapid jumping from one thought to another, there being no logical bridge to conduct them over,—indicating the highly sensitive, nervous temperament of the writer who, it has been said, was "a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel," to use his own words concerning another; (8) the slight attempt to convey information, the sacrifice of all that would prevent a striking expression of his peculiar condition for the time being. He gives us not universals but particulars—none more concrete than he; and while his taste in matters literary and social was refined, he makes no great deliverance that serves, like a beacon light for all time.

He had faults of thought—sometimes he was too trifling, too odd, giving one the impression that he was determined to be himself alone, come what might. He had faults of style—too jerky, not inevitable enough, lacking in harmony and melody. He had faults of manner—this stuttering, desultory, petit, spare figure with immaterial legs as Tom Hood called them, with head, as Leigh Hunt said, worthy of Aristotle, with great curved nose, sparkling eyes and half-melancholy smile.

But he had great virtues. His heart was great, taking in little children with their night fears as well as his sister Mary whose life is the saddest and most tragic in all our literary history. He had the lion's courage, fighting a splendid and not unsuccessful battle against his sister's frequent and violent together with his own infrequent and mild attacks of insanity. If his dramas and stories were comparative failures by the side of his "Tales" and "Essays," no sooner than he recognized the fact as he turned to a more congenial field. Those who knew him grappled him to themselves with hoops of steel; for whether it was in the banter of conversation or the more formal friendly letter, his genial personality was so abundant and pronounced that to know him was to love him, despite the smoke, the drink, the quaint dress and continuous "tricksy fooling."

"Read Elia," said Southy, "if the book has not fallen in your way. It is by my old friend, Charles Lamb. There are some things in it which will offend, and some which will pain you, as they do me; but you will find in it a rich mine of pure gold."

BUCKNELL'S NEW CATALOGUE.

The catalogue of Bucknell University, College of Liberal Arts, just issued, shows a total attendance of over five hundred. Of these, three hundred and twenty-eight are in the College. The Senior class in the College numbers fifty-five. It is stated that the total property of the Institution, aggregating over $750,000 has been contributed by individuals, no aid having been received from the state. The Organization embraces four departments: The College for both sexes; the Institute for young women; the Academy for young men and boys and the School of Music for both sexes. The real estate consists of a campus of thirty acres, eleven buildings now in use, and one in process of construction. The instruction of the College is organized in twelve departments: Philosphy, Logic, Anthropology, Economic and Political Science, History, Greek, Latin, English Literature, Oratory, Modern Language including German, French and Spanish, Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry and Organic Science.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE.

George Wolf Fries was born in Mifflinburg, Pa., October 17, 1836, and at an infantile age was removed to Lewisburg, where his father operated the tannery then near the gas works. His primary education was given him by Andrew Kennedy and successors in the brick school house which then stood adjoining the cemetery belonging to the Lutheran church. For some years he also profited by the academic instruction of John Randolph, A. M., now and for many years, the clerk of the Court of Claims at Washington, who is still an annual visitor in Lewisburg.

The circumstances that attended the birth of Lewisburg University were of great interest to the boy, Fries, inasmuch as he knew Dr. William H. Ludwig, James Moore, and George F. Miller, citizens of Lewisburg, who were the first promoters of the school. At this date, when the scope of university education has been expanded to include about every branch of knowledge, Mr, Fries' boyish ideas of the importance of the school that had its beginnings in the basement of the old Baptist church may seem exaggerated, but in this respect he was nearly as wise as the men who founded the University, who died without realizing the possible future dimensions of their work. It would be a graceful act for Lewisburg citizens to commemorate on a tablet placed in the University main building, the labor and money donations that Messrs. Moore, Ludwig and Miller gave to the school which, under their fostering care, has expanded into such beneficence. To these men and their co-workers Mr. Fries and other Lewisburg boys in moderate circumstances owe much for affording them the open door to a collegiate education.

To the imaginations of the Lewisburg boys of 1840–50, Brown's woods, in the midst of which the principal buildings of Bucknell are situated, was an inviting field for exploration on Saturday and other holidays, and when the first structure—the Academy—began to appear in this solitude it was thought a great event, partly because the locality was so far out of town. To Messrs. Alfred Hayes, '55, J. A. Gundy and Fries, '56, occurred the remarkable experience of graduating over the very spot where they shook the bull nut from its tree and pursued the squirrel to its lair. With the prescience born of the example of Cornell University, founded in 1868, Mr. Fries in the eye of his mind sees Brown's woods still more encroached upon by university buildings and even overrunning into the fields beyond.

Mr. Fries entered the class graduated in 1857, and holds in affectionate remembrance his instructors: Rev. Howard Malcom, Rev. J. R. Loomis, Professors Geo. R. Bliss, Geo. W. Anderson, Charles S. James and Alfred Taylor. Along with all his classmates then living he lamented the early death of the first honor man of his class, Prof. F. W. Tustin, after whom the gymnasium was named. Mr. Tustin was much devoted to study, of high conscientiousness, and altogether a very lovable man. Edwin A. Evans died in 1872 of consumption. Lewis K. Evans, who died in 1893, was somewhat eccentric in manner. And there was Frear, who had D. D. conferred upon him by his Alma Mater, and deservedly. The world was a loser when he died. To a boy of 18 he and Tustin were the embodiments of maturity, manliness and scholarship of the class. Another classmate, Rev. A. F. Shanafelt, was cut off in his prime. He entered the University a married man and kept house, then a somewhat novel condition for a student. His family were near neighbors of the Fries family. Of the living Mr. Fries forbears to speak, except partly to say that they have borne an honorable part in the world. Of W. F. W. Jacobs it used to be said that he could get his lessons in less time than any man in the University. So far as Mr. Fries knows he has not visited his Alma Mater since his graduation. Come, old boy, make an appointment to meet your surviving classmates at Bucknell next Commencement. Rev. Miller Jones has probably missed fewer Commencements than any graduate of his age.

Immediately after graduation as B. S., Mr. Fries served, in company with his classmate, Mr. John A. Gundy, on the first or trial survey of the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad, directed by Chief Wm. F. Shunk, whose father, Geo. Shunk, signed the charter of Lewisburg University. In the late fall this survey terminated in Penns Valley, and in January, while frequenting the printing offices of the Lewisburg Chronicle and Democrat, word was flashed down the telegraph from Williamsport that telegraph operators were wanted on the Erie railroad. Before entering the University Mr. Fries had served an apprenticeship in the office of the Democrat, toying also with that then mysterious instrument of the North Branch Telegraph Co., located upstairs in the Chronicle office right over the store of Mrs. Denormandie, whose decease was announced in a late number of that paper. She was a large purveyor of ice cream and sweets to the college boys. The knowledge of telegraphy thus acquired determined him to seek his fortunes in a new and untried field, but still not losing sight of the printing business for which he acquired a fondness in his early years.

Of what curious threads the woof and web of our lives is composed. Inspired by the careers of Franklin and Horace Greely, Mr. Fries early determined to be a printer and publisher, but within a year of his graduation and before he was twenty-one we find him settled over the affairs of Friendship Station on the great Erie trunk line, and there he remained for 32 years. There he twice married and raised a family consisting of a boy and girl. During those busy years death deprived him of two children and a wife, and there he met with fair business success, but his deepest joys sprang from family affection and communion with cultivated minds to an acquaintance with which a liberal education is an easy introduction. He says this is an answer to the question: "Of what use is an education to a man entering upon an ordinary business career?" His advice to all boys and girls is "Forward, Ever Forward in Education." Unless this is their motto the world will leave them far in the rear in a half century.

In November, 1888, Mr. Fries returned to the business of his boyhood's preference and bought the Friendship, (N. Y.,) Register, which he published for twelve years or until Oct. 1, 1900, when he sold it, and has been since mainly devoted to his library and scientific studies.

He has given much time to local school matters and served on the local Board of Academy Trustees and of the Friendship High School continuously for forty years.

To the later students at Bucknell, and especially to those born in Lewisburg, a few reminiscences of Lewisburg's noted men may be interesting. The lawyer and fast friend of the University, Hon. Geo. F. Miller, has already been mentioned. He died leaving a large estate, all acquired in his profession. Without school training he early hung out his shingle, and as Mr. Fries passed his office many times early and late, he can truly say that Mr. Miller was a man of most prodigious industry, and a striking example of how original defects in training may be supplied by hard work. To study law with such a man and copy his office methods, could not but lead to professional distinction. To an offer of a judgeship he is said to have replied that he could "not afford to take it." His practice extended into neighboring counties and he was much before the Supreme Court and as printer's devil, Mr. Fries was often sent to Mr. Miller's office to find the meaning of a word in his manuscript, which required practice to readily decipher.

Mr. O. N. Worden, scribe for the University for eleven years, and editor of the Lewisburg Chronicle, was another intellectually strong Lewisburger. His extraordinary integrity and firmness ought to have brought him fortune, but he was content with his occupation, and rather indisposed to faith in any other resolution of a man's fate than the practice of downright industry and honesty in an ordinary occupation. He died in Athens, a poor man.

With Mr. Worden as editor for a brief period was associated Henry C. Hikok, afterwards (1857–60) first Superintendent of Schools of the State. Previously he was Deputy Superintendent under Superintendent Curtin, and a late writer says that his "appointment to that office in 1855, brought upon the stage one of the most intelligent, active and aggressive of the group of reformers that ushered in the school revival period of 1854.

One of the most original and noted characters, one who attracted the young collegian by his peculiar gifts, was James Aiken, schoolmaster when so minded, but, from Mr. Worden's standpoint, a ne'er-do-well, as it was impossible apparently for him to tie himself sternly to his profession. He had the poetic temperament highly developed, could recite the poets in the most effective manner and as a story-teller, Mr. Fries has never met his equal. He was an ardent Abolitionist, and morally it was worth several chapters of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom to hear him declaim Whittier's anti-slavery poems. During many summers he would daily climb the Chronicle stairs, recite a poem with the fire of a Patrick Henry, terminating the performance with a funny story, which he did not seem to derive from newspaper sources. Then he would dart down the stairs, and might have been seen on the streets wringing his hands and communing with his thoughts in his own nervous manner. Mr. Aiken was a bachelor, had a brother in Iowa whom he visited and it was on the eve of these occasions that Mr. Fries invited the former to his New York home, but, much to his regret, never prevailed upon him to make the visit. Kind Lewisburg and Buffalo Valley friends provided for the proper marking of the grave of one of the most original men that ever lived in the town.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

MAR, 1901.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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EDITORIAL.

To us who are students the mention of the names of those who have gone out from Alma Mater and achieved success in various fields of activity, brings pleasure and serves as an inspiration. It is especially interesting to learn something concerning those who studied here in the early days when the first firm foundations of our institution were being laid.

If we as students are thus glad to hear of our alumni and their work, we trust that with greater delight our alumni will read the columns which bring to them news concerning one another. In the hope that old-time memories may be pleasantly revived, and that our former graduates be enabled to keep in closer touch with one another; in the hope that those who study here to-day may become better acquainted with those who have equipped themselves here before, we gladly make room for reminiscence, biography, and interesting personal notes concerning our alumni.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'65. Rev. Harrison B. Garner, recently pastor of the Baptist Church, Downingtown, Pa., is now living at Berwyn. He is not now in the pastorate.

'65. The Great Bethel Baptist Church, Uniontown, Pa., whose pastor is Rev. H. F. King, D. D., is preparing plans for a new and commodious house of worship.

Ex-'69. Rev. D. R. Landis has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Lafayette, Ind.

'69. Andrew A. Leiser, Esq., of Lewisburg, Pa., has announced himself as an Independent candidate for Judge in the Seventeenth Judicial District.

'71. Rev. John Humpstone, D. D., has completed eighteen years of service at the Immanuel Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. The church has a membership of 660, and property worth $300,000.

'72. After a number of years pastorate of the Cedar St. Baptist Church, Buffalo, N. Y., Rev. Geo. Whitman, D. D., has resigned, and will become pastor of the Lafayette Ave. Church, in the same city.

'72. Rev. W. H. Mentzer, of Tunkhannock, Pa., has become pastor of the First Baptist Church, Hazleton.

'72. Rev. F. J. Parry, D. D., of Waterbury, Conn., is giving a series of twelve lectures to his church. The subjects are art, history and travel, and very large audiences are attracted.

'74. Hon. David J. Hill, LL. D., has been mentioned as a successor to President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University.

'75. Rev. W. H. Ellis, recently of Mosiertown, Pa., is pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Erie, and resides at 2209 Reed St., that city.

'77. Rev. J. Prosser Morgan, of Mahanoy City, Pa., becom es pastor of the Baptist Church, Kingston.

'77. Hon. Harold M. McClure has received the Republican nomination for reelection as President Judge in the Seventeenth Judicial District.

'80. Miss Mabel Wheeler is teaching at Marion, Va.

'81. Rev. H. F. Stillwell, of St. Paul, Minn., preached the sermon on the Day of Prayer for Colleges at Pillsbury Academy in that State.

'81. Rev. E. B. Cornell, of Dundee, N. Y., has become pastor of the Baptist Church, Titusville, Pa., succeeding Rev. Owen James, D. D., '76, who is now located at Johnstown.

'81. Rev. F. W. Cramer, of Erie, Pa., has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, of that city.

'83. John C. Nissley, Esq., after ten years' service as superintendent of the Sunday school connected with the First Baptist Church, Harrisburg, Pa., has tendered his resignation.

'83. Rev. W. J. Coulston, of Greensburg, Pa., has recently been bereaved in the death of his father.

'85. W. P. Beaver is auditor of the American Tin Plate Company with offices in New York City.

'86. W. C. Stinson is pastor of the Bloomingdale Reformed church, New York City.

Ex-'89. Rev. J. W. Neyman, of Loda, Ill., conducts the "Quiet Hour" in the "Baptist News," a weekly paper published at Du Quoin, Ill.

'89. Prof. J. M. Wolfe, vice principal of Vermont Academy, Saxton River, Vt., has been appointed Captain and Commissary of Subsistence, 1st Regiment Infantry, Vt. N. G.

'89. An excellent likeness of O. B. Finn adorned the 20th Century edition of the "Rocky Mountain News," of Denver, Col., published January 1, in connection with an article on one of the Cripple Creek mining companies, of which he is engineer. He is located at Cripple Creek, Col.

'90. Rev. W. C. MacNaul is supplying the Calvary Baptist Church, Denver, Col., during the absence of the pastor.

'92. Rev. Walter B. Pimm, after a seven years' pastorate, has resigned at Babylon, N. Y.

Inst. '93. Miss Oriana M. Williams is in Washington, D. C., employed as a regular writer of short stories and poems for a series of childrens' books, to be issued soon by the American Art and Literature Company. The address of Miss Williams is 925 I St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

'95. Prof. W. A. Kauffman is teaching in the York High school.

'95. F. W. Jackson has been appointed United States Consul to Patras, Greece.

'95. B. Meade Wagenseller is taking a post-graduate course at the University of Pennsylvania.

'96. Rev. A. A. Cober has moved to Dayton, O.

'96. F. B. Hunt is teaching at White Plains, N. Y.

'96. F. L. Fulton is principal of the schools at Irvona, Clearfield county, Pa.

'96. Rev. T. L. Josephs is pastor of the Baptist church at Wiconisco.

'96. "The Changing View-Point in Religious Thought," is the title of a book which will appear next month by Henry F. Colestock, A. M., B. D., pastor of the First Baptist church, Madison, Wisconsin. The book promises much because of the thorough scholarship of its author.

'97. John V. Lesher has recently opened a law office at Sunbury.

Ex-'97. Rev. J. C. Stock, of York, Pa., is living at 2024 Boston Ave., Philadelphia.

'98. Geo. T. Ritter has resigned the principalship of the South Williamsport schools to become one of the faculty in the State Normal school at Lock Haven, Pa.

'98. David Hayes Elliott a graduate of the Boston Institute of Osteopathy has located in San Diego, Cal.

'98. J. E. Saul has founded the Wiconisco "Herald."

'98. A. K. Deibler is reading law with C. B. Witmer, Esq., Sunbury.

'99. J. A. Herman is taking a post-graduate course in Philosophy at the Univ. of Penn.

'99. W. A. Cook is teaching at Guffey, Pa.

'99. Prof. D. H. Krise is principal of the public schools

Ex-'99. J. D. Frederick, formerly of Reading, has secured a civil position in the Philippine Islands, and recently sailed for Manila.

1900. Miss Alicia Zierden is teaching in DuBois.

1900. Miss Gertrude Roos is teaching at Kane, Pa.

1900. George Grim is instructor in English at a school in Zurich, Switzerland,

1900. Miss Sarah Black has accepted a position as teacher in the public schools of Canton, Pa.

Ex-1901. James Brown Martin is in Leipsic, Germany, where he has entered upon a two year course in Music.

MARRIED.

At Pottstown, on January 23, 1901, Miss Elizabeth P. Rossiter, (Inst. '97), and Philip F. Gudebrod. of the firm of Gudebrod Bros., proprietors of the Champion Silk Mill of Pottstown.

Elizabeth Sheldon Hawley, a college matriculate of '99, married January 23, 1901, at Northumberland, Pa., to Thomas J. Porter, Esq., of Miles City, Montana, Rev. A. C. Campbell performing the ceremony. The bride has been for a year and a half the principal of the Miles City public schools. The groom is District Attorney of Custer county, Montana.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. Enoch Perrine addressed the Union Veteran Legion in Milton on the evening of March 15th.

The first of the series of base ball benefit dances was given in the Armory on the night of March 15th.

The following have been elected to sereve on the *Orange and Blue* staff for the coming term: Editor-in-chief, W. E. Maneval; Editorials, Miss Runyan; Athletics, J. F. Sigel; Locals, A. M. Weaver.

Dr. Hulley gave a humorous literary recital under the head "Sketches in Charcoal," in the opera house on the evening of March 5th. The proceeds were given to the fire company in grateful recognition of their services at the destruction by fire of Dr. Hulley's home on Feb. 21st.

The second preliminary junior debate took place in Bucknell Hall, Thursday evening, March 7. The question discussed was: "Resolved, that an income tax should form a part of our federal system of taxation." The debate as a whole was good, each man setting forth clear argument. McCracken, Boyer, Kyle and Reilly were chosen by the judges for the final debate.

At a meeting of the Sophomore class on Saturday morning, March 9th, the following L'Agenda board was elected:

Editor-in-chief, Fetzer; Business Manager, Bertolette; Institute Assistant, Miss Luchsinger; Literary Editors, Brant, Ch., Miss Burchette, Miss Coleman, Miss Alif Stephens; Department of Classes, Miss Ebling; Department of Organizations, Miss Jane R. Fowler; Department of Athletics, Darlington; Y. M. C. A. Department, Bresnehan; Department of Fraternities, Dunlap; Artists, Sheldon and Senn; Class Photographer, J. A. Young.

BASKET BALL.

Bucknell has just finished the most successful basket ball season she has ever had. The team was without question the best which ever represented the University in this line of sport. Thirteen games in all were played from which only one defeat resulted. That game, however, was a very creditable one. It was played with Williamsport Y. M. C. A. on the Williamsport floor, the score being 5–8. This is by far the best score made by any team at Williamsport this season. Four other games were played away from home and all resulted in Bucknell's favor. It is impossible to mention each game separately, but the scores speak for themselves.

Of the members of the team, each one deserves great credit. Captain Elliott at forward played his usual fast, steady game, and made an excellent captain. Davis also put up a superb game at forward. Mathewson at centre proved himself a star in this line of sport, never missing a shot for a goal and keeping his opponent well covered. The guards, Stanton and Bevan were in the game from beginning to end, and it is a great credit to any opposing forward if he got a goal on either of these men. The regular team was reinforced by Theis, English and Groff, who are to be highly commended for their faithful work during the season. Coach Hoskins is also to be commended for the zeal with which he inspired his men.

To sum up, Bucknell can boast of one of the best college basket ball teams which played this season. The record is as follows:

Sept. 14. At Lewisburg, Bucknell 40; Milton Y. M. C. A. 6.
Jan. 12. At Lewisburg, Bucknell 28; Quaker City 10.
Jan. 19. At Lewisburg, Bucknell 24, Wyoming Sem. 10.
Jan. 26. At Lewisburg, Bucknell 33; Dickinson 16.
Feb. 1. At Williamsport, Bucknell 5; Williamsport Y. M. C. A. 8.

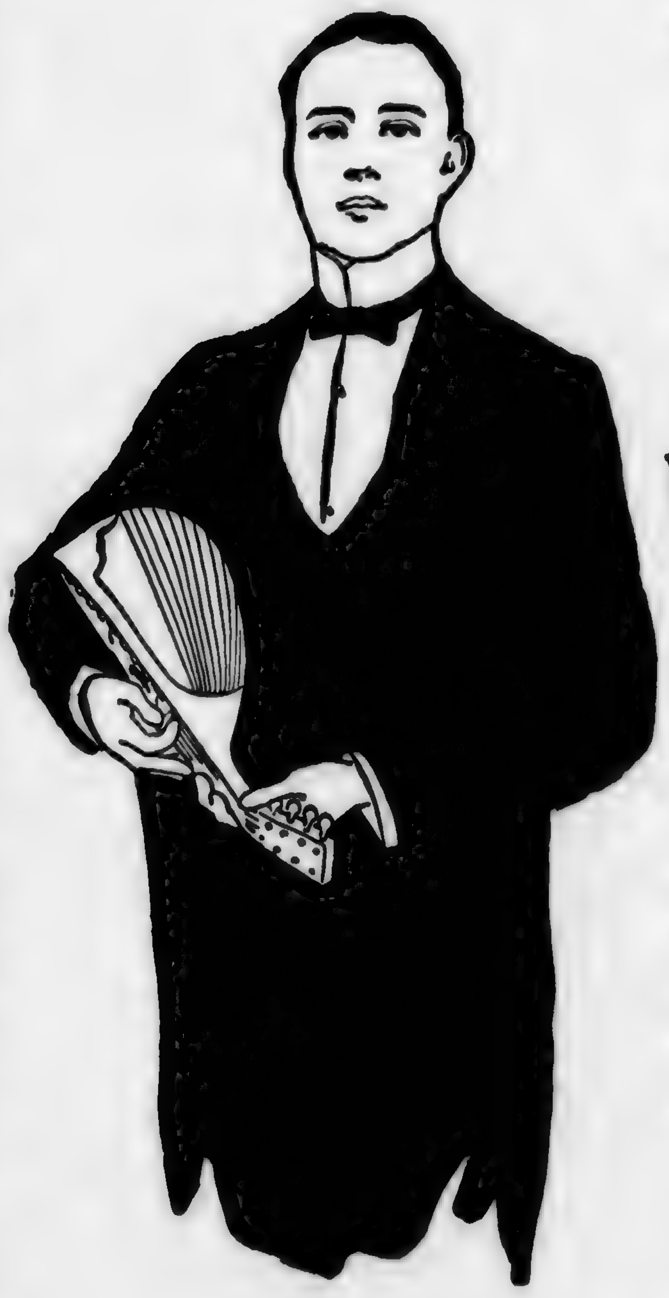
Feb. 5. At Lewisburg, Bucknell 32; Univ. of Penn. 9.
Feb. 8. At Gettysburg, Bucknell 30, Gettysburg 11.
Feb. 9. At Carlisle, Bucknell 28; Dickinson 16.
Feb. 12. At Lewisburg, Bucknell 16; Williamsport Y. M. C. A. 4.
Feb. 15. At Pittston, Bucknell 10; Pittston Y. M. C.A. 8.
Feb. 16. At Kingston, Bucknell 24; Wyoming Seminary 8.
Feb. 22. At Lewisburg, Bucknell 18; Bloomsburg, 15.
March 11. At Lewisburg, Bucknell 54; Gettysburg 11.

Points—Bucknell 342; opponents 125. Victories 12; defeats 1.

BASE BALL.

Manager Konkle has announced the following schedule for the season:

April 5. Yale Law School at Lewisburg.
April 12. Syracuse University at Lewisburg.
April 20. Fordham at New York.
April 24. Dickinson at Carlisle.
April 26. Villa Nova at Lewisburg.
April 27. Susquehanna at Selinsgrove.
May 3. Wyoming Seminary at Kingston.
May 4. Bloomsburg at Bloomsburg.
May 9. Franklin & Marshall at Lewisburg.
May 11. Dickinson at Lewisburg.
May 16. Manhattan at New York.
May 17. Albright at Myerstown.
May 18. Lehigh at South Bethlehem.
May 23. Franklin & Marshall at Lancaster.
May 24. Villa Nova at Villa Nova.
May 25. Penna. R. R. Y. M. C. A. at Philadelphia.
May 29. Princeton at Princeton.
May 30. Harrisburg at Harrisburg.
May 31. Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
June 1. Mt. St. Mary's at Emmittsburg.
June 5. Cuban Ex-Giants at Lewisburg.
June 8. Altoona Monarchs at Altoona.
June 11. Susquehanna at Lewisburg.
June 15. Bloomsburg at Lewisburg.
June 18. Lafayette at Easton.
June 19. Indians at Lewisburg.



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BUCKNELL MIRROR.

Vol. XX. Lewisburg, Pa., April, 1901. No. 7.

DOWN A WELL.

Grandfather Gilbert tilted his rocker forward and peered out over the rims of his glasses, through the trellis of morning glories that formed a sort of awning on the porch where he was sitting.

"'Pears like a storm abrewin' over there in the west," he said. "Reckon I'd better go and see't the cows are in. I knowed it was agoin' to storm by the way my rheumatics ached this mornin'; 'lectric storm, too, more than likely."

Gathering up the papers from the porch floor and drawing the chair close to the house, he started to the barn hobbling on his crutches.

The Gilbert homestead was known far and near not only for its fertility of soil, but also for its spacious and beautiful buildings. James Gilbert, Sr., had settled there early in the thirties, and by hard work and good management had brought it almost from a forest to a forum. But age did as it always will, weaken the once vigorous muscles, and time had taken the one to whom he had sworn to be faithful unto death. He, therefore, since he could no longer conduct affairs, had thought it best to cede his domains to his only son and heir, James Gilbert, Jr., and live with him.

James, Jr., who was the image of his father, had taken up the work where it was laid down. He had married and now had a family growing about him. Tom, the eldest, was a sturdy, attentive lad of nineteen and in habits promised to be a third James. Harry and Marion, the twins, were a few years younger.

Grandfather coming around the corner of the house on his way to the barn, met Marion, who forseeing the storm, had just returned from cooping the chickens.

"Where's Harry and Tom ?" he asked of Marion.

"Harry's in the meadow unhitching from the plow, and Tom's in the barn tying the cattle," she replied.

"Well, then I'll not need to go," and grandfather turned around all unconscious of the danger he was evading.

"My ! but those clouds come fast," said Marion. "How dark it's getting ! I'm afraid we'll have a terri—— Oh !" She did not finish her sentence, but clasped her hands over her ears, for just then a flash of lightning rent the air, and immediately a deafening peal of thunder followed.

"Oh dear !" exclaimed Marion, turning toward the barn, "see the boards are torn away, and oh; Grandpa ! its afire already; see the smoke coming through the cracks. What shall I do ?"

"Ring the dinner-bell, Dot," said grandfather in a tone that showed age and experience had taught him self control.

Marion reached the bell rope and rang as did the old sexton for liberty in '76. The neighbors heard the appeal and rushed to the rescue, but of no avail. The electric current had passed down through the immense pile of hay, and the whole was a hopeless blaze before succor arrived.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert on this particular afternoon in August, had been called to one of the neighboring towns to see a sick relative. On account of Mr. Gilbert's absence the crowd that collected there, mostly inexperienced youths, was without a foreman to direct the work of rescue. They stood around viewing the building fast being consumed without even trying to rescue any of the stock within.

In the midst of the excitement Tom was forgotten. But Marion who was looking through the pantry window at the burning edifice and the eager watching crowd, did not see him among the others. She could see Harry, but not Tom. She knew he had entered the basement stables, but she had not seen him come out. Surely he must be in there. She went to the crowd and anxiously inquired for her brother, but Tom had not been seen, and a diligent search failed to reveal him.

"He must be in there, perhaps killed by the lightning or lost in the smoke," suggested one, pointing to the black smoke that was issuing from the basement doors. "If he cannot get out, let us hope he has been killed outright, rather than that he should perish by degrees in that awful place," he added to a companion standing near.

Meanwhile a rain had commenced that finally settled into a steady pour. A few youths began to revive hope at this, thinking it might quench the flames, and Tom might yet be restored to them. But, no, it would have taken a rush of water almost enveloping it to have quenched the flames.

A couple of cats that had taken up their abode in the barn now went scampering across the orchard with tails bushed up till they looked almost as large as their bodies. A few stray rats ran wildly about the basement walls vainly seeking a refuge. The pigeons and swallows that nestled beneath the eaves from the storm, migrated elsewhere. Now and then the low of a frightened cow could be heard, but the noise within was soon drowned by the roar of the flames that leaped high in the air.

A couple of young fellows, chums of Tom, ventured to the stable door, but the flames and smoke drove them back. All was now hushed in the crowd. Faces paled, the hearts of the stoutest quaked when they thought of the fate of Tom Gilbert. Some turned sadly and walked from the seemingly sacrificial scene.

But while the solemn crowd stands sadly around, let us glance at the interior and see how Tom fares. Tom had just tied old Brindle and stepped into the entry when the flash struck the barn. The electric current came down the end beam, followed the sill across the middle of the barn and pass-off. The sparks flashed about like so many nymphs playing hide and seek. Fortunately before it reached Tom, it had lost much of its force, and was not nearly so dangerous. Tom did not know what happened. He seemed to grow suddenly dizzy. He knew he had fallen and was lying in the cow entry, but in his semi-conscious condition he knew not what was wrong. He had no idea how long he had been lying there but he was struggling and gasping for his breath when he recovered his senses. He put out his hand and struck something hairy which he knew must evidently be old Brindle in the same plight he was, for the biting smoke had blinded him. Overhead he could hear the roar and snapping of the flames. Then he became aware that the barn was burning and he was a prisoner beneath its fury. He was awakend to a sense of duty when a fresh gale of smoke came swirling down the trap door in the floor above. He tried to jump to his feet but it was with difficulty that he could crawl even on his hands and knees, the shock had so stunned him. It was to be quickly decided, life or an awful fate; there was no other alternative. He started boldly through the horse entry thinking he would be able to gain an exit there. But in order to reach the door by that way he must pass directly beneath the trap door through which the smoke was drawing. A fiery tongue dipped down and licked his bared head leaving a terrible burn. The heat was now becoming intense. At this he drew back and despaired of hope of escape by that way. Choking, gasping, crawling, he made his way back toward the rear entrance to make a last attempt and remembering that "while there is life there is hope."

Through the half closed lids of his eyes he saw a log fall across his pathway just ahead of him. The shower of sparks that it sent out seemed to him like so many rockets rejoicing at having thus foiled his last attempted escape. He knew his last hope of getting out was frustrated and turning clasped his hands for a moment, then fell forward to await the scourging of the thing so often his friend but now his enemy.

In falling his hand struck something hard. He grasped it and recognized at once the round wooden pump that watered the cattle in winter. Although half dead as he was, an idea came to him. More instinctively than willfully he seized one of the planks that formed the platform around the pump and with inspired strength, tore it from the spikes that held it in place.

Could he do it? The flames would not reach him there but would the hot air suffocate him? Death seemed inevitable turn where he would. At least if he should die in the well they would find him and give him a decent burial; this was preferable to cremation. It took but a moment to swing himself through the hole left by the plank, grasp the pump stock and slide down, down till he came to the bottom of the thirty foot well. Fortunately there was only about three feet of water in it and consequently no danger of drowning. There being no draught there was scarcely any smoke accumulated there. Tom was congratulating himself on having found so complete an asylum. Suddenly there was an awful crash and he waited breathlessly expecting some missile to fall on him but instead an awful quiet came. He now no longer heard the din of commotion above and the sparks ceased to fly across the opening in the top of the well. He wondered if he was dying and whether that quiet was the solemnity of death. He, Tom Gilbert, dying?

While he is shut up in a dungeon thirty feet in the earth with several tons of burning hay for a door—for it was the mow of hay directly over head falling on the well that caused the crash and sudden quiet to Tom—let us turn again to the by-standers and the Gilbert family.

As soon as it was found impossible to do anything for Tom a messenger was sent with all haste to Mr. Gilbert at the town some miles away. Considerable time must necessarily elapse before he could return. When he did arrive there was nothing left of the barn but smoking beams and huge pyramids of burning hay which, as the beams below burned off, had dropped to the ground and would lay smouldering for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert could scarcely have the courage to look at the ruined building as they drove past on the way to the house. Here were thousands of dollars, the result of a summer's work, all gone up in writhing columns and now floated in swirling eddies in the valley below. Truly it was discouaging but then they thought they had their family to live for; they had not yet learned of Tom's predicament.

Mr. Gilbert on entering the house inquired as a parental duty for his children. Marion's tear stained face met his and he mistrusted something. Across the room was his father sitting with bowed head. This confirmed his fears and he exclaimed, "Marion, where's my boys?"

"Harry's here, sir."

"But where's Tom."

Poor Marion, she had hoped her father might learn the truth from other lips than her own. But since it was not to be so she braved herself and told him between sobs: "Tom's dead."

With a shriek Mrs. Gilbert fell to the floor in a faint. Loving hands carried her to a quiet room away from the excitement, but she did not soon recover. Mr. Gilbert clasped his hands and began to walk across the floor. For two hours he paced the floor with bowed head.

Suddenly an idea came to him. Glancing out through the night he had seen the huge piles of hay that on account of their solidity had not burned down. There they stood like huge pyramids sending forth sparks into the night air. Perhaps Tom might be under them. It was a terrible thought; it was heart-sicking to think of it, but he was determined to find out. If he should be there of course he would be dead but he could at least rescue him from the flames and give him a decent burial.

Going out into the night he announced his intentions to the crowd. Everyone lent a willing hand. A hose was procured, a dam built across the brook above the barn and soon a stream was assisting the rain in quenching the burning hay. Success crowned their efforts after several hours; the flames were extinguished.

It was now past midnight, but strong hands set to work tearing the soaked and matted hay apart. The whitened skeletons of the animals were lying around but nothing human was found. This convinced them that Tom was under the hay.

For hours they worked with inspired zeal and just as the morning broke did they come to the bottom. All was eagerness now. Who would be the first to find him? Hundreds of people from the town and country now stood around the workmen so eager were they to learn the result.

The space was almost cleared now, and nothing but the carcass of a cow that had suffocated had, been found. The pump stood there protruding from the hay but no one guessed its significance or what it could reveal if it could speak.

At last the crack of the missing plank was uncovered. A ray of light now fell on Tom and he uttered a faint "Hello!" Mr. Gilbert was standing near the platform when the sound reached his ears. It was so startled him that he came near jumping into the hole. It a voice from the dead. There was no mistaking Tom's voice and it surely came from that well.

Leaning over the hole Mr. Gilbert called down through the darkness: "Tom, are you there?" "Yes father, I'm still alive," came the reply.

"Thank God," said Mr. Gilbert, "My boy still lives."

A deafening cheer went up from the crowd at this announcement. Some of Tom's chums rolled in the wet grass, some carried others on their shoulders. Hats were thrown in the air and women wept tears of silent joy.

Mr. Gilbert adjusted a rope around his body and was lowered into the well. The meeting there between father and son will never be known. Their voices were inaudible when they reached the listening ears above at the top of the well.

They were drawn, dripping with water, from the well. Tom was embraced, fondled and worshipped as a hero. It was certainly a gala moment when Mr. Gilbert with one arm around his son announced: "This my son that was dead is alive again."

W. BRUCE KESTER, '03.

SATAN, AS PICTURED IN "PARADISE LOST."

To every reader of Milton's great epic, "Paradise Lost," Satan appears as an interesting character. He stands out prominently among all the characters since around him as it were the other characters center. He is the peculiarly active character. He is a character of great ability, which ability he has however basely prostituted. However much it may be disputed it nevertheless remains a fact that he is the real hero of the great poem.

It will be our purpose for a little while to consider the feelings of Satan as the great Milton has portrayed them in his epic. We will first see why Satan fell from his high position next to the Son of God himself, why

. . . . "Him the Almighty Power,
Hurled headlong flaming from the the etheral sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire."

Satan while he held a high position was "aspiring to set himself above his peers," he was filled with that spirit of pride which, "cast him out of Heaven." It was the same spirit which so often manifests itself in man to-day and so frequently leads man to his ruin. "Pride," truly, "goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." He possessed besides, a strong ambition which he was unable to check. How strongly he portrays this ambition when he says, "To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell." The proud ambition was roused in him when he felt that the Almighty Creator had slighted him when he placed his own son next to him in the place which Satan had so fondly hoped to occupy, so he decided to stir up a revolt among the Angel host. Satan was active rather than reflective. He did not carefully consider the consequences of his actions, he did not carefully consider his chance of success, he must have had an unfailing confidence in his own power and ability. His action was the action of ambitious rashness. If he did consider the result at all he must have attempted this act with the most supreme contempt for the Almighty, he must have been filled with the greatest spirit of ingratitude. When fallen he did not give up hope of regaining his former position. His pride was not vanquished, "What though the field be lost?

. . . . All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:" far was it from vanquished.

When he realized that his position in heaven was forever lost he determined to make the best of his fallen condition. He now thought of the new earth which he heard was to be created and the beings which he heard were to be on this earth. Now that he was fallen he determined to bring destruction to these people. He possessed no feeling of illwill toward these people but did it more in a spirit of anger and revenge toward the Creator himself. Satan still had some hope of freeing himself and associates from their dreadful fate. He proclaimed to them that he himself would go in search of this new formed earth, he,

"Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek Deliverance for us all." From their great council he went forth with "pomp supreme" And god-like imitated state," . . . . . then, "Puts on swift wings and towards the gates of Hell explores his solitary flight," and . . . . . . "his sail-broad vans He spreads for flight, and . . . . . . O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare, With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way," until he, "like a weather-beaten vessel, holds Gladly the port."

Satan, on reaching the object of his long search, we would expect to find in an exceedingly jubilant frame of mind. Now that he was at the place where he could wreak his vengeance, but how often do we notice that man when about to do some act of revenge, begins to hesitate, to halt, to be discomfitted! "Horror and doubt distract His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir the hell within him;" He becomes thoughtful and, "sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad." He now becomes somewhat doubtful and begins to recount the events of his downfall when he sees the sun which brings to his remembrance the state from which he fell while warring against Heaven's King. Ingratitude fills his mind for "He deserved no such return from me, whom he created what I was in that bright eminence." He does not accuse others of his mistakes, "Nay, cursed be thou, since against his thy will chose freely what it now so justly rues." He even begins to think of repentance, strange time indeed to think of such a thing, "Is there no place left for repentance, none for pardon left?" Yet amid all this his feeling of pride and obstinacy keeps on asserting itself. He cannot lay aside his pride . . . . . . "None left but by submission; and that word disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame among the Spirits beneath."

The characteristics of Satan's speeches well portray his feelings at different times. His speeches abound in theoric sentiments, "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen." Frequently his sublime feelings crop out in his addresses, "O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned, looks from thy sole dominion like the god of this new World . . . . . . to thee I call" His obstinate disposition asserts itself when he says, "Peace is despaired; For those who can think submission? War, then, war open or understood, must be resolved." Satan's speeches show strongly his strong spirit of revenge which impelled him on to some of his deeds, which indeed was his sole cause for destroying mankind. "To do aught good never will be our task, But ever to do ill our sole delight." Satan amid his power in hell and his success on earth, yet had times when despair seizes him, when he knows not what he shall do, when things look dark for him. Then his soul cries out . . . . . . "which way shall I fly Infinite wrath and infinite despair? Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell:" Indeed Satan at last becomes disgusted with the, "foul descent! that I, who erst contended with Gods to sit the highest, am now constrained into a beast."

Milton pictures Satan as the most moral of known devils and in human form; hence he is easily understood. He gives him the same ideas and feelings which we as human beings understand and experience time and again, he is led on by the same impulses by which we are led on and he has the same feelings after his deeds are completed which we often have. He uses the same means to accomplish his ends which human beings use. While Satan's character as revealed by Milton must be condemmed as a whole, we cannot fail to notice some bright spots revealing themselves like oases in a desert. Satan was not completely destitute of those more tender and humane feelings which we so much admire in men. He at least felt at times the pangs of a guilty conscience and felt sorry for his work of destruction.

NAUGHTY-ONE.

THE BELL THAT RINGS AT NINE.

Good people, of your charity,
  O listen to my lay!
A ballade I will sing to you
  Of lords and ladies gay.
I do not sing of wondrous deeds,
  As Virgil did, divine;
I only sing the little bell—
  The bell that rings at nine.

At seven thirty Saturday,
  —Of course I mean P. M.—
A noble band of cavaliers
  Assembles at the Sem.
They search their pockets wildly thro,
  A card they find at last.
They ring the bell, and then with joy
  The portal's safely passed.

Meanwhile, in regions up above,
  The realms where angels dwell
Such varied things are going on,
  I scarcely dare to tell.
For all the deeds the angels do,
  And this no one denies,
Are really too exalted quite
  For common mortals eyes.

Down in the hall below, the men
  With nervous dread are white,
They anxiously the mirror scan
  They fix their neck ties right.
And then, in pose of studied ease,
  Far from the hat rack glass,
With cuffs pulled down and head erect,
  They wait the coming lass.

Now one sweet maid, with shy bright eyes
  Descends the winding stair,
She goes to meet her waiting knight,
  —Ah me, but she is fair!—
And one by one the others come,
  Forgot is time of strife.
For often, at this hallowed time
  Love blossoms into life.

They chat of many, many things
  —The latest game of ball,
—The sudden change in atmosphere,
  —How seldom they may call.
Or maybe one, in tender tone
  Says low, "May I be thine?"
When comes the clangor of that bell,
  The bell that rings at nine.

Ah, some day soon, these gallant men,
  With patience worn to shreds.
Will call a malediction on
  The Reiging Powers' heads,
And rising up in haughty might,
  With righteous anger fine,
Will say "Confound that little bell,
  The bell that rings at nine!"

B. B. '04.

BUCKNELL MIRROR.

APR, 1901.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

STAFF:

A. S. BECHTEL, Editor-in-Chief.

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ALUMNI EDITORS.

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Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

We frequently hear college men urged very strongly to acquire the habit of sound and sensible reading, to read widely, to cultivate a desire for extensive reading, not mere passive reading but reflective reading. The standard of excellence along this line, we believe, should be higher in the general average than it is. Many college men show a woeful lack in this most important line. With our increasing tendency toward specialization it is hard to acquire and maintain a high standard Bucknell possesses an excellent library, free of access to all her students, so there is no reason why any Bucknell student should fail to come up to the standard. Bucknell's curricula formerly were not very elastic and permitted no large scope in electives. This was an incentive to reading exclusive of the college studies and the student acquired considerable indepent knowledge and broadening of the mind. Bucknell has constantly been adding electives in her various courses until from this year on the whole senior year consists of elective studies. The classical man can confine himself more completely to his special liking and the mathmatical and scientific man can indulge his peculiar fancy. It at once becomes evident that general information must be acquired and the broadening of the mind must be effected by much reading outside of the cirriculum. Without this the student becomes narrow-minded and will have a poor foundation upon which to specialize. The college man can not afford to miss this privilege, it is necessary to his full development.

RESOLUTIONS BY 1904.

Whereas—It has pleased Almigty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from this life the brother of our classmate E. E. Morris, and

Whereas—We realize the sorrow felt by the one whom we love, be it therefore

Resolved—That we, the members of the class of 1904 do hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to our class brother and be it

Resolved—That we extend our condolence to the family in their hour of bereavement, and be it further

Resovled—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our brother and that they be published in the college papers.

J. Levering Livzey,
Walter S. Wilcox,
Thomas E. Cule.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'61. Rev. Thomas M. Shanafelt, D. D., was born at Brinkerton, Pa., graduated at Lewisburg in 1861. Served during the Civil War as a private soldier. At the close of his military service he completed his course of study in theology, and was enrolled among the first Alumni of Crozer Seminary. Entering the Baptist Ministry he was ordained at Muncy, Pa. In 1867, he moved to Michigan, where for twenty-one years he served as pastor on four or five different fields. During this period he held important positions in his denomination, having been Secretary and Treasurer of the Michigan Baptist Education Society; member of the Board of Trustees of Kalamozoo College, and served fourteen years as Secretary of the Michigan Baptist State Convention. In 1884, at the National Encampment held at Minneopolis, Minn., he was elected Chaplin-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Having been repeatedly urged to take charge of missionary work in the Northwest, in April, 1888, he accepted from the American Baptist Home Missson Society an appointment as State superintendent of Missions for South Dakoto. In 1889, North Dakoto was added to his district. From the beginning of his relationship to this work he has been secretary of the South Dakota Baptist Convention. During the past thirteen years, of service, seventy-five new Baptist churches have been organized, and seventy houses of worship and twenty-five parsonages have been built or secured by purchase. Under his careful and aggressive leadership the denomination has grown rapidly in strength and influence, and maintains a leading position among the other denominations.

In addition to these services, Dr. Shanafelt has given considerable attention to literary work. In 1881, he compiled a complete biographical sketches of nearly four hundred Baptist ministers in Michigan. He is author of the Statistical Baptist History of Michigan, the Baptist History of South Dakota, and several smaller denominational and historical works. He is vice president and a member of the executive board of the South Dakota State Historical Society; and a vice president of the American Baptist Historical Society. He is also president of the board of commissioners of the South Dakota Soldiers' Home. Being thus actively identified with the religious and secular interests of the State, he has been able to exert a helpful influence, and he is recognized as a wise leader and a safe counsellor. He has had much to do in helping to lay the foundation of a new State. As a citizen he is widely known, and is everywhere respected for what he is and what he has done.

Ins. '67. Mrs. Katherine B. Larison, former Principal of the Institute, delivered a series of talks at Miss Armitage's school in Wayne, during the past winter.

Rev. Lemuel Moss, D. D., lecturer on Social Science of the University, has removed to 416 West 118th street New York City.

'72. Mr. W. O. Shaffer, was nominated on March 25 for prothonotary of Union County for the seventh term.

'72. Rev. R. W. Perkins, Ph. D., has been elected President of Leland University, located at New Orleans, an institution for the higher education of the negroes.

'83. In the two years that he has been pastor at Iowa, Falls, Iowa, Rev. A. H. Beaver has reduced his church debt by $2000.

'83. In a recent Chicago "Standard" Rev. S. B. Meeser, of Worcester, Mass., had a forcible article on "The Church's Use of the Christian Journal."

'83. A. L. Tustin, cashier of the Bloomsburg, Pa., National Bank, died March 11, at his home in Bloomsburg, of consumption, aged 38 years. He was the son of the late Rev. J. P.

Tustin, class of '63, and nephew of the late Dr. F. W. Tustin for many years Professor of Greek at Bucknell.

Ins. 87. Miss Ida Hammond, of Dover, Del., has been in Philadelphia for the past two years assisting her brother, Dr. Hammond, in his private hospital on South 10th St.

Ex-'87. Rev. E. M. Lake, of Pontiac, Ill., has an article on "The Primitive Principles of Missons" in the Baptist Missionary Magazine for April.

'88. A new Baptist preacher arrived March 27, 1901, in the family of Rev. G. W. Hatch, of Sisterviile, W. Va.

'90. Rev. James H. Haslam, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Williamsport, preached the annual sermon before the Christian Associations of the University on Sunday morning, April 14th, in the Baptist Church of Lewisburg.

'99. J. E. Calvin is the pastor's assistant at the Fourth Baptist Church, Chicago.

'99. J. C. Hazen, of the University of Chicago Divinity School, is pastor at Hinckley, Ill.

'95. Rev. H. M. Pease changes his postoffice address from Eatonville, Penna., to Centremoreland, Penna.

The regular meeting of the Bucknell Alumnae Club, of Philadelphia, was held on Tuesday, March 19, at the home of Mrs. John Reilly, who entertained the club at luncheon. It was "Club Day" and addresses were made by Mrs. Blankenburg, of the Philadelphia Suffrage Association; Mrs. Kirkbride, of the Civic Club; Mrs. Pfahler, of the New Century; Mrs. Eshrick, of the Sorosis, of Langhorne, and Mrs. Larison, of the Lewisburg Alumnae Club.

COLLEGE NOTES.

'95. William H. Carey, formerly of Elmira Heights, N. Y., has located at Ardmore, Penna.

Dr. Hulley was one of the instructors at the City Teachers' Institute of Lancaster held recently.

The College girls gave their annual reception to the College men, in the Institute parlors on Friday evening, April 12th.

1900. Clarence A. Weymouth has been elected captain of the Freshmen crew at Yale. He is a student in the law school.

Messrs. Alexander, Bechtel, Burpee and Shields were selected as the final debaters in the Senior Honor Debate which will be held the last week in May.

'98. Rutledge I. Wiltbank was ordained to the work of the ministry March 28, in the North Baptist Church, Chester, of which he has become the pastor.

The Girls' Dramatic Club gave a very agreeable entertainment to a large number of invited friends in the Institute Chapel on Monday evening, April 8th.

Prof. Vincent B. Fisk, '97, who has been instructor in Elocution and Oratorical Delivery in the College and in the Academy, has left Bucknell to accept a position at Colgate University.

President Harris delivered his regular term lecture on Monday morning, April 2nd. He chose for his subject, "Consciene." His lecture was instructive and full of power and earnestness.

Singeiser, '03, and Roby, '04, were chosen to represent Theta Alpha, and Robinson, '04, and McGiffin, '04, were chosen to represent Euepia in the annual inter-society debate which will be held some time in May.

Bechtel, '01, has been elected Editor-in-Chief of the MIRROR to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Bidelspacher, '01, the former incumbent, who is filling the position of instructor of History and Literature in the Muncy Normal school.

Dr. Schailer Mathews, professor of New Testament History and Interpretation, in the University of Chicago, delivered a most instructive lecture to the student body on Friday morning, March 29th, on the subject, "Duties and Opportunities of an Educated Man in Times of Transition."

Ex-'60. Rev. G. W. Folwell, at one time pastor of the South Broad St., Baptist Church, Philadelphia, died April 3, at Easton, Penna. Recently he had been chosen associate pastor with Rev. H. B. Rankin, ex-'89, of the First Baptist Church, Easton.

BASEBALL.

BLOOMSBURG 8, BUCKNELL 7.

The opening game of the Baseball season was played on April 13th, with the Bloomsburg Normal team and resulted in a defeat for the "Orange and Blue." From the spectator's point of view it was a beautiful game. Both teams did some fine fielding, and each made a beautiful double play. The score was close enough to make the game exciting for it was only in the ninth inning that Bloomsburg by a couple of two base hits won out. Altogether Bucknell's showing was very creditable and the team will no doubt develop into a very strong one before the important games. Carlisle, Teufel and Weidensaul deserve special mention for their fielding. In fact every man on the team played excellent ball and it was only by the superior all around work of Bloomsburg that Bucknell was defeated.

Bucknell	3	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—7.
Bloomsburg	2	0	0	0	0	3	1	1	2—8.

TRACK.

The principle feature feature in the Track athletics at present is preparation for the relay races in Philadelphia, April 27. The following men are in training for the team which will be chosen shortly: Goodall, '02, Tiffany, '03, Glaspey, '03, Fetzer, '03, Griffiths, '04, Young, '03, Dunlap, '03, McNitt, '03, Slifer, '04, Theis, '02, Lesher, '02, Morris, '04, and Ruhl, '03.

A training table has been started which will be very beneficial to the men. Bucknell is classed this season with Gettysburg, State, Ursinis, Franklin and Marshall, Carlise Indians and Dickinson. This will make a great race, especially since State has been classed with us.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XX. Lewisburg, Pa., May, 1901. No. 8.

Miss Mitford's "Our Village."

BY PROF. ENOCH PERRINE, LITT. D.

Jane Austen's novels, (1811-1819) in which nothing happens for so many pages and whose chief literary aim was to castigate the Romanticisom lately in fashion, putting to shame the "literature of crime, insanity and nightmare," found a worthy successor in Mary Russell Mitford's *Our Village* (1824-1832).

This is indeed the annals of a quiet neighborhood and unlike George MacDonald's great story is not misnamed. These are annals, because they develop no plot and are bound together by no thread whatever, except the loving heart of the author for her characters who were her friends. They are of the neighborhood, because through the entire five volumes one seldom strays beyond the borders of the hamlet and is generally back home again by night-fall. They are quiet, because in them are no ruinous castles, no ghosts tripping through midnight halls, no subterranean passages by way of which murderers or eloping maidens may escape, no dripping daggers, no dragging of rivers,—nothing but green pastures and still waters and people to the manner born.

A hard fate drove the author to the little village of Three Mile Cross in Berkshire; but it was a fortunate day for English fiction that there she remained in a house that grew ever more dilapidated for thirty-five years. It became *our* and neither *your* nor *that* village to her. What she wrote was written "on the spot", with a close and resolute fidelity that not only bears the stamp of truth but teaches a valuable lesson to realistic authors who imagine that Realism is either the tragic, the nasty or the trivial done to infinite detail.

There is reason to wonder how, in these days of bigness, war, battle and the "shudder in literature," *Our Village* still holds its own—this book that talks about Mayflower the greyhound, and Jack Rapley the rogue, and the first primrose. But the wonder grows less when we remember that after all just as the suburb is depleting the city because men want to flee away from the fretful stir unprofitable and the fever of the world, so in thought they hark back from scanning the financial column and wrangling in the court room to the Robinson Crusoe of their boyhood or the As You Like It of their early manhood. In *Our Village* is the Forest of Arden where the reader feels not the penalty of Adam and after reading he may lie down to pleasant dreams.

To illustrate: In the chapter on "The Old Gipsy" we are told that the village, generally free from these vagabonds, has been honored by a band that have set the world—that is to say, "all our world crazy to have their fortunes told." Harriet, the pretty kitchen maid, falls a victim to the craze. Soon the mistress catches her near the wood-pile, the old gipsy counting the lines of fate in her hand. Blushes, denials follow; but all to no purpose, since the secret is plain. However, Harriet keeps the secret for three days—otherwise no prediction can come true, and then the author causes her to tell her mistress:

"She was to see within the week, and this was Saturday, the young man, the real young man whom she was to marry"—"Why, Harriet, you know poor Joel."—"Joel, indeed! the gipsy said that the young man, the real young man, was to ride up to the house dressed in a dark great-coat (and Joel never wore a great-coat in his life—all the world knew he wore smock-frocks and jackets), and mounted on a white horse—and where should Joel get a white horse?"—"Had this real young man made his appearance yet?"—"No; there had not been a white horse past the place since Tuesday; so it must certainly be to-day.

A good look-out did Harriet keep for white horses during that fateful Saturday, and plenty did she see. It was market-day at B., and team after team came by with one, two, and three white horses; cart after cart, and gig after gig, each with a white steed; Colonel M.'s carriage, with its prancing pair—but no horseman. * * * * At last, at dusk, just as Harriet, making believe to close our casement shutters, was taking her last peep up the road, something white appeared in the distance coming leisurely down the hill. Was it really a horse? Was it not rather Titus Strong's cow coming home to milking? A minute or two dissipated that fear; it certainly was a horse, and as certainly it had a dark rider. Very slowly he descended the hill, pausing most provokingly at the end of the village, as if about to turn up the Vicarage lane. He came on, however, and after another short stop at the Rose, rode up full to our little gate, and catching Harriet's hand as she was opening the wicket, displayed to the half-pleased, half-angry damsel, the smiling, triumphant face of her own Joel Brent, equipped in a new great-coat, and mounted on his master's newly purchased market nag. Oh, Joel! Joel! the gipsy! the gipsy!"

Here we have (1) the scent of new-mown hay—we are out in God's wide expanse; (2) a Realism that is delightful and worth while because the people are "in their habit as they lived" and their life is free, easy, natural. The author seems to have gone about holding up the mirror to Nature, i. e., her neighbors, and we see a perfect reflection. She wrote, after the publication of *Our Village*: "Stage coachmen and post-boys point out the localities and schoolboys deny the possibility of any woman's having written the cricket match without schoolboy help;" (3) a humor that shows how closely she was identified with these village folk, partaking in their joys and sorrows, always laughing *with* and not *at* them. They all would have enjoyed the book and applauded as the veriest stranger; (4) a graceful, polished, familiar prose that is the perfect dress for a thought not declamatory, not oratorical but confidential, perhaps secret, and suggestive of the fireside, when with foot on fender old friends talk the night away, safe in the "tumultous privacy of storm"; (5) perhaps the short story in embryo, for one may begin anywhere, continue at leisure, conclude at will, feeling all the time satisfied. Of course there are many elements essential to the short story not found here; but in the fact that one may begin with and follow to a conclusion in a few pages the fortunes of the characters, we see the beginnings of that revolt against the endless novels of Richardson and Fielding, that has, in our day, come to such a brilliant issue.

Thomas Campbell, the poet, as editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, rejected the Ms. of *Our Village;* all those who do not read the book to-day, commit a greater crime than he did, since now it has become and has maintained its place among the classics and not the ephemera. A stout little lady she was, "her petticoats showing wonderfully strong boots, her little black coalscuttle bonnet adding to the effect of her natural rotundity" —all of which indicated that she did her own thinking. "As she lay in her coffin her features were overspread by an expression of intense repose and peace and charity such as no living face had ever known"—and this indicated that death was only bringing to light a spirit that was dimly foreshadowed in her life.

A Strange Adventure.

It was Saturday morning. I was busy sweeping, and going through the usual work about the store, before business should begin for the day. No one was in sight except two children playing on the hillside near by. I was just as well satisfied, for, having been up late the previous evening, and lost much needed sleep. I was in no mood to talk or jest, and wished only for silent meditation.

Having completed my work, I sat down by the office desk to collect my scattered thoughts and enjoy the excellence of a Havana filler, a companion in time of trouble. I was wondering who would be my first customer, when the silence was broken by the harsh, yet gentle voice of a stranger. “Good morning, sir,” said he, “is the boss in yet ?” “No, sir,” I replied, “not yet, but I expect him any moment.” “Thank you.” He eyed me closely, then left the store, not however until I had a good look at him.

The day advanced minute by minute, hour by hour, until the scorching sun of that August day seemed to relax its heat, and bid mother earth cool off. It was about four o'clock when the owner left the little cottage among the bowers. It was somewhat cooler, and the presence of the dark clouds predicted a shower. But rain never prevented him from going to town when he decided to do so.

It was some time after his departure that my best friend, known as Augustus, entered the door, his face one beam of joy, and took his usual position on the counter near me. “Well,” said he, “are we going to the party tonight ? We need not be in any hurry about starting, and we can wait until business is over for the day. It is certain that a good time is in store for us, if we go.” I told him I was agreed, but he should sleep with me that night, when we returned, for what reason, I would inform him later. "Yes, to be sure," said he, "anything you wish is my desire, and I will have the carriage on hand not later than eight o'clock. Don't forget. Good bye."

The party was to be given at the Fox House, in honor of the return of the oldest daughter, Mary. The little village is about three miles from our camp, and a beautiful site it is. The old hotel, shaded by lofty maples old in years, the clinging ivy covering nearly every side of the building, presents a sight of interest and beauty to one visiting the rural abode.

The store was deserted, and it was not yet seven thirty. Silence reigned supreme, disturbed only by the occasional squeak of the rats in the garret. I closed the doors, then patiently waited until Augustus should arrive, and I had not long to wait, for in less than ten minutes I heard his welcome voice calling out through the night air, and I answered the voice by my immediate presence.

As we rolled swiftly on, we felt the refreshing breeze playing upon our cheeks, like the sunshine upon the water, and so swiftly flew the minutes that we were at our journey's end before we realized the fact.

After enjoying a social time with our friends at the rural gathering, we started towards home. The moon was still shining as brilliantly as ever, and all nature was in the embrace of sleep.

We had gone a mile or more, when suddenly the horse reared up his head and stopped. "What's up?" I asked. "Listen! I hear a noise." Hark! A dark form emerges from the bushes, and seizes the reins, uttering not a word. Having my revolver, I drew it, and aiming at the intruder's head, commanded him to withdraw. He did so at once, muttering something as he turned toward me. By the light of the moon falling on his face, I recognized the features of the stranger who addressed me in the morning. What could it all mean? Was he seeking revenge, and if so, what for?

"Here at last," said Augustus, "and it is not yet four o'clock." "Yes, and I am glad for I feel very nervous." "What," said he, "are you scared about that little adventure on the way? Why that's nothing to worry about." No probably not," I said, "but there is something mysterious about it all, which will reveal itself before long. See if it don't."

We reached the store about ten minutes later, Augustus following me. I was just about to unlock the door, when I saw that it stood ajar. "Well, by Jove!" said my chum, "someone has been to see you when you were not at home, and in order to save you trouble, has left the door open. I guess we had better investigate the matter and seize the culprit."

We procured a light and searched high and low for our visitor, but found him not. Then we looked to see if anything was missing, but everything seemed to be as we had left it some hours before. So we gave up all hope of catching the midnight intruder, and sat down to rest and eat a lunch before retiring. After talking and laughing for about half an hour, we started for the bed room in the east end of the building. In our searching, we did not think of looking in this room, as it was somewhat out of the way, and being in such a hurry we did not notice it. I entered and lit the lamp, and what I then saw was amazing, and if I had been alone, I am sure that my hair would have turned grey from fear. On the bed lay a man lost in dreamland. I took a good look at his face, and whom should I see but the same strange form we met on our way home. I stepped quietly to the door and called Augustus, who appeared in an instant. He was dumbfounded when he beheld the strange, mysterious sight. "Of all the things I ever saw, this beats them all. I have had many rather interesting adventures, but none of them can equal this. However, we will have some amusement out of this."

With revolver in hand, I took my position by the window, in front of the bed. Gus. lay down on the floor in front of the sleeper. All being ready, I shouted in a loud voice, "Woe be unto thee that sleepeth in my lodging without permission! Awaken and make thyself known." His eyes opened and he stared at me in surprise. "Who are you," I said, "and what is your business here? move not or your days are ended." He said nothing, but started to go, when Gus. caught him by the ankles and held him with an iron grasp. The prisoner struggled desperately, and it was a close contest for several seconds. But I raised my revolver and aimed it at the intruder's head, and ordered Gus. to tie him hands and feet. Soon the victim was beyond danger.

It was now daylight, and before long we had a large crowd of spectaters, who looked at the poor fellow in wonderment. I immediately telegraphed home for an officer, who arrived about noon and took our captive into custody. LYRION '03.

"Shall I brain him ?" cried a hazer,
And the victim's courage fled.
"You can't — it is a Freshman ;
Just hit him on the head."
—*Exchange.*

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—*The Chambered Nautilus.*

Bucknell Mirror.

MAY 1901.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

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Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

Editorial.

This edition of the MIRROR completes the twentieth volume and also ends the term of the present staff of editors. A new and we hope a more skillful staff even than the present will have been elected before the next issue appears. The present staff has endeavored in its modest way to publish a periodical worthy of Old Bucknell. It has endeavored to preserve a high standard for the MIRROR and we hope it has succeeded at least to a limited extent. We realize that it has not attained to all that has been desired, that there is room for improvement. But what has not been attained must not be ascribed to the unwillingness of the staff. The staff has been somewhat hampered by a lack of interest on the part of the student body, by way of contributions to the columns of the MIRROR. We hope the new staff will be more favored in this respect. We would like to suggest, if we are permitted to do so, that the size of the MIRROR be increased. We believe that the University has grown enough to publish a larger monthly periodical. Unfortunately we have been obliged, not by any lack of material, however, to cut down the present issue a few pages, and to omit some things that we have been accustomed to insert in the MIRROR. We regret very much to do this. The present staff extends its most hearty greetings to the staff which will soon be elected and wishes it abundant success.

Alumni Personals.

'69. Rev. John S. Wrightnour, D. D., of Oil City, Penna., has been chosen one of the directors of the $40,000 library, recently presented to that city by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

'78. Rev. B. H. Thomas is pastor of the Broadway Baptist church of Bay City, Mich.

'87. Hon. Howard L. Calder, member of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Dauphin county, and a member of Gen. Chas. Miller's staff, N. G. P., died in Harrisburg, April 30, of pneumonia. Mrs. Calder was Miss Maud Hanna, (Inst. '87).

'88. Rev. R. B. McDanel, of Clarksburg, W. Va., recently delivered an address on "The Heroic in Christian Endeavor", before the Clarksburg District, held at Lost Creek, W. Va.

'94. Mr. George E. Deppen and Miss Laura Koons were united in marriage at the bride's home in Collegeville, Pa., on April 17th. Mr. and Mrs. Deppen will reside in Sunbury, where the groom has a flourishing law practice.

Ex.-'95. Rev. A. Solly has gone from the Calvary church, Roanoke, Va., to the Immanuel church, Richmond, Va.

'96. Rev. F. D. Finn is assistant pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist church, Chicago. His address is 6658 Wentworth Ave.

'97. Rev. E. C. Kunkle began his pastorate at Kenosha, Wis., April 1.

'97. Rev. H. J. Sprague, of Haddon Heights, N. J., declines the call to the Logan's Valley Baptist church, Bellwood, Penna., to succeed Rev. Chas. A. Walker, ('89), of Malvern, Penna.

'99. Mr. Amos Kapp Diebler was united in marriage with Miss Ellen Amy Farrow, a former student of the Institute, at the bride's home in Snydertown, at 6.30 on Wednesday evening, April 24th. Mr. Deibler is a student of law in the office of C. B. Witmer, Esq., at Sunbury.

Dr. S. Lewis Ziegler, a Bucknell graduate, and a graduate of the University of Penna. Medical, '95, was lately elected attending surgeon at the Willis eye hospital at Philadelphia.

In the *Baptist Commonwealth*, of April 18, Rev. J. E. Sagebeer, Ph. D., ('85), of Germantown, contributes the address on "The Theological Skirmish-line," recently delivered before the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers ; and Rev. L. H. Copeland, ('76), of Palmyra, N. J., writes on "Christ, the World's Greatest Reality—A Message to the Churches."

At the annual reunion of the Crozer Alumni, held on Monday, April 15, at the Bingham House, Philadelphia, Rev. G. A. Peltz, D. D., ('57), co-pastor with Russell H. Conwell, D. D., at the Baptist Temple, responded to the toast "In the Beginning"; and Rev. J. C. Sagebeer, Ph. D., pastor of the Second Baptist church, Germantown, spoke on "The Days to Come."

Rev. James F. Brown, D. D., a member of the University Board of Curators from 1853 to 1882, and Chancellor of the University from 1864 to 1870, died at his home in Mullica Hill, N. J., April 27, aged 82 years, and was buried on Monday, April 30, in the cemetery of the Great Valley Baptist church, Berwyn, Penna., where he was pastor from 1846 to 1854. Mrs. Wm. E. Martin is his daughter.

COL. HOWARD L. CALDER.

The Hon. H. L. Calder, '87, died suddenly at the Lochiel Hotel, in Harrisburg, on April 29th. He was born in Harrisburg, June 11, 1864, and after preparation in the High School of that city, was graduated a Bachelor of Arts in 1887, taking at that time the Chaplain Kane prize for excellence in oratory. He pursued law under the tuition of Robert Snodgrass, Esq., and was admitted to the Dauphin county bar in 1889. While here he was an ardent member of Co. A, 12th Regiment, and on leaving became a private in the City Grays of Harrisburg. He passed rapidly to the grade of Sergeant Major 3rd Brigade, N. G. P., aid-de-camp with the rank of Captain, and Judge Advocate, General's staff, with rank of Lt. Col. During the Spanish-American War he was Captain of Co. I, 4th Reg., P. V., and saw service in Porto Rico. He was elected to represent Harrisburg in the present legislature and served on several important committees. He was a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity taking active part in their deliberations. Some years ago he married Miss Maude Hanna, Institute 1887, and he has resided since graduation in Harrisburg. In 1890 he received the degree of A. M., delivering at Commencement the Master's Oration. Of fine presence, a genial friend, clear of brain and eloquent of speech, the University mourns the early death of a promising son. Among the Bucknellites at the funeral were Gen. Charles Miller, Col. J. K. Weaver, '61, Chairman H. S. Hopper, Dr. E. E. Keiser, '86, Dr. H. F. Smith, Smith, '94, and Registrar Gretzinger, '89.

Bucknell Mirror.

VOL. XXI. LEWISBURG, PA., OCTOBER, 1901. NO. 1.

Cardan's Solution.

Among the many historical injustices which inventors and discoverers have suffered when their inventions and discoveries have been named after other persons, there is one which should have a particular interest for mathematicians and perhaps not be without some interest even for those who think mathematics to be nothing but a bore. This is the injustice done in calling the well-known method of solving cubic equations "Cardan's Solution."

The principal actors in this drama are: Tartaglia, Cardan, Ferrari, who was Cardan's pupil, and Floridas, the pupil of Scipio Ferro.

Tartaglia, born at Brescia in 1500 (?), was known when a boy as Nicola. At the age of about six when his city was captured by Gaston de Troix, he was horribly mutilated by a French soldier, his skull being broken in three places and his jaws split by a cut across the face. For a time he was able neither to speak nor eat; nevertheless he recovered but ever after stammered, whence the name (tartagliare—to stammer). His widowed mother was too poor to send him to school, but he had such a powerful and acquisitive mind that by himself he picked up some Latin, Greek and Mathematics. So well, indeed, did he instruct himself in the latter that at 35 we find him a teacher of mathematics at Venice.

Hieronimo Cardano, or Jerome Cardan, born in Paris, 1501, of Italian parents, was one of the most remarkable men of his time. At the age of 22, having just finished his studies at the University of Pavia, he taught Euclid publicly, and latter on gave lectures on medicine. He traveled in Scotland, Germany and the Low Countries, and upon his return to Rome established himself as a pensioner of Pope Gregory XIII, and died there in 1576. During his life he was a firm believer in astrology, and, according to some authorities, calculated the day of his death by that means and then starved himself to secure the fulfillment of his predictions.

Now to events. At the end of the previous century Lucas Pacioli, the Tuscan monk who first introduced symbols in Algebra, closed his book on that subject by saying that at that time the solution of an equation containing the first and third powers of the unknown was as impossible as the quadrature of the circle (this last was not proved impossible until 1881). This remark no doubt stimulated the investigation of cubic equations and Scipio Ferro (died 1526), a professor of mathematics at Bologna, succeeded in working a cubic of the variety Pacioli had declared impossible of solution. Unfortunately, from the beginning of mathematics even up to the nineteenth century, discoveries were kept secret and used only on occasion to prove the superiority of one master or school over another. So Ferro imparted his discovery in 1505 to his pupil Floridas and to no one else.

Twenty-five years after Ferro had confided his secret to Floridas, one Colla proposed a problem to Tartaglia which resulted in an equation containing the second and third powers of the unknown; for this he discovered an imperfect solution and immediately began making boasts concerning the discovery whose benefits he would not allow others to enjoy. At this time Floridas, after a disastrous delay of a quarter of a century asserted his knowledge of equations containing the first and third powers of the unknown. Tartaglia, thinking him to be simply a braggart, challenges him to a public discussion to begin Feb. 22, 1535. Meanwhile Tartaglia learned that Floridas had gotten his information from his master Ferro, and, fearing defeat, he applied himself with such great energy to the study of cubics that ten days before the exhibition he discovered a general solution for third degree equations. At the contest each proposed thirty problems and the one who solved the greatest number in fifty days was to be the victor. Tartaglia solved all of Floridas' in two hours! Floridas could not solve any of Tartaglia's. To commemorate his triumph, Tartaglia composed mnemonic verses containing his solution; there were twenty seven of them, each in three strophes of nine verses.

The news of Tartaglia's victory spread rapidly and soon all Italy was begging him to divulge his secret. He refused, however, saying that after he had finished the translation of Euclid and Archimedes upon which he was then working he would publish a large algebra containing his solution. Now comes the tempter in the form of Cardan with solicitation upon solicitation; yes, with very anxious solicitation, for he was just finishing his *Ars Magna*. At last Tartaglia gave up his secret upon Cardan swearing the following oath: "I swear to you on the holy gospels, that if you teach me your discoveries, I will never publish them, and will, besides, record them for myself in cipher, so that no one shall be able to solve them after my death." Of course he immediately published these rules for solving cubics in his *Ars Magna* and to-day we know them as "Cardan's Solutions."

Tartaglia was crazed. That which he had cherished as his own, that which should make him immortal as it had already made him famous, that which should be his monument was stolen and henceforth would be known by the name of the robber rather than by the name of the discoverer. He threatened Cardan and his pupil Ferrari that he would wash their heads together at the same time, "a thing which no barber in Italy could do;" but he finally moderated to the extent of sending his two enemies a challenge to a contest in which thirty-one questions were to be solved in fifteen days. Tartaglia solved most of those given to him in seven days, but Cardan and Ferrari used up five months and then got only one correct answer. The contest was continued by replication and rejoinder until Tartaglia challenged Cardan to a disputation to be held in a church at Milan, Aug. 10, 1548. Cardan agreed to attend, but at the last minute declined and sent Ferrari who would have been beaten had not the hostile attitude of Cardan's friends caused Tartaglia out of fear of violence to sneak from Milan along a by-road.

Eight years later Tartaglia had so far recovered himself that he began the publication of the book he had had in mind so long, but he died before he reached the consideration of cubic equations. Thus was the sad ending of the man who made the greatest contribution to algebra in the sixteenth century. To-day every college student knows of Cardan, but who ever hears of Tartaglia? C. A. LINDEMANN, '98.

The Novel: its Raison D'etre.

The century just passed has witnessed the phenomenal developement of a new type of literature, the modern novel. The novel had to contend in the beginning for every inch of its ground, yet it has fought its way until to-day it has become far more prolific than any other form of literature. The unjust stigma once attached to it is now passing away and this twentieth century, the most highly civilized and cultured era that has yet dawned upon the world, is ready to give merited approbation.

The opposers of the novel branded it because it is fictitious, yet fiction loses nothing by not being fact. "Fiction comes from fact; is it not after all greater than fact?" for fiction is truth and fact is not always truth. There may have been no William Tell but have there not been thousands of William Tells? Neither is the inherent worth of the novel destroyed by being realistic or idealistic. The one portrays the actual in life, the other portrays the ideal, and one is just as essential a characteristic of human life as the other.

The novel justifies its existence, primarily, because it is a study of human life—real or ideal—a photograph of the human mind, a transcript of human society. Therefore, fiction involves all that such a study of human life would include, as Biography, History, Psychology, Ethics and Sociology.

In the first place, the novel, from its very nature, is Biographical. Yet it is Biography such as you may have no opportunity of finding elsewhere, for, when you read Biography proper, it is doubless the life of some great man. In short, you are reading the lives of a limited few; but in the novel you are reading the lives of men and women from every conceivable class and condition of society. You read, perhaps, the biography of a man or woman in circumstances similar to your own. At once your sympathies are aroused, your heart is touched. You are then in a most likely mood for any mental or moral improvement which a study of the character is intended to call forth. Out of this grows one of the reasons for the vast influence which the novel has exerted upon the lives of mankind.

If perhaps for no other reason than its inherent historical value the novel would amply vindicate itself. Fiction is constantly recording fact such as is never chronicled in history itself. For example, the race characteristics, manners, customs, and habits of a people reveal themselves upon every page of a novel, and yet, how few of these little instinctive traits of human life you find developed in any history! History is too busy with the large generalizations, the great, leading scenes in the play of human action to note all the side lights such as are thrown by the novelist. "Fiction is the complement of a nation's annals, that insight into daily life which the ancient monarchies neglected to prepare for us."

Then, there are the regular historical novels. These are properly so-called because they take for their setting or background some historical event, and, while adhering to that as fact, the novelist weaves therein some fiction. The value of the historical novel lies chiefly in its giving to life personality, and definiteness to what otherwise might be a cold chronicle of facts.

We now come to a class of sciences found in the novel which bears closer connection than any other to the individual life. Psychology and Ethics, the sciences of mind and conduct are everywhere predominant in fiction. When the novelist makes a character think and act he is repeating in the concrete what every manual of Psychology and Ethics contains in the abstract. Romola, the great psychological novel, deals with the inner springs of action rather than with external incidents. Hawthorne wrote his greatest novels to illustrate the effect of sin on future generations and the suffering of the innocent at the hands of the guilty. These subtle principles may be found set forth in treatises elsewhere, but when that same argument is presented to you in the form of human being, living and acting and suffering, how much more forcible it is! It appeals to you because the abstract is made concrete in a form capable of calling forth all the sympathy of your nature. Your emotions are aroused, the depths of your being are stirred. You feel for the innocent sufferer and grow righteously angry with the guilty accuser. Thus you learn to love the right and noble and to hate the wrong and ignoble, to espouse the cause of the innocent and suffering and to spurn the cause of the oppressor.

But not only does the novel treat of the ethical questions in relation to the individual but of those related to society in general. Therefore, sociological topics are ardently and effectively discussed. The cold, argumentative treatise may reach a comparatively few, but when in the novel we see a life suffering as the result of some social evil, then we are stirred to act, to decry the evil and to glorify the noble. It is a matter of history that Harriet Beecher Stowe in her Uncle Tom's Cabin did more toward arousing the nation against the bondage of the black man than any other one person or cause. Lincoln once bent over her in the White House with the "and here is this little woman who has made all this big war." Dickens unearthed the evils of the boarding school system and by making it the burden of his novel-writing, did much toward arousing the people in exposing and abolishing that evil against the youth of England.

Victor Hugo's Les Miserables shows the horrible injustice of French law and society, a system so vicious that it sent Jean Valjean to the galleys for life because he stole a loaf of bread to feed his starving family and dragged him to rebellion and entailed upon him lifelong misery and suffering. Victor Hugo, himself, says in his preface to the book: "So long as the three problems of the age—the degradation of man by poverty, the ruin of woman by starvation, and the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night are not solved; so long as ignorance and misery remain on earth, books like this cannot be useless."

So we feel that so long as fiction is true to a study of human life in any of it millions of phases, the novel's raison d'etre is vindicated. Thus we can see how the novel,—too often despised as but an idle tale fit for an empty and trifling brain,—involves the history of the period it represents, the biography of lives true to their respective conditions of life, a true delineation of character, and a study of the leading sociological questions agitated in the time to which it belongs. Indeed, so long as men have loves and hates, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, toils and struggles, ambitions, triumphs and disappointments, the novel will find a ready reading among both kings and peasants, rich and poor, learned and unlearned; and they all delight to find therein a picture of themselves.

The College Journal.

The study of the college journal in the United States would no doubt be an interesting pursuit for any one who is interested in newspaper work or in the development of college life. The beginning of this class of literature can be traced to the early years of the last century. The first paper was probably the *Gazette*, published at Dartmouth in 1800. Other papers were issued later with varying degrees of success. Many, as in the case of the Yale Literary *Cabinet*, survived but one year. The Harvard *Lyceum* issued first in 1810 failed before the year had closed, and the Harvard *Register*, founded in 1827 was soon forced to suspend. The oldest college sheet in existence is the Yale Literary *Magazine*, which dates back to 1836.

The number of such papers now reaches into the hundreds. The list includes annual, monthly, weekly, semi-monthly and daily issues. The latter class exists in eleven of our Universities and Colleges, and the paper is generally a four page sheet, resembling the *Orange and Blue* in form and contents. The *Crimson* of Harvard, Yale *News*, *Princetonian*, *Pennsylvanian*, Brown *Herald*, Cornell *Sun*, and U. of M. *Daily* are the leaders in this branch of college literature. The semi-monthly is simply a modification of the weekly, and sometimes approaches the monthly literary magazine in leading features. The monthly is devoted chiefly to literature and summaries of leading events of college life. It is generally the medium through which the Alumni learn of their former associates and of the progress of the institution. The annuals, of which class *L'Agenda* is a good representative, are historical, literary and humorous.

The life of all the papers has been uncertain. The great majority, in all probability, have been short-lived. In large schools, or in cities they have obtained a firm footing, but in the smaller places, they are not so well established. This condition is due the lack of financial support, and the indifference of the students who should contribute to the literary department. In spite of difficulties, the student organ is often interesting, and by the exchange with other institutions, brings students into closer relations with the outside world.

Our own college history in journalism may be of interest to those who have hitherto given it no thought. The University was chartered in 1846, but no paper was issued until 1870, when on May 31, the College *Herald* was first sent forth as a representative of Bucknell.

This paper was an eight page monthly, published by a board elected by the two literary societies. Two editors and one business manager from Theta Alpha and a like number from Euepia were the members of the managing board. The first men to hold the offices were Geo. Whitman and B. F. Robb of Euepia and W. R. Patton and J. Humpstone of Theta Alpha as editors. The business managers were J. H. Chambers and W. J. Grier respectively of the societies named. The paper was highly successful, owing to the active interest of the two societies. This activity, however, became so intense that a division arose which resulted in the suspension of the paper in 1881, and later a new journal appeared.

The MIRROR, with H. C. Hall as editor and Frank M. Goodchild as business manager appeared in February, 1882. This publication has continued with varying success to the present time. It has been on the point of suspension at times but has weathered the storms and is still in the field, though not in undisputed possession.

The *Orange and Blue* was founded in 1896, and was not intended and is not to-day considered as a rival in the journalistic arena. It is to act as the newspaper of the school while the MIRROR is to represent the literary element and the alumni. The two have since been issued and deserve the support of the student body.

The Junior annual, *L'Agenda*, was founded in 1889, with Mr. W. C. Gretzinger as manager and Raymond M. West as editor-in-chief. This annual has since been published by a number of classes and has been a credit to the institution. As a record of classes and events, it is a valuable addition to the annals of Bucknell. Its photographs of the faculty, the students and the organizations will prove one of the most pleasing aids to our recollection of school days and associates.

The students have here an opportunity to try their skill in literary work. There is opportunity in the three publications for all classes of articles, with the one proviso that they are deserving of attention. We find in the publications of the institutions which we have named, the early writings of famous statesmen and men of letters. Can we not imitate them in this respect and let our talent be used to aid our school?

Harebells.

Dainty harebells clinging firmly
With your stems like silken threads,
To the jagged rocks beyond me,
On the cliff above my head.

Tell me fairy bells so modest
Why you grow just out of reach;
I must bruise my hands to reach you?
Why! a lesson true we teach!

Fairest blessings lie beyond you,
Dearest joys above your head,
You must bruise your hands to grasp them
As you grasp our silken thread.

—*Frique.*

Bucknell Mirror.

OCTOBER, 1901.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

The MIRROR once more makes its appearance with this issue, and extends the usual greeting to the student body, to the alumni and to its former friends. At this time, we can take up no better topic than the consideration of our surrounding conditions, and a brief statement of our plans for the year.

We occupy a field differing from that of the newspapers or the larger periodicals. We cannot print all the news "that is fit to print" nor can we present to you the works of eminent authors. We cannot embellish our pages with the highest types of engraving nor issue a colored supplement. Our field is small and our facilities limited. Do not expect too much from us, but give the environment due consideration.

Your support is needed. The paper cannot expect aid outside our circle of students and alumni members. We have our advertisers, it is true, but they alone cannot furnish sufficient aid. You should support the journal because it is a representative of the college. Many educators assert that it is a better index of college standards and sentiments than the catalogue or prospectus. The effort then should be to so support it financially that it may not stand at one level, but that it may grow and develop.

Too often the work must be done by the staff. Material for the paper is not forthcoming, and the editors must write under pressure or accept inferior material. There is enough talent in this institution to over-crowd our pages, but the talent is not used to such an extent. Other publications are almost overwhelmed by the avalanche of manuscript. We would be pleased to have such an experience. Send us some of your work.

When a new management takes charge of any industry or enterprise, many persons look for a startling metamorphosis. We will probably make some changes during the year, but not in any radical style. Our aim will be to present the best possible appearance, the highest grade of college literature, and the most interesting notes of events. We will put forth our best efforts and ask you to co-operate in the work.

Alumni Notes.

'69. Mr. A. A. Leiser is a candidate for President Judge of this district.

'77. Harold Murray McClure, President Judge of 17th District, has been unanimously renominated by district conferees as Republican candidate for the ensuing term.

'82. Rev. R. M. Hunsicker, pastor of the Chestnut Hill Baptist Church, celebrated the sixth anniversary of his pastorate, Jan. 6, 1901. Rev. Hunsicker has recently written an interesting history of the church of which he is now pastor.

'84. The Baptist Congress will hold its Nineteenth annual meeting from Nov. 12-14, inclusive. The sessions will be held at the Central Baptist Church in New York City of which F. M. Goodchild is pastor.

'85. J. M. Hare, pastor of the Parmly Memorial Church of Jersey City, N. J., besides performing his regular work has superintended extensive repairs on his church building during the summer.

Ex-'87. A. M. Freas is candidate for Judgeship of the Orphans Court at Wilkesbarre.

'88. Rev. A. B. Bowser, formerly instructor in Elocution in Bucknell University and pastor in Danville, has removed to the First church of Millville, N. J., where he was given a reception and a hearty welcome on Sept. 27.

'90. John I. Woodruff is acting President of Susquehanna University.

'91. John T. Hyatt, formerly Vice-Consul at Santiago de Cuba, is now a member of the bar in this county.

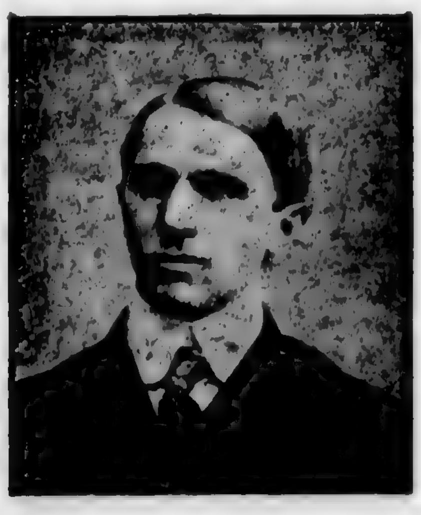
'98. Mr. J. R. L. Diggs and Miss Alberta Peck, a graduate of Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C., class of '95, were married in June of this year.

MANAGER GOODALL.

Football.

Although the football season at Bucknell was opened with almost a new team, the work thus far has been encouraging. The games with Cornell and the Carlisle Indians show that we have good material and that we can expect a good record in the future. A good schedule, a strong team and increasing interest among the students give promise of a highly successful football season. The games cannot be described in detail and we give the record to date, with the schedule

Oct. 5,	Bucknell, 0;	Cornell, 6;	Ithaca.
Oct. 12,	Bucknell, 5;	Carlisle Indians, 6;	Williamsport.
Oct. 19,	Bucknell, 0;	Univ. of Pa. 6;	Philadelphia
Oct. 26,	Bucknell,	Lehigh Univ.	Bethlehem.
Nov. 2,	Bucknell,	Gettysburg,	Lewisburg.
Nov. 9,	Bucknell,	Wash. & Jeff.	Pittsburg.
Nov. 16,	Bucknell,	Susquehanna Univ.	Lewisburg.
Nov. 23,	Bucknell,	Univ. of Buffalo.	Buffalo.



CAPTAIN STANTON.

'98. Frank C. Katherman, M. D., is resident physician in the Atlantic City Hospital.

'98. A. A. Leiser, Jr., has recently been admitted to practice at the Union County Bar.

'98. Jos. H. Cook was ordained in the South Broad St. Baptist church, Philadelphia, in July last.

'98. John F. Anderson, '98, was ordained to the ministry by the council held at Lansdowne, Pa., Sept. 17.

'99. Miss Gertrude Stevens is teaching at Brookville, Pa.

'99. E. L. Nesbit is enrolled at Hahneman Medical College.

'99. J. C. Cattell and B. W. Griffith are pursuing studies in Paris.

'99. Miss Mary Stevens is teaching in the schools of Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

'99. E. W. Cober is an instructor in the Friends Central School at Philadelphia.

'00. Miss Gertrude W. Roos is teaching at Kane.

'00. Miss Edna S. Shires is teaching in Allegheny, Pa.

'00. T. M. Shorkley has entered Hahneman Medical College, Phila.

'00. Miss Augusta G. White is attending Michigan University Medical Department, at Ann Arbor.

'00. At the council held at Picture Rocks, Pa. Sept. 12th, John Sherman, '00, was ordained to the ministry.

'00. C. W. Weymouth was in Europe this summer on a business trip, and during the last few weeks has been assisting as coach on the football field.

'01. The council held at Northumberland, Sept. 4, recommended the ordination of Walter E. Ruch, class of '01. He is at present pastor of a church at Ridgeway, Elk Co., Pa.

The graduates of the class of 1901 as reported to date are engaged as follows: George Wells Alexander, student, Crozer Seminary; Laura Louise Allen, teaching, Coudersport, Pa.; Archibald Merrill Allison, teaching, Centre Co., Pa.; Frank Anderson, student, Crozer Seminary; Caleb Barrett Ayars, Jr., student, Crozer Seminary; Lyndon Ernest Ayers, teaching; Andrew Berend Shelly Bechtel, business; Susan Elsie Bentz, teaching, Union Co., Pa.; Frank Jones Bevan, student, U. of P.; Charles Franklin Bidelspacher, Vice Principal, Montoursville High School, Montoursville, Pa.; Catherine Ruth Bower, Graduate student, Bucknell University; Percy Myron Bullard, Vice Principal Williamsport High School, Williamsport, Pa.; Frank Eugene Burpee, teaching, Leland University, La.; Mary Protheroe Davies, teaching, Scranton, Pa.; Jennie Davis, teaching, Bucknell Institute; Minnie Gertrude Eckels, Lady Principal Edinboro Normal, Edinboro, Pa.; Andrew Nevinger Evans, teaching, Alaska; Thomas Evans, Jr., student, Jefferson Medical College; Gottlieb L. Freudenberger, student, Jefferson Medical College; Lee McClosky Goodman, student, Jefferson Medical College; Sarah Mabel Grier, student, Johns Hopkins Medical College; John Arthur Hague, student, University of Chicago; Charles Ellsworth Hankey, Principal of Schools at Kittanning, Pa.; Elbert Huff, student, Crozer; Katherine Mott Johnson, teaching, Mission School, Utah; Creighton M. Konkle, with American Tin Plate Co., New York; Charles Byron Lesher, expects to enter Medical College; Harry Louis Maize, Law Student, Pottsville, Pa.; Albert Funk Meschter, chemist, Phila.; Elmer Henry Myers, student, University of Chicago; Charles Judd Pearse, student, University of Chicago; Edith Lee Philips, teaching, South Jersey Institute; Raymond Griffith Pierson, student, Chicago University; Joseph Zerbe Rowe, student, Crozer Seminary; Walter Elmer Ruch, preaching, Ridgeway, Pa.; David Asbury Sausser, student, Harvard Law School; Edgar Thompson Shields, student, U. of P. Medical School; Samuel Calvin Smith, student, Jefferson Medical School; Jay Frederick Snyder, teaching; William Espy Thompson, law student, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Harland Adams Trax, student, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Samuel Garber Williams, law student, Carlisle, Pa.; Charles Wagner Wolfe, student, Newton Theological School; Jennie May Wood, Lady Principal at Keystone Academy.

College Notes.

On Thursday, Sept. 19, McKinley Memorial services were held in the Beaver Memorial church. A large number of students were among the more than twelve hundred people who were present. The G. A. R. members attended in a body, and the pastors of all the local churches occupied the platform and particapted in the service. Dr. Harris of the University, delivered the address. He showed what has been revealed by the deed which was committed. The revelations of human depravity, Christian Unity, the unity and strength of the nation, the self control of the American people and the brotherhood of man were set forth in an able discourse.

Prof. L. G. C. Remer, of Harvard, and Mr. Thos. J. Morris have been added to the college faculty. Miss Grace Slifer takes up the work of teaching in the Institute, and Miss Maye Statta Peck, of Brooklyn, is an instructor in the School of Music.

The University opened this fall with an enrollment of one hundred and three students in the freshman class, and five hundred and twenty-five in all. The University *Bulletin* gives detailed information as to courses and instructors.

The Bible Classes are now holding sessions. Rev. J. T. Judd is leader of the Seniors and Juniors, Prof. Wm. G. Owens of the Sophomores and Mr. William Shields of the Freshmen. Classes meet every Monday at 9:00 p. m.

Mr. Charles F. Eisenmenger was elected President of the Y. M. C. A. to succeed Henry J. Johnson, resigned, and Mr. Howard K. Williams was chosen to fill the vacancy in the office of Vice-President.

The class of 1901, through Mr. S. C. Smith, one of its number, has presented a number of valuable books to the library.

Prof. Simpson, of the Academy, was a student at Cornell during the summer, in the Department of Physics.

Judge E. A. Armstrong, of the Board of Trustees, contributes to the library the American Statesmen Series, new illustrated edition.

Prof. M. L. Drum, of Shippensburg Normal School, is enrolled as a student at Bucknell.

Dr. Freeman Loomis is located in Paris, where he has been for some time.

Prof. Davis was engaged during the summer at Cold Springs Harbor.

Marriages.

Charles D. Koch of class of '98 was married to Miss Carlisle, of Curwensville, last June.

Elwood Herbert Dutton, '98, and Miss Mabel E. Batten, Institute '97, were married on September 10.

Joseph R. Wood and Miss Eliza Bell, both of '94, were married on August 28.

H. F. Smith, '94, was married to Miss Blanche McNeil, a graduate of the Women's College, Baltimore, on July 31, at Lock Haven.

J. C. Eccleston, ex-'87, and Miss Mary Owens were married on August 24.

Charles E. Bunnell and Miss Mary A. Kline were married on July 24, at Winfield.

Obituary.

David Edgar Rue died at Hoboken, N. J., Sunday morning June 30. He was graduated from Bucknell University in 1867, and in 1869 became principal of Public School No. 1, of the city in which he died. He occupied successively the positions of supervising principal, officer of the Teacher's Mutual Aid Association, principal of the Industrial High, Normal and Training Schools, member of the Commission of Public Instruction and Board of Education.

Mr. Rue saw active service in the Civil War. He later became an influential member and officer of the Grand Army of the Republic. Services to his memory were held on July 2, in the First Baptist Church of Hoboken. The interment was in the historic old Tennent church burying ground near Freehold, N. J., where his parents were buried.

Mr. Christian VanGundy died in Lewisburg, on August 13. He was a decendant from the early settlers of Union and Northumberland counties. Graduated from Bucknell University in 1860, he soon after was married to Miss Carrie C. Eichholtz, who survives him. From 1860 to 1863 he was principal of public schools in Lewisburg, and from that time until 1872 was superintendent of schools in Union county. During 1872-3, as principal, he was engaged in the Mifflinburg High school. after the latter date he was active in the work of common schools and summer normal work until 1891. He then opened a preparatory school on his own premises in Lewisburg. As a member of the Lutheran church, he took active interest in all its work, being superintendent of the Sabbath school, elder, and trustee at different times, and for five years a director of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary.

Book Review.

"The Changing View Point in Religious Thought and other Short Studies in Present Religious Problems," by Henry Thomas Colestock, A. M., B. D., pastor of the First Baptist church, Madison, Wisconsin, New York; E. B. Treat & Co., 1901, $1.00.

The author is an alumnus of Bucknell of the class of 1896. Subsequently he pursued studies for one year in the Theological Department of Colgate University; for two years he was a fellow in Church History in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, receiving the degree of B. D., April 1899.

In his work as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Madison, he pursued systematic lines of study and preaching and teaching; he published numerous articles, historical and sermonic, in periodicals; he attracted and retained the attendance of many professors, fellows and students of the University of Wisconsin, through his sympathy with scholarly men in their religious needs.

Without passing upon the value of the subject matter of the book, we are impressed by the evidence it gives of a strong, earnest, yet genial nature; of a thoughtful and scholarly minister; of an enthusiastic student and a convincing writer. We note with pleasure the absence of the controversial, and the presence of the suggestive, interpretative spirit in the author and his book.

Many fruits of post-graduate study are interesting only to the specialist profession in a technical department of learning; this volume appeals to the masses of men interested in religious thought and life. We shall be expectant of further work from Mr. Colestock's earnest mind and facile pen.

Bucknell Mirror.

VOL. XXI. LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER, 1901. NO. 2.

A Tammany Convention.

The recent Democratic County Convention, at which nominations were made under the auspices of Tammany Hall, was attended by the writer. This organization, formed many years ago, to promote Jeffersonian principles, and its connection with the Tweed Ring is well known. After 1868, when the Tweed regime reached its climax, there was a general house-cleaning, and an improvement in control for some years resulted. Degeneration again began and has continued until today the domination of the "tiger" has become a by-word throughout the world, and the policy of controlling a metropolis in the United States from an English country place is compared with that of the ancient oligarchs.

Through the courtesy of a Tammany man, we were given the opportunity to attend the nominating convention. At half-past eight the hall was packed. With not a vacant chair, and every tier crowded by those standing, there was scarcely room for a half-dozen more in the house. The delay of the leaders in entering caused considerable impatience, and occasionaly some one would call "three cheers for Oakley" or for some other candidate. If he was popular not only to his own constituency, but to the whole assembly, a rousing ovation was given. At the above hour, Van Hoesen, the nominee for President of the Board of Aldermen, as Chairman of the General Committee entered, and on motion, John W. Kellar, Commissioner of Charities, was made temporary Chairman.

He gave an interesting address, lauding Tammany and its work, and roasting the opposition. After this Thos. F. Smith, primarily secretary to Richard Croker, and incidentally a clerk of the County Court, called the roll by request.

This roll call illustrates the farcical nature of the convention, and the perfect organization and system, which it has been impossible for opposing parties to equal. Smith at first carefully read the names of the delegates, who, seated in the assembly, were supposed to respond. The inexperienced auditors were surprised to see that no attention was paid, and no effort made to reply to the calling of names, and soon Smith had fallen into a dull monotone. He soon gave way to an assistant, and about this time Richard Croker, the "Squire of Wantage" the birth place of Alfred the Great, made his appearance. In former conventions his entrance was the signal for applause, but in this instance there was a perceptible lack of enthusiasm, as the "Squire" is condemned for his long continued absence from the Democratic political circles. On the contrary, "Tim" Sullivan, the Bowery Senator, was greeted with rousing and prolonged cheering showing that his popularity is increasing as a competitor for Tammany's leadership.

The body on the whole, was a gathering of well-fed, robust, slick looking men, their features showing that they were not accustomed to either trouble or great responsibility, and their entire appearance giving evidence of some success. The majority were self-made men, who have worked up from the lowest rank, and by their experience and their power of controlling men have become influential. The successful Tammany politician is not a talker, but a great worker, a hale fellow well met, and a good "jollier" among his associates. The leaders are mostly of Irish birth and include Croker, Frank J. Farrel, the "Pool Room King," Johnnie Carrol, Croker's right hand man, and several who hold no public office, but are leaders of the organization.

Tammany Hall includes thirty-five Assembly districts, and there is an equal number of delegates to the Executive Committee. Each of the districts is divided according to population, making thirty-six to thirty-eight divisions of from one to three blocks. In this minor district, the ward-heeler, who controls the division, is known as "captain," and may become popular enough to control the assembly district. A vote is not questioned in any instance, nor is the right to an opinion asked or given. When the word to vote is given, an objection means expulsion. The Foley-Divver fight for local control in the second assembly district cost both men thousands of dollars in order to obtain votes. Above this class, we have the assembly-man, such as "Tim" Sullivan who is influential in the second or down town district, known as Paradise Park, in the eighth or "de ate," and in his own district, the fourth or Bowery. While controlling this section he is also its State Senator.

From these facts it is seen that a strong man is required to hold his own, and when he obtains the desired influence, it is very difficult to oust him, as he is always ready to put his hand in his pocket to help a voter; to buy a ton of coal for some poor family; or to act as bondsman for some rascal, and in fact to keep on the right side of every person who can cast a legal or illegal vote.

Resuming the account of the convention, the next three hours were consumed in nominating candidates, and in no instance were there a dissenting voice. Kellar, the presiding officer, would merely state that such and such a man would nominate the next candidate for sheriff or for some other position. The slate had been made, and it was generally known whom the person would be from Shepard as mayor to Fitzpatrick as coroner. In but one instance, that of district attorney, was there any great uncertainty. Gardener, who had been removed by Roosevelt in 1900, made a strong fight for re-nomination in order to secure vindication. Public opinion was too strong against him, and the fear of defeat was so great that the leaders would not support him, and when Britt, counsel to the sheriff, after speaking for some time, and holding the people in suspense, finally named Henry W. Unger, a rousing cheer was given. This applause, however, would have been given for any one named by the leaders.

Unger, it is claimed, was the candidate of the Pool Room Syndicate. He is a Hebrew, born and reared in the East Side of New York. A representative candidate of the political body he represents, he is a man of the masses. One must visit the assembly districts below Fourteenth Street, and West of Broadway, here, in one section, there are two hundred thousand inhabitants to the square mile, in order to realize why such a man can, and we were afraid, would successfully oppose Judge Jerome, whose campaign cry was, "Thou shalt not steal." Jerome is also a Democrat and was elected on the fusion ticket with Seth Low, a Republican, who will be the next mayor.

The success of Tammany is due, in a large measure, to keeping their counsel. Several of our party were prominent in Democratic circles, but their opinions as to prospective nominations were varying, and only correct in one instance. The theories of well-bred college men do not have much weight with these practical, hard fisted, successful politicians, with whom money talkes in concealed transactions.

At the convention one might have been led to believe that the Tammany officials and the delegates were there for the sole purpose of purifying New York politics on Jeffersonian lines, and one might have been hoodwinked by the cloud soaring oratorical efforts of the Tammany speakers. On the contrary, their methods would not compare favorably with those of the rulers of the Ottoman Empire.

R. H. KRESS, '00.

Log Rafting

One day in March, we boarded one of the numerous log rafts on the Susquehanna. The raft was simply a mass of logs, fifty to two hundred feet in length, bound firmly together, and provided with four large sweeps or oars, two each fore and aft. A pilot and three raftsmen comprised the crew. Their outfit included a tent, stove, auger, axe, cant-hooks, snubbing ropes, and provisions. As the raft drifted slowly, a drizzling rain fell and a cold wind blew up the stream.

The first point of interest was Blue Hill or Shikalemmy, so named from the resemblance of the rugged rock to the majestic features of an old Indian chieftain. Far up on the five-hundred foot frowning precipice, is this memorial of the peace-loving ruler of the Five Nations, whose long and prosperous reign was followed by war with its misery and destruction.

"High up in air, conspicuous in place,
Time's hand has chiseled Shikalemmy's face."

Just across the river is East Sunbury, formerly the site of Fort Augusta, erected in 1756. The present owner of the ground holds the original plans of the old fort, of which only the magazine and well remain to-day. When our fore-fathers were pushing westward and Pittsburg was the key to the region for which England and France were contending, Fort Augusta was yet on the frontier, and when the "Great Runaway" occurred and the outlying forts were abandoned, this point was again the western limit of civilization.

Two miles below we passed through the long box-like chute of Shamokin Dam, with the waters of the Susquehanna leaping and dashing through at breakneck speed. The raft, long and heavy, did not ride over but plowed through the tossing water, heaving, creaking and groaning continually. He who passes through dry-shod, is indeed fortunate, and a wetting in March is not particularly pleasing. ("Ask Tiff.") The chute was run and the day being far advanced, we snubbed up for the night.

The tent was set up; a forage was made for firewood; and a welcome and appetizing supper was eaten. Then followed a series of raftsmen's yarns, and then the deep slumber of the weary travellers.

Early next morning, before the sun had risen and while the mists and fogs of the night still hung over the stream, we cast off and at a faster rate than on the previous day, we floated down the river. With the misty rain falling, the silent figures at the oars, the mountains with their clustering tree tops looming dimly above us, and the shadowy outlines of some nearby island, all but the cozy tent and cheering fire seemed like a strange dream. Thus the day passed, with the slowly changing, and at times monotonous view of the cliffs and islands. The tedium was somewhat relieved by the traditions of the river spots. Not a rock, not an island, was seen which was not the site of some wreck, or Bill or Al. had here saved his craft by some deed of valor. Nor were all mere idle fancies; we winked slyly at one another when they told us of a solitary old eagle, gigantic in size, inhabiting a lonely spot. We soon approached the point, and there sat a great eagle. At our shouts, he soared majestically into the air, showing a broad expanse of wing, and then slowly settled down again to his hermit's retreat.

During the afternoon we reached "The Notches" just above Green's Dam. Here it is necessary to cross to the left benk. This can be done in eitner a direct line or by a long diagonal course. The latter and easier way known as "Lazy Man's Gap" was chosen. At this point, not more than three miles above the dam, the river is a mile and a quarter wide. With the wind sweeping rapidly across the water, and with such an awkward craft, our situation was not the most pleasant. The men bent to the oars with a will, but at three-quarters of a mile above we were not yet in. A boat came from the shore to take us off, but the pilot would not give up. Nearer we drifted, and the storm increased in violence, but the crew held out, and three hundred yards from the dam a snubbing line was taken ashore, and the raft was safe. Night found us with the tent held down by ropes and rocks. The time was passed keeping out the rain, tending the fire, and curbing our appetites, for our provisions were exhausted.

The next day was clear and bright as we passed Duncannon, and threaded our way among the rocks and islands of the river, the most noteworthy being the group known as the "Hen and Chickens." Passing to Harrisburg we "shot" the splendid stone bridge then building at Rockville, and the five bridges spanning the stream at Harrisburg, finally tying up at the "White House." The latter, the resting place of raftsmen in days gone by, when rafts two-a-breast lined the shore for miles, has been the scene of many a revelry and debauch, when liquor flowed freely and crime was frequent.

From Wednesday noon until Saturday morning we lay at the "White House" while the pilot chafed at the delay, ever and anon going out to "squint" at the clouds for "indications." Finally very early on Saturday, while the wind was still high, though it had abated somewhat, and just as the last stars were beginning to fade, we started for the "Great Falls." Miles above, their rapids begin; the water rushes faster with every-growing roar; the eddies whirl; and the spray bounds and dashes against the projecting rocks. Faster and faster we speed while we eat our breakfast in silence, with the roar of the water in our ears. Two miles of water, a mile and a half wide. The current rushing at fifteen miles an hour. Here an eddy and there a projecting rock which throws back the swift waters. Through this the raft plunges, tossing like a chip. All hands are gathered aft excepting the pilot, who stands at the front with oar tied down, and eye fixed straight ahead. Now and then he lifts his hand; and the steersmen respond. Never for a moment does he relax his vigilance, for he knows how many rafts have been wrecked here and how many lives have been lost. Two miles through the seething waters; two miles past jagged rocks and flying spray; two miles of muddy billows and treacherous bowlders; two miles of breathless suspense, keenest exhilaration and leaping pulse, and Conewago Falls lay behind us. A short stretch of smooth water, a cast of the line and our voyage was history. L. E. THEIS.

Judge Armstrong

Among the friends of Bucknell and those who are deeply interested in the welfare of the institution is Hon. E. A. Armstrong. He was chosen as trustee of the University in 1899 and the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him the same year. The institution has profited in many ways by the kindness of Mr. Armstrong, both in gifts to the college and by his work in other lines.

Our trustee in addition to his activity in educational matters is prominent in legal circles, and is a judge in the courts of Camden County, N. J. He is a member of the First Baptist church in Camden, a teacher of a bible class and an active supporter of all religious work. In connection with charitable enterprises Judge Arstrong also occupies a prominent position and is associated in the work of the Children's Outing Association.

While in Lewisburg, on Friday, Nov. 8, with his wife, Judge Armstrong was an interested visitor in the class rooms, and was present during the chapel exercises. After the close of the latter he delivered a brief address to the students, advising them in two particulars.

The first thought to which he directed attention was the value of living in the present. The younger persons spend much time in planning for the future, while the aged live to enjoy the recollections of the past. To plan judiciously for the future is necessary and commendable, and to glance over the past to gain from its experience is wise. The present, however, offers the best to us, and we should not disregard it.

The second thought is that of dependence. We are not to sink our individuality and become mere automatons, but we should give due attention to our relation to others. The precision of the marching force is due to the observing of the individual relationship to the unit of the entire body. Society depends on the proper conception of his position and dependence on others on the part of each single person.

We have no doubt but that the words spoken will be helpful to all who were present. It is certain that not only can we lay the foundation in college for such conduct in life, but we can apply it at once. To any one who thinks seriously, it will be apparent that a closer application to our present duty will be not only a present aid but a future benefit. To all it is evident that in our student life we need to work together more and more and aid one another for mutual inprovement. If we follow the advice so well given, the results to us and to the University will by no means be small.

Indian Summer

The sunlight streams, a golden shower
Through painted forest leaves,
The country road gleams dusty white
Past fields of gathered sheaves.
The mountain tops like sentinels
Through distant purple haze,
Seem all to catch the peaceful light
Of the Indian summer days.

The fruit and grain are gathered safe
From Jack Frost's busy hand;
The harvest song of happy praise
Is sounding through the land.
And yet as summer lingers on
Still loath to say good bye,
We baskin the golden sunshine
Of an Indian summer sky.

—FRIQUE.

Bucknell Mirror.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

In connection with college life there are various manifestations of enthusiasm and interest. The term in common use to designate the feeling which prompts such exhibitions is college spirit. Such spirit is necessary in order that the student may achieve the best results during his course. It seems, however, that we are sometimes mistaken in our view as to the meaning of the term.

We have no desire to condemn mass meetings or the cheering and singing at our football games. This is right and should be continued. We know however that a man will march eight or ten miles behind a drum corps and carry a stick of red fire or a smoky torch, but the same man to hear a sober, non-partisan discussion of campaign issues would not go two blocks. You can work up five hundred students to high tension, and have them yelling on the side lines, but to keep two dozen working steadily at line bucking for three months is not so easy.

Many students will join some association and for a time be enthusiastic, but the feeling soon disappears. After a week or two the literary society finds those absent who have been assigned for some duty at a stated meeting. The Christian Association finds an irregularity in attendance. The Bible classes begin to grow smaller. There are faithful ones, and we honor them, but too many have to be prodded to keep them going.

There is too much superficial show of enthusiasm. It is not deep rooted. The kind that effervesces, and produces no good results is too prevalent. We need a steady and more determined spirit.

There seems to be a tendency to limit the show of spirit to athletics. We work up to a fever heat when the question is one of foot-ball, basket-ball or base-ball, but when literary or oratorical work is concerned, the spirit is decidedly weak. We need to adopt a policy of expansion and include all college activities.

While we advance our physical contests and send our athletes into the world, we should not neglect the intellectual sphere. Put spirit not only into athletics, but into studies. Bring enthusiasm not only to the field, but also to the rostrum and Bucknell will continue to send forth authors and orators, judges and statesmen.

Alumni Personals

'71. Rev. George Ballantine, who recently resigned the pastorate of Zion and Greenville churches, visited Lewisburg on Friday, October 25. He attended Theta Alpha Literary Society, of which he was a member, and delivered a very instructive address. On the following morning he led chapel service.

'83. Rev. S. B. Meeser, Worchester, Massachusetts, was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity, by Brown University, in 1901.

'84. Ernest L. Tustin has been active in the recent political contest in Philadelphia as Chairman of the Citizens Committee.

'89. Oliver B. Finn was married.

'91. John T. Hyatt was admitted to the Lycoming county bar, October 21, 1901. Address Jersey Shore.

Ex-'93. John W. Ivins was recently admitted to practice at the Monmouth county bar, New Jersey.

'94. Rev. C. T. McMann is now pastor of the Baptist Church, Tecumseh, Nebraska.

'95. Andrew Gregg Loomis is a member of the law firm of Lawshe and Loomis, No. 52 Williams St., New York City.

'95. Rev. William T. Harris, recently assistant to Dr. Wayland Hoyt, Epiphany Baptist church, Philadelphia, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Bristol.

'95. W. T. Paullin is the Harrison Fellow in Philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania.

The following Bucknell men were chosen as judges at the recent election: Harold M. McClure, '77, 17th Judicial District; Voris Auten, ex-'79, Northumberland Co.; A. M. Freas, ex-'87, Orphans' Court, Wilkesbarre.

'95. A son has been born to Professor Davis and Mrs. Davis, '97.

'95. The friends of Ezra Allen will be pleased to learn that he has been honored with a fellowship in Psychology in Clark University. He was formerly Professor of Science in the Allen School, West Néwton, Massachusetts.

'96. Herbert F. Harris is practicing law at Harrisburg.

'96. H. H. Bower is chairman of the Snyder county Democratic committee.

'97. Rosa L. Hartley is teaching in Peddie Institute.

'97. Frank Hollinshead resigned his pastorate at Ashland, Pa.

'98. Frank Golder is teaching at Unga, Alaska.

'98. John T. Anderson married Maude M. Bullen, Oct. 9, 1901.

'99. Grace A. De Wolfe is teaching in South Jersey Institute.

'99. Ezra Lehman has a fellowship in the Department of English, University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Lehman also devotes a part of his time to the work of instruction in this department.

'00. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bunnell are both teaching in the Government schools at Kodiak, Alaska, of which Mr. Bunnell is in charge. During the summer he brought in some dozen or more Alaska Indians to the school at Carlisle.

'01. Frank Anderson married Anna Burgen, at Paterson, New Jersey, September 3, 1901.

College Notes

Miss Peek, the new instructor in music, gave a recital recently in Institute Chapel. It was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. Her work shows musical ability.

On Monday morning, October 28th, General Morgan delivered an interesting lecture on "The Negro Problem," in Bucknell Hall. In the past history of our country this question has presented various phases as the moral, the social and the political, thus giving no end of trouble. And although various measures have been proposed there is really but one way of solving the question to-day; that is the education of the black race.

During the summer an interesting collection from the Philadelphia Museums was presented to the university. It consists of numerous specimens of raw material and manufactured products from various countries of the world, and also a collection of photographs with explanations to be arranged with the specimens. The entire collection has been placed in suitable cases in the geology room at the laboratory.

Since the Y. M. C. A., has returned to the former custom of holding meetings at 9.00 p. m., the attendance has shown a marked increase. There seems to be more of an interest in this work than for some time. During the second week of November the week of prayer for young men was observed by daily meetings. The Bible classes are slowly gaining but they should have a larger attendance.

The former objection to student leaders does not exist this year. The old plea of lack of time is still used. Before advancing this excuse be sure that the hours of the week are all put to good use.

The College Girls Mandolin and Guitar Club gave a concert in the Y. M. C. A., hall at Danville, on November 5th. The young ladies were pleasantly entertained by the hospitable Danville friends, and were well received by a large audience. The press of that town describe the concert as delightful, and says that the ladies played with much expression. Prof. Aviragnet's ability as instructor and leader is also highly praised.

This club, which is the only musical organization of Bucknell prepared to give public entertainments, has a series of performances in view for the year, and the effort of the young ladies deserves much credit.

Those who are familiar with the "gym" at the Seminary would scarcely have recognized it on Hallow-e'en. Shocks of corn fodder were placed at intervals, and Jack-o-Lanterns cast a lurid glow, upon fantastically clad figures with blackened and painted faces. In the midst of such surroundings the following programme was well rendered:

Witch Scene from Macbeth	Miss Deppen.
C. O. M. B. Band	Ten Members of the Club.
Money Musk	Miss Olive Schillinger.
A Ghost Story from Mark Twain	Miss Halfpenny.
A Hallowe'en Fantasy	Miss Coleman.
A Prophecy of the Club	Miss Runyan.

The fun, which grew fast and furious, proves that a Bucknell girl's hilarity suffers nothing in comparison with that of her sisters in larger halls of learning.

Athletics

The good work of the football team continues. Bucknell had to begin the season with practically a new team and on that account showed considerable weakness at the opening. There was a lack of team work, bad fumbling and uncertainty as to the men who would play in the different positions. However by faithful, hard practice and training under the able direction of Coach Hoskins and Capt. Stanton, a team has been developed which we feel proud to say is, without doubt, the strongest in the history of our college. The record made thus far is an enviable one and as the boys are in prime condition at present we may expect several more victories before the close of the season.

BUCKNELL 10; LEHIGH 0.

Lehigh was defeated by Bucknell on the former's gridiron on Saturday, October 26th. Bucknell played a hard, fast game during the first half, securing two touchdowns. Both attempts at goal failed. In the second half the wearers of the orange and blue played principally on the defensive and no scoring was done on either side.

BUCKNELL 51; GETTYSBURG 6.

The game was played on the home campus, Saturday, November 2nd. It was an easy victory for Bucknell, the visitors being outclassed at every point. However, it is not more than fair to say that the Gettysburg team has been greatly weakened by the recent death of their Captain, Mr. Speer, and so were not able to play the strong game they did earlier in the season. Bucknell played a strong, aggressive game from start to finish. Gettysburg scored one touchdown on a fumble and succeeded in kicking the goal. During the second half Bucknell used several substitutes every one of whom did excellent work.

W. and J. 11; Bucknell 5.

Washington and Jefferson defeated Bucknell at Pittsburg, Nov. 9th. This was one of the hardest games that our boys have played this season and so the score is very creditable. The scoring was done entirely in the first half. Soon after the game began W. and J. scored and Bucknell did the same trick a few minutes later, both sides failing to kick the goal. A second touchdown and goal brought W. and J.'s score up to eleven points. In the second half the Lewisburg lads played their opponents to a standstill.

The King Alfred Millenary

A thousand years of fame is thine,
  Great Anglo-Saxon king;
The nations gather to thy shrine,
  And grandest tributes bring.
Thou patron wert of much we share,
  In learning, life, and law;
Translator of some knowledge rare,
  For times he long foresaw,
And in a thousand years to come,
  Unless some cruel fate,
Meet Anglo-Saxons in their home,
  They then will call thee Great.

—Griffith, '88.

Exchanges

Our exchanges, which the student may find in the library, seem to have some difficulty in securing material for their pages. There is a lack of literary effort in most instances. Several are free from this handicap and present pleasing features.

The *College Student* shows an interest on the part of the student body, and the work is of a high class.

The Tennessee University *Magazine* laments the prevailing lack of stories, both in reference to quality and quantity. We agree on this point. The Tennessee editor seems to have cornered the quanity.

The *Red and Blue* contains several interesting sketches. The author of the Sophist, the Sophomore and the Decadent, has evidently "been there."

The *Amulet*, of West Chester Normal, contains a short sketch of Dr. George G. Groff, with his answers to several questions.

The Lesbian *Herald* contains a short story of a young man and his sweetheart, who were sliding on icy sidewalks and dodging sleds on a beautiful May evening.

We note the following in an exchange "In a mass meeting held this week the students of Cornell University resolved to abolish hazing. The resolutions provide for one annual flag rush between the Sophomores and Freshmen, to be held on Hallowe'en night, under the supervision of a committee of upper classmen. This is a sensible, meritorious action."

The C. H. S. *Mirror* is fully equal to many of the college papers. We refer the ladies of our Institute to a stanza on Page 25 of the latest number.

Book Review

Some Questions of Larger Politics by Prof. Edwin Maxey, D. C. L., LL. D. The Abbey Press, New York, 1901.

Prof. Maxey, graduated an A. B. from Bucknell University in '93, and editor-in-chief of the MIRROR in '92-'93, has published thirteen essays that had already appeared in "The Arena," "The American Law Review," and other magazines during the year 1900.

The book is dedicated to Speaker Reed, who speaks in high terms of it. Mr. Maxey, among other things, defends the the Speaker in his so-called arbitrary rulings, is rather on the side of the English in their fight with the Boers, believes that the U. S. Senators should be elected by the people, favors the Referendum and an eight hour day brought about by legislation, and scores the present methods of political discussion by the press and platform. He asks—are food stuffs contrabands? Discusses England's relations with Russia, the Eastern Question, and the perpetuity of the Austro-Hungarian empire. It will be seen that his subjects justify his title; and a careful reading will show that his treatment of them is that of a calm, conscientious seeker after the truth. There is a plainness of analysis and a frankness as well as simplicity of statement that denote the trained writer. He frequently suggests rather than developes his statement and does not use words for their own sake.

Prof. Maxey is at present a Fellow in Economics in the University of Wisconsin, and we expect other productions from his interesting pen.

E. P.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XXI. Lewisburg, Pa., December, 1901. No. 3.

Surpassing the Cruelty of the Assyrians.

MAJOR GEO. G. G. GROFF.

The knowledge which has come to us concerning the ancient Assyrians shows them to have been an exceedingly cruel and inhuman people. We have also been taught that the barbarities of the Turk are “unspeakable,” and that the Spaniard is the “incarnation” of inhumanity. It is well for the student of history to ponder over the volumes which present the records of past deeds. It is also important that all educated men and women should know what is occuring in our world today.

Three years ago in South Africa were two little Republics of farmers, or herdsmen, living lives of ideal purity and simplicity. Their mountains were however full of gold and diamonds for which the Briton lusted. For these same diamonds and gold, a war of extermination is now being waged against the Dutch farmers, their wives and children. Lord Salisbury has just said: “The Boers will never again make trouble,” and in the light of events now transpiring, this can only mean extermination! The killed Boers are now reported by the English commander as “game bagged,” and the heroic women and children as “dam and whelps.”

Great Britain is, and has long been making war upon helpless women and children in South Africa, killing these by slow starvation in concentration camps. It is no longer war, but the extermination of these innocent persons. In August of the present year there were in these camps 137,619 Boer people, of whom 2,345 died. The deaths for September are reported at 2,411 of whom 1,964 were children. This is a death rate of over 200 per annum per 1000, *or ten times the normal death rate.* At this rate 28,140 of these women and children will perish in a year, *and all of them will be dead in five years!* This statement is made from published records made by the British Government. The death rate is greater than any known to have occured in Cuba under the infamous reconcentrado policy of the Butcher Weyler. The Cubans are a frail race with little vitality. The inference is that British inhumanity is incomparably greater than Spanish savagery, or Turkish barbarity. It must be compared with the Assyrian standard which it certainly approaches. In these camps the women are not supplied with clothing, soap, or any necessities of life except shelter. fuel and food. There are fifty-four of these camps in which the most horrible cruelties are inflicted upon women and young girls. Miss Hobhouse who has made exposures of these barbarities has been expelled from South Africa. This only gives assurance that she told the truth.

Of these camps the London *News* says in a recent issue: "They show that the death rate in the camps last June was 109 per 1000, annually ; that it grew to 180 in July ; that it rose to 214 in August, and that it reached the appalling figure of 264 in September."

In its issue of the 10th instant, the same journal said of this subject:

"The truth is that the death rate in the camps is incomparably worse than anything Africa or Asia can show. There is nothing to match it even in the mortality figures of the Indian famines, where cholera and other epidemics have to be contended with."

When it is said that 264 children per thousand died in the concentration camps in September, it means that fifteen of these children were murdered to one that died of natural death nothing else.

The London *Truth*, in its issue of the 7th instant, states in its review of these official reports:

" In the four months ending September 30 over 5200 children died in the concentration camps. During this time there was a great outcry on the subject in England, which must have led those in charge to use every possible effort to reduce the mortality. Yet in September nearly 2000 children died—to be exact, 1964. Were this rate maintained it would mean the death of 23,568 children in a year, the rate as compared with the number of children in camp during September being 433 per 1000 per annum. Such figures tell their own tale to every man and woman of ordinary human feeling. To attempt to whittle away their significance by special pleading or statistical jugglery is as idle as it is offensive."

It is said by those who defend England, that these children die because of ignorance and uncleanly habits of the mothers. Indeed, with no change of clothing, no soap, and on half-rations! They are being deliberately reduced to such a physical state that they will succumb to the first disease they come in contact with.

England is starving and torturing to death by her treatment her prisoners of war in prison pens, on small desert islands in distant parts of the world under tropical suns, in this respect, repeating her treatment of our Revolutionary sires on the prison ships of that time. On the Bermudos, 3,000 prisioners are confined on six bare rocks, where there is no water and they are furnished no soap. No water for washing their persons or clothing, and no clothing or blankets are furnished. This refined cruelty is killing the men and boys. On these rocks are men seventy-eight years of age, and boys eight and nine years old, all held as prisioners of war! Of these same old men and boys each one can hold at bay twenty-five Englishmen and unknown hordes of black savages.

The Great Napoleon always claimed that his treatment on St. Helena would kill him, and it doubtless did. England is profiting by her experience in this line.

It is well for the student of history to compare England's treatment of the Boers with the treatment received by our Revolutionary ancestors.

1. She then shot and hung prisoners of war. She is doing the same to-day in South Africa.

2. She then starved and froze her prisoners of war on prison ships. She does the same today on desert isles, under tropical skies, using pestilence in place of cold.

3. In America she employed red savages against the colonists. In Africa she employs 50,000 black savages against a handful of white christians.

4. In America she ruthlessly burned the homes and substance of non-combatants. She is doing the same in South Africa. In America her campaigns of destruction aroused the fainting colonists. The same result has followed in Africa.

5. She reviled our ancestors calling them "illiterate villians, senseless rustics, and cut throats." She has done the same in South Africa.

6. She is confiscating the property of those in arms, and threatening them with transportation when captured. This is contrary to international law, but so she treated the hapless Acadians one hundred and fifty years ago. The family of President Styne has just been transported.

7. It is reported that non-combatants are placed bound upon trains to prevent wrecking of the same, and it is being reported that Boers wounded in battle are no longer taken prisoners, but are butchered in cold blood. Such things occurred in America also.

In this African war 125,000 farmers (men, women and children) have maintained themselves for three long years against an empire of 300 million people. 10,000 embattled herdsmen have for a full year held at bay 250,000 English and black savages. Never in the history of the world has greater heroism been shown. The Boers have maintained themselves as did the Greeks against the Persians, and later in the struggle for independence against the Turks, and as their Dutch ancestors against Spain in the time of Chas. V. Majuba Hill and Spion Kop will be remembered with Marathon, Thermopylae, and our own Trenton and Brandywine. Kruger, Botha and Dewuet, will be remembered along with the greatest names of all time, with our own Washington, with Leonidas, with Winkelried, with William of Orange. Our Lincoln and Grant both made the statement that to destroy an independent and sovereign state is the greatest of international crimes. Shall it be permitted now after the Boers have shown themselves so worthy of national existence? Our nation intervened in the case of Cuba. Is it too much to hope that the christain nations will call a halt upon this war, in which worse than Assyrian barbarities are daily practiced? Intervention occured in our own Revolution, in the war of Greek Independence, in Mexico, in 1863; in Egypt, 1885; in Bulgaria, 1890; in Japan and China, 1892; and in Cuba in 1898.

The world cannot afford to let such people perish. The civilization which they would construct must not be destroyed by the civilization of Cecil Rhodes and Barny Barnato. May the example of Lord Byron and our own Doctor Samuel Howe in the Greek war of independence, of Lafayette and the Barons Stuben and Pulaski in our own revolution inspire in the hearts of young men of learning and generous impulse the same resolves to aid the brave but feeble Boer nations in their heroic struggle for liberty. To take a part in the struggle now being waged in South Africa would be the most glorious work in which any young man could wish to engage. To die in such a struggle would be greater glory far than to live and become a Carnegie, a Vanderbilt or a Gould.

May God speed the right. May he crush the oppressor, who wars on helpless women and babes. May he give strength and courage to the herdsmen of South Africa as he did to the shepherd king of Israel. May he destroy the wicked rulers who covet the gold, the lands and herds of their feeble neighbors as he did destroy the wicked Jezebel. May he turn men everywhere from the ways of war to those of peace.

Lewisburg, November 20th, 1901.

The Heroine of the Old-time Novel.

When we take up an unread book, our first thought is of the heroine. The hero, is it true, arouses our curiosity, but he is really a secondary consideration put in as a background for his lady-love, generally to test her faithfulness and often her patience. We do not now refer to the modern novel, where the hero meets the heroine somewhere in the middle of the book, and ends by marrying some other woman ; we mean the good old-fashioned love story, where it is mutual love at first sight and where the hero has a good chance to prove that

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

When it comes to separating him from the object of his adoration.

What a loveable being she was! Invariably slender and sylph-like, usually gentle and winning, she seemed almost too divine for this mundance sphere. Can we never recall a time when she lost her temper? Ah, yes ; when at some tale of wrong or duplicity, the righteous blush mantled her cheek, or when she stood, haughty and defiant outwardly, inwardly trembling at her own boldness, facing the hero's enemies, she proved that she, too, was prey to earthly passions. But this lapse only served to bring out the usual modesty and shrinking shyness of her retiring nature.

The author of the old-time novel seems to take delight in assuring us that the lovely damsel—cleverly described as the "steel-engraving lady"—was of a "charming sensibility." Whatever else she possessed of superior qualities, the "sensibility" was sure to hold a first place. Lest we should forget this, she herself reminds us of the fact at every opportune moment—and on some occasions that would appear to be inopportune. She faints—always in a becoming attitude—at the sight of blood. She performs the same interesting ceremony on receiving a proposal of marriage. The slightest expression savoring of harshness calls up the ever-ready tears—"the lucent tears overflowing her cheeks" so successfully employed in "Thaddeus of Warsaw." Indeed, we could take no model better for our purpose than Mary Beaufort, the idol at whose shrine Thaddeus so picturesquely worshipped.

At the first meeting in Mrs. Dundas' parlors, the "noble beauty tinged with melancholy" of Thaddeus touched Miss Beaufort's virgin heart, and, when he was criticized by some of the fops idling in the room, she defends him with an eloquence that surprised her hearers. By degrees, as the tale progresses, she finds herself trembling when he appears, sorrowing when he departs, and in other orthodox ways giving evidence that the little god has aimed his shaft aright. Of course, she endeavors to conceal this, and so well does she do it that Thaddeus remains in ignorance of the fact that his affection is returned for a longer time than it would seem possible. But at the end all tangles are straightened out, and Mary is left with the strong right arm of Thaddeus to protect her forever.

To us, who are accustomed to the athletic girl, built on the Gibson plan, and always wholesome and bright; overflowing with vigor and keenly alive to the joy of living, the "steel-engraving lady" seems insipid. Short skirts have replaced the flowing draperies; dog-collar belts have superseded the dainty blue ribbons, and in lieu of lily-white hands are those tanned by the sun and winds of the golfing links. And this is as it should be, say fin de siecle authorities. Yet there are those of us who are old-fashioned enough to sigh for a return of the maid of a century ago, tribute to whose charms were the trophies of many hearts, not taken by storm, but surrendered thru a sheer inability to resist.

B. A. B.

Two Views of Christmas

I.

Christmas! Christmas! Christmas! Forever Christmas. Would that it were midsummer instead. Merry! If the average Christmas is merry, I beg to be excused.

What does it all mean, anyway? An endless shopping list, a perfunctory interchange of gifts that no one wants, a big dinner followed by untold ills. It is all very well for children who believe in Santa Claus, but outside of that, it is nothing but a general bug-bear.

In the first place, there is the shopping list, When one is blest with innumerable relatives, the list is of necessity long, and usually the pocket-book is correspondingly short. I grudginly lay out three-fourths of my hard-earned savings to be laid on the Christmas altar, and proceed to do my shopping. It is usually raining, the street-cars are always crowded, and the shops are packed. I resolutely elbow and fight my way through the aisles to the proper counter, seize what I want—and wait. Any length of time will do, from half an hour to two or three hours, as far as the irritatingly calm-faced salesman is concerned. Everyone is tired and cross. Children are there in abundance who stupidly stare at idiotic figures of Kris Kingle, deliberately blocking the way until dragged off by their maternal ancestors.

Why will stories always represent Christmas morning as "dawning bright and clear, the sun's rays glittering on the spotless snowy covering of Mother Earth?" In actual life, the sky is gray and dark, rain is pouring in torrents, or what is still worse drizzling down, and everything is mud and gloom. At about midnight I am awakened by the shrill cries of the delighted children who have found their stockings; then good-bye to peace and quiet for the rest of the day.

All day long I am required to look happy and cheerful. I must smile and be "perfectly delighted" with my seventh pocket-book, and fourth copy of "Evangeline." What a luxury it would be to go off somewhere and be cross! Then comes the dinner, very pleasant, while it lasts, but after it is the indigestion.

Would that Christmas were over and that we would never have another!

II.

Christmas Eve! What a cozy, homey feeling the word gives! It is the one evening sacred to the family. All the dear ones gather from far and near, and fill the sitting-room with merry laugh and jest, where shades are drawn to exclude all the obtrusiveness of the outside world, while from a far corner comes the fragrant odor of hemlock, telling of the Christmas tree whose glories will be unveiled to-morrow evening. Jokingly the stockings are hung by the mantle, from Baby's sock to Grandpa's rubber boot ; then with the pleasant good-nights all go to their rooms.

"Peace on earth!" How that song of the angels is fulfilled to-night! I look from the deserted street below to the calm expanse of the heavens above, and wonder how the shepherds felt when suddenly the sky was filled with a "multitude of the heavenly host," singing the grandest choral the world has ever known. Peace! Let there be joy to-morrow, and gladness always, but peace to-night.

To-morrow there will be laughter and song from morning till night. Everyone, even the most unimaginative, seems to catch the Christmas spirit. It is so pleasant to be obliged to be happy for just one day, and delightful to luxuriate in giving once a year. What though the gifts be small and poor! 'Tis the spirit which prompts the offering that endears it to us. Christmas is such a blessed day. More sacred than our national holidays, more joyous than the Easter-Tide which couples death with resurrection, it stands unique among our festivals.

As the evening shadows gather, the tree in all its glory is displayed, and the children stand around it, half in awe, gazing at its brilliant ornaments and tiny flickering candles. Then we turn low the other lights and sit around the tree, watching the candles burn down and listening to the story, so old, yet ever new, of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Bucknell Mirror.

DECEMBER, 1901.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

Editorial

The closing days of the year are near at hand, and another vacation is about to open. At this time we are expected to give the usual salutations and good wishes for the coming year. When so much is said and so much is written, we believe, after considering the full meaning of the phrase and its pleasing associations, that we can do no better than to use the good old expression, and wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * * *

A new year. What is the new year to bring to the MIRROR? The present staff desires to publish a creditable paper, and one worthy of our institution. Our support at present is not sufcient. While the outlook is encouraging it is not altogether satisfactory. We can close the year free from debt, and continue the paper on the present basis. We wish to do more. The MIRROR is not what it should be, nor what it can be in the future. We need more space. Thirty additionable subscribers will enable us to enlarge the paper. Make a new year's resolution to be one of the thirty. Make another to write something for the literary department.

* * * *

Those who read carefully have probably noticed the tendency of many writers to reach unwarranted conclusions. The same fact is observed in the case of many speakers. Facts are distorted or given without due relation to the question at issue. Sometimes the error is intentional: at other times it is simply a fault of judgment. The honest reformer, the critical historian and many writers on important topics, in addition to the political speaker and the partisan editor, are often guilty in this respect. The daily press and the popular magazine are probably the chief offenders.

A few examples will show this. The press in the recent campaign used the cry of "yellow" against its opponents. Instances of the encouragement of "anarchy" were given, where the case could only be made out by a gross perversion of fact or the drawing of a false conclusion from the truth. A recent issue of a temperence organ quotes statistics of deaths in the army and navy, and draws conclusions placing the responsibility for deaths from disease on the canteen. To do this they neglect the fact that the soldiers and sailors were under entirely different conditions. Another paper tells of a physician who visited a pest house, obtained smallpox virus in a handkerchief, and associated with many persons, bringing them in contact with the deadly germs. No cases of smallpox were reported as a result. The conclusion is reached that the disease is not contagious. One instance alone is given and all other conditions neglected. Yet while such statements are given we are amused at the primitive belief that an epidemic or any destruction was the result of a visitation of the gods.

Today the writers violate all laws of common sense and of logic. To be more acurate, they simply violate the laws of common sense, for logical reasoning can be nothing else than common sense reasoning. Premises are taken, which in themselves are false, and false courses of thought are followed which result in erroneous conclusions.

The student should avoid the use of such methods, and at the same time guard himself that he may not be deceived by others. Even figures are not trustworthy. They must be reliable statistics; must be connected with the subject at hand; and must be fairly presented. "Figures do not lie" but the person who "stacks them up" can make them lie in any way he pleases. The study of argumentation and the practice of debate are the most efficient means of overcoming this tendency to error in the presentation or judgment of questions. When we have considered both sides of the question, and have seen the misstatements, fallacions, arguments and false conclusions, our power of judgment will be so strengthened that we will not be in danger of deciding questions on other than a fair and reasonable basis.

Necrology

Mr. John A. Gundy, class of 1856, passed away on November 13. He was born in 1837, and spent his early life on the farm. From the time of entering upon his course in the University, he had been interested in the welfare of the institution, and was a member of the Board of Curators from 1863 until 1882. After graduation he taught in the schools of Lewisburg and vicinity. He was also a surveyor and civil engineer, and rendered valuable services as an expert in cases of disputes. As a member of the State Board of Agriculture, Vice-President of the Farmers Exposition at Mt. Gretna, and Secretary of the Buffalo Valley Fire Insurance Company, he was well known as an active and efficient member of the organizations. At the time of his death he was an elder in the Presbyterian church of Lewisburg, having become a member in 1869.

Alumni Personals

'82. On Sunday, November 17, Rev. Dr. H. C. Hall, principal of Hall Institute, Sharon, Pennsylvania, visited his daughter, Miss Velola Hall who is attending the Bucknell Institute. On the following morning he led chapel.

'83. Elmer E. Wolf is Principal of the Preparatory Department in Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio.

'86. Charles Blake Furman is an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and is located at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

'90. Willard C. MacNaul is a graduate student in the Theological Department, University of Chicago.

'91. Foster H. Starkey is Vice-Principal of the State Normal School at West Chester.

'92. Robert J. Holmes was recently chosen pastor of the First Baptist church, Hoboken, New Jersey.

'95. Joseph C. Carey, principal of the "Danville High School," was visiting friends in Lewisburg on November 16 and 17.

'96. Harry Thomas Colestock is at present a gradute student in the University of Chicago.

'97. William Hammond Parker was recently elected pastor of the Baptist Church, East New Market, Maryland.

'98. George Morgan Davis is pastor of the Baptist church, Eatontown, New Jersey.

Ex-'98. The recent session of the Adams County Teachers' Institute was one of the most successful in the history of that organization. The Superintendent, H. M. Roth, to whose efforts this success was largely due, is a very active worker in the cause of the public schools, and has done much for their advancement in his county.

'99. Edwin Alden Hummeston married Miss Evelyn Booth, ex-institute.

'99. Robert Manning Ivins is now Principal of the "Judson College Preparatory School" in Hendersonville, North Carolina, and at the same time is Supervising Principal of the public schools of that city.

'00. Frank Monroe Schaeffer was instructor in the Academy at Delhi, New York, from September 1900 to January 1901. Since then he has been employed as an instructor in the Mechanical Engineering Department of the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa.

'01. A. M. Smith recently visited friends in Lewisburg. He is instructor in athletics in the Kutztown State Normal School.

College Notes

The annual open meeting of Zeta was held on Friday, Nov. 29. A very interesting programme was given, and the talent and ingenuity displayed was note-worthy.

A Pantomime, "The Story of Bluebeard" was given, followed by other pantomimes and tableaux. Charades representing the names of ten college men were given, and a prize was offered to the successful one in the solving of the problem involved. Several were correct in the entire number, and the winner was then selected by lot.

Musical selections were given by Miss Peck, of the School of Music, and Prof. Boehm, of Philadelphia. Miss Schillinger, with several recitations, contributed to the enjoyment of the evening. The bright programme, the refreshments and the social feature of the occasion, combined to make one of the most pleasing events in the history of the institution.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting on Thursday, Nov. 25, was led by Dr. Harris. The meeting was well attended and proved to be helpful and instructive.

President Harris spoke of the good work done by the association and the great influence which it had exerted in the college and outside life through the students who have attended the meetings. Taking up thanksgiving and referring to Paul's rejoicing in tribulation, as found in Romans, fifth chapter, he presented to the students a few thoughts on the benefit and training resulting from adverse circumstances.

After his address, brief testimonies were given by a large number of the students. During the evening the assurance was given that the new hall will be given to the association in the near future.

The first preliminary of the Junior Debate was held in Theta Alpha Hall, on Thursday evening, December 5th, Prof. Morris presiding. The question, RESOLVED, "That subsequent events prove that giving the negro the right of suffrage was a mistake, detrimental to the government and injurious to the negro," was thoroughly and ably debated. Messrs. Bilger, Tiffany, Steininger and Singiser discussed the affirmative, and Messrs. Cook, Dunlap and Terrel the negative.

A few remarks on the debate were made, and some valuable suggestions were given to the debaters by Drs. Perrine and Heim. The second debate will be held during the winter term.

At a meeting of more than a score of students held on Thursday afternoon, December 5th, it was decided to give a minstrel show in the Lewisburg Opera House some time in February for the benefit of base ball. Those present were very enthusiastic and there is no doubt that the affair will prove a success. A. F. Dershimer was elected Chairman of the organization; E. T. Stevenson, Secretary and Treasurer ; Walter Bertolette, Manager; John McCabe, Director; L. D. Hottenstein, Manager of acrobatic features; F. B. Jaekel, Manager of the afterpiece. The following committee on music was appointed: Roger Williams, chairman; C. R. Galbrath, L. E. Theis, J. V. Frampton, Harold Perrine, and Walter Senn. The end-men will be selected in a few days and will at once begin work on their parts. Rehearsals will commence after the holiday vacation.

The T. Square Club, an organization for furthering the interest of the students in Civil Engineering, was addressed by Engineer Reeder, of Williamsport, on December 5th.

Dr. Lemuel Moss delivered six lectures in the regular course of Social Science. The subject for the series was "Jesus Christ and the Social Question."

Athletics

The Bucknell management was rather unfortunate in the latter part of the season in having two games cancelled. The game which was to have been played on the home grounds on Saturday, November 16, was cancelled by Susquehanna University, and no game was played on that date. Shortly after the University of Buffalo cancelled the game for November 23rd, but a game was secured with the Burlingame team of Williamsport for that date. The final game of the season was played on Thanksgiving with the Athens Athletic team at Athens, Pa.

The game with Burlingame, on account of the bad weather, was witnessed by a very small crowd. On account of the condition of the grounds good playing was impossible. However the home team succeeded in winning another victory of 34 to 0.

The last game of the season was a hard-fought battle, but our boys went in with that dash and vim which has been so characteristic of this year's eleven and rolled up a score of 17 to their opponents 6. This ended probably the most successful season in the history of Bucknell. Out of nine games played we have won five, and in no game were we defeated by more than six points. When we take into account the fact that these splendid scores were made against Cornell University and other institutions of equal rank every student and friend of Bucknell may well feel proud of the record. We take pleasure in appending the record of the team for the season of 1901. Captain, Frank Stanton ; Manager, Charles E. Goodall ; Coach, G. W. Hoskins.

Lewisburg,	Bucknell	5;	Wyoming,	0.
Ithaca, N. Y.	Bucknell	0;	Cornell,	6.
Wmsport,	Bucknell	5;	Carlisle,	6.
Phila.	Bucknell	0;	U. of Pa.	6.
Bethlehem,	Bucknell	10;	Lehigh,	0.
Lewisburg,	Bucknell	51;	Gettysburg,	6.
Pittsburg,	Bucknell	5;	W. & J.,	11.
Lewisburg,	Bucknell	34;	Burl'g'e,	0.
Athens,	Bucknell	17;	Athens,	6.

At the close of the game at Athens, McMahon, '02, was unanimously elected as Captain of the football team for next year.

Exchanges

The college journals show an improvement in the later numbers, due no doubt to the experience gained by the staff, and to the fact that the students have begun to work for their papers. Many however still lack literary contributions. The editor, in such cases, has our best wishes, and we are inclined to pity rather than to criticise the staff.

The *Mount Holyoke* for November is a paper showing great interest on the part of the students, and it presents a variety of topics. Fourteen articles from as many writers is a record excelled by no other college publication. This is not unusual for Mt. Holyoke. It is a customary action. We would like to know the secret of such success.

The *Gettysburg Mercury* for the current month also contains a variety of excellent articles. It is one of the best of our exchanges, and is improving with each issue.

The November *Touchstone* contains a well written article on Anarchism and the remedy for this evil.

The *Susquehanna*, November number, contains a number of high class contributions. Among these, the discussion of Territorial Expansion gives evidence of study and careful thought, while the material is presented in good form. This journal is another of the leaders among smaller colleges.

The *Lesbian Herald* for November, among other features, contains a review of The History of Sir Richard Calmady. The review gives several remarks on the subject of realistic novels and is worthy of study and thought, even if the book criticised has not been read.

The *Haverfordian* gives a collection of student verse in the issue of last month. The productions require no apology, and we certainly agree with the editor that such attempts in metrical composition should not be discouraged. They may lead to greater interest in poetic works, and a striving toward higher thought and more perfect verse.

To those who care to follow our suggestions, we recommend an editorial in the *Catholic High School Journal* for November. The question at issue is a speech of Secretary Gage, at Denver. The editor makes a timely and just criticism of the presentation of wrong ideals to young men, and we regret that we cannot reproduce it in our columns.

Book Review

PAUL: A CHARACTER STUDY, BY THE REV. A. LINCOLN MOORE, D. D.

Dr. Moore, pastor of the Chester Avenue Baptist church of Philadelphia, Bucknell 1891, recently delivered an address before the Ministers' Conference of that city. It was received with so much favor that he has published it in a stout pamphlet of twenty-eight pages, under the title announced above. We learn that he may soon expand it into a book. Dr. Moore, in these few pages, passes in review the life of Paul under the three headings of his *career*, *character* and *mission*. He introduces Paul's peerless character as an inspiration and concludes by recapitulating his argument and drawing a lesson of encouragement. All this he is able to do because his pages are clearly analyzed and his statements are made with precision and condensation. He suggests many lines of study; for example, he finds that Paul's mental character was comprehensive, expressive, homiletical, theological and practical, and he proves his position by the intense, striking word or phrase that finds quick lodgement in the reader or hearer. There is, here and there in the pages, a suggestion of the orator—and as orator and lecturer Dr. Moore has long since established a fine reputation. It is pleasant and encouraging to see the graduates of Bucknell pushing into the field of authorship, and the MIRROR not only wishes them well but hopes to see much more effort—successful as they surely can make it—put forth in the future.

1902

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XXI. Lewisburg, Pa., January, 1902. No. 4.

The Mycenaen Age.

PART I.

Until recent times the poems of Homer, the Iliad and the Odyssey, were the only means of knowing anything about prehistoric Greece. The pictures which Homer has given us of the life of Greece seem almost too fanciful to be true to life. Since the excavations at Tiryns, Mycenae, Orchomenos and elsewhere we have been able to find what part of the poet's writings are true to life and what parts are merely fanciful. It has been interesting to find that there has been considerable agreement between Homeric description and the actual facts established by the excavations. This has been seen not only in the Palaces of Tiryns and Mycenae and in the objects found there, but also in the ruins of the Sixth Mycenaen City of Troy. The allusions of Homer to the scenery of the Troad and to Troy harmonize in the main with the data gathered from the explorations of these places. It seems that there never was a time when Mycenae was without a witness. Even Thucydides speaks of her deplorable condition in his day and of her past fame. The era of the Mycenaen culture covers the periods from the sixteenth until the twelfth centuries B. C. Our knowledge of the Mycenaen civilization does not rest upon conjecture or vague poetical descriptions, but upon the city's own multiform remains. The mass of these remains increases every day with fresh and interesting discoveries. The many excavations have taught us how princes and people built and adorned their palaces and dwellings; what their daily food was; what kind of armor they used; what was the character of their arts and trade; how they made their tombs and buried their dead; and what their religious views were. This knowledge of the Mycenaen Age marks the greatest help in rounding out the history of Greece.

At the eastern extremity of the plain of Argos rises the impregnable rock of Palamedes, which has been called the "Gibraltar of Greece." Across the plain on the north-west looms its counterpart, the steep Larissa of Argos. At the head of this plain on a mountain spur that rises nine hundred and twelve feet above the sea and is further sheltered by a background of mountains twice and thrice as high, perches secluded Mycenae. This city was situated only a short distance from the sea. Its people have been thought to be a sea-faring people. Mycenae is a real mountain. A rocky, arid region lies before it and two lofty summits rise behind it. The mightier mountain wall to the north-west is broken only by the narrow defile through which flows the Cephisus. The fortress rock itself rises to an elevation of many hundred feet, and Mycenae is buttressed on the north-east by Mt. St. Elias and on the south-east by Mt. Zara. Between Mycenae and Mt. Zara a deep narrow gorge, the Charos, guards the fortress. The acropolis is enclosed by a strong wall, following the natural configuration of the ground. The greater part of this circuit wall is built in the so-called Cyclopean masonry. This wall is not of uniform thickness, but varies from ten to twenty feet and in some places is as wide as forty-six feet. The fortress has two gates. One piercing the west front near the north-west corner, the other in the northern wall not far from its eastern extremity. The first is the famous Lion's Gate. It is approached by a gradually ascending roadway, fifty feet long and some twenty-eight feet wide, bounded on the left as one enters, by the circuit wall and on the right by a nearly parallel wall which forms part of a large quadrangular bastion. An enemy passing through this narrow passage would have to approach the gate, exposed to a rain of missiles in front and on both flanks, and on clearing the gate he would find himself shut up in a small court, opening into the citadel by a passage of a very few feet. The other gate in the north wall is smaller, but of similiar construction. Here the approach between the wall and tower is but ten feet in width while the opening for a single door measures but five feet and eleven inches on the ground and five feet, four inches at the top. This gate has been called the water gate, because it used to be close to the springs lying to the east and north-east of the fortress. The castle circuit was the dwelling place of the king and his retainers. The people lived outside, on the adjacent slopes and ridges. The lower town was composed of dwellings or little villages pitched wherever convenient sites invited. These unwalled villages were inhabited by a single class or group of families all descended from a common ancestor. These towns had walls, and their streets were narrow, yet there were a few Cyclopean carriage roads, especially one road connecting Mycenae with Corinth.

It is supposed that the race of the Persidae first obtained a foothold on the gulf of Argos, advancing through Nanpalia, Tiryns, Medea and finally settling at Mycenae. A second epoch opens for Mycenae with the incoming of the Pelopids. The reasons for believing that this people were there are two. First, the co-existence in the Mycenaen circuit wall of the rude Cyclopean with the more advanced masonry, the former ascribed to the Perseid founders who were a sea-faring people that came to Mycenae, and the latter ascribed to the Pelopid conquerors. Secondly, we have the ancient roads connecting Mycenae with Corinth, and pointing to Corinth as the northern base of which the Pelopid Mycenae was an outpost. It was under the Pelopid line that Mycenae rose to her Homeric eminence as a city well built, with broad streets and rich in gold. Under Agamemnon it became the seat of an Achaean empire with Argos and her isles. Then after the Pelopids the Dorians pursued their slow but sure march and appear as the conquering race before the great Lion's Gate. After this Argos became the capital, and while Tiryns and Mycenae were not actually blotted out, they were feeble dependencies. Still there was a remnant left to have a hand in the crowning glory of the Hellenic Race. In the struggle Mycenae sent eighty men under Leonidas to Thermopylae, and a year later at Platea, Mycenae and Tiryns together sent 400 men. Mycenae only rises a moment to fall lower than ever. The honors and distinctions that Mycenae received at Olympia and Delphi from the Greeks sealed her fate. In 468 B. C., hardly a decade later, the Argives besieged and took Mycenae and her inhabitants were scattered. The destruction was complete and Mycenae remained desolate from that time.

After leaving the palace we come to the dwelling of the king's retainers. The first part of these dwellings is made up of a court, a porch and a hall; the second part is made up of three underground chambers, above which there seems to have been a second floor for women. The two sections have a common outer court, from which a wooden staircase communicating with the basement rooms, is built. In the middle of the hall there is a square hearth, but there are no inside pillars and no ante-chambers as distinguished from the vestibule. In other respects the construction is that of a palace. Of the private houses inside the fortress many are very shabby in construction, others are fairly well built. There are many two-story houses, the lower story being without a window or door, so that no doubt the people lived on the second floor. This lower story seemed to be the place for debris and waste. There are found the bones of animals and all sorts of debris. This would have us to infer that the people who lived on the second floor were not very nice. Their domestic utensils were made of gold, silver, copper, bronze or lead. Along with copper we find some stone used for spoons, cups, jars and a variety of small vessels usually oval or bowl shaped. This pottery was of two kinds, the glazed and the unglazed, and these were ornamented. They also had wood and ivory. Of windows nothing has been known, because the houses appear to be well lighted by opening the doors and through the lantern roof, and no windows have been seen there. Rooms without a lantern roof may have been provided with slits in the wall to admit the sunlight. These rooms would be but dimly lighted in winter, when the winter forbade opening the doors. There was of course the fire light on the hearth. Fire-pans and torches could not have been their only light. The people's knowledge and use of oil in many ways leads us to think that they used oil for lighting. Also a lamp of stone, ash blue in color, has been found in one of the tombs. It measured eight inches long and three inches high.

How to Pray.

BY REV. H. C. HALL, CLASS OF 1882.

He prayeth best who loveth most
His fellows day by day;
God hears the cry of those who help
Each other on their way.

He prayeth best who strives himself
To answer every prayer;
Heaven yieldeth to the busy hand,
And hell is in despair.

He prayeth best who is absorbed
In what is true and right;
The hand that would salvation bring
With God has power and might.

He prayeth best whose heart is pure,
For they shall see God's face;
And near approach to God is sure
To touch His wondrous grace.

He prayeth best who intercedes,
With yearning tenderness,
For those who've wandered into sin,
That He'd forgive and bless.

He prayeth best who like his Lord,
Can say: "Thy will be done;"
And echo word for word the prayer
God taught us through His Son.

He prayeth best who lives his prayer
In sight of God and men;
Such lives defy the furnace flames
And lions in their den.

Sharon, Pa. Nov. 2, 1901.

The Next Day or the Day After Pippa Passes.

PERSONS.

Pippa.
Ottima and Sebald.
Jules and Phene.
The Mother of Luigi.
Monsignor.

Pippa, [*talking while dressing.*]
Day!
The sun peeps in at the window pane,
Night slowly fades away,
The East is brightened with gold again.
Once more we have a day.
A day for toiling and working,
And not a day for shirking.
New Year's day has gone at last.
Now will just begin the task,
Which yesterday brought on too fast.
But why should Pippa now complain?
Her holiday was free from rain,
And all fair Nature seemed to say,
During her time she should be gay,
What if the play time now is past?
She still has memories that will last,
And the whole year round a glow will cast,
So come, O days of work and toil
I'll gladly wind silk, coil on coil,
And thinking of next New Year's day,
Will work right merrily and gay.

Morning.— I.

SEBALD: O love, love can it be so?
Are you really here beside me?
Is this your hand I hold in mine,
Your little white hand? Let me kiss it—there!
Death! That is nothing to this last night
O the memory—it is awful!
Do not take your hand from mine!

O to think that I have cursed you!
How could I do it—my own, own Ottima.
Such a night as I have spent,
Listening outside your window.
There was a light—but dim.
How could I stand it—to see those eyes,
Those loving eyes closed, and never more
To look upon the world.
And those lips no more to whisper "Sebald."
O that light! 'Twas a message from an angel
At first—and then, O miserable thought!
An angel would not pity me.
And yet, if not, who would?
Sure angels love the world,—
No, not the world! What care I for the world?
But a sinner like myself.
But I watched the light,
And then at once 'twas dark,
And Satan seemed to mock me.
I tried to move,—to call for help,—
But all in vain, and I sank down.
O then death seemed welcome,
My Ottima was dead. I knew it,
For did I not have proof, a letter?
It said "Before the night has passed,
The hated Ottima shall be gone—dead."
O are they real—these eyes, these lips!
Let me kiss them once, twice
O love, my own dear love, why should death
Be courted by us both? Answer me, Ottima.
OTTIMA: Sebald, that question did I ask myself last night.
We're young. Sure, many years are yet for us.
And as I thought upon the matter,
Death seemed so awful—terrible
'Twould be an easy thing to die with you—
But not alone,—I could not bear it.
My courage failed me. And even when I thought of life,
It seemed one long time of torment
And then the young silk winder's words
Came to my desperate mind—
"God's in his Heaven." Could it be so?
For one moment, I was glad
But then I seemed to see in one great flash
The sin which I had done.
And yet beside me stood an angel
Which seemed to say "God loves the sinner."
Was it true?

O, yes, I believe it gladly,
And I saw Him on his Throne.
O wondrous sight!
His arms were held outstretched
And joyfully I entered.
Sebald: O! Ottima, my queen, implore Him for my sake.
The awful deed which I had planned to do—
take my own life—
Remains undone. Would to God it all remained undone.
But entreat Him, love. You say
He always loves the sinner.
Ottima O God, have mercy on us both!

Noon:— II.

Jules. What makes you so sad, my Phene?
Why are those lips so silent?
Wish you not to visit your land,
The land of Greece, your own dear Fatherland?
We will soon be there, where we will live alway,
Or until my hand has painted something that is good.
We will live in the great silence of some isle.
Some place where we will be alone.
Where we are all in all
And I will love you, my own, sweet Phene,
For all the world,—myself, and all the world.
Then have patience 'til we reach it—
That unsuspected isle, where you will stand beside me.
And I shall paint, that the whole world shall wonder.
Could you not believe it, my own love?
Phene:— That, indeed, would not be hard.
One with skill like yours, could do it all,—everything.
Therefore I will trust you willingly,
And love you with my whole heart.
And so I will be sad no more.
Will I not be with one I love?
Love—as I never could love again?

Evening:— III.

[*Their evening resting place.*]

Luigi's Mother. Can I bear it? My Luigi dead! Shot by a guard, while escaping! They say he killed the king; but what care I for that? My Luigi, my own dear son is dead! And yet they tell me to rejoice.

—he did his duty. But why need he do such a thing? There are men more fitted for the action. And did not reach safety. O would to God he had not attempted it! And yet do I wish that? He said it was his duty. Then I would not counsel otherwise. But what is best we do not always know. He used to wander here with me. To think he never shall again! O God, my Father, help me bear it!

Night.— IV.

MONSIGNOR: O that I did not have to do this! But will God hear me, if I do not? No—that is sure. I must tell her. She will be coming soon. I will wait for her—wait, and reveal my wickedness.

[*Pippa comes forward singing.*]

How light is her step! She does not seem in need. And yet—Youth, can it be depended on? O that I were young again. Then this deed that hangs so dark upon me, would not be. But I have sinned, and therefore I must suffer. She is coming—is here. O God!

PIPPA: Monsignor, is it you? It seemed more like a raving man, than like you, our own dear priest.

MONSIGNOR. Call me not that, my child, until you have heard. Then if you will forgive me, 'twill be well; if not, I'll have done my duty. I have a story, sad, to tell you;—one so full of love and sunshine; but I must, if ever forgiven by the God, who is in Heaven. Look, child—you're uncle stands before you! Let us walk home, as I tell you. Such a story—it should never reach the ears of one so pure.

PIPPA [*in her own room.*]

O let us be merry, sweet snow bird, I say,
Be merry and sing a low song right away,
Or can't you? so cold and so sleepy you seem,
Out there by the window, hid under a beam.
Perhaps you do not have cause to be gay,
You haven't found, have you, an uncle to-day?
Or were you not lonely? do you have plenty of friends.
Sitting beside you, as the swinging limb bends?
O, I was so lonely! It just seemed to be
So many were loved—they all were but me.
But now I'll be loved—be loved, never fear,
For I have an uncle. O he will be dear!
He loves me already. So I won't shed a tear.
To-morrow, wee bird to his home I shall go,
To work for him—not to wind, but to sew,
And we'll live as happy as other folks do,
For he's alone—I pity him—say, wouldn't you?

Bucknell Mirror.

JANUARY, 1902.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

Editorial.

At times in history we find a recurrence of events of somewhat similar characters to those which have preceded. We often hear the expression, "history repeats itself." We find in the same manner that certain topics of discussion arise and for a time they are turned over and over in various ways by many different writers. One of these themes has had a revival recently and we now hear of the view point or the changing view point.

Like many other questions this may be considered in reference to school life. Our view of our surroundings is governed to a large extent by our nature or hereditary traits of character. If our standpoint however is not changed to some extent while in college, we may be sure that our course has not been a success. Unless we have developed our minds and have risen to a point where we can consider a larger field of action and can trace the consequences of our deeds and their bearing on the future, we have to a large degree failed.

Experience is one of the greatest factors in changing our opinions in reference to life and its problems. We may read, study and reflect, but unless we enter into life and apply the test of practical use to our intellectual attainments, we are not likely to gain in mental power, nor to be successful in the conduct of life. Contact with men and things is necessary to the fuller understanding of the relation of our knowledge to the facts of our being.

The question as to what extent we are to carry this principle of activity is, of course, worthy of our consideration. There may be an excessive indulgence in side issues or avocations, which will interfere with the more important duties of life. This decision must be made by the person concerned, and cannot be governed by any strict and unchangeable laws. A sense of the proportionate value of various pursuits is necessary for right determinations.

The average student is inclined to take a narrow view of his relation to others. The immediate surroundings or objects just before him occupy his entire attention. They may be worthy motives or simply desires for pleasures. Instead of this he should consider the ultimate outcome of his course of action and be governed accordingly.

Acting from this limited point of view, and on such principles, the student is confined to a narrow sphere, and takes no active interest in the control and outcome of various school enterprises. As a result a few take up all of the work, bear the burdens, and endure the criticism. We may then assure our students that, if they will climb the ladder and take another survey of the landscape, they will be able to find an unoccupied corner in the field of college endeavor, and be able to use some one of their many talents. The editor will furnish suitable glasses for those who need an aid to clearer vision.

The business manager will greatly appreciate an early payment of all subscriptions. We desire to meet the demands upon us with prompt reply, and an immediate response from all will save us much trouble and time.

Alumni Notes.

Sons or Daughters of the following Alumni and Alumnæ of the University are students in its various departments:

'56.—John A. Gundy.
'60.—Mrs. S. R. Shorkley, Institute.
'63.—Rev. George Bowman, D. D.
'63.—Rev. H. C. Munro.
Ex-'67.—Leon B. Wolfe.
'68.—Rev. Leroy Stephens, D. D.
Ex-'68.—Joseph C. Nesbit.
'69.—A. A. Leiser, Esq.
'69.—F. E. Bower, Esq.
'69.—Rev. F. K. Fowler, D. D.
'69.—President J. H. Harris, LL. D.
'70.—H. H. Bliss.
'71.—Rev. Geo. Ballentine.
'71.—Rev. James Rainey.
'71.—Prof. W. T. Grier.
'71.—Prof. W. E. Martin.
'72.—Rev. S. F. Forgeus, D. D.
'72.—Prof. W. C. Bartol, Ph. D.
'72.—F. Bertolette, Esq.
'73.—W. C. Walls.
'73.—John B. Cook, Esq.
Ex-'74.—H. M. Alexander, M. D.
'75.—John F. Duncan, Esq.
'76.—Prof. A. B. Stewart.
'77.—C. J. Wolfe.
'79.—Mrs. C. B. Vorse, Institute.
'80.—Prof. W. G. Owens.
'82.—Rev. H. C. Hall, D. D.

'57. We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a biographical sketch of Rev. George Alexander Peltz, D. D., which appears in the *Baptist Commonwealth* of January 9th

'62. Rev. Wm. H. Conrad, D. D., is seriously ill.

'69. President J. H. Harris, LL. D., recently delivered an address before the Lycoming county Teachers' Institute.

'71. Rev. John Humpstone, D. D., of Brooklyn, is deeply afflicted in the death of his wife which occurred December, 1901.

'71. Professor W. E. Martin delivered an address at the formal opening of the new mission house near Jersey Shore on the afternoon of December 15th, 1901.

'76. Professor A. B. Stewart delivered a series of lectures on Mathematics before the Union county Teachers' Instiute at its last session.

'80. Professor W. G. Owens was one of the instructors at the Teachers' Institute held recently in Lewisburg.

'83. Rev. S. B. Meeser, D. D., has been called from his pastorate at Worcester, Massachusetts, to Detroit, Michigan.

'88. Rev. C. A. Soars preached in Fremont Temple, Boston, recently.

'87. The following item is taken from *The School Bulletin* of December, 1901: "On Wednesday evening, January 1st, 1902, Rev. Miles O. Noll will lecture on "The Hygiene of Cheerfulness." Rev. Noll is a Union county boy and a Bucknell graduate, who has pushed his way to the front and has become one of the brightest orators and raciest lecturers on the platform."

'88. The poems of Rev. J. W. Griffith, the pastor of the Baptist church, at Sherburn, N. Y,, are receiving merited recognitions. His poem read at a McKinley memorial service, a poem entitled "The King Alfred Millenary," and a recent work, "A Review of the Year" are highly praised, and the writings of the author have been extensively copied.

'90. Rev. J. H. Haslam received a call from the Prospect Avenue Baptist church, Buffalo, New York, but will remain with the First Baptist church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Ex.-'91. Rev. T. J. Cross, assistant pastor of "The Grace Baptist church," of Philadelphia, for the last three years will tender his resignation to take effect February 1st. We quote the following from *The Baptist Commonwealth* of January 2nd: "Mr. Cross is a good preacher, an aggressive worker, a sympathetic friend, a loving and faithful pastor, and still a young man, and we trust some church near Philadelphia will claim his services."

'92. On Friday, December 13, 1901, George Shorkley, M. D., and Miss Alice Kathryn MacLaughlin were married at the Bay View House in Camden, Maine.

Ex-'04. The engagement of Harry J. Little to Miss Mabel Rogers, ex-Institute, has been announced.

'95. On Monday, December 23rd, 1901, Professor L. G. C. Reimer was married to Miss Mary Youngman at the home of her brother in Danville.

'95. Rev. William T. Paullin and wife spent the holiday vacation with friends in Lewisburg.

'95. During the recent vacation the engagement of Professor F. M. Simpson, instructor in the Academy, to Miss Mary Wilson, of Lewisburg, was announced.

College Notes.

The class of 1905 held their first annual banquet at the Park Hotel, Williamsport, Monday evening, Jan. 6.

The new lighting and heating plant is now in running order and connections have already been made with some of the University buildings.

At the beginning of the present term several new students entered the different departments of the University. There were three new names added to the College roll, three to the Academy and five to the Institute.

During the first week of this term Mr. W. J. Miller, State Secretary of the College Y. M. C. A., visited the association at Bucknell. At the meeting on Monday evening, Jan. 13, Rev. H. B. Rankin, ex-'89, of Easton, delivered a very helpful address.

The reception of the ladies of the senior clsss in honor of the young men of the class was held on Wednesday, Jan. 17. Music, games and charades were features of the occasion, while refreshments were in evidence during the entire evening. After a pleasant time of several hours a photograph of the class members was taken, and the guests departed, with a feeling of gratitude to those whose efforts had made the occasion so enjoyable and with regret that so few opportunities remain in the future for social gatherings as the class of 1902.

On account of the resignation of Dr. Brumbaugh, of the University of Pennsylvania, the position of commissioner of education in Porto Rico has been made vacant. Dr. G. G. Groff is an applicant for the office and has been strongly recommended to President Roosevelt. Having already had considerable experience in this work in Porto Rico, Dr. Groff would be a most valuable man for the position.

The Fourth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement will be in Toronto, Canada, February 26 to March 2. The last convention was attended by 2,000 delegates. Entertainment by Toronto citizens will reduce cost to traveling expenses and special rates will be given by the railway companies. All who can attend are promised a pleasant and profitable experience.

During the storm on Dec. 14th, the East Wing of the college was partially unroofed and many of the students compelled to vacate their rooms. During the vacation the damage was repaired and most of the students have moved back into their old rooms again.

The Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania Young Men's Christian Association will be held at Warren, Pa., February 20-23, 1902. This will also be a large gathering, and entertaining and instructive speakers will be present.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has pledged the last $25,000 of $100,000 for increasing the endowment of Bucknell University. The friends of the Institution have commenced raising the balance with good prospects of success.

Athletics.

Another basketball season has commenced and we are certain that Bucknell will have a winning team again this year. There is plenty of new material from which to select and every position is hotly contested. Three of last year's team are playing this season and with six or eight men trying for the other positions we cannot fail to have a team that will equal if not surpass that of 1901.

The game with Lock Haven Normal on Saturday evening, Jan. 11th, was the first of the season and resulted in a score of 46 to 8 in favor of Bucknell. Our boys played a fine game showing excellent team work. The Lock Haven team was simply outclassed, having the ball in their possession but a comparatively small part of the game.

The line up:

LOCK HAVEN.		BUCKNELL.
Moore	Guard	Stanton
Fish	Forward	Davis
Linch	Center	Anderson Cheesman
Gundlach	Forward	Elliott
Bixler	Guard	Groff English

Manager Robinson has completed the schedule for the season which includes thirteen games. Five of these games will be played on the home floor. We are glad to note that several games have been scheduled with teams that we meet this season for the first time.

Following is the schedule:

Saturday, Jan. 11,—Lock Haven Normal at Lewisburg.
Friday, Jan. 17,—Gettysburg College at Lewisburg.
Friday, Jan. 24,—Gettysburg College at Gettysburg.
Saturday, Jan. 25,—Dickinson College at Carlisle.
Friday, Jan. 31,—Dickinson College at Lewisburg.
Saturday, Feb. 8,—Bloomsburg Normal at Lewisburg.

Tuesday, Feb. 11,—Muhlenburg College at Allentown.
Wednesday, Feb. 12,—Princeton University at Princeton.
Thursday, Feb. 13,—Lehigh University at South Bethlehem.
Saturday, Feb. 22,—Lehigh University at Lewisburg.
Thursday, Feb. 27,—Lock Haven Normal at Lock Haven.
Friday, Feb. 28,—Allegheny College at Meadville.
Saturday, Mar. 1,—Warren Y. M. C. A. at Warren.

A schedule has also been arranged for the annual series of class games. This series is to decide the championship of the four classes of the college, the winners receiving the cup offered by Coach Hoskins. The Academy will play two games in this series but will have no chance for the cup.

The schedule:
Monday, Jan. 13,—4:15 p. m. 1904 vs. Academy.
Tuesday, Jan. 21,—4:15 p. m. 1903 vs. 1905.
Monday, Jan. 28,—8:00 p. m. 1903 vs. 1904.
Monday, Feb. 3,—4:15 p. m. 1902 vs. 1903.
Saturday, Feb. 15,—8:00 p. m. 1904 vs. 1905.
Tuesday, Feb. 18,—4:15 p. m. 1902 vs. 1904.
Monday, Feb. 24,—4:15 p. m. 1905 vs. Academy.
Monday, Mar. 3,—8:00 p. m. 1902 vs. 1905.

Book Review.

THE BIBLE IN COURT:—The method of legal inquiry applied to the study of the Scripture, by Joseph Evans Sagebeer, Ph. D. (Penn.) J. B. Lippincott Company, Phila., 1900.

The author is a Bachelor of Arts, 1885, this University, M. A. 1888, and now pastor of the First Baptist church in Germantown. He believes that the method of legal procedure developed through centuries by learned jurists and writers upon the law, is a comparatively perfect method in answering the questions—What are the alleged facts in the case? Are the facts that make up the question at issue true, or are they false? If these things are true, what are the logical consequences, what other propositions for that reason must be true, and what other propositions for that reason must be false? This part of his case he explains with a clearness and wealth of illustration that show him to be well versed in the principles of the law.

Then he asserts that the Bible, as a *book*, may be brought into court, and its propositions tried under the well-known rules of Pleading, Evidence and Inference. He does not pretend to state in general what this procedure will announce concerning the Bible—he only indicates the means by which one who is judicially inclined may investigate for himself. Now and then, he makes an application of the proposed method to the Bible, but it is upon those matters that are not in controversy and is so illuminating as to cause the reader to wish for more.

It is evident that the author is a reverent student of the Bible and believes that the Scriptures can stand the test of a judicial investigation; that faith is not something contrary to reason but is based upon reason; and that, to use his own words, "Some clearly-defined position of the mind with reference to the whole system of Christian doctrine is essential to his [the Christian's] usefulness, and should be essential to his peace of soul."

To those who imagine that the Bible and Christianity deal entirely with matters that cannot be subjected to the tests of close and accurate thinking, this book will be a revelation. It is worthy, as the reviewers have pointed out, to stand by the side of the works of Judges Greenleaf and Bennett on kindred topics; and it is written in a spirit of friendliness enforced by a style which, to quote Dr. E. H. Johnson, "is like a modern rifled gun, that goes off with a sharp report and sends its shot to the mark." We commend it to all our students who are interested in the study of argumentation and gladly give it a place among the rapidly increasing publications of the sons of Bucknell.

Bucknell Mirror.

VOL. XXI. LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY, 1902. NO. 5.

Job Rankin's Salvation

When I tell you I was a popular fellow among the boys I do not say it with the least tinge of conceit. My greatest weakness was that I had always taken the world in too free and easy a fashion. I possessed a snug little fortune which my father left me, and of course it was natural that I should be inclined to idleness. When there was any plan on foot for a good time, the boys always came to me, for I had the reputation of being the most jolly, pleasure-loving, fun-making fellow in the crowd, and then too, I do not doubt they looked a little at the money side of it also.

I left the city one summer for a prolonged stay at a popular pleasure resort and when I came back quite unexpectedly in the middle of August, I had undergone a complete transformation. Instead of pursuing my old tactics I got down to hard work and that too with a vim which almost took the breath away from my old companions. They thought it some huge joke and momentarily expected to see me resume my old rolé. Well, I will confess that it was unreasonable to believe that I was in earnest yet, had they known the experience I had passed through at the pleasure resort they would not have been so unwilling to accept my actions as genuine. I never told anyone what happened that could have changed me so, for such a thing I saw would have been extremely unwise. They could think what they would, for I had risen above the idea that a man must act to please all and it did not take me long to see the truth of it either, after I had fairly settled in the bustling activity of life.

I had soon refreshed my legal knowledge and was ready for work. My years of idleness after leaving Harvard's Law School had dulled my mental power but, after a little hard work, the rust was removed and the powers so long lying dormant came into action once more.

On the first day of September of that eventful year my shingle was thrown to the breeze. It read thus:

JOB HENRY RANKIN,
Attorney-at-Law.

I began to feel for the first time in my life that I was capable of doing something. While I waited for clients, I studied. My old friends occasionally called, but my time for talking was now limited and they soon took the hint and departed. It was a hard thing to so completely overthrow my old self but I saw no other alternative, if I was to accomplish the end I had resolved upon.

Finally success crowned my effort. Clients began to come and I was successful with all to such a degree that my name began to be sounded in the courts as one of no little importance. The daily papers gave glowing accounts of my success, which proved the best kind of an advertisement, and soon I had really more work than I could attend to.

While pleading a case one day I had for a rival a man who, like myself, was just starting out. He was fresh from the Law School and impressed me as a sound, sensible fellow. He was not long in proving himself a lawyer of first class ability. He was a quiet fellow but, at the same time, he had an eloquence that was fiery, to the point, and convincing. I admired his vim and took especial pains to form his acquaintance. His name was Ellsworth Banks and every time I looked at him there was awakened in me a slight recollection of some one whom I had met before and, to make the thing more intense, he possessed the same name. I never pried into his family affairs, for his reserve was a shield against such undue familiarity in this, our early stage of professional acquaintance, yet I felt confident that he was all I thought him to be.

Time sped on and closer and closer grew the friendship between Banks and I. We had met several times in court defending opposite sides, yet our rivalry never went beyond the bar. One Saturday evening he called into my office just as I was about to leave. I could tell by his face that he had something interesting to tell me and when he was comfortably settled in a chair and had lit a "perfecto" he spoke the following:

"Job, I went home to Boston yesterday to see my folks and have just returned. I thought perhaps you might be here, so I came here directly from the train. The first thing I want to ask you is if you ever knew a young lady by the name of Ada Banks?" I felt a thrilling sensation steal over me as he pronounced that name, but it was not so much a surprise to me for I had been thinking for a long time that he was connected with her. I answered "yes" with as steady a voice as I could command. He seemed to grasp the situation and again spoke.

"My dear old fellow, she is my sister and she is dying to see you. I was telling her all about you and before I knew what happened, *she was describing you to me!* Now what do you say to our going up next Saturday and spending a Sunday?" I willingly consented and we parted for the night. Well now, if this was not growing interesting, and yet, I felt myself more buoyant than I had been for a long time. The next week dragged slowly by until finally the time came and Banks and I were flying towards Boston on the three o'clock express.

* * * * * * *

As we alighted from the cab at the Bank's residence on one of the main avenues a feminine figure stood in the open doorway to receive us. Yes, it was the same Ada of old. After the greeting I was ushered into the parlor. Banks found some pretext to go into another part of the house and she and I were left alone. My old love for her had returned in the brief span of those few minutes. I felt an unexplainable rapture as I beheld her comely person. I spoke and no doubt she could discern the feeling in my voice for she lost all reserve and answered from the fulness of her heart.

"Mr. Rankin you will forgive me for misjudging you last summer, will you not? I was sorry to have called you an idle, careless man. I thought you cared nothing at all for anything but drink and a good time, and that is why I acted as I did. Will you forgive me?"

Great tears were coursing down her cheeks before she had finished and I could scarcely believe the same girl was before me. I took her hand in mine—it was slightly nervous—and looking into her eyes said:

"Ada, you justly sent me away from you. When I went there last summer I was what you truthfully stated, and unworthy of a woman's love—although God knows I loved you. By your treating me so there was awakened in me a complete sense of the emptiness of my life and that has proved my salvation. I owe everything to you! For a long time silence reigned —then there was whispering—then when Banks a little later arrived on the scene everything was settled.

* * * * * * *

A year has elapsed. No longer my shingle hangs from the old Law Office, but, farther down the street is a more elaborate building from which hangs a gilded sign with this inscription:

RANKIN & BANKS,
Attorneys-at-Law.

In the Western part of the city Ada and I live in a pretty little cottage. From a careless, idle and sporting gentleman I have become a succesful lawyer and to the woman I am proud to call my wife I attribute *it all.*

Mycenaean Age

PART II.

The Mycenaean tombs are of two general types. The first is an oblong pit sunk vertically in the ground and it is very much like the modern grave; the second or later forms are the bee-hive and rock-hewn chamber, which are approached alike by an avenue cut horizontally into a hillside. It is this second form which offers to us the great monuments of sepulchral architecture.

In unearthing the first class or oblong pits, one finds the mound filled with Mycenaean pottery, terra cotta idols, bronze knives, stone implements and the like before the spade comes to the tomb-stones. The stones are sculptured with scenes from life, as heroes in their chariots engaged in war or the chase. Only the graves of the men were marked by sculptured slabs with reliefs representing occupations which belong exclusively to men, while the graves of the women have only modest polished stones to mark them. All the graves are lined with slanting stone walls. Often several skeletons were found in one grave, proving that the people buried a family together. The bodies were not at full length in the grave, but were buried in a half-sitting posture with the head resting on high pillows. These people used a method of embalming for their dead. After the burial the grave was covered with a slab and then mounded over. The mourners had a funeral feast by the grave. In these graves have been found all sorts of jewels as well as substantial articles for actual use. As a rule more jewels were found in the graves of the women, while in the graves of the men were weapons, as swords, daggers, spears, arrow heads, and gold or silver goblets.

The tombs of the second class mentioned are subterranean chambers, approached by horizontal avenues hewn in a rocky hill-side. At Mycenae eight of these bee-hive tombs have been found. The vaulted as well as the chamber tombs all lie outside the citadel. The "Treasury of Atreus," known in the neighborhood as the tomb of Agamemnon is of great importance which fact is also true of the so-called "Tomb of Clytemnestra." The

"Treasury of Atreus" is the type of the tholos-tombs. It is paved with a whitish earth, and its sides are revetted with massive ashlar masonry. The door at the entrance of this tomb which is hewn in the side of a rock, is seventeen feet and nine inches high and eight feet and nine inches in breadth. These tombs have also a side chamber connected with the main tomb by a door. Those that have not these side chambers have grave pits such as are found in the "Tomb of Clytemnestra." These tholoi were the sepulchres of royal and noble families. As a rule the body was simply laid on the floor of the tholos or the chamber, not covered with earth nor placed in a coffin of wood or stone. Nowhere except in Crete have coffins been found. In the tholoi there seems to be no rule for the posture of the dead. The mouth of the tomb was closed with a wall and filled in with earth. The offerings in these tombs were no doubt more valuable than in the other tombs, but later explorers have been unable to find any, because these tombs were plundered in antiquity.

The Mycenaean warrior had a dress of breech-cloth or loin-apron drawn between the legs and girded at the waist. Later the apron costume is supplemented by greaves strapped at knee and ankle and by sandals, which turned up at the toes. This apron is undoubtedly the primitive form of dress for the man and must have remained so for a long time except when the cold compelled him to add the "chlaina" or cloak, which was often nothing more than the hide of a beast thrown over his shoulders. Later still is the "chiton" or shirt, a cut and sewn linen garment which fitted like an onion peel, in contrast with the mere web of woolen girt about the loins as an apron or thrown over the shoulders as a cloak. The men wore the "chiton" partly covered with or by a coat-of-mail. The warriors wore sandals on their feet and greaves of leather or cloth strapped about the knees and ankles. Such greaves or leggings were worn in peace as well as in war. A brooch fastened their cloaks. The men wore their hair long and often bound it back by a fillet. On their wrists they wore bracelets of gold, on their fingers rings of gold, bronze, iron, and precious stones, at the knees gold clasps, and around their necks they wore necklaces of gold set with gems, and some of glass, others of amber. They also spangled their garments with gold leaf.

The woman's dress was more complicated than that of the man. The women wore a "chiton" reaching from the throat to the ankles, and on their skirts they had flounces, while their bodices were plainly made. They used buttons, wore girdles, and had mirrors, hair-pins, hair combs, ear-rings, curling-irons, collars, necklaces, gold-beads, rings, bracelets, and wore gold-leaf spangled on their gowns. They wore sandals of some sort, but no head gear except a ribbon to confine their hair in its place. In short they were burdened with jewelry.

The Mycenaean's armory included the shield, spear, sword, battle-axe, and bow and sling. The shields must have been made of hide stretched over a wooden frame work. This shield was almost a panoply in itself and left but little need for a breast-armor. The Mycenean helmet was not of metal but was simply a leather cap more or less garnished. The swords were made of bronze, and were often three feet long or more with a straight two edged blade of rigid metal. They were broad at the hilt and tapering to the point, being thus adapted to thrust and not to cut. Many of these have a large hilt of solid bronze, others of wood, bone, or ivory, while the sword-blades are inlaid with designs in different metals. The sword was sheathed in a scabbard of wood, leather or even linen, but this was richly overlaid with gold and was sometimes studded from end to end with embossed gold disks. The sword belt was of leather and when worn by princes it was plaited with gold. The shaft of the spear was of wood of tough ash. The spear head was of bronze with a socket to receive the shaft, which was further secured by rivets. We know that they used the bow, and that they had slingers. Their battle axes were two edged made of bronze and with a hole in the middle for the helve. The Mycenaean warrior was not inferior to the Homeric warrior in weapons of attack. When a Mycenaean army marched to battle the chief went along mounted in his chariot with his great emblazoned shield, his plumed helmet and his bronze sword. Later the lancers are seen following him with their shields and their corslet, their leather greaves, and their helmets adorned with terrific horns and horse-tails, and at the rear comes a great mob of bow-men and slingers.

The Myceaean people were masters of many arts with many tools. They had saws to cut the hardest rocks, and drills to bore them. They had begun to cherish and practice chiselling in marble. In metal work they appear equally accomplished and turned the metals to many shapes and forms. The carving of wood and stone-cutting were also practiced. Goldsmiths were found in Mycenae at an early age. The Vaphi cups are the masterpieces of these men. Of equal importance are the statuettes and gems. Inlaying was decidedly a Myceneaen product, as we find it in dagger blades, and other works. Their frescoing was beautiful and had advanced to a vivid portrayal of human and animal life. They ornamented their pottery exquisitely, while idols made of marble showed a rude sort of skill.

The altars at Mycenae and Tiryns, the funeral offerings and clear traces of continued ministrations to the dead, the adoration scenes occurring in Mycenaean art, the rude images which are hardly less abundant in this place among its remains than the eikon in Modern Greece, and the rude marble idols of which about seven hundred have been found of the same shape, all help us to know something of these people's religious beliefs. We have proof of their acts of sacrifice and worship from a painted tablet and ring that were found with pictures of people in the attitude of worship. These people had their temples, for a temple was found in Mycenae, which were used as the dwelling places of the gods, while the people worshipped at the altars. This people first worshipped their ancestors and then their gods. Death was a mystery and they had a fear and reverence for it. Then they longed for a protector and therefore they made for themselves gods to worship. The Mycenaean belief in the continued presence and power of the dead hardly requires further proof after all we have learned of the sacrifices at the tombs, for men offer sacrifice only to beings whose favor they seek or whose displeasure they wish to escape. This is enough to show that somewhere and sometime it had been the living faith and practice of the Greeks. There is no doubt that the worship of the dead actually had a large place among the Mycenaens as their tombs bear visible witness. We know that the cults came to exist side by side with this worship of the dead. On the great Signet from Mycenae we seem to recognize the god Zeus. In short we know without doubt from the altars, temples and idols of this people, that they had gods of some sort represented by marble, wood or metal images. G. B. R. '03.

Bucknell Mirror.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

Editorial

Bucknell is over 50 years old. Her groves are stately. The old "Hill" is wind-buffeted in winter and shadow-cast in summer. Dear to us all are the haunts and associations of our Alma Mater. Many a poetic and music-loving soul has mused under the shadow of Bucknell's college halls, yet no one of our many poets seems ever to have produced a college song which has passed down to us as a distinctively Bucknell song. The need is a pressing one. Books of College Songs are being published containing the thoughts of thankful hearts inspired by affection for their Alma Mater. Can not some one of our many poets produce for us a Bucknell College Song that shall live and be inseparable from our own college life.

As the exchanges come to our desk with each month, we cannot fail to note their comments on our own paper. Some comments are rather severe; some have perhaps a tinge of resentment; and some may be somewhat too harsh. Others praise our work in a way that may be undeserving. A few have said that our work is disappointing from a literary standpoint, and that, though the paper is good as far as it goes, it is not quite what it should be for a University publication.

The latter comment is perhaps nearest the truth. We need articles of a higher grade and our students are able to produce compositions of merit, if they will simply make the resolution to use their talent and then carry out their resolution. Acting on this belief, we wish to give a few suggestions to those who may have the desire to contribute to our pages.

1. Select a topic that you are able to treat in an acceptable manner.

2. Carefully analyze your theme, and then write fully and carefully.

3. When you have obeyed the foregoing suggestions, boil it down. Then boil it several times.

4. Do not sit down at ten or eleven o'clock at night to write an article to be published next day, and expect to receive some inspiration. The muse may be otherwise engaged at that moment. If you are writing up an account of a fire for the early edition of a city daily it may be necessary to write on short notice, but you have a topic in that case. The best work is not dashed off at one sitting. Take time to think.

5. Brief, concise and pithy articles are the most valuable for our journal. Our space is too limited for an extended treatise or a long drawn out narrative. Boil it down.

Alumni Personals

'59. Rev. A. D. Hawn, D. D., for twenty-three years pastor of the Presbyterian church at Delaware, O., has resigned on account of failing health.

'62. After a lingering illness of progressive paralysis, which lasted for many months, Rev. W. H. Conard, D. D., died at his home in Philadelphia, January 16.

He was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, October 8, 1832, and spent his early life in the mercantile business. In 1856 he entered the Academy at this place and graduated from the University in 1862. Having been ordained to the Gospel ministry about one month after his graduation he entered upon his work as pastor of the Davisville church, at a salary of $300. He served in that relation for a period of fourteen years during which time the church was exceedingly prosperous. In 1876 he accepted a call to the Bristol church in which pastorate he was engaged until 1880. At that time he was chosen Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Mission Society in which capacity he served until the time of his death. He was very deeply interested in the work of Home Missions, and was recognized by all who knew him as a profoundly sympathetic friend.

His death cast a great gloom over his wide circle of friends and many heartfelt tributes have been paid him, among which are those from his class mates, Rev. A. J. Rowland, D. D., Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., and Rev. Leroy Stephens, D. D., class of 1868.

Chaplain Thomas A. Gill, class of 1865, has been retired with the rank and pay of a Rear Admiral of the United States Navy. Under the Navy Personnel Bill, this honor is accorded only to Chaplains with a Civil War record. There is but one other Chaplain, besides Admiral Gill, entitled to the honor.

'68. Rev. Leroy Stephens, D. D., of the Education Society, is spending the month of February in the western part of Pennsylvania.

'71. Rev. Henry Colclesser for several years past the successful pastor of the Baptist church at Conshohocken, Pa., has removed to New Mexico on account of health.

The Hon. David Jayne Hill, LL. D., class of 1874, Bucknell College, First Assistant Secretary of State, has been officially designated as one of the delegates, representing President Roosevelt, for the reception and entertainment of Prince Henry of Prussia.

'77. Rev. H. M. Lowry, of Rahway, N. J., has been called to the Baptist church of the Redeemer, New York City.

'78. Rev. Thos. H. Chapman, of Pittsburg, has been greatly bereaved in the recent death of his wife, who was active in her aid of her husband in the work of his church.

'80. Rev. H. A. Griesemer, D. D., has been elected President of the Baptist Ministers, Conference of Baltimore, Md.

'88. Rev. R. B. McDaniel has entered on the third year of his pastorate at Clarksburg, W. Va. During the two years, 96 new members were added to the church, a new parsonage erected, $2000 of indebtedness paid. At the beginning of the third year, already an additional $1000 of debt has been paid and the salary of the pastor raised.

'89. Rev. W. C. Leinbach has removed from Chester Springs, Pa., to Shamokin, Pa.

'94. Rev. P. S. Calvin has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Smethport. He is a graduate of the Theological Department of the University of Chicago. His wife Mrs. Minnie (Cotton) Calvin graduated from the University in the class of '95, and subsequently took work in the Department of Theology at the University of Chicago.

'94. Rev. R. R. Snow is pastor of the East Cleveland Baptist church, Cleveland, O. The church was recently offered $11,000 by Mr. John D. Rockefeller on condition that they raise $14,000. The church raised the amount within three months after the offer was made.

Ex.-'95. Rev. D. A. Solly is pastor of the Broadus Memorial Baptist church, Richmond, Va.

'95. The Jenkintown Baptist church has unaminously called Rev. Thomos Carson Hanna, of Uniontown, Conn., to be its pastor.

'96. Rev. W. E. Hall has removed from West Virginia to Indiana Co., Pa.

'96. The friends of Frederick William Brown, M. D., will be pleased to learn that he has developed quite an extensive practice in Franklin, Pennsylvania.

'98. Harry C. Fithian, formerly an instructor in Bucknell Academy, has recently been admitted to the Lycoming County Bar.

'99. G. Livingston Bayard was recommended for ordination by a council called by the Cold Point Baptist church on January 1st. On the same evening the ordination services were held, in which the following Bucknell graduates participated, R. T. Wiltbank, '98; M. G. Evans, '82; J. R. Wood, '94; J. R. Strayer, '94; and H. B. Garner, '65. Mr. Bayard, after graduating here, attended Harvard, and is at present a student in Crozer Theological seminary.

'00. C. H. Miller is principal of the school at Knox, Clarion Co.

'00. M. A. Carringer was recently chosen as Principal of the school at Marienville in which he has been teaching.

'01. J. F. Snyder is Principal of the Public Schools at Brownsville, Pa.

'01. S. C. Smith has been elected manager of the Jefferson college base ball team.

College Notes

The upper class men had old memories revived and regretted that they could not indulge in the exciting scenes as of old, while the residents of the neighboring town of Sunbury were treated to a rare spectacle of the scenes attending a college banquet. The wise old sophomores succeeded in evading their friends of the lower class, and but few were captured. One enterprising member, who has evidently paid close attention to the writings of Hawkshaw, the Detective, adopted the novel method of appearing upon the scene in the guise of a fairy godmother. In spite of vain efforts at interruption, the banquet was carried out as planned, and was most satisfactory to all concerned, if we except the freshmen who lingered without the banquet halls and also without their intended victims.

Payment for subscriptions are now due. Do not wait for a visit from the manager.

Do you get your paper regularly? We have learned that some subscribers have not received their copy. The fault is not ours, but we desire to have regular service. In case of failure to receive any number, please report at once.

The announcement that the MIRROR would offer a prize for the best short story was posted on the Bulletin board, and it is not necessary to give the details, since the contest will close on March 1.

The prize, "Songs of the Eastern Colleges," a new publication issued by Hinds and Noble, is well worth securing. This book contains several hundred college songs and represents both the large and small institutions of the East. The songs are up-to-date in every respect, yet the old favorites have not been forgotten. The good old college airs are there together with the best productions of later writers. The book will recall memories of college days to the alumnus, and bring new delights to the student. The typographical work is excellent, and the make-up of the book leaves nothing to be desired. We have heard nothing but praise from those who have seen the book. In short, if it is at all possible, do not fail to secure a copy.

The Junior ball, held in the Armory on Friday evening, Feb. 14th, was well attended and all spent a delightful evening.

L'Agenda, the College Annual, published by the Junior class of Bucknell University, has been dedicated this year to Maj. Gen. Charles Miller, Trustee and staunch friend of the University.

Dr. J. L. Campbell, of New York City, conducted a series of meetings during the week of prayer for school and colleges. The attendance was unusually large and everyone felt that the meetings were very helpful.

The Rev. T. H. Sprague, class of 1897, has offered an annual prize to the student who excels in the course of English Bible, to be named in memory of his father, "The John Sprague English Bible Prize." This prize will be awarded for the first time at the next Commencement.

Dr. Perrine, on January 24, addressed the two college literary societies in joint assemblage in Theta Alpha Hall, "What constitutes an able debater" was his topic, and an able treatment of the subject was very entertaining and instructive to the many students who were present.

In the inter-society debate on February 28, Theta Alpha will be represented by Karge and Ealy, both of '04, while Williamson and Bostwick, of '05, will contest for Euepia. The question is: RESOLVED,—That a formal alliance between the United States and Great Britain, for the mutual protection of their interests, is expedient."

The Y. M. C. A. meetings are held, as usual on Tuesday evening at 9.00 p. m. They are not only interesting, but helpful and deserve to be better attended. We fail to understand the reason for the apparent lack of interest on the part of the students. If it is the worn out question of time, we remind our students that, in the opinion of one of the faculty, the man who cannot give an hour per week to religious service, is lacking in mentality.

The irrepressible Bucknell spirit, which finds so few outlets for its exercise, has turned its attention to the cultivation of the lighter side of nature. In short, the burnt cork artists, (if we may be pardoned for perpetrating such a chestnut) are working with all their power to present a first class entertainment to the students and citizens of our town. We can assure them that the Minstrel show will furnish a better treat than many more widely advertised aggregations.

Taking advantage of the abundant snow fall the Seniors prepared to enjoy an old-fashioned sleigh ride thro the country. Two sleds full of merry yet ever stately seniors arrived in Watsontown. They enjoyed an excellent supper, and the impromptu toasts proved that Seniors' ability could always be relied upon. They were reminded that there will be for them but few more social functions, yet that did not mar their present pleasure. Suffice it to say that Senior events are always the happiest functions of College life and the class of 1902 is just preparing to enjoy her last privileges.

Winter in the Country

The world is still and silent, overhead
  A thousand silver stars shine glistening, cold,
To right and left a broad expanse gleams white
  Sprinkled with diamonds, as Kings' crowns of old.

No sound is heard, save as beneath my feet
  The crisp snow yields reluctant to my tread
Or far away a watchdog's mellow tone
  Sends forth a challenge to the moon o'erhead.

Oh peaceful, silent night! Oh silver stars!
  The busy throng is all forgotten here
The world seems far away, and winter's king
  Extends his powerful sway both far and near.

FRIQUE.

Athletics

The class basketball games have resulted as follows:
Jan. 28—Juniors, 3; Freshmen, 20.
Feb. 4—Juniors, 4; Sophomores, 12.
Feb. 14—Sophomores, 14; Freshmen, 9.

The basketball team is still continuing its good work. The number of victories have been increased since our last issue with but one defeat to record, and that by a small margin. The victories, on the contrary, have been by decisive scores, as the appended table demonstrates. When we consider the fact that the last three games were played on succeeding days, and on the opponent's floors the record is more noteworthy. As in past years, we can well be proud of our team. The following is the record to date:
Friday, Jan. 17—Bucknell, 38; Gettysburg, 7.
Friday, Jan. 24—Bucknell, 30; Gettysburg, 24.
Saturday, Jan. 25—Bucknell, 21; Dickinson, 13.
Friday, Jan. 31—Bucknell, 46; Dickinson, 3.
Saturday, Feb. 8—Bucknell, 48; Bloomsburg Normal, 12.
Tuesday, Feb. 11—Bucknell, 16; Muhlenberg, 5.
Wednesday, Feb. 12—Bucknell, 18; Princeton, 19.
Thursday, Feb. 13—Bucknell, 30; Lehigh, 16.

Exchanges

The Tennessee University *Magazine* contains a masterly article on Rudyard Kipling. As a critique it touches the point and strikes deep.

"A Private Rehearsal," in the *College Student* is a most excellent story. The denouement is well sustained and the English simple and yet well chosen.

The December *Cherry and White*, contains three crisp, up-to-date stories. The *Cherry and White*, although a High School Journal easily maintains its position in College journalism.

"Diversions of a Book Worm," in the January *College Student* shows very great ingenuity but could scarcely be called literature even tho found in the columns of a very literary magazine.

The article "Changing Moods," in the November Allegheny *Literary Monthly* is an excellent example of rapid conversation which is so difficuit for amateurs to get. It also shows power of rapid movement and an understanding of human emotions.

The *Free Lance* for January contains a parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy called "Hamlet Revised," which is one of the best parodies we have ever seen. Of course we are aware that the parody does not rank high in poetry yet this for its kind is certainly well written.

We notice a series of sketches in the December *Haverfordian* and January Tennessee University *Magazine* which deserve mention for literary excellence. These short sketches require much literary skill and when properly handled prove excellent examples of impressionism in literature.

The Delaware College *Review* for December in its exchange column deplores the number of "silly love stories" found in most exchanges and commends the *Chisel* because it is free from that obnoxious article. Yet the first page of that issue contains a "silly love story" of the most nauseous type. This is inconsistent.

The college women's journals on our table deserve high rank in college journalism. They contain matter of real literary excellence, and usually do not lack for well-written stories. However, we notice an article in *Mount Holyoke's* January number on "Being a Co-ed," which, though excellent in some respects, is far-fetched and probably was written in ignorance of the real Co-ed system.

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXI. Lewisburg, Pa., March, 1902. No. 6.

"His Heart's Desire"

Harland tore open the long envelope, took out the bulky, folded manuscript, and laid it to one side on his desk. Then he picked up the type-written slip that had dropped out, and, without even reading it, filed it on a long spike driven into the wall close by. This done, he reflected.

Seven stories sent out in the past month to as many magazines; seven stories returned this month, each one accompanied by the cruel little piece of paper that informed him, in uniform dark-blue letters, that "the editors expressed their regret that the enclosed manuscript sent by Mr. James Harland (blank filled out) had, on careful reading, proved unavailable." Two sonnets and one nonsense-rhyme forwarded to leading periodicals; two sonnets and one nonsense-rhyme returned, accompanied by slips almost identical with those of the stories. Meanwhile, the rent for his third floor front was due, and two slim meals a day hardly met the requirements of a man who had captained his foot-ball team at college, Harland soliloquized.

"The editor of the "Metropolis" *deeply* regretted his inability to accept that Southern sketch. That sounds somewhat encouraging. Perhaps, if he felt so badly about it this time, he might be moved next time to spare his feelings and accept. Let us consider. Been here nearly three months; have spent more than I care to think of in stamps, and have had one two-verse poem accepted, printed, and paid for—two dollars. Assets, ten stamps, several pounds of paper, and sixty-seven cents in cash; liabilities—" he dropped his head on the desk and groaned.

It *was* hard. A very, very meagre yearly income, left him by a deceased uncle, and plenty of perseverance were about all Harland possessed. He had, it is true, a clear brain and an overwhelming love for his calling, but of late grave doubts had risen as to whether or not it *was* a *calling*. It is easy to talk about rising every time one falls; but after a series of accidents of this kind a helping hand is necessary to assist the rising. Harland lacked the hand; and it was with the dogged determination that is so often the fore-runner of absolute hopelessness that he cleared the loose papers from the desk and started to revise the rejected manuscript. It was just as he finished the last sheet that there came to him a thought which fairly made him startle.

He carefully put down his pen, pushed aside the papers, and then, for some minutes, sat in deep thought, his eyes fixed on the file of slips, his hands lying, one in the other, with the palms up, loosely folded on the desk before him. After a time, he rose, crossed the room, and went to the mirror. He looked at himself seriously, scrutinizingly, taking in with care every feature of the determined face with its level, resolute eyes and firm-set-mouth.

"James Harland," he said addressing the reflection in the mirror—and his voice was low and tense—"You are going to do what no one but a scoundrel would ever dream of doing. You are going to copy another man's work, work that has already been printed and paid for, and you are going to send it to an editor, who in all probability will print and pay for it again. To this stolen piece of work you are going to sign your name. If a friend of yours did this you would despise him; nevertheless, because you are tired, and hungry, and discouraged, and because you are not brave enough to fight any longer, you are going to do this." He looked for a moment into the eyes of the man in the glass; then he raised his hand and deliberately struck the mirrored face. He turned again to the desk.

When he went to bed that night there lay, side by side, a neatly-written mass of manuscript, and an old-fashioned magazine. The latter was open at a page where began a story, "His Heart's Desire;" the manuscript bore written on the first page the title "His Heart's Desire;" and by the manuscript lay a large envelope addressed to the editor of the "Metropolis."

"The "Metropolis" was a magazine with a remarkably large circulation; therefore, when, two weeks later, there came a letter from that periodical, he was surprised. The interval had been passed in a nervous strain that was completely foreign to his nature; there was within him a feeling, half-defined that some terrible thing was going to take place. He was worn out, physically and mentally, and his hands trembled as he tore open the envelope.

"Mr. James Harland,
71 Divinity Place,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed find a check for twenty dollars ($20), in payment for the story "His Heart's Desire," which will be printed in the December issue of the "Metropolis."

Truly Yours,
E. B. CARTHAGE."

Harland picked up the bit of pink paper that meant so much to him. And then the re-action came; his condition was not normal; the re-action was bound to come, and with it came such a revulsion of feeling as made him sway against the wall crushing the check into a shapeless mass in his hand.

All the lethargy that had possessed him fell away. All his recklessness vanished, leaving him with a disgust for himself that amounted to loathing. He saw himself now as he was—a thief. A stealer of other men's works, a man who lived on the labor of others, a man who had taken money by right not his own. What if he *had* been tired, hungry, discouraged? What if he *had* looked on life and found it very hard and cold? What if he *had* lost hope of everything, even to the hope of living? There was no excuse. Nothing excused his cowardice—there was no other word for it—in descending to such a level.

Of course, there was but one thing left to do. The office of the "Metropolis" was in another part of the city but money was not a thing to be used carelessly—he must walk.

The office-boy—"Metropolis" building, editorial department—was used to being ordered around. Therefore, when a white-faced, resolute-looking young man entered and demanded the editor, he merely repeated monotonously his accustomed formula.

"Editor's busy, an' can't see anyone now."

"Show me to the editor's office at once!"

Harland was not to be trifled with. The words had too much suggestion of hidden force to be absolutely agreeable, and the boy vanished. He reappeared a moment later.

"Editor says 'come in.' "

The invitation was not gracious. Nor was the out-look more encouraging when Harland was once inside the office. Mr. Carthage was a busy man; an intrusion into his private sanctum was no light affair, and he turned around rather sharply as the visitor entered. But when he saw the worn face, and the over-bright eyes, his expression changed.

"Sit down," he said, quietly.

Harland did not sit down. He came up to the desk, and laid on it an oblong piece of pink paper; then he spoke, facing the gray old man with eyes that did not flinch.

"Mr. Carthage," he said, "I have come here to tell you that I came very near stealing from you. Two weeks ago I sent you a story, "His Heart's Desire." You accepted it, and sent me in return the check I have just laid on your desk. The story was not mine; I copied it from an old number of a "Ladies' Magazine." Then I sent it to you as mine. For two months—over two months—I have been writing stories, sending them out—and receiving them again. I had completely given up. I was tired, and discouraged, and hopeless. My failures had disheartened me, and so I imposed on you as I have told you. If the story had been printed in your magazine, someone would have read it who had seen it before, and your reputation would have been injured. You have sent me money I do not deserve; you have shown a faith in me that is entirely unmerited; you have received the impression that I was clever enough to write an acceptable story, while my pile of rejected manuscript fully proves the contrary. I have no excuse to offer—but I have told you."

For a moment there was silence. Then the editor of the "Metropolis" rose and put his hand on Harland's shoulder.

"You told me you had some manuscript at home," he said simply. "Perhaps we may be able to revise them somewhat. I am a busy man—but—can you bring them in to-morrow?"

B. A. B. '04.

Springtime

Springtime, bud time,
Oh, but the world is fair!
Song time, love time,
Happiness everywhere;
Birds in the trees are singing,
Nature her gifts are bringing,
All o'er the earth is ringing—
The spring time.

Springtime, bud time,
Oh, but the world is sweet!
Hope time, love time,
Happiness now complete;
Sing, for the sunshine beaming,
Over us now is streaming,
Now all awake from dreaming!
'Tis spring time.

—Frique.

Onward!

Onward, men of faith and courage, heed the trumpet call today,
Smite the mighty hosts of Satan where they stand in vast array.

When, in faith the Jewish captain, sounding forth the trumpet blast,
Smote the heathen hosts of Canaan, all their legions reeled aghast.

Soon for you the crash of battle, swelling mightily shall cease,
And your souls shall reign triumphant through milleniums of peace,

Where the songs of those who perished in the forefront of the fray
Roll in infinite oratorios o'er the seraphim for aye.

"Fear not, I shall ne'er forsake thee," said the lowly One of old,
"I shall comfort and support thee through the centuries untold."

When the heart, oppressed and weary of the battle, faints and fails,
Hear His low ethereal whispers sounding sweet as angel hails.

Lo, the march of Christian legions, brave to do and bold to dare,
Like the tread of marching nations sounds upon the ambient air.

Ever upward, ever onward, may your courage never fail,
Smite the craven hosts of Satan through the helmet and the mail.

Till the mighty shouts of triumph, rolling wide o'er hills and dells,
Swelling like a nation's war cry, breaks afar in thundering swells.

Then shall earth's tumultuous nations leave their warring words and ways,
And their wild and jangling voices blend in symphonies of praise.

Then with high resolve press onward for the triumph ye would win;
Lo, with ranks o'erwhelmed in ruin, reel the marshalled hosts of sin!

—Jem.

The Price of Progress

Across the plain and up the steep a great army is pressing on to victory. The foe is valiant and hard to face; every step must be contended for by force of arms. Sometimes the line wavers and defeat seems inevitable; sometimes the soldiers themselves scarcely know whether they are being driven backward or forward. Yet, as we watch from the hill-top, we can see that the line is surely tho slowly advancing. Many men are falling. The smoke and roar of battle, the moans of the dying, arise from the field. Still on they press. With bated breath and beating hearts we strain our eyes to mark the advance of that army battling against heaviest odds. At last the fight is won, the citadel taken, the enemy repulsed. Rejoicing we turn and come down from our height to the plain lately crossed by the contending armies. What a sight meets our gaze! Surely these white upturned faces were not all enemies! These deserted and ruined homes, this stream of life blood which marks the path of advance, means the sorrow and death of many true heroes. Hearts are breaking to-night. Standing in the death-strewn valley the song of triumph is drowned by the death wail and we say, "Oh how costly is victory! better never march than to pay the price of advance in the life-blood of true hearts."

This picture is not new or strange, for day after day a like scene is enacted in the lives of men and nations. No matter how great our faith in the innate principle of developement we find that progress in any line is very costly.

Let us take for example two phases of progress; the intellectual and moral. Perhaps some of you can recount many penalties already paid for intellectual advancement. Let us put intellectual progress into the scales and balance against it the price. We need a large pair of scales for though your progress may seem small the price is bulky. Put in just money if you will, then time, yes, the best years of your life. They weigh much, these youthful years. Sometimes you have tried to keep some of them back for pleasure or business, but let them go now.

Mortgage your to-morrows if necessary, for the scales will not balance yet. Let self-sacrifice follow, for the true student must give up much. Perhaps you, better than anyone else, can say how much sacrifice it takes to balance the scales, and better than any other can answer the question: Does it pay?

The moral progress of the individual also demands a great price. Action constitutes a part of this. Work must mean morality; to stand still is ever defeat. Sacrifice and sorrow also we must pay. Have you gained heights where you begin to look with clear vision and comprehend sublime moral truths? Then the pain you suffer in consequence of moral wrong is great in proportion. The poet realized this when he said.—

"Is the mark of rank in nature
The capacity for pain?
Does the anguish of the singer
Mark the sweetness of the strain?"

Much of the price of moral progress in society has been and must still be paid by the individual. Many a noble life has been sacrificed because one dared to live in advance of his age, dared to raise the standard of morals in society. Scorn, unjust criticism, persecution, even death has all too often been the penalty. But the truth for which they suffered cannot die.

Come with me in fancy to those heights overlooking this greatest battle field. Watch with me the world's struggle for progress. Citadels are being taken; strong-holds demolished; the enemy repulsed. Down in the vale below we know we shall find white faces and crushed hopes and breaking hearts. Mingling with the struggling masses, surrounded by the battle's din, our hearts shall often fail before the foe and our advance seem to be retreat and disaster. But over all the rush and roar of battle, louder than the strife and the tumult, the trump of victory is sounding; the ceaseless tramp of the world's upward march, the inevitable progress of the ages goes on.

F. A. R. '02.

Bucknell Mirror.

MARCH, 1902.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.
☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.
☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

Editorial

It often appears to be useless to discuss any topic, but we find on consideration that it is sometimes beneficial. The old problem of the value to a man or woman of a college education is a question for almost continuous discussion. Those who oppose the college training are those who know nothing about it, while the active supporter is usually a graduate of some institution of higher learning. There are nevertheless many who, though they have not had a course in any of the higher schools, yet are earnest advocates and supporters of such education. In the discussion of the value, in our opinion, both the opponents and supporters of the college neglect a great factor, that of personality.

In our higher institutions of learning today there are many persons who are neither receiving any benefit, nor giving any aid to their alma mater. In fact the two features are inseparable; we cannot aid without receiving benefits in return. Like suddenly required riches, the position of comparative independence proves injurious to many young men and women. They have not learned to distinguish between the right and wrong use of their freedom. Released from the control and supervsion of the home, they are simply dissipating their energy. Some little knowledge is absorbed, it is true. Such a result cannot be avoided. In such instances the so-called student would be much better employed in an office or workshop, with a strict task-master and a definite task. We usually discover that few members of this class complete the course.

Another mistake is sometimes made. We become imbued with the idea that the college is simply a sort of warehouse from which we can select a stock of second-hand information. Our work is done mechanically, and the statements of the text-books are taken on faith, or we follow our instructors views on all questions. With all due respect to the authors and learned teachers, we must maintain that such action is a serious mistake. We are confident that the instructor desires no such attitude, but aims to have the pupil do some original thinking. The true student will examine and test each proposition to ascertain the truth and thus make it his own.

The next group is the one which limits itself to thinking, and never acts. Our knowledge and our thoughts are given to us for use, not for self-enjoyment and ornamental polish. We should make ourselves a power in some sphere. Our colleges need more men and women of action. Our influence should we felt in Christian work; in literary societies; in musical organizations; and on the athletic field. There is a chance for everyone who will show ability and a willingness to use it. The college world, like the business world, is open for able men and women, but we must give some indication of our talent. Come forward and do something. "What the world wants is not more of us, but a better brand of us." Let us wake up then and improve the trade-mark by turning our energies into some channel while there is opportunity.

Our library is well supplied with a large number of valuable periodicals, popular magazines, educational reviews, scientific publications and religious organs, but we are lacking in the number and grade of daily newspapers of our state. What is the difficulty?

Alumni Personals

'72. Rev. F. J. Parry, D. D. and Mrs. Parry, of Middleburg, Conn., recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

'85. The Rev. J. Madison Hare, pastor of the Parmly Memorial church, of Jersey City, who served as chaplain of the Third New York Regiment during the Spanish war, has received a call to the Linden Baptist church of Camden, New Jersey.

'86. W. A. Lewis is General Assistant in the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, 253 Broadway, N. Y.

'90. Rev. W. M. Corson has been elected pastor of the Baptist church, Washington, Pa.

'91. J. T. Hyatt, Esq., has been employed as counsel for the National Bank of Jersey Shore.

Ex-'91. Rev. Charles K. Newell, of Big Flats, N. Y., has removed to Coudersport, Pa., and is now pastor of the Baptist church in that place.

'91. Rev. A. T. Moore, D. D., has, this month, been elected pastor of the Atlantic City Baptist church and has accepted the call.

'92. Llewellyn Phillips, A. M., a graduate of the college,—for seven years an instructor in the college and for the past three years a graduate student in the University of Chicago, has been elected Crozer Professor of Rhetoric & Oratory, and will enter upon his duties in Sept. 1902. The work in English Language and Literature, so ably performed for the past fifteen years by Prof. Enoch Perrine, Litt. D., will continue under his care.

'94. Rev. Robert Bailey Davidson is pastor of the Lorenz Ave. Baptist church of Pittsburg, Pa.

'95. Rev. Thomas Carson Hanna, of Union City, Conn., has been called to Jenkintown, Pa.

'96. The friends of Rev. S. R. Wood, who was compelled to resign two years ago from the North Baptist Church at Wilmington, Del., on account of threatened consumption, will be glad to learn that his health is fully restored. With an avoirdupoise of 200 pounds himself, and with an additional little heir of twenty pounds, he is the happy and successful pastor of one of the largest churches in La Junta, Colorado. The church has recently enjoyed a revival and 23 have been added since his work began some five months ago. It is a pleasure to be able to make this statement, from a personal letter, in the interest of his many friends in this vicinity, who loved him for his sterling character.

'97. Frank Hollinshead is a student in Colgate Divinity School.

'97. T. H. Sprague, pastor of the Baptist church in Hadden Heights, N. J., has accepted a call to the pastorate of Chester Avenue Baptist church, Philadelphia, and will begin work at the latter place on March 18.

'98. Rev. J. E. Saul was recently chosen assistant pastor at Norristown.

'99. I. H. Buckminster is teaching at Evanston, Wyoming.

'00. M. A. Carringer has an article in the *Education*, January, 1902.

'01. A. M. Allison is principal of public schools at Alexandria, Pennsylvania.

The University Alumni are taking steps to organize a club in the Northwestern counties of Pennsylvania. The Alumni Club to be organized for Northwestern Pennsylvania will cover six or eight counties and Bucknell graduates of Sharon, Franklin, Warren, Bradford, Ridgway, Union City and other places will be invited to join with the graduates in this city. The field of the Club will also include Northeastern Ohio and Chatauqua county, New York, for the present. Mr. Frank W. Dillon, of the class of '98, who has been appointed to look after the interests of the University in this end of the State, will call on the many graduates before the organization is completed.

College Notes

At the recent meeting of the Sophomore class the following L'Agenda Board was elected for next year: Editor-in-Chief, McGiffin; Assistant Editors, Murdoch, Cule; Business Manager, Robinson; Literary Committee, Robey, Chairman, Miss Bane, Miss Groff, Miss Hall, Custer, Eisenhauer; Organizations, White; Classes, Knapp; Fraternities, Browning; Artist, Johnson; Assistant Artists, Miss Fowler, Hirsch; Athletics, Deats; Photographer, C. Carruthers; Assistant Photographer, Martz; Y. M. C. A. Department, Hunsberger.

Dr. Harris delivered an address, "The Mission of the English Speaking Peoples," to the students of the college on Saturday morning, February 22nd.

Euepia Literary Society defeated Theta Alpha in an inter-society debate on Friday evening, February 28. The question, "Resolved, that a formal Alliance between Great Britain and the United States would be expedient," was discussed on the affirmative by Bostwick, '05, and Williamson, '05, of Euepia, and on the negative by Karge, '04, and Early, '04, of Theta Alpha. Dr. Perrine and Prof. Morris acted as judges.

The College Girls' reception, which is the social event of the season occurred in the past month. There was a larger attendance than ever and everyone enjoyed himself, for college men and women usually have something to talk about. All are more fully decided than ever that College Girls know how to entertain.

The fourth quadrennial International Student Volunteer convention was held in Toronto, Canada, Feb. 26–Mar. 2. There were nearly three thousand delegates present from Canada and the United States. Miss Runyan, '02, Miss Goddard, '05, Reilly, '02, and Bresneham, '03, attended as delegates from Bucknell. The delegates on Sunday, March 9, gave reports of the various sessions of the convention. They were deeply impressed with the meeting, and regretted that they could in no adequate manner bring to their hearers the spirit and enthusiasm of the great student gathering. Among those at the convention who are known to many of our students and to friends in town were Mr. S. L. Roberts, Academy; Mr. H. L. Guss, ex-'98; Mr. Dutton, '98, and Mrs. Dutton, (Miss Batten, Inst. '97); Mr. C. W. Harvey, '00; Mr. H. C. Messerve, '99; and Mr. C. S. Keen, '99. The latter three are student volunteers and Harvey will probably leave for the foreign field during this year.

Athletics

BASE BALL SCHEDULE

Manager Stevenson has announced the following base ball schedule for the coming season:

April 5, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
April 11, Philadelphia American League at Philadelphia.
April 12, open.
April 19, Bloomsburg Normal at Bloomsburg.
April 26, Lehigh University at Lewisburg.
May 2, Gettysburg College at Lewisburg.
May 3, open.
May 8, Fordham College at New York.
May 9, Manhattan College at New York.
May 10, Lehigh University at South Bethlehem.
May 14, Dickinson College at Lewisburg.
May 17, Gallaudet College at Lewisburg.
May 22, Franklin and Marshall College at Lewisburg.
May 23, Dickinson College at Carlisle.
May 24, Lafayette College at Easton.
May 30, Harrisburg Athletic Club at Harrisburg (2 games).
May 31, Carlisle Indians at Carlisle.
June 4, Princeton at Princeton.
June 5, Franklin and Marshall at Lancaster.
June 6, Gettysburg College at Gettysburg.
June 7, Mt. St. Mary's College at Emmittsburg, Md.

June 10, West Virginia University at Lewisburg (not definite).
June 14, Bloomsburg Normal at Lewisburg.
June 16, Cuban X Giants at Lewisburg.
June 17, Bucknell Alumni at Lewisburg.
June 18, Carlisle Indians at Lewisburg.

The indoor athletic contest, on March 1, demonstrated the fact that there is good material for the development of strong athletic teams at our institution. The new men make a creditable showing, and while we have a fairly large number of candidates for field and track, we would like to see more contestants. Make every man work for his place on every team.

BASKETBALL.

In the western trip Bucknell played three games, Lock Haven Normal, Allegheny College, and Warren Y. M. C. A. Although our team succeeded in winning two of these games, some felt slightly disappointed in the scores. However, when we take into account the odds against us, the long trip, the fact that several men were injured, and what the Romans might call changing fate, the result is a creditable one. The following are the scores make since our last issue:

Feb. 22, Bucknell 68, Lehigh 3.
Feb. 28, Bucknell 4, Allegheny College 26.
March 1, Bucknell 38, Warren Y, M. C. A. 34.
March 12, Bucknell 30, Pittston 9.

The inter-class contest in basketball has reached an interesting stage. If the Seniors should prove victorious in their game with the Sophomores, three classes will be tied for first honors. The last two games were:

Feb. 24, Seniors 40, Juniors 5.
Mar. 8, Seniors 11, Freshmen 14.

Exchanges

The members of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity at West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va., will move in their handsome chapter house on first of April. As has already been published in the newspapers, this property, costing $8,500, was presented to the University chapter by Mrs. S. B. Cochran, of Dawson, Pennsylvania, whose son had been a member of the fraternity before his death. The chapter house is a beautiful memorial to him. Regent J. R. Trotter, one of the charter members of the chapter, will hang in the chapter house a large picture of all the charter members.

The arrangements for the publication of an inter-collegiate monthly have almost been completed. The paper will be known as the *Intercollegiate News*, and will be published in the interest of college sports. William B. Devight, (Yale '54,) who is well known for his wide interest and experience in college and inter-collegiate sports, will act as editor-in-chief. An associate editor will be secured in nearly every American college.

Prof. N. M. Butler, LL. D., who has been engaged in educational work and foreign travel all his life, has been unanimously elected president of Columbia University to succeed Dr. Low, who was elected mayor of New York.

The students of the University of Texas who engage in intercollegiate debating and oratorical contests are excused from all examinations that may fall between their time of selection and the contests.

The *Lesbian Herald* has devoted its February number to its own historic town, Frederick, Md., and fittingly calls the issue Historical Frederick.

John D. Rockefeller has just given $75,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building at Brown University.

The *Free Lance* for February contains an interesting department headed "The College Orbit," from which we have somewhat extensively quoted. It contains news of general interest to the college world.

In all our exchanges we notice but three articles directly relative to college life, not including poems. They are "Recollections of a College Senior," and "A Sketch of the early Days of Amherst College," both in the *Amherst Monthly* and "Queen's Girls out of College" in the *Queen's University Journal.* We need more college literature for college life.

Queen's University Journal for January contains an amusing yet truthful article on the "Queen's Girl out of College." It contains advice which our Co-ed sister might do well to heed before leaving college halls. We refer her to page 19 of the above issue to be found on the Library table.

The February *Gettysburg Mercury* contains a very fine article on the "Significance of the Insignificant."

Victory's Cost

Uphill the path leads onword 'gainst the wind,
All rough and steep it stretches to the skies;
But in the distance shines the brilliant prize,
Whose flattery stirs to action limb and mind,
Lithe Leader, to past victories deaf and blind,
Seeth thou thy rival's lengthening shadow rise
Against the slope to vex thy prideful eyes?
Let him whose courage fails now drop behind.
The trumpet's blare, shouts of the multitude,
Proclaim to deafened ears—the race is done;
But, Victory, dreamest thou what triumph cost?
Look on the face of him thy strength subdued,
And question well thy heart if victory won
Be worth the pain to him who strove and lost.

—Clarence H. Urner, in New England Magazine.

Promenading Ontology

"The concept, the being, the essence, the part,"—
These meanings I've got in a fuzzle.—
"The whatness, the ego, the"—has she a heart,—
Jack says she's a fair little puzzle.

"The concept, the being, the essence of things"—
Ye gods, will I ever be done,
The cotillion, the memory such happiness brings,
"Consensus," I swear she's a coy little one.

"The concept, the being," that's ever the way,
There's always just three in the case,
She's a fair little sinner for all they may say,
"The substance, humanus," the deuce, where's the place.

"The concept—the concept—" where did I leave off,
"The major concedo, the minor deny,"
They're all very jealous and that's why they scoff,
Ye Gods! the exams! and the time's drawing nigh.

E. T. D., *in the Xavier*

Doctor and Editor

The following selection is evidence that the college editor is not alone in his troubles.

From the Plattsburg, Mo., "Lever."

The doctor from Algona says this paper is run for revenue. Does a doctor run for glory when one good bill will pay his office expenses for six months? We invest $5,000 and work a half day to get $2. A doctor looks wise and works ten minutes to get it with a two cent investment in a catnip pill. If we make a mistake there is a lawsuit, tall swearing and a smell of sulphur, but if a doctor makes a mistake there is a funeral, cut flowers and a smell of varnish.

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXI. Lewisburg, Pa., April, 1902. No. 7

Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility"

PROF. ENOCH PERRINE, LITT. D.

Jane Austen (1775-1817) wrote to her niece who was meditating a novel: "Three or four families in a country village are all you want to work on". And she enforced her precept by example. Except for the short time she spent in Bath, whose whirl and swirl she did not make much use of in her books, she spent her short life at Steventon and Chawton, remote places in Hampshire; and the neighbors, in whose faces she looked every day, furnished all the material and the inspiration she needed. Not once did her name appear on a title page during her life—it wasn't necessary in her day to blazon an author's face from every railway news-stand. "Pride and Prejudice" was announced as by the author of "Sense and Sensibility", and the second edition of "Sense and Sensibility" was by the author of "Pride and Prejudice". Is the modern fashion a gain in refinement? Nor did she pose as a literary woman, calling to her help meretricious aids in order to make her books "go". Nor did she rush into print, striking while the literary iron was hot—"Pride and Prejudice" was published seventeen years and "Sense and

Sensibility" thirteen years after they were written. Nor are her titles nerve-shocking—"Emma", "Persuasion", "Mansfield Park", "Northanger Abbey". Three or four families in a country village that she knew well—young men with good incomes, attractive young women who ought to be married, the rector who leads a lazy life, the country squire giving dinners and balls, piano forte and whist playing and tea drinking—were all she needed; and so well has she led them on and across the stage that Courthope is not far out of the way when he exclaims: "O Nature and Jane Austen, which of you has copied from the other?"

The times were ready for Jane Austen's novels; and the times are now ready, if your up-to-date reader could see the case in its true light. Walpole's "Castle of Otranto", Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho" and their like, had enjoyed a great vogue; the cultured public were now ready for something better, and Gifford who read some of Miss Austen's Ms. for the publisher Murray wrote him: "No dark passages; no secret chambers; no wind-howlings in long galleries; no drops of blood upon a rusty dagger—things that should now be left to ladies' maids and sentimental washerwomen".

Jane Austen did for fiction something like what Wordsworth did for poetry—she described the feeling and character of ordinary life. And that, because it is quiet, is a difficult thing to do successfully, as Sir Walter well knew; for he wrote in his diary—"The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied me. What a pity such a gifted creature died early!"

For "Sense and Sensibility" the author received one hundred and fifty pounds, worth perhaps in our money a thousand dollars; but the English people got a story that for *good sense, wholesome lesson, masterly development* and *pleasing diction* has no superior, unless it be the author's "Pride and Prejudice". Elizabeth, one of the characters in this latter novel says: "I hope I never ridicule what is wise and good. Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies, do divert me, I own, and I laugh at them whenever I can". That was Jane Austen herself talking; for she observed that if she were compelled to write a serious romance, never relaxing into laughing at herself or other people, "I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter". In "Sense and Sensibility" she does ridicule the sentimentalists who had it all their own way in the fiction of her time. Elinor stands for *sense* and Marianne her sister for *sensibility*, in the story. The one restrains her emotions, soon gets control of herself and then acts habitually in a reasonable manner; the other is never happy unless she is miserable, she rejoices in, seeks, renews and creates misery, as Cross puts the case. She starts out with the opinion that a second attachment is a crime; a villain whom she madly loves jilts her, after which she suffers from hysterics and a severe fever, and at last recovers to marry a man twenty years older than herself who has in his day cherished another passion. A very matter-of-fact conclusion of such romantic aspirations—there may be some green cheese in the moon, after all! Elinor, too, has her troubles; she suffers the pangs of unrequited love, of hope deferred, and is the victim of many tricks through whose purpose she readily sees; but she has *sense* and this enables her to walk calmly through it all, as the stars march on undisturbed behind the clouds, until the long delayed day arrives when she takes the rector's hand and troubles are no more. You may call this the "romance of the tea table", if you please; you may ask Charlotte Bronte's derisive question—"Why do you like Miss Austen so very much?"—but you will not be driven to bed, after reading it, with a headache, a fate that overtook Mrs. Hawthorne when Nathaniel read "The Scarlet Letter" to her; and if pleasant dreams come, they will be due largely to the fact that you have read over again the old plot that Thackeray loved so well—"a virtuous and gallant hero, a wicked monster his opposite, and a pretty girl who finds a champion; bravery and virtue conquer beauty; and vice, after seeming triumph through a certain number of pages, is sure to be discomfited in the last volume when justice overtakes him and honest folks come by their own". If one pauses to think as he reads these pages he will detect (1) something of Shakspere's masterly structure of plan that Macaulay noticed, (2) something of Shakspere's self-effacement, (3) satire touched with humor that makes it more effective for the purpose intended than even Dean Swift's violent blows were, (4) a successful attempt to bring back English fiction from those weird and unreal regions whither Monk Lewis (1796) had taken it and from those filthy gutters through which Mrs. Aphra Behn (1696) had dragged it. Francis Burney (1762-1840) and Maria Edgeworth (1769-1849) contemporaneous with Jane Austen, possessed talent; Jane Austen showed genius, and it is always worth while to cultivate the acquaintance of genius which, like some other things, may be "catching".

Not one of Jane Austen's novels is for the reader who must have moving accidents by field or flood. Even "Northanger Abbey", in which she had a fine chance to be dramatic if not blood-curdling, is toned down very many notes and the reader sees that she had in view a quite different purpose. Nor will she appeal to the psychologist who when he writes a novel murders his characters in order to dissect them. Still less can she be accused of dropping into history, as she tells her tale—history that frequently would cause Herodotus, if he be the "father of lies", to turn green with envy. Not at all does she attempt to settle, by way of fiction, vexed questions of race, religion, social ethics and any or all of those problems that torment various realms of thought into which some fiction, forgetting its place, has of late poked its unwelcome nose. She wrote so that she has become "Aunt Jane" not only to her doting nieces but to all her readers; and she did this because she did not attempt to clothe low-creeping matter with high-flown language in a fine fancy, which old Fuller said was always "flat foolery". She did it because like Mary Russell Mitford she loved a confined locality where the people are "close-packed and insulated like ants in an ant-hill, or bees in a hive, or sheep in a fold, or nuns in a convent, or sailors in a ship; where we know every one, are known to every one, and are authorized to hope that every one feels an interest in us". Her novels are for those who are seekers after tranquillity and believe that along the cool, sequestered vale of life one may meet a human nature far more worth while than that which poses behind the foot-lights of a theatre or flutters under the chandeliers of a ball-room.

The Swiss Exile

Take me back where the silences soothe like a psalm
And the songs of my loved ones are tender and low,
For fondly my sad spirit yearns for the calm
Where the waters of Chamouni linger and flow.

There the cottager sings his tenderest lays
And the mountains are robed in their garments of white,
And, grand as a far swelling paen of praise,
The voice of the cataract speaks from the height.

At eve, when the glowing light faded and failed,
And the leaves in the valleys were covered with dew,
The weary worn traveller often we hailed
While loud on the summits the trumpeters blew.

On Sabbath the church bells pealed mellow and clear
And their notes floated far adown the lone braes,
And sweet on the air there were borne to the ear
The voices of worshippers blending in praise.

When the chimes of the vesper bell loudly outrang
And the light on the hills began slowly to fail,
The song that the mellow-voiced shepherdess sang
Echoed silvered and far like a tremulous hail.

Now, worn and aweary, I wander alone
And the land of my fathers I never shall see;
A heart-broken stranger, unloved and unknown,
The lord in his palace cares nothing for me.

Oh, when shall my pain and my wandering end
And the time of my sighing and sorrowing cease,
And my grief-laden spirit in triumph ascend
To glories eternal and mansions of peace?

J. E. Millen.

Criticism on Kipling

Rudyard Kipling was born thirty-six years ago in Bombay, India. He was educated in England, but at the age of seventeen he returned to India and entered the employ of the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette. Ostensibly he was assistant editor, but he was frequently sent out as a reporter and in this way acquired the deep insight into native life and character which is so evident in all his writings. In the midst of his duties he found time to write verses and short stories which were eagerly caught up by the local press. In 1886 he published a collection of these and thereafter his popularity increased with the number of his publications. Since 1898 there has come a revulsion of popular feeling, and an inquiry into his real worth may not come amiss.

Probably never before in the history of literature have such radically opposed views been held in regard to the same author. His adverse critics can scarcely find adjectives sufficiently expressive to show their contempt for his "howling Hooliganism." He is coarse, cynical, and unintelligible. His admirers, on the other hand, see in his writings a world of strength and beauty, a rich humor and a tender pathos.

At the outset we may say to those who declare him unintelligible, he *is* so to the average surface reader. Much of his writing pertains to the East. If one does not understand the local setting, the cockney dialect, the army customs, he will hardly be able to understand Tommy Atkins's view of affairs in India as set forth in Soldiers Three or Barrack Room Ballads. If the reader is not content,—or able—to build up the picture that Kipling with a few masterly strokes sets before him, doubtless he will miss the grandeur of the Recessional as well as Mulvaney's rich humor. Literary enjoyment must be subjectively constructive and no where so evidently as in Kipling.

The first characteristic noticed by the average reader is his freshness. He is a young man, a man of the present generation and full of present-day thought. Along with Davis, Hope and Churchill he possesses the happy understanding of the people for whom he writes and his works have nothing of the verbose mustiness of some of the older "masters." The present is the day of the strenuous life and Kipling is pre-eminently its exponent. Throughout his works one feels the seething, strenuous life of the author. He is not, like so many of the present-day writers, an "evening-dress," "tea-table," author. He deals with the great, throbbing life of the actual world; the world of struggle and passion, of toil, and strain and worry. You see the horrors of the cholera camp, the soul-racking devastation of the famine, the frenzied rush of the drug-maddened Ghazis, the crushed and crucified form of the "Man Who Would Be King," and you realize that this is life,—real, strenuous life. With winning gentleness he may tell you of the heroism of "Wee Willie Winkee" or paint the beautiful love of the mother of "Black Sheep" or of the "Brushwood Boy." But however his genius appears, he paints earnest strenous life. His plots are plots, not a few inanities hung together on a flimsy thread of incident. One feels that here are strong men and women,—not always good, but men and women,—and here is a tale that is a tale. His characters stand out as real creations, and Mulvaney, Ortheris, Learoyd, Dinah Shadd, Mowgli, Bagherra, and a host of others are as perfect, finished characters as D'Artignan, Uncas or Pickwick. He is realistic. His Tommy Atkins is a transcript from real life. The great, dusty, mysterious East is seen in all its pollution and pathetic helplessness. The jungle acquires a new reality. One can almost see the luxuriant tangle; and while reading the Jungle Book, one almost fancies he see Bagheera's glowing eyes or hears the whine of Gray Brother. In all his productions he displays wonderful technique. One never is drawn away into side issues. He holds the interest from the start; and the tale grows and develops, leading up to an unmistakable climax with no additions to spoil the finished picture. His short stories are well balanced, sharp in outline, vivid in detail, leaving always enough untold to stimulate the reader. He prefers, like Millet, to suggest in the briefest possible way, not to insult your intelligence by dragging out every element of the picture in its minutest detail as Wallace so frequently does. In all of his writings his diction is strong and forceful. He throws conventions to the winds and, as a result, one word is frequently as expressive as sentences of more timorous writers. In parts of his work his diction is pure and faultless. Read the Jungle Books and you will agree that the present age has furnished no purer English.

But although we see many admirable points in Kipling's character, yet we cannot disguise the fact that he is open to serious criticism. Summed up, he is too much of the present-day reporter. He sees what will catch the applause of the general public and he furnishes it irrespective of what results may ensue. He does not have a serious motive in writing. Great authors or painters either work immediately for art's sake to produce the beautiful and perfect type, or else they aim directly to uplift humanity. Kipling does neither. The plaudits of the world are but so many insistent cries for "copy" and with a wink to himself he grinds out anything, everything,—no matter what it may be. He is enough of the artist to see that his productions are technically artistic, but the motive back of it all is unsound. Then, too, he is needlessly coarse. His language reeks of the gin shop. It is true that men curse and swear, and are vulgar and obscene in real life; but we do not invite such to our libraries to spend the evenings with us. One can stand the rollicking roughness of the "Soldiers Three." One can even watch Mulvaney climbing into a palanquin "a thrampin' on his right ear wid his left fut" with tolerable equanimity, but let them go round the corner when he wishes to swear so blood curdlingly. Not only in his language but in his realism is he coarse. There *is* evil in the world. There *are* vile, besotted men and low women; but do we need their conversation presented in all its lewd suggestiveness,—do we need pictures of lust and immorality? True, he does not, like Dumas, throw a gilt glamour about vice; but he does write with all the barbaric realism of the divorce-and-murder-reporter of the yellow journal of to-day. The moral tone of many of his productions is very low. Much of his work breathes the miasmatic cynicism of the finished libertine. Notice his poem "The Ladies" and his portrayal of Indian society. He does not hesitate to drag the reader through the lowest dregs of vile life, and although he always shows vice and punishment as correlates, yet the influence of some of his works will be very hurtful to young and devolping minds.

As he stands today he is the master of the short story. He has more technical ability in coordinating the elements of a story, more strength in portraiture, a better understanding of the people for whom he writes, a stronger grasp of details, better judgment in presenting essentials, a more virile diction than any other living author. Should he be called upon to endure some soul struggle and come forth victorious, awakened to the responsibility of his talents, possessed of a deeper grasp of the meaning of life and an honest purpose to *do* for God and for humanity, the hand that penned the Recessional would produce a masterpiece—the equal of Faust or Paradise Lost.

M. L. D., '02.

Time

We are seemingly overwhelmed with work, and cannot possibly undertake additional duties. The business man has no leisure for mental culture; the student has no opportunity for recreation or social development. How many moments are lost in loafing or idly dreaming! One author compiled a valuable work in brief periods, while dinner was delayed; a statesman memorized gems of literature while dressing in the morning. Fifteen minutes spent each day in systematic study or thought will enable us to gain knowledge and to impart information. How often during the past month have we allowed this time to pass in absolute idleness?

Bucknell Mirror.
APRIL, 1902.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

Editoral

The kicker has his place in the world, in common with other more useful creations. To us it seems that two classes of kickers have a clear and definite use in the world plan. The first is a quadruped, distinguished by its long aural appendages and powerful back action propellers. It is useful not so much from the fact that it is a kicker, but that, when in a good humor and at peace with itself and the world it can be made a useful member of society. The second class is characterized by a long capillary growth, which reaches the maximum about the latter part of November and during this season, the latter variety is marked by peculiar discolorations and abrasions. Its use is to furnish gladiatorial combats for the elevation of the public mind and to provide heroes for the fair sex. Another class exists, which is not that of quadrupeds and does no useful work, but is a biped, sometimes wears long hair and may furnish spectacles for the public. The latter variety is to be found at all seasons, in all localities, and is always present in the vicinity of quiet and industrous citizens. Its chief feature is its oral development. The flow of language is remarkable, but the animal is especially noted for its opposition to the ideas of society and its ignorance of important facts. The only reasonable hypothesis for its existence is that the patience of the human race is tried, and the character of the community strengthened by resistance to the "noisome pestilence".

We find the kicker in all walks of life, and he is noticeable in college. By this we do not mean the man who can show us an error, and help us on our way. We mean the individual who says the college paper is no good, and neither contributes cash nor brains to make it better; the man who abuses the Christian Association and never attends a meeting; the man who stands in the field and "guys" the beginner in athletics and has not sand enough to take part in such events; the man who never is helped by the literary society, and therefore never attends (or shall we reverse the statement); and the man who blows about the defects in the college band and has not the ability to blow the tin trumpet of a fish-monger.

We have no desire to cast discredit on those who have valuable suggestions to offer, nor to object to an occasional pun or witticism, even if it is directed against us, but we certainly are opposed to the habit of constantly croaking and complaining, or giving vent to ill-feeling by criticising everybody but ourselves. There is room for clear, clean cut, logical criticism, but the man who is not willing to help in any cause is not justified in standing by and abusing the faithful workers. To the chronic kicker we need only quote the classic proverb "put up or shut up."

For the information of the public in general, and exchange editors in particular, we state that the above remarks may not be good literature, and the text may have been used quite often, but to quote our ministerial friends "we have striven to present old thoughts in a new light" and trust that our "brethern and sistern" may profit thereby.

Alumni Personals

'52. Rev. A. J. Hay, now living retired in the Nugent Home, Philadelphia, Pa., has been recently bereaved in the death of his wife.

'59. After nearly forty-three years since graduation, the first break has come to this class. Rev. Thomas P. Coulston, D. D., died at his home in Philadelphia on March 25, aged 68 years. His first and only pastorate was with the Frankford Baptist church of that city, which he served for 28 years, retiring on account of failing health some years ago.

'65. Rev. H. F. King, of Uniontown, Pa., is engaged in the building of a handsome new church building which will cost $40,000.

Ex-'69. Rev. D. R. Landis has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church in Greenwood, Indiana.

'77. Harry M. Lowry is pastor of the Baptist church of the Redeemer, New York City, address 219 West 135 street.

'83. Rev. S. B. Meeser, D. D., is more than meeting expectations in his pastorate at Woodward Ave. Baptist church, Detroit, the leading church of the denomination in Michigan.

Ex-'88. Rev. Preston F. DeLancey, pastor of the Mount Washington Baptist church, Pittsburg, has been called to the First Baptist church, Meadville, Pa.

'88. Paul E. Weithaase has been appointed Charles Miller Fellow in the University of Chicago for next year.

'93. Nelle W. Conard has been conducting the business of his office since the death of her father, Dr. W. H Conard, '62.

'95 and '99. Rev. W. T. Paullin and Ezra Lehman have been re-appointed to their fellowships in the University of Pennsylvania.

'96. Rev. F. D. Finn has been elected treasurer of the Chicago Baptist Ministers Conference.

'99. Francis J. Rawlinson is one of the six speakers at the commencement of Rochester Theological Seminary.

'00. C. W. Harvey will enter the missionary field in the fall and go, probably, to Western China.

'00. E. E. Johnson has resigned his position as teacher in North Carolina College.

F. W. Jackson, class of 1895 and now consul at Patras, Greece, writing on electricity in Greece in *Cassier's Magazine*, gives the following graphic description of the plant near Athens: "As one stands in the shadow of one of the tall chimneys of the new electric plant near Athens already completed, with the Acropolis and the temple of Wingless Victory silhouetted against the afternoon sky, and the Mediterranean behind him lapping the sands in the same dignified way it did for Theseus of old, one must prick himself to make sure he is not dreaming. The din of the carpenter's hammer, the rasp of the mason's trowel, the rush and roar of the suburban train on one side and the clatter of the street car on the other—all these are marks of materialism, the stamp of present-day progress, which, at first thought, seem out of harmony with their classic surroundings. But the most able statesmen of the old school were, after all is said, the most practical, and dreamed dreams, twenty-three centuries ago, for their country which are but being fulfilled to-day. And if Themistocles, to whom the Piræus was the apple of his eye, could come again upon the scene, taking his bearings from the Acropolis which he would still recognize, he might, perhaps, be heard to say: 'I told you so; I told you so.' As to the uses for the power from this station, there are, first of all, four cities to be lighted by it—Athens, Piræus, and the two Phalerons; and, later on, a fifth, Cephisiar and if, as is likely, the price of light can be considerably reduced by this centralization, it will mean the usurpation of practically every form of light except the candle. The street railway which passes through the city just in front of the royal palace, and follows the popular drive to the two Phalerons will also be equipped with electricity".

College Notes

The following officers were elected in the literary societies at the close of last term:

EUEPIA

President—W. S. Robinson, '02.
Vice President—H. E. Bilger, '03.
Secretary—Thomas Wood, '05.
Treasurer—P. G. Hess, '05.
Critic—C. I. Boyer, '02.
Sergent-at-Arms—A. Steinhilper, '05,

THETA ALPHA

President—Thomas Sherbondy, '02.
Vice President—Bliss, '03.
Critic—Singiser, '03.
Secretary—Eisenhauer, '04.
Censor—Cook, '04.
Treasurer—Cheesman, '05.
Hall Curator—M. R. Sheldon, '03.

* * *

On Sunday morning, April 13, Dr. William Dayton Roberts, of the First Presbyterian church of Williamsport, preached the annual sermon before the Christian organizations of the University.

* * *

The reception given by the Senior class of the Seminary on Thursday evening, April 10, was, as usually, an interesting and entertaining event. If the attendance on such occasions is considered as a sign of approval and an evidence of appreciation, we need say little in praise of the results accomplished by those who prepare the entertainment for the guests. Those who attended this year's reception are certain that no other class has surpassed 1902 in decorations, music or the arrangement of other details.

On Saturday evening, the Third Form Academy declamation contest, for the Rev. David P. Leas prize, was held in Bucknell Hall. The interest that is taken in such contests was shown by the large number of students and town people who attended.

All the speeches were well delivered and interesting. The speakers showed good preparation ; they spoke distinctly and presented a pleasing appearance on the platform. All deserve praise and reflect great credit on their instructor, Miss Schillinger. The contest was close and the judges will doubtless have difficulty in deciding upon the prize winner.

Mention must also be made of the excellent music furnished during the evening.

Following is the program:

March, Mandolin and Guitar Club of the Institute; Invocation, Principal Edwards; Polonaise, Miss Berger, Heroes of the Land of Penn, Havard Griffith; Tiger Lily's Race, Robert Simington; Scene from Last Days of Pompeii, Samuel J. Black; Souvenir Violin Solo, Haydn Parry Prout; A Murderer Cannot Keep His Secret, E. W. Saylor; The Diver, F. Paul Langhorne; The Revenge, James R. C. Elliott; Selection for Cornet, Lynn S. Goodman.

Athletics

With six of last year's team on the list and a host of others from whom to select, the prospects of a successful baseball season are uuusually bright. It may be somewhat early to judge as to just what we shall be able to do. Four games have been played however, and the scores made are very creditable. One of these games was with the University of Pennsylvania and one with the American League Team of Philadelphia. Scarcely anyone was sanquine enough to hope that we could win either of these games; nevertheless, in both of these games our opponents found that they had a puzzle to solve. The game with Franklin and Marshall, played on the latter's ground, is a fair one from which to judge. The close score shows that our team is already in good form and we may expect a successful season.

The following are the scores: Wednesday, Apr. 2, Milton 4, Bucknell 9; Saturday, Apr. 5, University of Pennsylvania 7, Bucknell 4; Friday, Apr. 11, American League Team of Philadelphia 12, Bucknell 11; Saturday, Apr. 12, Franklin and Marshall 11, Bucknell 9, April 16, Lafayette 8, Bucknell 7; April 19, Bloomsburg Normal 9, Bucknell 8.

* * *

The Bucknell Reserves have won two games from the Montoursville High School, both scores being 8 to 0.

* * *

Another basket ball season has ended and base ball is now the favorite sport. However, it may be of interest to many to glance over the record made. Any comment is unnecessary as these figures speak for themselves:

	BUCKNELL	OPP.
Milton, Dec. 13,	99	3
Lock Haven, Jan. 11,	69	10
Gettysburg, Jan. 17,	57	10
Gettysburg, Jan. 24,	45	36
Dickinson, Jan. 25,	51	18
Dickinson, Jan. 31,	68	4
Bloomsburg, Feb. 8,	48	12
Muhlenberg, Feb. 11,	23	7
Princeton, Feb. 12,	18	19
Lehigh, Feb. 13,	30	16
Lehigh, Feb. 22,	68	3
Lock Haven, Feb. 27,	69	7
Allegheny, Feb. 28,	4	26
Warren, Mar. 1,	38	34
Pittston, Mar. 12,	44	11
	411	216

At the close of last term Anderson, '05, who played center the entire season, was unanimously elected captain for next year.

* * *

The series of inter-class basket ball games has not yet been concluded, as the Seniors and Sophomores have yet to play the deciding game. The last two games resulted:

April 8, Seniors 29, Sophomores 4.
April 11, Seniors 11, Freshman 5.

Candidates for the relay team are doing hard training. The races will be held at Philadelphia, April 26. Bucknell will be in the class with State, Dickinson, Carlisle Indians, Ursinus, Gettysburg and Franklin and Marshall. While it is impossible to foretell the result we feel that our team will make a good record this year and hope to take our usual place as relay winners.

A Plea for Spring Poetry

"When the poet in the Springtime
  Sings of blossoms and of birds,
Then the worldings shrug their shoulders
  As they mock his joyous words,
Saying, "Why must poets bore us
  And compel us still to hear
These ecstatic spring effusions
  That they've sung us every year.

"Oh, you worldings, surely never
  Would you murmur or complain
That each year the selfsame blossoms
  Come to gladden us again.
Then why blame the gentle poet
  When each year he needs must sing
Still the selfsame song of gladness
  For the beauty of the Spring?"
—R. K. K., '02,—*The Mount Holyoke.*

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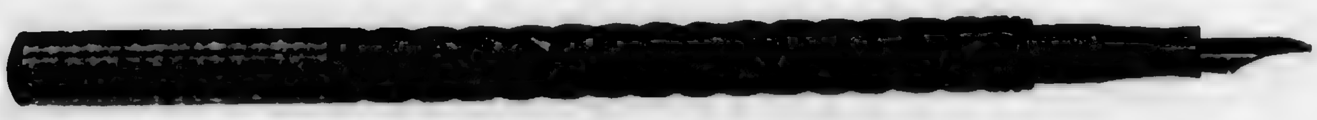

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Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXI. Lewisburg, Pa., May, 1902. No. 8

A Few Words Archaeological.

FRANK W. JACKSON, U. S. CONSUL, PATRAS, GREECE.

When the editor-in-chief of the Mirror requested a brief article touching upon some matters of interest here which might also be a matter of interest to Mirror readers, my first thought was naturally of the Modern Greek, since students in general, and students of Greek in particular, are not yet weary of dwelling upon the similarity which exists between the Greek of to-day, and the Greek of Xenophon's day. The subject, however, can not be discussed briefly with any degree of satisfaction, nor can it be made intelligent even at length, without the employment of Greek type for purposes of illustration. In other words, the editor does not sue for a long article, and the scarcity of Greek type for general uses would not justify one on the subject if he did, so that one naturally turns to that other question uppermost in Greek discussions--Archaeology.

Fields of Archaeology are not as yet exhausted, and appear relatively inexhaustible. Like the great mineral deposits of the world, and especially of our own American world, the great and small nuggets of history have been buried in the earth and in the sea, not in one place but in many, and under a variety of conditions, and in and through various ages. The miser never yet lived who could hide his treasures more skillfully than Time has hidden many of the records of the past. To discover these hidden evidences of past history has not belonged to any one age more than to the present. We who reap the benefits may call it accident or chance, if we have no better name for it, although the intelligent persistency with which these discoveries have been made deserves a better fate. When one compares a map of Greece with a map of the United States, drawn to the same scale, the magnitude of the former's achievements stand out in bold contrast to the diminutiveness of her area. Made up to-day, in its somewhat shrunken proportions, of twenty-six monarchies, or states, of sixty-eight eparchies, small sub-divisions, and of four hundred and forty-six demes, with a total population of less than two and one-half millions and an area scarcely larger than one of our smaller eastern states, one looks with admiration akin to awe upon the greatness of her name; with amazement at the vicissitudes through which she has passed and yet remains a nation; with incredulity upon the language which, in its best form, differs less from the Attic than the Attic differs from the Homeric; and with thankfulness that, if men must hide the evidences of their civilization, they should have chosen, among other countries, one in particular whose area is not boundless, and whose zeal in furthering a work of such vast interest to the world at large is almost without limit.

Almost within the memory of some of us, the great treasure-houses of the Mycenaean ages, filled with the undeniable evidences of a civilization in that early day as high as Homer paints it, were uncovered to the world. That was truly a great discovery, fraught with the greatest historical importance, not only because of the things which were brought to light thereby, but for the inspiration which was given to others to go and do likewise. And to what effect one needs but a hurried glance through the great store-houses of antiquities in Athens and environs to see. Through the years which have intervened since that time, discoveries of greater or less moment have been made in every section of the kingdom, and less than two years ago the world was electrified by the unearthing, or more accurately, the unsealing, of an entire shipload of statuary done in marble and in bronze. One can scarcely speak of this mass of half or completely ruined marble, without giving expression to the regret he feels. What a loss to the world was that cargo of classic work done by master hands which found the bottom of the sea at Cythera, the old vantage ground of Nicias. There were exquisite figures in bronze of Apollo and Hermes shattered into a thousand pieces; beautiful forms of gods and goddesses and heroes, and a hundred other specimens of the sculptor's art, literally eaten by the sea which must have been washing them for centuries. One who sees this collection, here a leg, an arm, there the proud head and neck of a charger, or the beautifully chiseled forehead of a goddess with her face and throat eaten as by worms, has a feeling as if he were in the tomb of the dead. It is worse than a valley of dry bones; it is mangled flesh and blood. It is a pity that this ship, though it probably was pillaging a country of some of her most valued possessions, should not have reached her destination. The world, in that event, would still have them. But their mysterious disappearance has been followed after many centuries by a still more mysterious reappearance, and the world after all does have them, not intact certainly, but to its good notwithstanding, and as a further proof that the land of Homer has not yet given up all her treasures.

I have not said, speaking only for Greece, that the Archaeological fields are inexhaustible. After all it would not take an age in which to dig up the whole country. But I do say that they are as yet far from exhausted. Almost daily, and now I speak literally, there comes from some corner of the Kingdom, often from some remote, almost unknown, corner, the news of further discoveries. They may not always prove of value, for in this country things must put on more age than a few hundred years to attract notice; but among them are invariably to be found some of rare interest. It is almost true that a farmer could not dig a post hole in this country, granted that he had one to dig and the instruments to dig with, without the risk of unearthing a marble slab covering some bones and relics of a past age. Workmen in the streets are constantly making gruesome finds, and the laying of a sewer in a Greek city is apt to be found an uncanny contract. Particularly of interest at the present time are the excavations which are being carried on almost at the opposite extremities of the Kingdom as it once was, on the island of Crete under Mr. S. Xanthoudides, and on the island of Leucas under the direction of the German Archaeological School. Rare discoveries on the former island indicate that there is much belonging to the Myceanic age to be uncovered there, while excavations which are being carried on at this time near the opposite end of the country may show, in fact are aimed to show, that the home of Odysseus was not Ithaca but Leucas.

Without entering into the details of these latest developments, I raise the question whether our own Universities are taking as great an interest, first hand interest I mean, in matters archaeological as they might or as they ought. To come right home, I raise the question whether our own Bucknell University, which has made such marvelous progress during the last quarter century, and is so wonderfully well equipped for such work, could not take a direct interest in this work which our French and German contemporaries are pushing forward so gallantly. I distinctly remember the sad ending to the promising career of a distinguished son of Bucknell, a brother of our own Professor Owens, while fulfilling his mission to South America, and the consequent effect upon all who knew of it. It was a sad thing, and it seemed all the more sad at the time, for one to be cut off in the midst of a career which promised so much good to the world, and so much honor to himself, yet it was only another proof that every noble work has and must have its martyrs. And it seems that after so many years, the fruits of that sacrifice ought to be ripening; that other sons of Bucknell ought to be found who would be willing to strike out into untried fields and join in the reaping of a harvest for which the world is impatiently waiting, a harvest which is destined, when it is all gathered in, to return a great yield of good to the world, and a great deal of honor to the reapers.

I have not been asked to say anything along this line, nor in fact along any other in particular, but I have been asked to say something, and in saying what I have, there has always been uppermost in mind this last thought, that it is no more beyond the scope or reach of Bucknell University to actually engage in such work, than it is beyond that of any other at home or abroad. A few thousand of dollars, and what country has sc many as our own to spend in a good cause, a hand-ful of students to carry on the work, who would gladly fix their compensation at mere expenses, a few government rights readily secured, and much might be done which the world expects to be done and done quickly. There are untried spots in this and other countries to be investigated; there are old, abandoned places to be further investigated. And in the end it resolves itself into a race between those now on the field, who already have more than they can do, and the few who will come upon the field. The former have the experience; the latter can easily and readily obtain it, and it might as well be our own University as some University in Europe, or as any other University in America.

The Italian Renaissance

The Renaissance, in its broadest signification is the name given the new civilization, which gradually displaced in the minds of men the medieval conceptions of the state, of society, of art and of philosophy. It was a revolution in the realm of thought, comparable to that which occurred when the antique world fell before Christianity.

The home of the Renaissance is Italy. Here it reached its highest development. No other country presented so many favorable conditions for such a movement. Italy was nearest to the Roman civilization and consequently the memories of the ancient culture were more potent here than elsewhere. The Latin Language also was more easily accessible to the Italian. The Italian Renaissance may be divided into Humanism, the Renaissance in Architecture, Sculpture and Painting.

By Humanism, we mean the revival of classical learning. To the earlier humanists belonged Dante, Petrach and Boccaccio. They are now known chiefly as the great pioneers of Italian Literature. Their Latin writings have been forgotten, while their Italian works, on which they laid very little stress, have become immortal. Dante and Petrach were entirely different in their mental attitude and education. Dante was the product of the trivium and quadrivium of the schools. Petrarch's fame came in his own day; Dante's not until after his death. Among the later humanists we might mention Bracciolini and Filelfo.

The artistic revival is properly the offspring of humanism. The Petrarch among the artists was Brudelloesco. He was an architect, and it was one of his art, and not a sculptor or painter, who reintroduced the classical forms. He performed the difficult task of raising the cupola over the cathedral of Florence, the first in the point of time of all great cupolas, and which has been eclipsed only by that of St. Peter's. His Pitti Palace remains unequaled for originality and massive grandeur.

The second period—the culmination, is represented by Bramante, the first architect of St. Peter's.

The next stage was the setting. Even before Pallado, architecture fell into a blind classical imitation, and from the time of Michel Angelo into a love of violent effects

During the fifteenth century a strong love of decoration was displayed. Architecture thus proved a mighty force in the development of the kindred branches. The architect gave employment not to only the artisan, but also to the sculptor by giving him niches to fill, and to the painter by creating walls for him.

Sculpture like humanism, may be divided into two periods, the early and the later. To the former period belonged Jacapo della Inerica, famous for his sculptures of the portal of St. Petronio at Bologna; Ghiberti, for the bronze gates of the Baptistery of St. John; Donatello, for his childhood studies; and Luca della Robbia, for the organ loft in the cathedral of Florence and the so-called Robbia-ware.

Verocchio and Michel Angelo represent the later period. Verocchio is best known by his David and Doubting Thomas. With Angelo sculpture entered its last stage. His best early works are the Drunken Bacchus, the Pieta, and David. The works of his ripe years are the Medicaean tombs, Moses, and the Slaves.

The Renaissance found its complete expression, not in architecture, not in sculpture but in painting. Here, as in architecture, we have a gradual rise, a culmination, and a setting. Masaccio may be called the inaugurator of this epoch. His frescoes in the Brancacci have had great influence on the generations that succeeded him. Fra Angelico also belongs to this first period of painting. The monastery of S. Marco, where he beautified the cells of his brother monks, remains his unique monument.

The next period is the full Renaissance. It is very short but graced by the greatest name of the period. In this stage three cities figure pre-eminently. Raffaele and Michel Angelo are considered as the centers of the Roman school. The former is renowned for his Madonnas and vatican frescoes; the latter for his work on the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel. Lionarda da Vinci was a Florentine. Few of his productions have come down to us. These are Mona Lisa, The Last Supper, and a Holy Family. Titian, the Venetian, carried the art of portraiture to perfection.

The last period is represented by Fra Bartolommeo, and Andrea del Sorto, "the faultless painter." It is said that the latter might have rivalled Raffaelle but that he wanted Raffaelle's soul.

To Italy belongs the honor of having supported the better part of the labor of this intellectual revolution. She worked for herself, it is true, but because of her position in Europe, the latter was benefited thereby. From Italy the Renaissance crossed the Alps and in the sixteenth century spread throughout the northern countries in different national modifications. M. H. N.

Of course there is something laughable about the young graduate who imagines that the weight of the world's reformation rests heavily upon his shoulders. But he is far more likely to be a factor in human destiny than is the whiskered cynic who recognizes no personal duty but idle ridicule.—*Community.*

In Lilac Time

The earth is robed in gladdest green
In lilac time.
The bluebird soars in satin sheen
In lilac time.
The apple blossoms warning fall
In pinky showers over all.
For passing May a scented pall
In fragrant lilac time.

The bees are humming overhead
In lilac time.
The jonquils crowd the garden bed
In lilac time.
The lilies of the valley sway
In many a sweet and snowy spray,
Alas, that these must pass away
With fleeting lilac time.

But locusts promise snowy bloom
In lilac time.
Syringas hoard their rich perfume
In lilac time.
Thus sweetness soon will yield
Each gift more precious than before,
The opening of the Summer's store
Is fragrant lilac time.

Let not foreboding with thee dwell
In lilac time.
Of joy let every moment tell
In lilac time.
O yield thee but to Nature's power
Enjoy the gladness of the hour,
Give thanks for gifts of sun and shower
That crown the lilac time!

—*Oriana M. Williams.*

Jean and Elizabeth

The village of U—is located on the side of a hill. Thro it pass two public roads, which cross each other at right angles. On three of the corners formed by their intersection are three old-fashioned houses, with their tumble-down out-buildings, and a little brick school house. On the remaining corner stands a large new house with a terraced lawn. This is built on the plan of the letter L and fronts on both roads.

At one of the windows of this large house was sitting one cold, wintry afternoon of January, an old man. His form was bent, his hair white and his face covered with many wrinkles; his eyes alone retained a youthful appearance and became animated as he watched the children coasting down the long hill. Now he saw a little fellow approach a maiden with his sled, and pull her up the hill. As he noticed this act of gallantry, the time was changed. He was a boy again.

On a similar hill a number of children were coasting. In the group was a little boy whose name was Jean, and a little girl whose name was Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth, "said Jean approaching her, "will you ride down the hill on my sled?"

"Yes," answered she.

"Then get on and I will pull you up. It's awful hard for girls to walk up hill. Boys do not mind it."

Elizabeth got on the sled and Jean pulling with all his strength soon reached the top. Oh! What fun it was! They coasted down twice before the school-bell rang, and then they had to go back to their books. Here the little ones were separated, for Jean sat on one side of the room and Elizabeth on the other.

A few days after this it rained and the hill was coated with ice. Despite the fact that the water was running over the ice, the coasting was fine, if you only stopped your sled before reaching a large stream, formed by the water from the fields, that crossed the road about half way down the hill. Jean, as usual, had Elizabeth with him. He thought the impetus of the sled would easily carry it across, and so did not stop when nearing the water. "Will they get across?" ask their little companions in fear as they see them enter the stream. The current here was stronger than Jean thought, or the impetus of the sled not so great and the sled went round and round, throwing both little ones off into the water. Fortunately it was not very deep and they escaped with only a thorough drenching.

"Elizabeth," said Jean on his way home from school that night, "When we get big, will you go with me to Greenland?"

"Oh, where is that?" said she.

"A great way off; it is all ice and snow, and we can sleigh-ride all the time. It is very cold and you eat fat and wear furs to keep warm."

"You will upset me and I will get all wet like I did this morning and I don't like to get wet. Besides, mother will not let me go."

"Silly, you are afraid. You would be my wife and your mother would have nothing to say about it. But you are too much of a coward."

At these words tears came to the eyes of the child and she said, "No, I am not afraid, I will go with you."

Thus the time went. Our little friends no longer went to the district school. Jean had left home to attend a business college, while Elizabeth was at a young ladies' seminary. Three years had passed since they last had met. Elizabeth was now at home and Jean was returning for the first time since he had left. The many happy hours that they spent together soon passed, and Jean was now about ready to leave for the West where he had accepted a position. Before leaving, he said to Elizabeth:

"Elizabeth, will you write to me when I go away?"

"If you wish me to," replied she, keeping her eyes cast down.

"I have something to tell you but I must wait a year, until, until—"

"Good-bye, Jean. Much success to you."

"Good-bye, Elizabeth. You will not forget to answer my letters."

One year passed, two and then three. Out in the far West, Jean was struggling to win fame and wealth. During this time he had not written to Elizabeth, who waited and looked in vain for news of him. As the months passed thus she gave up all hopes of ever hearing from him. Trouble pressed in upon her. Now her father and, shortly after, her mother died and she was left alone. A young man, one of her little playmates, who had been very kind to her during her trouble and who loved her dearly pressed his suit. She gave him her hand but not her heart. That belonged to another.

Jean was just arranging for a trip east to tell Elizabeth his secret when the news of her marriage reached him. He had waited too long.

When he did come, many years after, to visit his aged father, he called on the playmates of his childhood. Tho neither he nor Elizabeth spoke of it, each knew, by the light that shone in each others eyes, that they loved; and that when they should part it would be forever; never again should they behold each other in this world.

Jean went back to his work, to his wealth and to his cheerless lonely home.

Just at this moment the school-bell rang calling the pupils from their sport on the hill. "It is good that the bell rang," said the old man as he reached for his hat and coat and started for his daily walk. '02.

Problems in "The House of the Seven Gables"

Most books have some problem in them—something to be solved like an algebraic equation. Sometimes this does not come distinctly to the front; often it is felt all through although not expressed in words. Hawthorne especially used his characters as algebraic symbols to work out some distinctive problems. Not in a mechanical sense, however; never once do they appear as mere tools. What then, we may ask, are the problems in The House of the Seven Gables?

All through the story two things stand out predominately and these two are in the same line of thought; the one Ancestral Wrong,—the other Hereditary Curse. The ancestral wrong, the first to come to our notice, is one often disputed. Hawthorne took the Scriptures as his guide; he firmly believed that the sin of one generation rested upon the next. The Pyncheons never got away from the wrongs their ancestors had done. The stain ever clung to them and eventually ruined the whole family. There is no mercy—only cruel despair, was his view. Even the house seemed doomed and never could be cheerful. The stain could never be effaced, even though the house were torn down. The wind whistled through it as if angry; the rafters shook; weird and uncanny sounds were heard; its very atmosphere was stifling. Never could it be as other houses; never could the terrible wrong be requited,—always a torment as long as a Pyncheon lived. There is a haunting mystery about the place from beginning to end. Few writers go so far, but we are carried on and on without perception. Exaggerated, perhaps, yet always fulfilling his purpose—to bring out the central thought he wishes to express.

Closely bordering on ancestral wrong is the subject of hereditary curse. These two form the back-ground of the book. Indeed, the story itself was suggested to Hawthorne by a curse invoked on his own ancestor, John Hawthorne, by a fainting witch whom he had sentenced to death. Matthew Maule pronounced the deadly curse when from the gallows he said to Col. Pyncheon, "God will give you blood to drink!" This terrible curse clung on through the generations until all the stock died out, or fell into poverty and evil ways. How truly was this curse fulfilled! Could they have had a greater one pronounced upon them? No Pyncheon could be free from it; he breathed it in with his very life-blood.

Wonderfully does Hawthorne dwell upon these two ghastly themes! He almost makes us adopt his views—so real and true do they seem. Many modern novelists see the force of this method, and they too have taken some distinctive problem as a back-ground. Things may be forced upon the mind in this manner which might never be accepted in any other way. True, these weighty questions are not completely solved. That is impossible for man. It is only when the Creator shall reveal them that we can fully understand their meaning; yet it is within the province of man to see in part. Hawthorne saw clearly this part and demonstrated with accurateness the thought he wished to bring out. Few authors have his rare ability in this line; few so carefully keep in mind their central thought; few work out so diligently and thoughtfully their distinctive problems. '03.

Envoy

As wandering breezes wake again to song
Some silent viol till the spaces throng
With gay life, music conjured, and the spell
Seems but to thrill the vibrant chanterelle
With tenderer melody.

So memory shall breathe across the strings
Of these glad college years, rose-timed, where clings
In after days the music of fair hours,
And wake their sweetness, fragrance of past flowers,
To tender melody.

—*Beth Bradford Gilchrist in Mt. Holyoke.*

Bucknell Mirror.

MAY, 1902.
[Entered at the Post Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR,
By an Association of Students of Bucknell University,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.
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☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the office of The Journal, Lewisburg, Pa.

Editorial

It has been said that one never consciously does anything for the last time without a feeling of sadness. The MIRROR staff gives up its work with this issue. Like most enterprises we made our initial bow, and, like the man who accepts a higher situation, we leave the old field with mingled emotions. We have kept the paper in the field, have increased our circulation, and paid our debts thus far. To delinquen subscribers we can only say "go thou and do likewise." To the incoming board we extend a hearty greeting and a welcome to a "thorny path" and a "troubled sea." Uneasy lies the head that runs the MIRROR for "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." This appears to be a gloomy view, but we can assure you that in spite of difficulties we have thoroughly enjoyed the work, although we have not fully realized our expectations. Farewell!

Alumni Personals

Ex-'64. Rev. W. S. Wood, of near Mt. Pleasant, Penna., died recently at the age of 67 years.

'65. Rev. H. B. Garner has entered upon the pastorate at Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

'83 and '96. John C. Nissley, Esq., of Harrisburg, assisted Rev. Thomas C. Josephs in raising sufficient funds for the dedication of the Baptist church at Wisconisco, of which Rev. Josephs is pastor.

'89. Rev. C. A. Walker, at the 69th anniversary of the Malvern church, April ninth, was remembered with a well filled purse as a testimony of the church's esteem.

'89. Rev. Wm. C. Leinbach is pleasantly sitnated in his new pastorate at Shamokin City.

'93 Institute. Miss Oriana M. Williams, who is teaching in the graded schools of Laramie, Wyoming, has been elected to a higher position in the same schools for the next year.

'94. Geo. E. Deppen, Esq., of Sunbury, has been reappointed regimental sergeant-major of the 12th Regiment, N. G. P.

'94. Prof. Warren Marts, Vice Principal of Perkiomen Seminary, has been elected to the Principalship of South Jersey Institute, Bridgeton, N. J.

'95. A sketch of Rev. T. C. Hanna and his church at Jenkintown will be found in the *Baptist Commonwealth* of April 17.

'95. Andrew G. Loomis, Esq., of New York City, spent a few days recently with his mother and fraternity friends.

'96. W. R. Harper is manager of the agency department of the New York Realty and Trust Co., New York City.

'96. Rev. Henry T. Colestock, Ph. D., is teaching history in the Mansfield State Normal School. He also finds time to write interesting articles for the *Baptist Commonwealth* and will soon have a book from the press.

'97. Rev. Harry Sprague, pastor of the Chester Avenue Baptist church, Philadelphia, was an usher at the wedding of Rev. Sallade, New Castle, Pa. Rev. Sallade was formerly pastor at Milton, and although not an alumnus of this institution he was always deeply interested in its success. On Rev. Sprague's return from the wedding he spent a short time with friends in Lewisburg.

'97 Institute. Miss Marguerite O'Donnell and Mr. Tullins Tupper, Jr., were married at Texarkana, Ark., May 9.

Ex-'98. The friends of H. Milton Roth will be pleased to learn that, during the term just closed, his work as Superintendent of Schools in Adams county has been quite satisfactory. Three candidates were in the recent contest for that office, and Mr. Roth received 139 out of 177 votes cast.

'98. F. W. Robbins, Ph. D., was elected superintendent of schools at Bethlehem, Pa.

'99. Francis J. Rawlinson has been appointed to go to the foreign field as a missionary. His location has not been determined as yet.

'99. Mr. W. C. Purdy is teaching this spring in the State Normal School, at Indiana, Pa.

'99. Rev. H. I. Stewart is now pastor of the Baptist church, at Atglen, Pa.

'99. J. L. Cattell, an instructor in Chestnut Hill Academy, will again spend the summer abroad, perfecting himself in the modern languages.

'00. Jesse Donald Evans died in Mahanoy City on May 9. He was employed in the Census Department at Washington when he was stricken with cerebral meningetis. The deceased was a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, and during his college course was on the staff of *The Orange and Blue* and *L'Agenda.* At the time of his death he was attending lectures at the Columbian Law School, and would have graduated in June, 1903.

'01. G. L. Freudenberger and Miss Carrie Hamsher, a former Institute student, will be married in June.

'01. A. M. Allison is principal of the schools at Alexandria, Pa.

'01. L. E. Ayres is principal of graded schools at Clifford, Pa.

'01. J. H. Neuhauser, is a theological student, at Wittenberg College, Springfield, O.

Commencement

The 52 Annual Commencement will be held from June 15 to 18. The Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered by Dr. John H. Harris on Sunday morning, June 14, and Rev. H. F. King, D. D., will preach during the same evening. Prof. A. W. Small, University of Chicago, will address the Literary Societies; Prof. W. W. Kelchner, Williamsport, has been chosen Alumni Orator; Hon. L. S. Walter, Mt. Carmel, is the Alumni Poet; Mr. Geo. W. Cable will speak on Tuesday afternoon, June 17, and Mr. E. L. Tustin will address the college graduating class on Wednesday, June 18. Forty-nine students will graduate at that time. The 12th Regiment Band will furnish the music, including twilight concerts on June 16th and 17th. The Bucknell Band will play on Saturday, June 14. The Railroads will give a rate of two cents per mile. Apply to the Registrar for card orders and full information. Subscribe for *Commencement News*, four issues, full account of all events. Price 15 cents.

College Notes

The Annual Reception, given to the Senior Class by Dr. Harris, was held Tuesday, May 20.

Did you pay for the MIRROR? Do not forget it. Quite a number of subscriptions not yet paid.

The Fourth Form of the Academy and invited guests were entertained by Prof. and Mrs. Edwards on May 8.

Rev. William Morris, of Wales, delivered a lecture to the students on Thursday, May 15. His topic was "The School of Life."

The Senior Class Commencement speakers will be Misses Bacon, Buoy, Race, Runyan and Unger, and Messrs. Boyer, John Davis, Heckert, Maneval and McCracken.

The "Soiree," which is considered the closing social event of the season is past. The class of 1903 of the Institute, April 26 presented a fine program, and, as usual, the guests were greatly pleased with the reception.

Dr. Whitman recently delivered three addresses to the student body. He impressed his auditors by the material, his powerful delivery, and his captivating manner. We are sure the speaker has gained a firm hold among the men and women of Bucknell.

The Bucknell Institute Mandolin and Guitar club, composed of nineteen young ladies under the leadership of Prof. Aviragnet, gave a most delightful concert as the ninth number of the Y. M. C. A. course, in the association hall last evening. The music was of a high order, while a vocal solo and recitations interspersed the program with pleasing variety. *Milton Standard*, May 14.

The program of the Institute elocution contest held on May 10 was, Invocation; Music by the Institute Mandolin and Guitar

Club; Lilly Servosse's Ride, Martha Myers; Execution of Lady De Winter, Lucy Wolfe; Violin Solo, Mr. Hillard; Brita's Wedding, Edna Loeb; The Story of Genevra, Esther Lenore Lydic; The Death of Steerforth, Emma Alder Nesbit; Vocal Solo, Miss Pross; The Boat Race, Irene Emma Barton.

The Junior Exhibition in Oratory, held on May 16, was of a high class, and was greatly enjoyed by all present. The program follows: Triumphant March, Bierman, Misses Hoover; and Florine; Invocation, Rev. J. W. Thompson; Oration, The Children of the Slums, Grace Browning Roberts; Oration, A First Century Orator, Mansfield French Forbell; Oration, Expansion, Mary Lila Long; Vocal Solo, "The Spring Song," Henschel, Miss Knox; Oration, The Genius of Lincoln, Walter Kremer Rhodes; Oration, The Pathos of Latent Power, Emma Rebekah Ebling; Oration, The Racial Problem, Roger Henry Williams; Duet, "La Gallina," Gottschall, Misses Aiken and Peck; Oration, The Eternal Feminine, Jane Ridgway Fowler; Oration, The Value of Forgotten Knowledge, Hannah Goodman; Oration, The Dual Alliance, Reese Harvey Harris; Piano Solo, Selected, Miss Aiken.

Athletics

Well, it is all over. Our relay team went to Philadelphia and brought back another banner and several gold watches. State College was ten yards behind at the finish, at no time being a dangerous competitor. Dickinson, Villa Nova, Carlisle Indians, and Washington and Jefferson finished in the order named. Goodall, Tiffany, Marsh and Pierce ran the mile in 3.33 2-5, the last relay run by Pierce in 51 2-5 seconds.

The Inter-class meet was held on Friday, May 9, and resulted as follows.

Seniors	27 points.
Juniors	54 points.
Sophomores	24 points.
Freshmen	36 points.

The Intercollegiate Contest with Dickinson on May 17 at Carlisle was won by Bucknell, the score being 80 to 24. Our team took first place in every event, and second in five of the thirteen.

The base ball team was greatly aided by the work of Coach Lee, and is now putting up a good fast game. The results since our last issue were.

April	26,	Lewisburg,	B. U.	23,	Lehigh	7.
May	2,	Lewisburg,	B. U.	3,	Gettysburg	2.
May	3,	Lock Haven,	B. U.	27,	Lock Haven	4.
May	8,	Fordham,	B. U.	4,	St. Johns	6.
May	9,	New York,	B. U.	11,	Manhattan	7.*
May	10,	So. Beth'lem	B. U.	6,	Lehigh	0.
May	14,	Lewisburg,	B. U.	7,	Dickinson	1.
May	17,	Lewisburg,	B. U.	16,	Gallaudet	2.
May	22,	Lewisburg,	B. U.	18,	F. &. M.	3.
May	23,	Carlisle,	B. U.	7,	Dickinson	1.
May	24,	Easton,	B. U.	1,	Lafayette	8.

*Owing to the flagrant injustice of the umpire, Bucknell left the field in the eight inning, forfeiting the game.

The Reserves defeated Sunbury on May 10, score 14 to 13, and won from Northumberland on May 17, score 14 to 4.

The Annual Tennis Tournament will begin on May 24 and closes on May 29.

The dual meet with the Carlisle Indians, on May 24, was won by Bucknell. Points, 75 to 29. Our team took nine firsts and ten seconds in the contest. Marsh broke the Bucknell record in the 440 yd. dash, running in 53 1-5 seconds, and McMahon broke the hammer record, throwing 125 ft. 6 in. Theis vaulted 10 ft. 4 in., one inch above his previous record. Glaspey ran the hurdles in fast time, but did not secure a record. Both teams did fast work and the contest was exceptionally good.

Next meet, Lafayette, June 4.

Vol. XXII. OCTOBER 1902 No. 1

The
Bucknell Mirror

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John B. Irvin.

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXII. Lewisburg, Pa., October, 1902. No. 1

Universal Education.

PRESIDENT JOHN H. HARRIS.

It is a fruitful saying of Hegel, that the Orientals regard one man as free, namely, the monarch ; the Greeks regard some men as free, namely, the free-born *Hellenes*, and all others as barbarians or slaves; but that Christianity regards all men as free, and endeavors to realize in each man his freedom. For while Christianity regards all men as free, yet that freedom is only potential, and must be actualized through education. For only the free are capable of education. Animals can be trained, but cannot be educated. In training, the will of one is impressed upon another by repetition and drill until habit is formed; in education the will of the person educated is formed to act according to ideas. A being which is trained acts from habit in a mechanical way; a person who is educated acts from insight in a rational way.

In the Orient, only the monarch is capable of education; all others are trained to perform such functions as the one educated man may direct. This one man is the fountain of law, of honor and of right. In aristocracies only the few are educated; the multitude are to be trained for their place as in a monarchy. This is true whether the aristocracy is hereditary, ecclesiastical or political. The plebeian must not ask why, but only what. In Christianity all men are regarded as free and susceptible of education. Thus Christ says, "I have not called you servants, for the servant does not know what his lord is doing." The servant is not granted insight either into the reason or goal of the lord's activity. But, says Christ, "I have called you friends; for all things I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." The friend is granted insight into the reason and end of His friend's action. He may therefore cooperate in the action with freedom, and as a spiritual, rational being—as a person.

Out of this view of man in his relation to God and his fellow men arises universal education. Universal education is found only in Christianity. The Jews, to be sure, educated all the people, but only the Jewish people; Christianity makes no distinction between Jew or Gentile, Greek or barbarian, bond or free, male or female. When the Word which was God became flesh, it stamped man as man of immeasurable worth. Paul expresses the idea in his address to the Athenians. God made of one all nations to dwell upon all the face of the earth. While the political reason for education demands that the ruler or rulers be educated; while the military reason requires the education of the men; Christianity, by its doctrine of the incarnation and its doctrine of justification by faith, requires the education of all.

It cannot be claimed that all can be developed into an equal freedom. There are differences of native endowment from the idiot to Isaac Newton. But Christianity claims for every man the opportunity to develop to the full all the capability there is in him. So schools are opened for the blind, the deaf, and other defective classes. In this way thirty per cent. of idiots and imbeciles under suitable instruction can rise to the standard of one-third of an average man; forty per cent. can be brought to the standard of two-thirds of an average man, while thirty per cent. can be brought so near the standard of average manhood as to be indistinguishable from average persons. These classes were once either destroyed or allowed to perish. Christianity alone cares for them. This is a result of the teaching that man as man was formed in the image of God, and that in due time God was manifested in the flesh as man.

The Coal Strike.

Some men, totally ignoring the vast complexity of our social system, the utter dependence of all upon a general government for protection, and the rights which that government and its people have in return, are ready to assert that each individual has the incontestable right to handle his property as he pleases without interference from outside. The falsity of their position lies in the fact that their right is not absolute, but relative, exercisable only when the rights of one do not come in conflict with the rights of another.

On the principle of absolute right of control of private property, the coal operators took their stand in the great anthracite coal strike. No matter how the struggle has ended, their position was hardly tenable, and it will be contested again and again, until the relative rights of operators and men have been established.

The union of the great coal carrying companies who control a large part of the coal fields, has led to the establishment of a system of freight rates that have placed the individual operator in a condition of dependence, and has left no place for that much talked of "direct relation of employer and employee," since the big companies fix the conditions under which the smaller ones must operate or go out of business. The same cause has forced the mine workers to join hands for mutual protection. They know well what is the cause of their wretchedness; so in place of appealing to their immediate employer, they have gone back to the source of the trouble and there demanded redress.

From the first the operators have disregarded not only the rights of the miners, but also the interests of the public. What the outcome of their policy shall be is no concern to them, provided only by it they can establish their claim to a divine vicegerency. They have refused absolutely to deal with the miners' organization as such; with a swelling of the chest worthy of "Elijah, the Restorer," they ask the men to come to them as individuals, and only believe in the Coal Trust, and that that *trust* will heal all diseases.

It seems very evident that if organized labor is such a menace to our civilization as the coal barons imply, the union of the forces of the operators is to be looked upon with a shudder. On the other hand, if the good of each will be advanced by such combinations, then each has an indisputable right to unite their forces for protection against the other. When the mines were operated individually, no need of a miners' union was apparent, but with the development of a coal trust the union was inevitable.

It is useless to discuss the question of wages. The condition of the miner is too apparent to one who has been in the coal fields to need comment. Evidently there is a question in the wage scale which could easily be answered by reference to arbitration. As to the number of hours suitable for a day's work, the same may be said.

The third and fourth demands of the miners—that the men have payment for a legal ton of coal, and that the coal mined shall be honestly weighed and correctly recorded (not so under the old *regime*),—are too plainly just to demand even discussion. The fifth complaint, given rather in the form of a recommendation to establish peace than a demand, is that the union favors an agreement, stating the wages to be paid, and the conditions of employment that the men shall obtain for a specific period.

There is nothing in these demands so manifestly unfair that a competent body of men sitting in a court of arbitration could not easily adjust in an equitable way; yet President Baer, the spokesman for the operators, continually asserts that there is nothing to arbitrate, insisting that might is as much right as it was in the darker periods of the world's history. Even allowing that the union has demanded more than is reasonable, this is no argument against the arbitration of this matter; from the standpoint of the public it is an argument in its favor, for then the public would be protected from the dictation of class selfishness on either side.

The temper of the miners from the beginning showed that if some concessions were made peace would have been restored. A continuance of the warfare through the stubbornness of the operators in not yielding to the only rational method of settlement, arbitration, has been an injury done to the public none other than industrial crime.

Much censure has justly been aroused because of the lawless outbreaks on the part of the strikers, but when we remember that these were as greatly exaggerated as the reports of the Spanish-American war were; when we realize that such crimes as were committed were the work of a few, whose acts were condemned by President Mitchell and the great body of the unemployed men, these deeds of violence appear less flagrant. These very outbreaks were, to a great extent, due to the character of the men whom the coal companies have hired as police. The outlying districts were robbed of their usual bar-room loafers, who, enticed by the prospect of good wages without work, flocked to the mines and were given responsible positions as officers of the law. This shiftless, worthless class of men were found in numbers among the "coal and iron police," and altogether too often the outbreaks were caused by the unbearable insolence of a drunken "scab protector." So also many of the murderous assaults were made because of a private injury.

What the immediate outcome of this strike will be, no one can tell, but it is certain that no honest endeavor, such as the miners have now made, to improve the condition of the laboring people, will be without results; but it is to be hoped that in the near future we may have laws so arranged that such a strike will be unknown. '03.

The Violets.

"Esse non videri."

When the zephyrs, soft and low,
O'er the meadows gently blow,
When the flitting shadows play
'Round the woodlands bright in May,
And the harbingers of spring
Make the copses sweetly ring,
Peeps a flower of violet hue
Timidly toward the heaven's blue.

Nestling 'mid a wealth of green,
Tiny bud is scarcely seen,
But within that mystic fold
Lies a treasure yet untold.
Sparkling with the morning dew,
As the sunbeams gently woo,
Violet petals open wide,
Ceasing shyly now to hide.

Blooming in the shady dell
Where the mosses love to dwell,
Covering with beauty rare
Mountain slopes and meadows fair,
Bi and tri their colors blend
While from dainty stems ascend
"Birdfoot" or the cleft *pedata*,
"Common spur," or *cuculata*.

Blossom marked by modest grace,
With thy lovely upturned face,
Emblem of humility,
Gentleness and purity;
Loyal hearts, we proffer thee,
Humble though thy face may be,
And our full allegiance own
To thy purple-vested throne.

Prithee, now our love receive,
Make us steadfastly believe
That the goal of honest strife
Is a noble, honest life.
May we gladly learn from thee
"Not to seem, but ever be"
Worthy of the truest love
Of human hearts and heav'n above.—M. E. H.

The Picture on the Lake.

Only one person alighted from the evening train as it pulled into Prestonville. He was a man of about twenty-two years of age, tall, of a dark complexion and well proportioned. He was smooth shaven and wore a neat black suit of the military style. He possessed every indication of being a refined gentleman.

He looked about him for a few moments, then started down the road from the village. At a cozy little cottage he halted, surveyed his surroundings for a short interval, and then, apparently satisfied, entered the gate and knocked at the door.

Widow Green, by which name she was known, had lost her husband in the civil war. Ever since that sad day she had lived alone in this cozy little cottage. Here the stranger took up his abode. People round about wondered what brought him to such a place. They could not learn his name and knew not any business he might follow. Neighbors tried to extract from the widow some enlightenment on the question, but she, good soul, was not given to gossip. Thus, the stranger's coming remained a mystery.

Months passed and the autumn days came. One afternoon, as had been his wont, the stranger emerged from the cottage and started down the road. He walked leisurely along, viewing everything as if he enjoyed scenery intensely. At an old stone bridge he halted and gazed dreamily out upon the glassy surface of a lake. It was a picture for the artist's brush! Like one gigantic mirror, reflecting the surrounding trees, the lake lay before him. Richard Carlton, for that was his name, drank in the beauty of the scene with a keen relish. All artists have an eye for beauty—he was an artist. His chief purpose in coming to Prestonville to live with his aunt, was to forget a face. He was succeeding beyond all expectation. Just now he was engaged in painting this superb lake scene. What impressed him most was the perfection of nature's mirror, and he was studying its every detail.

But hark! A rich soprano voice suddenly disturbs his reveries. The voice sounds provokingly familiar. Where had he heard that voice before? Suddenly his face underwent a great change; his brow contracted and a low agonizing cry escaped from his lips.

"Rose Clifford!" he moaned.

Just at that moment a skiff shot out gracefully from under a weeping willow, whose branches canopied the edge of the lake at that spot. Carlton stepped behind a tree to avoid detection. All the beauty of the spot he was contemplating was unintelligibly blurred. He was thinking of college days. Yes, there was the girl right before him, alone in a skiff, who had pricked his heart with a bitter thorn at college. He had selected quiet, out-of-the-way Prestonville to forget that voice, and now some cruel fate had thus devised to throw him once again under its influence.

She had now ceased singing, and was plying the paddle vigorously. The skiff was headed directly toward him. What should he do—it was too late to retreat. A grating sound told him that the boat had touched the sand. Like a criminal awaiting his doom, he stood behind the tree. He heard her alight on the beach, though minutes passed and she did not mount to the road. He ventured a peep. Through the dense foliage he saw her weaving a wreath of some variegated leaves she had just gathered. Presently she entered the boat and shoved off. Again that rich voice burst forth with all its volume in a favorite lullaby —unconscious of an audience. The same old pangs returned to poor Carlton. Should he call to her? She was singing the song he had told her he liked best. Perhaps she had forgiven him and was even now thinking of him.

She had paddled out but a short distance when something in the water attracted her attention. Intently bent on securing it, she leaned far out over the boat's side, and as she did so her foot slipped and she fell into the water. Carlton, who had been watching her, took in the situation at a glance. Into the lake he plunged, and with rapid strokes soon reached the exhausted girl. It was the work of but a few minutes for big, muscular Carlton to bring her ashore.

On the beach he carefully placed her, using his coat as a head rest. She was unconscious. He rubbed her pulse vigorously and watched eagerly for the first sign of returning consciousness. He was soon rewarded, for she suddenly opened her large blue eyes, and stared long and intently toward the lake. She had not seen her rescuer. Her mind was blank. Carlton, wet to the skin and shivering, held her hand in his. He was wondering what she would say when she beheld him; perhaps she would be sorry to have been rescued by such an one as he. Her memory returned quite suddenly.

"I am saved from a watery grave, and who saved me?" said she faintly.

Slowly she turned her head—their eyes met.

"Richard!" she gasped almost hysterically. It was a severe shock, yet she rallied sufficiently to sit up on the beach. Her eyes were now wet with tears.

"Rose," said he, composedly, "you will listen to me now more calmly, I hope, than the last time we were together. You cast me off because you thought I drank, didn't you?"

"Richard," answered she in a pathetic tone, "I found out my mistake after you had left college, but then it was too late. The girls told me you were trying to deceive me, and that they knew young men who had seen you drink. I was foolish to accept such evidence and have bitterly regretted it ever since. I discovered quite accidentally one day that there was a conspiracy on foot to part us, and that was the contemptible way they took to do it, knowing, as they did, how averse I am to intoxicating liquor. Will you forgive me, Richard?"

The lake's surface, so lately disturbed, is once again quiet and glassy, but, added to reflected trees and shrubbery, is the picture of Richard Carlton's forgiveness. He glanced down and saw it himself—all artists have an eye for beauty—just at the moment she answered "Yes." "PAT" '05.

Bucknell Mirror.

OCTOBER, 1902.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

STAFF
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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Williamsport, Pa.

The Annual Class Rush: A Suggestion.

In every community certain local customs grow up. This is true of the collegiate as well as of the civic community. Many college customs are local. They originate and continue at one university and are peculiar to that institution. Others seem to spread and become a recognized feature at many colleges. Of this latter kind is the annual contest between the Sophomores and the incoming Freshman class. Nearly every college has some custom of this kind. At Bucknell we have the class "scrap," pure and simple, in its most virulent form. It is as rough as possible, and lasts until there are too few of the combatants left to continue the struggle.

It is not the purpose of this editorial to discuss the relative advantages and disadvantages of the "scrap." Like most well established customs it seems to have come to stay, and the question for us now is whether our particular form of the institution can not be modified and improved.

Our "scraps" are too indefinite in many ways. There is no set time for their occurrence. At one time Washington's Birthday was the great day. This year it was the first Friday of the term. Nobody is prepared, and a lot of needless destruction of wearing apparel ensues. A fixed date would be an improvement. Then again our "scraps" are indefinite in their duration. The contest continues until one side, or what is left of it, is exhausted. The purpose of the "scrap," which seems to be to prove the physical superiority of one class over the other, could be attained as well, or even better, if there were a fixed time limit and somebody to enforce it. But perhaps the greatest defect in our "scraps" is the lack of any definite end. It is simply an indefinite, aimless struggle, discreditable to college men. In this respect we are behind most of the other colleges. At Princeton the classes strive for the possession of an historic cannon. At the University of Pennsylvania the prize is a "bowl," and the victory is awarded according to the possession of this article. A "cane rush" is often a form of the contest. In all these cases there is some definite aim, and a decision can be rendered which neither class can question. With us the outcome is often doubtful, and the victory usually claimed by both sides.

Who is to bring about this much needed reform? Certainly the Faculty can take no cognizance of any such contest. It is for the Upper Classmen, and for the Seniors especially, to regulate this heretofore lawless struggle, and give it form and definiteness. It is for the Upper Classmen to umpire the contest and render the decision as to whom the victory belongs. If a class "scrap" is necessary to a liberal education, let it be held on an appointed day, at a fixed time; let its duration be limited; let it have some definite aim. The "scrap" this year is a thing of the past. "1903" has let her opportunity pass. Let the men of "1904" show their true progressive spirit and formulate such rules as will make the contest next year a real contest, and not a scrimmage.

College Notes.

As we were going to press, the death of Eugene Flack, a member of the present Sophomore class, was reported to us. The report was received with great surprise, as none of his student friends knew of his serious condition. Flack was a member of Company B, of Williamsport, and returned to college a week after its opening, having secured a sixty day furlough. He was in college only a few days when he took sick, and Dr. Gundy diagnosed his case, and advised him to go to a hospital. Flack was taken to the Williamsport Hospital, where he died, of a complicated case of diphtheria and typhoid fever. He was highly respected by all students, and we mourn his loss, as though he had been our brother.

Creighton Konkle has been performing the duties of the registrar in the absence of Wm. C. Gretzinger, who is with the National Guard.

During the summer vacation oak floors were put down in the two literary society halls.

Three new boarding clubs were organized this fall to accommodate the many new students.

One of the rooms in the new physical laboratory is furnished for the students in mechanical drawing.

Two hundred and four new students entered the different departments of the University this fall. One hundred and nine entered the college, fifty-four the institute, and forty-one the academy. Those who entered the college from the institute and academy are not counted among these. The attendance in the college is given below:

Post Graduates,	65
Seniors,	56
Juniors,	58
Sophomores,	83
Freshmen,	121
Specials,	18
Total,	**401**

LLEWELLYN PHILLIPS.

Llewellyn Phillips, Crozer Professor of Rhetoric, is a Bucknell Alumnus, class '92. He was instructor for a time in Bucknell Academy, after which he accepted a fellowship in the University of Chicago, receiving the degree Ph. D.

[By courtesy The Phila. Inquirer.]
JOSEPH MEIXELL WOLFE.

Joseph Meixell Wolfe, A. M., Instructor in Mathematics, is also an Alumnus, class '89, Bucknell. Prior to his present position he was instructor of mathematics in Vermont Academy. To one and all of the new members of the Faculty the student body extends cordial greetings.

Alumni Notes.

David McM. Gregg, '54, has returned to the army with the rank of general.

Miss Lucy Bliss, Institute, '60, recently received the degree of Doctor of Pedagogy at New York City University.

O. W. Spratt, '61, died recently.

David P. Leas, '63, spent the summer in Europe, and returned home October 1st.

Col. Tasker H. Bliss, '73, has been appointed brigadier general in the regular army. He has been assigned to duty as professor in the New War College.

James E. Frear, '78, died recently.

Rev. S. S. Merriman, '86, was married last August to Mrs. Alice J. Craft, at Trenton, N. J.

Prof. Justin L. Van Gundy, '87, has gone to Germany for a year of study.

Prof. R. C. H. Catterall, '91, has been appointed professor of history at Cornell, with a year's leave of absence for study in Germany and France.

Miss Nellie W. Conard, '93, died in early summer.

Rev. Andrew F. Anderson, '94, has resigned as assistant pastor of Calvary church, Washington, to finish his studies at Rochester.

Prof. Franklin R. Strayers, '94, is spending a year at Cornell, studying physics.

Mr. Frank W. Jackson, '95, has been appointed consul to Patras, in Greece.

H. Harris Bower, '96, is with the Equitable Life Insurance Co. of Pittsburg.

W. H. Parker, '97, and Miss Harriet Lewis, of Lewisburg, were married June 3, 1902.

Prof. Chas. D. Koch, '98, has been appointed principal of Phillipsburg High School.

Harry C. Fithian, '98, was admitted to the Lycoming County Bar.

Prof. R. L. Rentz, '99, lately of the Academy, is studying law at Williamsport.

Rev. C. S. Keen, '99, who graduated from Rochester Theological Seminary last spring, was ordained in September, and sails for China this month.

Miss Eliza Martin, '00, has been appointed preceptress at Palmer Institute, Lakemont, N. Y.

Charles W. Harvey, '00, and family sail for China this month.

Loren M. Reno, '00, was married to Miss Weymer in September.

A. M. Smith, '01, is professor of mathematics at the High School, Elkhard, Ind.

A. N. Evans, '01, has resigned his position in Alaska, and has entered the University of Chicago for graduate work.

Frank J. Bevan, '01, has entered the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Maud Goddard, '01, is teaching at Elkins, W. Va.

Edgar Shields, '01, is recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Phillips, '01, is preceptress at South Jersey Institute.

Rev. Walter Ruch, '01, was married to Miss Lena H. Switzer, at New Castle, October 9, 1902.

Miss Bacon, '02, is teaching at Ivy Hall, Bridgeton, N. J.

Benjamin F. Bieber, '02, is principal of Pottsgrove schools.

Miss Helen Buoy, '02, is engaged in graduate work at the Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.

Edward Burrows, '02, is employed by the Milton Iron Works.

John Davis, '02, is teaching at Nanticoke.

Martin Drum, '02, is an instructor at the Academy.

J. S. Davis, '02, has a position as taxidermist and collector at Scranton.

Calvin Elliott, '02, has entered Medico-Chi.

George English, '02, is employed at the tube works, in McKeesport.

Chas. E. Goodall, '02, is at Crozer.

Raymond Greene, '02, is in business with his father at Lewistown.

Miss Carrie Halfpenny, '02, is teaching at Milton.

Eli P. Heckert, '02, is principal of the schools at Mauch Chunk.

T. P. Kyle, '02, is studying law at Columbia.

Willis E. Maneval, '02, is employed at the University as an assistant in science.

John W. McCracken, '02, was lately married to Miss Martin, of Myerstown. He is principal of the Greensburg schools.

Miss Frances Race, '02, is teaching in Morgantown High School, W. Va.

Philip Reilly, '02, has a position on the faculty of Hall Institute, Sharon, Pa.

Frank Stanton, '02, is coaching the Denison University foot ball team in Ohio.

Wm. S. Robinson, '02, is vice-principal of the schools of Berwick.

Miss Runyan, '02, is teaching in the Girls' Industrial Home of Tennessee.

Thomas Sherbondy, '02, has entered the Divinity school of the University of Chicago.

J. W. Snyder, '02, is principal of the Berwick schools.

Miss Mary Thatcher, '02, is teaching at Elizabeth, N. J.

L. J. Ulmer, '02, has the position as professor of science in Williamsport High School.

Miss Mary Unger, '02, is teaching at the Institute.

Yencer Weidensaul, '02, has a position as teacher in the Picture Rocks schools.

Lamar Williams, '02, has entered Jefferson Medical College.

John Packer, '02, is at Yale studying law.

Orren R. Barrett, '02, is playing "end" for the Philadelphia National League foot ball team.

O. S. V. Martz, '02, has a position as instructor at South Jersey Institute.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Bucknell in its earlier history was blessed with an organization kindred to the Y. M. C. A., known as the "Judson Society for Inquiry." Its records point to the fact that for a time, at least, the work was carried on earnestly and with helpful results. The spiritual requirements of the student body in later years, perhaps, found this organization inadequate, in that it was better adapted to those entering the work of the ministry than to the student body in general. At all events, it was supplemented in April, 1882, by a reorganization, under the name of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The organization in its various stages of development has existed continuously to the present time, and is in a very flourishing condition. The new hall for the meetings of the organization is being furnished as rapidly as possible, and when complete will be a very comfortable and pleasant place of worship. A reception to the new men was given in this room on the evening of September 20th. A goodly number of the new men were present and enjoyed the purpose of the meeting. Professor Hulley delightfully entertained the men with select readings, after which very helpful addresses were delivered by Professor Phillips and President Harris. The regular weekly meetings have been held thus far in the new hall, and the attendance and interest manifested surpass by far the record of previous years.

The Bible study department of the association offers three courses this year: one each for the Freshman and Sophomore classes, and one for the Junior and Senior classes combined. Professor Phillips, the founder of this department, will have in charge the work of the Sophomore class, and very able and competent teachers have been secured for the other work. We earnestly hope and pray that every student will take advantage of this valuable opportunity and enter one of these classes.

The Mission Committee is rapidly canvassing the situation preparatory to organizing a class for the study of missionary work. This department has rendered very valuable service in recent years to those who purpose entering the foreign field. We cannot urge upon the student too strongly the importance of taking an interest in this department. A knowledge of the foreign field, its needs and demands, and the opportunities for missionary work, should be patent to every student, since the cause needs sympathy and support, as well as earnest laborers. The missionary department will be very helpful in this way.

The work of the Young Men's Christian Association in its various departments, is a work "for young men, by young men," and as we realize the magnitude of it, a sense of our insufficiency confronts us. Since we feel our inability to accomplish much on account of our weakness, let us appeal to Him who is the source of all power and wisdom, and realize that He will help us to carry on this work successfully and bring into the lives of the men the blessing of the pure and humble "Nazarene;" then, having become acquainted with the greatest of all men, they will receive into their own lives that which will enable them to be worthy of the name men.

From the new students forty-one have joined the association as active members, and six as associate members.

The orchestra is a new feature of the weekly meetings.

The district convention is to be held at Berwick, beginning October 31, and closing November 2. The association has decided to send two members to the meetings.

* *

Last Year in Athletics.

The season of 1901-2 in athletics was one of the most successful Bucknell ever experienced. Excepting the base ball nine, the various teams made records that reflected not a little credit upon the University, and gave it, so far as athletics are concerned, a higher standing among the larger institutions of the country. This is attested by the fact that little or no difficulty is experienced in securing games with such teams as those composing the "Big Four."

In foot ball, while there were many disappointments, the work of the eleven was better than for years previous. The most notable successes were achieved in the games against Pennsylvania and Cornell, although both contests ended in defeat for the orange and blue. The score in each contest was 6 to 0.

The basket ball season was especially successful. Of fifteen games played but two were lost, both of these on foreign floors. The game with Princeton was lost by one point. It was generally admitted that Bucknell had one of the fastest teams in the country.

In field and track athletics Bucknell swept everything before her, winning by large margins from Dickinson, the Indians and Lafayette, the only institutions with which she contested. In the annual relay race at Philadelphia the orange and blue walked away from her opponents, among whom was her rival, State College. During the season several home records were broken on the track.

The base ball season was rather disappointing, although the team managed to win 16 out of 27 games played, which is better than most colleges of Bucknell's rank. The fault with the base ball team was that of the lack of proper coaching. Owing to financial straits, a coach could be kept for only two weeks, and although he did well during that short period, the team showed up poorly after he left. There is always as good base ball material in Bucknell as that for the other sports, and that it is not as successful as the others, is due to no other reason than that the nine is not sufficiently coached. Base ball will not be successful here until it is reduced to the same basis as the other branches of sport.

FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON.

The first game of the season took place on University field on Saturday, September 27, the orange and blue being opposed by the Steelton Y. M. C. A. The visiting team was made up of former college players of note, and Bucknell was compelled to work hard to score one touchdown and goal in two twenty-five minute halves. In the first half neither side scored, but near the end of the second half, Bucknell managed to get a touchdown. The visitors had the ball in Bucknell's territory frequently, and once were on the five-yard line. Costly fumbles greatly hampered the work of Bucknell and prevented her from making at least two touchdowns. For Bucknell the best work was done by Ozersky, Shipp and Phelps.

On Saturday, October 4, Bucknell defeated University of Buffalo, at Buffalo, by a score of 29 to 0. The Orange and Blue outweighed and outplayed the Bisons, who never threatened their opponents' goal. Two fumbles on the part of Bucknell prevented a larger score from being made.

GAME WITH THE INDIANS.

The third game of foot ball was played at Williamsport, Oct. 11, with the eleven from the Carlisle Indian School. A steady downpour of rain accompanied the game, thus giving Bucknell the advantage over the dusky opponents. Bucknell scored two touchdowns in the first half, but failed to kick the goals. In the second half she scored another touchdown, and McCormick kicked the goal. The Indians were unable to score in either half, but Bucknell's goal line was several times in danger. The sensation of the game was the 103-yard run of Anderson, sub-quarter-back, who seized the ball when Charles fumbled it on Bucknell's three-yard line, and ran the length of the field for a touchdown. Both teams deserve much credit for their excellent work. Score 16—0.

Following was the line-up:

BUCKNELL	POSITIONS	INDIANS
Cockill	Left end	Beaver
Shipp	Left tackle	Williams
Taylor	Left guard	Phillips
Wilcox	Centre	Sanook
Gillis	Right guard	Dillon
Max, Cooper	Right tackle	Bowen
Douglass	Right end	Bradley
Smith (Anderson)	Quarter-back	Cornelius
Phelps	Left half-back	Yarnott
Bovard (Johnson)	Right half-back	Charles
McCormick	Full-back	Sheldon

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" 8—Yale.
" 15—Naval Cadets.
" 22—Washington and Jefferson.
" 27—Baltimore Medical.

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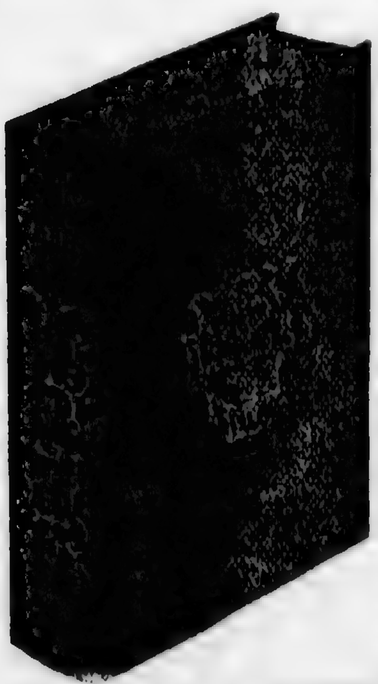

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Sold by Druggtsts the World Over.

Bucknell Mirror

VOL. XXII. LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER, 1902. NO. 2

The National Guard and Industrial Disturbances.

The National Guard of Pennsylvania is frequently called upon to suppress industrial disturbances, promulgated or precipitated by strikes. The military force of no other commonwealth has been asked to perform "strike duty" as often as that of Pennsylvania. The state of New York has in a number of instances been compelled to invoke the aid of its military power during riots and strikes within its borders. Here and there the National Guard of other states has done similar service. The Pennsylvania National Guard has seen so much service of this kind that in discipline and efficiency it more nearly approaches the standard set by the Regular Army of the United States than the military power of any other state in the Union. On a peace footing the National Guard of Pennsylvania consists of ten thousand officers and men, embracing infantry, cavalry and artillery. Its province when in service is to assist the civil authorities in suppressing riots and protecting property from destruction by frenzied mobs. It can only be called out by the Governor, who is the commander-in-chief of the entire division, upon request of the sheriff in whose immediate bailiwick the services of the troops are needed, and only after that officer has exhausted all the power at the command of the civil authorities. In the event of such service the troops are directed only to aid, assist and support the sheriff, unless martial law be declared, when the civil power gives way to military authority, and then the military code of law and jurisprudence prevail.

The Pennsylvania guardsmen have just completed a tour of duty in the anthracite coal regions which began on July 31st, when the Eighth and Twelfth Infantry, with two companies of the Fourth Infantry, together with the Governor's Troop, were ordered to Shenandoah on account of a riot prevailing there between strikers and workmen, in which a number of men were seriously hurt; one, the sheriff's brother, having been horribly maltreated, died a few days later at the Ashland hospital. The order calling the troops into the field was issued at midnight. Two hours later the Colonel of the Twelfth Infantry notified the Adjutant General that he was ready to move his command, the men being equipped with blanket rolls, and the companies with mess tents. The movement was delayed, however, for several hours, so as to reach the scene of trouble about daybreak. This enabled the companies and the men to take with them complete impedimenta.

On August 19th, following the killing of Patrick Sharpe, a strike leader, at Nesquehoning, by a deputy, the first battalion of the Twelfth Infantry was moved that night to Lansford. The movement was made with celerity, the men taking only their Sheridan rolls. The situation there was a difficult one, and the conditions were entirely different from those that prevailed at Shenandoah. At the latter place the turbulent element was made up in large part by the foreign element, and a *display of arms* quickly brought law and order where before chaos and disorder reigned supreme. In the Panther Creek valley, the new station of the battalion mentioned, it was the American element, the offspring of Molly Maguireism, with a sprinkling of foreigners, who made all the trouble; only *force of arms* brought quiet and peace, and this only after the butt ends of the guns had been used effectively on a demonstrative and boisterous crowd, which threatened to pull the soldiers from the street cars. This state of affairs along the Panther Creek brought forth vehement and instant action on the part of Brigadier General Gobin, who issued the much discussed and alleged ''shoot to kill'' order. This order was in substance:

> **To arrest all persons guilty of calling the soldiers vile names, and hurling insulting epithets at them; to shoot any person or persons making physical demonstration toward the troops by throwing stones, sticks or other missiles at the soldiers, and in any way endangering them; to make information against all saloon keepers who harbored crowds of strikers, on the ground of keeping disorderly houses, with the view of having the licenses of such houses revoked.**

This order, sharp, clear and unmistakable in its language, had the desired effect, and together with the force displayed by the troops the day before it was issued, caused an entire change in the demeanor of the people. When the soldiers went on patrol after the order became effective, very few people appeared on the streets where crowds had assembled before in order to waylay workmen, and those who were there either paid no attention to the soldiers or turned their backs on them. Thereafter the troops were respected and recognized as the upholders of the majesty of the law.

Intimidation of non-union men prevailed very largely. The assaulting of men who worked, and the attacking of their homes, were the chief causes of disturbance. In many cases the accounts of these attacks were overdrawn when put in public print, but in some cases the full truth did not become public property. Honest efforts were made in many communities by the strike leaders to hold the turbulent element in check; sometimes they succeeded, quite frequently they failed. There was a period in many localities when all control was lost over the element that wrecks and ruins. The increasing tendency of these disorders, together with the request of the operators for more troops, brought forth an order calling the entire division on the field, the movement beginning October 8. The anthracite coal field was entirely covered by troops. They were called afield one week, and the following week active, practical steps were taken that soon brought the strike to a close. The presence of the entire military force of the state on the field is contended by many to have been a silent, moral force in the settlement of the strike, and this sentiment prevailed in large measure among the strikers, who, upon fraternizing with the soldier boys, soon became their friends and confided in them. A striking miner told a soldier at Scranton when the strike had been called off, that if all the troops in the state had not been called out, the strike would still be on, and that the opinion was very strong among the union men of that section that the presence of the state soldiery had much to do with the peace proposal and its acceptance. The claim of the operators had been all along, "Give us protection and the men will go to work." The presence of ten thousand soldiers on the field, adroitly placed so that every mine in the entire region had military protection, did not alter the situation. In fact, in many places it had an opposite effect, non-union men quitting their jobs, saying they did not want to work under military protection. This soon brought the operators to terms, and the result was the appointment of a commission by the President of the United States to settle the difficulty between the operators and miners.

Whatever may be the opinion of some, it remains that the calling out of the state military power was a public necessity, in order that life might be saved and property protected. The National Guard is looked upon by certain labor leaders as a "strike breaker." In taking this view, they are in error. Every man has a constitutional right to work for whom he pleases and at whatever wage he wishes to receive. If he is urged by assault and physical violence to discontinue his job, the element of lawlessness enters into the case and helps to weaken the strikers' cause; if such assault is continued it brings out the military power of the state, whose province is to preserve law and order. If the laboring man has a right to organize for his protection, for the regulation of hours of labor, the adjustment of wages and the advancement of his social condition; and if the capitalists may join hands to regulate prices and govern the market, and if capital and labor clash, and lawlessness is the sequence, then it is the right and the duty of a state to step in and preserve the peace. No harm should come at any time to any man for raising his hand in the interests of law and order. It should be the privilege of every man who is a true citizen and a loyal supporter of the constitution to help maintain the fair name of the commonwealth in all its purity and integrity, whether in the capacity of a private citizen or as an officer or enlisted man in the military force of the state. For the common weal there must be a citizen soldiery. It must be maintained on a basis that will bring about a high degree of efficiency, and the higher the grade of its membership from civil life the more efficient will such a military force become.

In the past, a great proportion of the most loyal officers and men in the National Guard have risen from the ranks of the laborer, and they have been efficient, capable and honorable soldiers, loyal at all times, and ready for duty when the call came.

What has caused antagonism on the part of labor unions against the National Guard? Nothing but pure sentiment and a false notion of what the military power of a state means. A writer in one of the most eminent publications in the country maintains that the forcing of the laboring man out of the National Guard is practically creating a state within a state—a condition that will ultimately bring about anarchy. If industrial disturbances occur —and with the doughty leader of the United Mine Workers Union we look for the time when strikes will cease—and lawless elements will take advantage of them to carry on their nefarious and illegal acts; as long as there is no organized state constabulary, or state police, between the National Guard and the county civil authorities, then we must, for the safety of lives and protection of property, call upon the state military power to act as conservators of the peace.

⁂

Storiettes from College Life.

I

"It's your turn to sweep out this week. I swept the room last week."

"Well, I'm not going to sweep out, for I am subject to hay fever, and can't stand the dust."

While we were sitting, gloomily gazing at a broom that stood in the corner, we saw a little blue cap glide past the open door.

"Hey there, Freshman!" we cried, and the blue-capped youth soon appeared at the door.

"Where do you room?" we asked.

"In East Wing," he replied.

"Go and bring your broom over here as quickly as you can."

Ten minutes later, amid clouds of dust, the little blue cap was scarcely visible, but the constant swish, swish of the broom told its own story.

II

The Freshman thinks, as he "hits it up" across the campus, to the accompaniment of tuneful Sophomores, "I wouldn't mind this so if those girls weren't looking at me. I know I look like a monkey in this little blue cap, yet I don't care for the fellows. But those girls make a fellow feel so green. What are they here for, anyway? Why don't they go to a school of their own? I wouldn't wear my corduroys this morning just on account of them. I didn't know there was a barbed wire fence there last night. Those apples were good, though. However, girls will be girls; they're bound to come to college."

III

Each age has its slave and taskmasters. The Israelites toiled beneath the lash of the Egyptian, building the pyramids; we toil beneath the lash of disapproval, writing our themes.

When Pharaoh saw the prosperity of the Hebrews he was angry and said, "Why shall this nation enter our land and devour our substance? They are idle; therefore do they grow." So he ordered the taskmaster to say to the Israelites, "Ye shall no longer receive straw for your bricks, but ye shall find it for yourselves, neither shall your labor be diminished." So the Israelites went throughout the land searching for straw.

To-day the Sophomores flourish at Bucknell. Wherefore the faculty say, "They are idle; therefore do they flourish." And the professor said, "Ye shall no longer receive subjects for your themes. Arise, search ye, and find subjects whereon ye may write." And the Sophomores got them up and searched, as they had been commanded.

The Boy With the Hoe.

(A PARODY)

Bowed by the weight of gloomy thought, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground;
Blank disappointment is in his face,
And his back aches with long continued stooping.
Who made him dead to boyish joys and sports,
For whom butterflies, beetles, bees and birds
Have no luring charm, and the babbling brook,
The home of countless minnows, entices not?
Who marked that boyish face—erst wreathed with smiles—
With lines of care, and hushed his merry laugh?
Who forced those blistered hands to hold the hoe,
And unprotected feet to tread the plowed ground
When other boys are lounging in the shade
Of orchard trees, or fishing in the pond?
O fathers of our country boys—ye who
Rob them of their youthful mirth, and make
Them slaves of the wheel of labor—hoers of corn,
Is this the product of your fields and farms—
This unboylike boy, old before his time?
How will you ever make him due amends,
Give back that boyish laugh and guileless smile,
Make him dream again his boyish dreams,
And sing as the lark above him?

'05.

A Thanksgiving Touchdown.

Davidson was a college mystery. To the faculty he was Mr. Davidson; in the catalogue his name appeared simply as Davidson, without given name or address; but to the fellows he was known as "Buckey" Davidson—a name they had supplied him. Whether he was a fugitive from justice, concealing his identity, or whether he was a prodigal son, no one knew. At any rate, he would never talk of his past life, nor was he ever known to receive or write a letter. But "Buckey" could play foot ball to perfection, was a first-rate fellow, and that was all the students cared about. The management had picked him up in a manufacturing town, where he worked at a forge. A little inducement had persuaded him to come to college and use his strength at "pounding lines" instead of pounding steel. He turned a deaf ear on all personal questions, and so the collegians were forced to be content with wondering who he was and from whence he came.

But "murder will out;" so will smaller things than that, sometimes. At any rate, "Buckey's" carefully guarded secret leaked out, and that in a rather singular way.

The great Thanksgiving Day game was at hand. On this day the Orville College team, of which "Buckey" was a member, held the annual contest with Bennett College, their greatest rival. In the years that the teams had met, the victories had been divided evenly, and upon this game depended the premiership of one or the other teams.

The game was to be played on Bennett's grounds, and with this advantage, college spirit ran high. With what was, in their estimation, a superior team, and a larger number of "rooters," they felt that victory was inevitable. Great preparations had been made for the reception of the Orville team when they appeared on the field. The game of the year! Was it any wonder they spared neither time nor money in systematically arranging for the event?

The afternoon of the game arrived, and crowds of people filled the grand stand. A thousand pennants and bits of ribbon fluttered on the breeze. A thousand pulses quickened at the thought of the coming conflict. A mass of students rushed up and down the side lines, giving vent to their pent-up feelings.

Amid all the yelling and cheering, a silent, impassive person sat in the front row of the seats near the ground. She was a woman of middle age, and although finely dressed, she wore a sad expression. Her grey hair and furrowed face spoke plainly of the grief she had borne. Close beside her sat a little girl of three or four years, excited with the true restlessness of the crowd. Twice she had slipped from her seat and ran out among the crowd of bustling students—"a little mascot," they said, as they raised her above their heads.

The cheering had now subsided. All eyes were turned toward the upper end of the field where the team would appear. The band struck up a lively two-step that made the crowd all the more impatient. Then suddenly the great high gates swung open and Orville's giants shuffled down the field to the music. Yells greeted them, and the band's strains were lost in the din. On they came, passing the ball from one to another as they ran. The crowd viewed the team as a whole. But a pair of eyes followed one individual. She clasped her hands and sighed as he came near the grand stand. So grand, so strong he looked to her. But that face haunted her even when it was hidden beneath the pile of human beings in the rushes. So familiar, so like another face of years ago! It was the woman with the sad expression who had been thus affected.

Two minutes remained to play. Neither side had scored. Back and forth they had surged, with varying fortunes. At last the battle waged close to the line in front of the silent woman. Her eyes were riveted on one of the Orville men as if by a hypnotic spell. So thoughtful, so reflective was she that she did not notice her little charge again slip down from her seat and glide out through the crowd close to the ropes.

Orville had the ball. They were waiting for the signal, and as the ball was passed both teams closed in as if for a rush toward centre field. Suddenly the ball was re-passed and a player shot around the end unobstructed. It was Davidson.

But something else happened. The little child that had strayed to the ropes had run directly in front of the play, gleefully clapping its hands at its new environment. A half smothered shriek went up from the crowd. In an instant the runner would be discovered and the mass of players would sweep down the field and trample the child. "Buckey" grasped the situation in an instant, and without hesitating, altered his course directly for the child. Stooping, he caught it in his arm, hugged it and the ball to his breast and started down the field for the goal. Bennett's team was dumbfounded at the sight. They simply trotted along and laughed. They forgot the honor of their college and allowed "Buckey" to cross the goal line with his novel mascot. Whether they were amazed by the trick, or whether they did not tackle him for the sake of the child, is a matter of the Bennett team's psychological processes.

The cheering of the crowd brought the silent woman to herself again, and it was then that she missed her child. Out on the field she rushed. Half frenzied, she seized the child safely in her arms and turned to thank the man who had saved it. As she advanced to extend her hand in gratitude, she stopped, stared an instant, then rushed toward him.

"My son!" she cried.

"Mother!"

That was all they said. The unwitting crowd thought it was overjoy at the rescue of her child when she embraced him and wept on his broad shoulder. But the Orville fellows thought they had a clue by which they could find out who "Buckey" was, and they had, too.

* * * * * * *

As the Thanksgiving Days come around now, Leslie McDonald likes to tell how he ran away from home when he was a boy and how his mother found him out. He also likes to tell how he made a touchdown in company with a little sister he had never seen.

BRUCE.

Bucknell Mirror.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.
☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.
☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Williamsport, Pa.

College Spirit. A prayer for college spirit and that we might have it more abundantly is unnecessary. We have it. The intensity of class spirit, the enthusiasm manifested in mass-meetings, the spontaneous cheering at games, and the general atmosphere of the college, attest its presence; but we must admit that organized, systematic college spirit is wofully lacking among our students. We need: (1) Organized and concentrated cheering at all games. We have an excellent collection of yells and songs, unsurpassed by any college. Let each student, therefore, learn them and take his place on the side lines during the game—yes, *before* the game, and root for his team. (2) We need more college spirit and less class spirit. The higher classmen, too, should be arbiters, and not instigators, in all contests between the lower classes. (3) The Athletic Association needs your support and—your money. One dollar is the premium set upon your college spirit. If you have not already done so, join at once and become a member of the organization which controls our athletics.

Help Bucknell Advance.

To say that Bucknell has advanced wonderfully in the few years just past, is only to tell a fact to which attention has been called time and again. In one department, however, she is wofully lacking—literature. We think it is fair to say that this lack is nowhere shown so clearly as in the make-up of her publications. That they are not what they should be we all know; the question is how shall we better them?

Let everybody get to work. It makes no difference whether you are on the board or not—get to work! Let the faculty contribute once in a while. It will serve to bring the student body closer to their instructors, and also add dignity to the publication. Let the students work as if they were to be criticized for the contents of each issue. And right here we may say that here is a chance for coeducation to prove its right to exist. Let the women of our institutions take up this worthy task, and in this way convince us that without coeducation the publications would die, while the men are proving that they alone could carry on as good a paper without the aid of their female co-workers.

Not only in working up material for publication, however, need we be busy. Let us *think*. If there is anything wrong with the systems through which we carry on our papers, these systems ought to be changed. It rests upon us, however, to produce a better plan before the present one can be dispensed with. Therefore, think as to the manner in which an ideal paper should be conducted, and then tell it to the board, so that if thought desirable it may be put in operation.

The sum and substance of the matter is that our publications are not keeping pace with the rest of the college. It rests on us —the student body, whose they are and whom they represent—to push them ahead. Let each one then put his shoulder to the wheel, and instead of holding back by criticism, help on by contribution. Let us make our weekly a real newspaper, our monthly a synonym for standard literature, and our annual a model in its line.

College Notes.

Hon. Francis J. Torrance, of Pittsburg, has been elected a trustee of Bucknell University, and has accepted the position. Mr. Torrance was granted the degree of Master of Arts from Bucknell in 1901. He was born in Allegheny City, Pa., June 27, 1859, son of Francis and Jane (Waddell) Torrance. His education was obtained in the public schools of his native city and the Western University of Pennsylvania. He entered business life in 1875 as a clerk in the employ of the Standard Manufacturing Co., of which his father was president. Subsequently he became its treasurer and general manager, and he is now chairman of the executive committee and vice-president of the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Co., into which the former concern has been merged. Mr. Torrance represented his congressional district in the Minneapolis Convention which nominated Benjamin Harrison for President, and he was delegate-at-large from Pennsylvania to the National Convention at St. Louis, which nominated McKinley.

L'Agenda, the College Annual, to be published this year by the class of 1904, Bucknell University, has been dedicated to Col. J. K. Weaver, M. D., of Norristown, class of 1861. Colonel Weaver has been a trustee of the University since 1891, and has always been interested in the institution and its development. He also served during the civil war and the Spanish-American war, and has an honorable record as a soldier. At present he is division surgeon, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, on the staff of the major general of the National Guard of Pennsylvania.

Hon. Francis J. Torrance, trustee of the University, entertained as his guest the Crown Prince of Siam, during the latter's visit to Pittsburg.

The class of 1905 lately elected Gardner as its basket ball manager.

Messrs. Hylbert, Bowen, Sheldon and Friend, lately organized a new mission at the Marsh, of which Hylbert was elected superintendent.

W. D. Howe, a graduate of Yale, and an impersonator of the first rank, gave two performances last week, on Monday and Tuesday, respectively, under the auspices of the College Settlement Association.

The Young Men's Christian Association observed the week of prayer for students, by holding meetings at 7 o'clock every morning during the week. The meetings were well attended and were helpful to all.

* * *

Alumni Notes.

'61. Orlando Wellington Spratt died July 30, 1902, in the New Haven (Conn.) Hospital, after having undergone a delicate surgical operation. He was 61 years of age.

'62. Rev. J. G. Walker, D. D., of West Philadelphia, has completed thirty years of continuous service as pastor of Mantua Baptist church in that city. Dr. Walker assumed the pastorate of this church in 1872 shortly after the church with its constituency of 77 members was organized, and has therefore been its only pastor. The membership now numbers 900. Suitable recognition of this event was given by his people, Nov. 20.

'63. An excellent picture of Rev. Henry C. Munro, of White Hall, Pa., appears in the published minutes of the 82d anniversary of the Northumberland Association, recently held at Picture Rocks. He is the oldest pastor in the association, having been in service since 1865.

'64. Prof. Robert A. Townsend, for many years connected with the City High School, Reading, Pa., died in that city early in October.

'65. Rev. Harrison B. Garner is located at Plymouth Meeting, Montgomery County, Pa., as pastor of the Cold Point Baptist church.

'69. Rev. J. S. Wrightnour, D. D., has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Oil City, Pa., to become pastor of the First Baptist church, Scranton.

'71. Rev. Henry Colclesser died August 28, at Eldorado, near Altoona, Pa. He was recently pastor of the Baptist church at Las Cruces, N. M.

'72. Rev. S. F. Forgeus, D. D., chaplain of the Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory, at Huntingdon, was re-elected secretary and treasurer of the Baptist Ministers' Union, which recently met at Greensburg. He has occupied that position for nearly 25 years.

'72. Rev. Francis J. Parry, D. D., the honored pastor of the First Baptist church, Waterbury, Conn., died very suddenly July 17. He was present last commencement at the thirtieth anniversary of his graduation. He served very acceptably churches in Cincinnati, Cooperstown, N. Y., Brattleboro, Vt., and in New York City. His body was brought to Philadelphia, his native city, for interment.

'75. Rev. William H. Ellis, formerly of Erie, now resides at Scottdale, Pa.

'77. Rev. Geo. T. Street, pastor of the First Baptist church, Braddock, Pa., dedicated a beautiful new edifice costing $19,000, on October 19. President Harris preached the dedicatory sermon.

'78. Prof. Frank N. English, of Colfax, Wash., has recently purchased Colfax College, in that city, and is operating it as "English's Collegiate School."

'78. James E. Frear, Esq., a prominent lawyer, died recently at his home at Tunkhannock, Pa.

'83. Rev. O. R. Thomas is pastor of the Baptist church at Hillsville, Pa.

'85. Rev. James Madison Hare, recently of Jersey City, N. J., has entered upon the pastorate of the Linden Baptist church, Camden.

'85. C. C. Law is treasurer of the Mercantile Trust Co., Pittsburg.

'87. Rev. W. E. Staub, late pastor of the First Baptist church, Elizabeth, N. J., has accepted the pastorate of the Passyunk Baptist church, Philadelphia.

'88. Rev. Charles A. Soars, pastor of the Nicetown Baptist church, Philadelphia, is the successor to the late Rev. W. H. Conard, D. D., ('62) in the secretaryship of the Pennsylvania Baptist State Mission Society. He entered upon his duties June 16.

'89. Hon. Frank B. Hargrave is receiving a constantly increasing law practice. He has an office in Greensburg, but resides at Latrobe, Pa.

'90. Rev. Wm. M. Courson, pastor of the Allison Avenue Baptist church, Washington, Pa., has been laid aside from active work by typhoid fever.

'91. Rev. H. W. D. Kirkendall is located at Wenatchee, Wash.

'91. It is announced that Rev. A. Lincoln Moore, D. D., Atlantic City, has been called to the pastorate of the Riverside Baptist church, New York City.

'92. Rev. J. M. Paterson has resigned at Ford City, Pa., to accept the pastorate of the Baptist church, New Kensington, Pa.

'92. The Baptist church at Morgan Park, Ill , of which Rev. A. R. E. Wyant is pastor, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary.

'94. Rev. R. B. Davidson is pastor of the Baptist church at Elliott, a suburb of Pittsburg.

'95. The Baptist church at Westover, Clearfield county, Pa., Rev. F. I. Sigmund, pastor, recently observed its fiftieth anniversary.

'95. Ezra Allen is principal and proprietor of The Allen School, at Centralia. Prof. Allen is a teacher of wide experience and liberal education, and will without a doubt be successful.

'97. David S. Grim, M. D., is now located in Reading.

'98. Rev. J. E Saul is pastor of the newly organized Olivet Baptist church, Norristown, formerly the East End Mission of the First Baptist church.

'98. Miss Ruth Sprague, formerly of Huntingdon, Pa., is teaching in the High School, at Brookville, Pa.

'98. Rev. R. T. Wiltbank, of Chester, Pa., began his pastorate with the Baptist church, Hollidaysburg, Pa., Nov. 1.

'99. Rev. G. Livingston Bayard, who has been supplying the Baptist pulpit at Bangor, Pa., is pursuing special studies in Crozer Theological Seminary.

'99. Rev. E. C. Conover, of Hamilton Square, N. J., who graduated from Crozer Theological Seminary at the last commencement, has become pastor of the Bridesburg Baptist church, Philadelphia.

'99. David Howard Robbins is principal of the Picture Rocks schools.

'00. Edgar Reed is principal of the Milton High school.

'01. Henry J. Johnson is at Rochester Theological Seminary.

'02. Charles I. Boyer is principal of the Freeburg High School.

Ex. '70. Rev. H. H. Leamy is pastor of the Baptist church, Tioga, Pa.

Ex. '83. Geo. A. Lung, M. D., U. S. N., is physician to President Roosevelt, and accompanies him on his journeys to various sections of the country.

Ex. '87. Rev. E. M. Lake has resigned the Baptist pastorate at Pontiac, Ill, to accept that at Lansing, Mich.

Ex. '88. Rev. P. F. DeLancey, formerly of Pittsburg, is pastor of the First Baptist church, Meadville.

Ex. '89. Rev. W. F. Gibbons, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Dunmore, Pa., has won much distinction through his recent book, "Those Black Diamond Men: A Tale of the Anthrax Valley," published by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

Ex. '89. Rev. J. W. Neyman, of Loda, Ill., has become pastor of the Baptist church, Estherville, Ia.

Ex. '89. Rev. H. B. Rankin has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist church, Easton, Pa., and entered the Y. M. C. A. work at Erie.

Ex. '91. Rev. Thomas J. Cross, until recently connected with the Grace Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, has become pastor of the Fourth Baptist church, Baltimore.

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Married.

DANCY-LLOYD—September 23, at Phœnixville, Pa., the home of the bride, by Rev. Charles A. Walker ('89), of Malvern, Pa., Henry Hyman Dancy, M. D., and Miss Elizabeth Lloyd (Institute Ex. '91).

HORTER-LLOYD—October 29, in the First Baptist church, Phœnixville, Pa., by Rev. Theo. Heysham, Ph. D., of Bridgeport, Pa., Rev. Geo. C. Horter (Ex. '91), pastor of the Third Baptist church, Camden, N. J., and Miss Carrie V. Lloyd ('93), of Phœnixville.

FETZER-MADDEN—October 25, at the home of the bride, near Washingtonville, Pa., by Rev. Houck, of York. Mr. Fetzer is a graduate of Bucknell, '97.

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Philadelphia Alumnæ Club.

The Bucknell Alumnæ Club, of Philadelphia, held its first meeting of the present season at the home of Mrs. J. K. Weaver, at Norristown, Pa., October 21, 1902. The bountiful luncheon was preceded by a business meeting.

Mrs. M. E. R. Cobb read a letter she had prepared to send to the "State Federation of Clubs," giving an account of ourselves; also a resolution to be entered on the minutes, expressive of the sad loss the club had sustained in the death of the former loved president, Miss Conard.

Dr. W. W. Keen, at the solicitation of our president, Mrs. O'Harra, kindly consented to deliver a lecture descriptive of some of the scenes passed through in his recent trip around the world, covering a period of sixteen months. This lecture will be given on Tuesday, December 2, 1902, on behalf of the scholarship fund, which is reported to be increasing.

After enjoying the delightful repast and reviving old friendships, the meeting was again called to order by the president. Mrs. A. J. Rowland gave a leaf from her own experience as to "How to Interest Others." Mrs. Tustin added words of wisdom, and Dr. Mary M. Wolfe told of the work in which she is now engaged.

Among those present were the wives of the four Baptist ministers in Norristown and vicinity; a friend of a member from Denver, Col., and the wife of District Attorney Weaver.

Following are the officers of the Alumnæ Association: President, Mrs. I. H, O'Harra, 4723 Cedar Ave., Phila.; vice-president, Mrs. John Dean, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; recording secretary, Mrs. John Lynch, 334 S. 42d street, Phila.; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Amos Wakelin, 308 W. School Lane, Gallitzen; treasurer, Mrs. John Reilly, 2015 Delancey Place, Phila.

The Bucknell Alumnæ Club of Philadelphia and vicinity wishes to place on record its sense of loss in the sudden death of Nellie Conard, a young woman to whom were given rare powers of mind and heart, and who ever used these to the best advantage. She rendered faithful service for years as secretary, and later as president of the club, and in every relation of club life her spirit and labors were so lovely and so efficient as to be an incentive and inspiration to all her associates. And in honoring her memory, especially as one who was ever a true and loving Christian friend, we believe all who knew her most tenderly and earnestly join.

Mrs. W. B. Clement,
Mrs. John Reilly,
Mrs. J. K. Weaver,
Mrs. I. H. O'Harra,
Committee.

Phila., Oct. 21, 1902.

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Athletics.

The coming week will witness the close of the foot ball season of 1902. and with it the victories and defeats of another year become but memories. In reviewing the work of the Bucknell eleven one is at a loss to characterize it a success or a failure. Taking the work of the team as a whole and comparing it with the showing of former years, it may be termed successful. But comparing the outcome with what our brilliant start gave us the right to expect, the showing is a disappointment, though scarcely a failure. Our team made records of which it may well be proud, such as scoring on two of the "Big Four," and defeating the Indians 16 to 0. These achievements gave us prominence in the foot ball world, such prominence indeed that caused our failures to stand out boldly. The opinion may be ventured that our successes were responsible for our strength being over-estimated. The disappointments, when they came, therefore, were all the more bitter. Had not too much been expected of our team the season would go down in the annals of Bucknell as one of the greatest she ever experienced.

The chief disappointments of the year were the defeat at the hands of Pennsylvania, and the big score made on us by Yale. It is not difficult to find an excuse for both. Bucknell was handicapped in the Penn game by having two regular men out, one of whom was Fullback McCormick. As to the Yale game, it need only be said that it was the last game the Blue had before her championship contest with Princeton, and the coaches were intent on trying out the men.

The game with Pennsylvania was bitterly contested, and Bucknell lost because she played less consistently than Penn, although the Orange and Blue had the game won until within the last three minutes of play. Bucknell at times seemed able to gain at will on the Pennsylvanians, while at others the lighter Red and Blue men held like a stone wall. Captain Wilcox's men scored a touchdown after ten minutes of play in the second half, but missed goal by about three inches; with only three minutes left to play in the second half, Pennsylvania scored a touchdown and kicked an easy goal.

The following week Bucknell played Villa Nova College at Lewisburg, and administered an awful beating to the boys from the east. The final score was 61 to 5, and it would have been much larger had not the game been called with the second half not half played. Villa Nova successfully worked a delayed pass in the first half and scored a touchdown.

The Orange and Blue put up a lifeless game against Yale at New Haven on November 11. The Blue showed form just the reverse, which played havoc with Bucknell. Six touchdowns were made by the easterners, and the final score was 36 to 5. Bucknell scored a touchdown in the first half, the result of a fumble. The Yale fullback, in attempting to play at center, dropped the ball, which Smith grabbed and carried over for a touchdown. At times Bucknell showed up well on the defense, compelling Yale to kick several times. In the punting game McCormick, of Bucknell, easily outclassed Bowman, his opponent. McCormick's punting was the best seen on Yale field this season.

The game scheduled with Washington and Jefferson, at Washington, for Thanksgiving Day, has been cancelled by the Washingtonians. Their management claimed that the men had become disheartened after the defeat by Cornell, and that the student body had lost interest in the game. The cancellation means a loss of several hundred dollars to Bucknell, and deprives the players of a banquet, which it was proposed to give them at Pittsburg after the game at Washington.

As soon as the foot ball season closes basket ball practice will begin. Captain Anderson and McCormick are the only members of last year's 'varsity who have returned, and with so many positions to fill, it cannot be expected that Bucknell will turn out as good a team as she had in 1900 and 1901. However, there is some good material in college, and the five will doubtless be able to hold its own with any team in our class. The schedule is not yet complete, but games with Princeton, Lafayette and Lehigh are assured.

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Exchanges.

OUR EDITORIAL ETHICS.

We will speak out, we will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack,
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back.—*Lowell.*

The Monthly Maroon of the University of Chicago, for November, contains 52 pages of fiction, embracing stories of college life, articles on literary subjects, poems and storiettes. "For the Faith" is a fraternity story of especial merit. The poems, "Vigilant" and "Vox Humana," contribute much to the literary worth of the number.

We welcome *The X*, continuing *The Colfax Collegian*, of Middle Oregon Academy. The October number, while lacking a distinctively literary department, is unique in many respects and presents a fine typographical appearance.

The Amulet, of West Chester State Normal School, has been received and read with interest.

The Touchstone, published monthly in the interests of literary Lafayette, has an excellent foot ball number for November.

The Maryland Collegian evidently believes in short stories and variety.

The Swathmore *Phœnix* prints a poem, entitled "October's Queen," which well deserves re-reading.

Among exchanges which deserve editorial mention are the following: *The Muhlenburg*, *The Chronicle* of the University of Utah, *The Allegheny Literary Monthly*, *The Madisonensis* of Colgate University, *The Susquehanna*, *The Lafayette*, and *The College Student* of Franklin and Marshall.

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXII. Lewisburg, Pa., December, 1902. No. 3

Some Difficulties Produced by the So-called "Roman" Pronunciation of Latin.

PROF. GEO. G. GROFF, M. D., PH. D., SC. D.

For a number of years the writer's attention has been directed to a number of striking difficulties connected with the so-called "Roman" pronunciation of Latin.

The first difficulty appeared in the case of children. They secure a knowledge of language through the *ear* and the *eye*. Through the ear first, through the eye later. If both organs can be used simultaneously, so much the better and easier for the child. Children commonly begin the study of Latin with a considerable English vocabulary, learned through the ear. Many words in this vocabulary have been derived from the Latin tongue; and the present printed form of thousands of words in the English language still bears a close resemblance to the Latin roots from which they are derived. The child begins Latin with some knowledge of these words derived from the tongue he is to study. He would naturally pronounce them as though they were English words, and if he did so he would naturally have some idea of their meaning. But when the English pronunciation gives way to the Roman, then the meaning goes too, so far as the child is concerned. In hundreds of cases children have been asked the English equivalent for the most common Latin words, and words common, too, in English, and almost uniformly fail to get any correct answer. Even when somewhat familiar with Cæsar and Cicero from an acquaintance gained from nursery tales, they have utterly failed to connect Cæsar and Cicero of the nursery with *Kizer* and *Kik-e-ro* of the Latin stories. This has been tried not once, but many times, and always with the same result.

One purpose, certainly, and a prominent one in the study of

Latin, is to increase the English vocabulary of the student. But right here at the outset he is deprived of all the vocabulary he possesses, by a vicious pronunciation. The study is made difficult for those who do not readily acquire languages, and this is believed to be a great cause why so many who begin, fail to carry on the study more than a few terms.

But the above is not the only difficulty encountered. The many thousand words derived from the Latin—some say 30,000—become familiar in *form* and in *sound* to students. In the same form the words appear in the Latin text books and in English books, *but with different pronunciations.* Students who take Latin are commonly drilled better in that language than in English. The result is, when they attempt to read English, they give the Roman pronunciation to these words; that is, they *mispronounce a large portion* of common English words; and it may be set down as a rule, that the more Latin a student has read, the more faulty will be his English pronunciation. If, then, a student who has been well drilled in Latin and in its "Roman" pronunciation has been but poorly drilled in English, to learn the pronunciation of 30,000 English words, he must use his dictionary as though they were foreign words, while, had he been drilled in the common sense English method of pronunciation, he would, while he learned his Latin, have secured his English pronunciation at the same time.

And another point: There is difficulty when students who have pursued Latin for years, take up technical branches. To the writer it has seemed that it comes *natural* to every Latin student to *mispronounce* every chemical, physiological, botanical and medical term which he meets, and which has been derived from the Latin. To such an extent is this true, and so much do students seem to insist that they have a right to pronounce thoroughly anglicized words and all scientific terms according to the Roman method, that he has well nigh given up in dispair. And that he is not alone in this experience, he quotes the words of a man who has graduated both A. B. and M. D. He writes, "When in school, I did not learn the English method of pronouncing Latin, and the only present apparent effect of my study is to make me mispronounce medical terms so that my patrons who own dictionaries are loath to believe that I am a college man." This difficulty was not met under the old system of the English pronunciation of

Latin. This "Roman" pronunciation, then, tends to make educated people appear uneducated.

There are numerous Latin phrases used in the law, a few in medicine and other sciences, and in general literature quite a number of phrases that have been practically adopted into English; yet it seems almost impossible for good Latin students to render these with a good English pronunciation, as good taste and the dictionary require.

The above enumerated difficulties were not born in the imagination, but in the experiences of the writer. He wishes to add his objections to this "Roman" pronunciation, at the same time candidly stating that his attainments in Latin are very limited.

1. The study is made unnecessarily difficult for beginners, depriving them of the vocabulary they have learned through the ear.

2. It hinders an increase of the English vocabulary, a chief point in the study of Latin.

3. It causes students to mis-pronounce English, and this becomes more serious the more Latin they know.

4. Teachers who use the method have never heard Latin spoken by the "Roman" method, by any one who knew it at first hand. It is held that it is *practically impossible* for any one to acquire a spoken language except through a native teacher. Indeed, the American association of modern language teachers, so far holds to this idea that, they advise against the attempt to secure more than a reading knowledge of the modern language of Europe, except with the assistance of native teachers. If, then, teachers *who have heard modern languages* spoken cannot teach pupils to speak the same, how much less can an instructor teach a pronunciation of Latin which has not been heard by any one for two thousand years? And if it cannot be taught, why, then, is the effort made, when it produces so many difficulties?

5. Objection is made in the last case, because it is doubtful if there ever was a Latin tongue generally or universally spoken in Italy. Rome, from a very little territory, spread over Italy and over the world. The language of Italy is now generally admitted never to have been a unit. The literary men of the period of highest Roman development produced the language taught in our schools. It is doubtful, however, if this language was ever spoken. And if spoken, it was only by a few literary men that it could be un-

derstood. It is probable that the *spoken language* of Italy of 2,000 years ago was more like the present Italian, than like the Roman now taught in the schools. This at least is the belief of those versed on the subject. If, then, the Latin in our schools was *never spoken*, why is the effort made to so teach it? Latin is often called a dead language. It would be better to say, that as a *spoken language* it was never born, or better still, it was still-born.

If, however, any teacher should think proper to give his pupils lessons on "Roman" pronunciation, there could be no objection to it, provided it was not carried to the point of requiring pupils to use it themselves. It is a subject which might very properly be introduced as an *elective study* in the senior year of college.

The above is written, not as an objection to the study of Latin, or of any other language; for, personally, the writer strongly advocates the study of both Latin and Greek, as well as the modern languages of Europe; but it is written in the hope that it will be of some value in aiding in the passing of the "Roman" method, and the restoration of the English method of pronunciation. It also is in the interest of the numerous pupils who find Latin a study so difficult that they are unable to make any progress in it which can be considered of any value, for it must be admitted that this number of pupils is a very large one. It ought not to be so large. The people among whom what is called the natural method of language study prevails, certainly acquire languages much more readily than those among whom the methods prevalent in American schools are practiced. Whoever can simplify the acquirement of foreign languages among average American students will certainly be a benefactor to the whole student body.

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On the Trail: A Search for Work.

One winter's morning a few years ago, I was standing in the door of a mountain cabin, among the foot-hills of a western spur of the Rocky Mountains, about to set out upon a sixteen mile walk to Spokane, in search of work. An hour's jaunt through the wet pine woods brought me to a muddy prairie, beyond which was a steep climb up a narrow trail, bordered on both sides by thick underbrush. The trail was soft and slushy, which made walking very difficult. That the way might become more difficult, however, I discovered when a great yellow lynx suddenly jumped into the brush a few yards ahead of me. After two hours more of mud and slush I reached my destination, the busy city of Spokane. I did not remain long, however, but in a few days, penniless and disconsolate, I started back toward the distant mountains. For two hours I walked the railroad ties, and then for three hours more, floundered through a vexatious mixture of snow, mud and water. Not until late at night did I reach a most welcome shelter and food.

My trip to Spokane had been fruitless. But thirty-five miles to the north-east lived a trapper and hunter, who had invited me to spend a year with him in making railroad ties, which invitation I now decided to accept. Accordingly, early one morning, with a heavy grip on my back and my gun on my shoulder, I started on this new venture. Again and again I lost my way on account of the snow which was often knee deep, many times more than waist deep, and which made walking very slow and difficult work, so slow and difficult, indeed, that it took me until noon to reach Deer Creek, a tumbling, roaring mountain stream about ten miles from my starting place. At nightfall I was still eleven miles from my destination. My hotel that night was an old barn with a leaky roof, my bed a bunch of hay, and my companions an old cow and some chickens. Having removed my wet shoes and crawled into a hole in the hay, after awhile I went to sleep, only to wake up soon, shaking with cold; for I was wet to my waist. That was a miserable night. Most welcome was its end. After a struggle with my water-soaked shoes, just as day was breaking, I left my companions of the night and set forth once more. Now my way lay over a difficult and sometimes impassable trail, well named the Devil's Pass. A most uncomfortable, drizzling rain was rapidly weakening the snow crust so that every few steps my foot would break through into a puddle of water. Time and again I was obliged to stop and rest, but finally the difficulties were left behind, and I stepped into the hospitable door of my trapper friend. In seven hours I had traveled only eleven miles.

At this point I encountered another disappointment more grievous than that at Spokane. The snow was too deep for tie-making. There was nothing to do but to wait until the snow had melted. During the first week of waiting I hobbled around with a cane, doing odd chores. It was hard to keep sweet during those ten or fifteen days of anxious waiting, but at last the "Chinook," a warm wind from the distant ocean, began to melt the troublesome snow, so that we were able to go to work at the ties. We had not worked long, however, before trouble broke out between the company and the tie makers, and I was without work again.

At this juncture word came that I could obtain a position as teacher of a district school up in the mountains near Peone, whence I had come recently. Elated over this news, I started back by the same trail over which I had toiled a few weeks before. By night I had reached Deer Creek, where I encamped beneath a great fir tree. A roaring fire soon roasted a fat pheasant's breast for my supper, after eating which I bathed my aching ankles in the ice cold water of the stream, and then placed my back against the tree and my feet to the fire, prepared for a good night's rest. It was not an ideal position for sleep, however, and the night air was chilly; besides, the fire constantly needed rekindling; the sparks flew about in a threatening manner, and my dog now and then would rush off into the brush after some prowling coyotte or other animal. When morning came I found my ankles so lame that I could hardly stand, and although the trail was good, it took me ten hours to walk the remaining ten miles.

In a day or two after my arrival I went in search of the school which had been promised me. After a five-mile climb I found it, only to learn that the trustees had decided that they preferred a lady teacher. Although I was becoming a little hardened to disappointments by this time, yet it was with a heavy heart that I trudged back down the trail.

Now, what was I to do? After spending a month in fruitless search for work, I was now without money and in debt. But my despondent question was soon answered, for in the woods I met a lumberman who, although he looked at my hands rather dubiously, hired me to work in his mill at $20 a month and board. I was overjoyed, for at last my arduous one hundred and fifteen mile walk in search of work was ended. V. N. R.,'05.

Arcady.

"Why are your eyes so wide and sad?
Bitter the tears they must have known;
Why do you turn from the haunts of men?
Why do you follow your path alone?"

(Gray is the drift of the flying cloud.
Gray the stretch of the rain-swept sea.
Who can tell me the way to go?
Which is the way into Arcady?)

"I dwelt there once, in the Long Ago.
Mine eyes were blind to its beauty then,
And I turned my back on the shining fields
To follow after the ways of men.

"Long have I traveled the weary road—
Cruel the wind with its cutting cold—
Seeking the joy that I may not know,
Seeking for that which I may not hold.

"Now mine eyes, they are tired and sad;
They ache for the Vision they may not see:
I have lost the way to my Heart's Desire!
I have lost the way into Arcady!"

(Gray is the drift of the flying cloud,
Gray the stretch of the rain-swept sea;
Who can tell me the way to go?
Which is the way into Arcady?)

B. A. BANE.

A Christmas Lyric.

Ring, happy bells, awake the dells
Till they with music ring;
Let earth redound with glorious sound
And name the Saviour King!

Long years ago in manger low
A little Child was born:
He lived and died—was crucified—
But rose on Easter morn.

In heaven above with boundless love
He views our actions here;
O let Him see our charity,
Our love for Him so dear!

Cast not the poor from out thy door,
But share thy gifts with them;
Christ gave to thee a life in fee
When born in Bethlehem.

Then ring the bells till vales and dells
With Christmas music ring;
Let all be glad—let none be sad—
But *crown* the Saviour King!

N. H., '05.

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In Defense of the Novel.

Even to-day, we meet many persons so narrow-minded as to think novel reading frivolous—wasteful of time; and some good souls even think it positively wicked. Droch tells us how, in the days of Puritan bigotry, one bright little chap won the right to read "Scottish Chiefs," because "there is so much history in it," although naturally he was more interested in the beautiful Helen Mar and the "dandy fighting." So we can say to those who object to novel reading: There is much to be learned from a good novel, but care should be exercised in the selection.

Among the many advantages of reading classic fiction, the most practical is the amount of information that may thus be gained. Take the historical novels of Sir Walter Scott or Bulwer-Lytton; there is a vast amount of history that may be learned from them—history such as a text-book, comprising mostly battles and dates, does not give. In the novel is the history of the people—how they dressed, felt and acted. Does history make us feel the sharp distinction between conquering Norman and conquered Saxon, the utter contempt in which the Jew was held, as "Ivanhoe" does? What a picture of England in King Richard's day that great novel is! But we learn more than the manners and customs of the different nations; we fight side by side with our hero—be he the Black Douglass or the "last of the Barons," in the great battles of history; we follow in the train of the world's mighty sovereigns.

Some say the historical novel is not accurate. True, sometimes; but if the author occasionally takes a liberty with his dates, surely in the picture of the times he paints, he more than makes amends. Besides, who would not rather have George Eber's novels of Egyptian life, than any text-book the latter might have written on the subject? or Ben Hur, than any prosaic account of the time of Christ? But if we afterwards read in history the facts upon which our novel was based, we have at once the most pleasant and instructive method of studying history. We likewise become acquainted with geography, not as found in the books we studied at school, but with beautiful, often grand descriptions of natural scenery, and the different places around which the story centers. The novel abounds with descriptions of great buildings and celebrated spots. Notre Dame has for us a new interest, for we almost expect to see Quacimod's strange figure in some corner. Pompeii is not for us a "City of the Dead," but alive; for it was here Glacus and Ione loved.

The writer of romance confronts us with "many a name famous in story," and we learn to know men and women of history in a real live way. We can almost see Elizabeth in her rage at Leicester. We, too, like Roland Græme, would die for the Queen of Scots.

The books we read have a great influence upon our character. We all wish to be brave and true hearted as Richard Cœur de Lion by whose name the Saracen mother stilled her child, "tender and true" as the Douglass, wise and patient as the Bruce, and to have the simple goodness of Effie Deans. We all despise such characters as Uriah Heep, Tito Melino, and the mockery of society as personified in Becky Sharp. The reading of the life struggles and final victory of such a man as Jean Valjean cannot but have an effect upon us. We are influenced almost as if we had met the characters in real life.

We must not forget, to use an old saying, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." If we always read heavy treatises on abstract subjects and serious literature, we are apt to become very dull. The mind needs rest as well as the body, and nothing is so effective as an interesting novel. True, we are not wasting our time, but are learning much. However, it all comes very easily, and the facts are told in so entertaining a manner. Then, there are so many times—a long winter evening, or a hot July afternoon—when nothing suits like a good novel, and we should feel justified in giving ourselves up to its enjoyment.

We conclude, then, by asking those who find fault with novel reading, not to be so hasty to condemn until they have considered all sides of the question. They will find that the reading of good works of fiction has many practical advantages.

But let us remember when we read, that there is much that may be learned, and that we should not be so interested in the fate of the heroine that we do not notice the splendid descriptions and the author's style; for therein lies much of the true beauty and charm, and the abiding value of the novel. '04.

Bucknell Mirror.

DECEMBER, 1902.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Williamsport, Pa.

A Reminder.

It is an oft-repeated fact that a man's rights extend only so far as they do not interfere with the welfare of others. On this principle our law is founded; it forms the basis of religion. It is universal. In college it applies no less than in the outside world, and in most cases in a stricter sense.

There is one way, however, in which we contradict the above—by our behavior in chapel. While the Scripture is being read many of us are perusing the hair-raising production of the highly imaginative mind of some news manufacturer. A worthless jingle is holding our attention when it should be on the singing of the hymn. We think we have done our duty when we bring our bodies within the chapel walls, and no matter how much our neighbor is annoyed by our actions, we proceed to spend the time as best suits us.

Our respect for the institution ought, we think, make us pay outward reverence for the exercises of the morning. That hall has not been erected because of custom, nor does our President conduct the exercises each morning as a meaningless formality. This part of our college duties has been recognized as necessary, and accordingly provision has been made for it. Older heads than ours, and more experienced ones, have seen the necessity for this, and have required it of us, and out of respect for them we should act in a more becoming manner.

Above all, however, we owe it to ourselves. We are here at college to learn not only subjects that are taught through text books, but also certain other things for which there are no text books. One of the marks of a scholar and a cultured man, is his consideration for the welfare of others. Our chief enemy in this case is our thoughtlessness. All of us, if we would think, would refrain from doing many of the things that we do because we know that they are unworthy of us, and tend to injure our own selves. The weaknesses in our chapel conduct would soon be of a negative order if we would think a little of the injury we ourselves receive from them.

Then, let us not exceed our rights. Let us have some consideration for others; some regard for ourselves. It is each man's right and duty to come to chapel, but it is no less his duty to act seemly after being there. Ours is the fault; let the remedy come from us.

Co-Education.

The Lafayette *Touchstone* states that "the University of Chicago is disgusted with co-education." Since *The Orange and Blue* in a recent editorial has resurrected the perplexing question, it becomes imperative that the matter receive some cognizance from this sanctum. We are sure that our literary societies feel grateful to the writer of the editorial for renewed stimulus and inspiration in discussing this annual theme. The length of this article, however, forbids us even to attempt to summarize the arguments advanced pro and con upon the subject.

It has been stated with pride by co-educationists, that young women, when placed in the same classes with college men, carry off all the honors. What is the reason? Are women stronger in intellect than men? We state frankly that the average college man does not give his whole heart to his work. He takes a broader view of life than woman. Other interests—notably athletics—appeal strongly to him. Life, by the way, contains much that is not offered in the college curriculum. We ask if, after all, the object of a college education is not to produce men of strong *body*, *intellect* and *character?*

As a solution of the problem, we might suggest the segregation plan as pursued at Harvard; but co-education evidently has come to stay.

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College Notes.

The excellent article entitled "The National Guard and Industrial Disturbances," published in our last issue, was written by Wm. C. Gretzinger, registrar, who as battalion adjutant of the 12th Reg't, N. G. P., was present at the scene of the recent strike, and is, therefore, thoroughly conversant with his subject.

The effort to raise $100,000 to increase the endowment is meeting with encouragement, though the late strike in the anthracite regions renders the work in that section very difficult.

Altogether the outlook for the University is most encouraging. Friends are multiplying on every side, and the reputation of the school is rapidly increasing. The total attendance in all departments this year is 620. In twelve years the college department has increased in the number of students from 71 to 401; of instructors from 9 to 29; of courses from 52 to 221; and of volumes in library from 9,250 to over 22,000. Four buildings have been added at a cost of $110,000, and over $200,000 has been added to the property.

A student in the Philosophical course, Latin division, who completes in the Academy with a grade not less than 9, the two years of preparatory Greek, may have the same counted as three courses toward the degree of Bachelor of Arts, provided he completes the required work in Greek of the Classical course.

Hereafter a fourth study taken in class will count as one point towards the Master's degree.

Dr. Geo. Dana Boardman, from his seclusion enforced by bodily weakness, sends greeting to his hosts of friends. He is busy on a new work to be published early next year by the J. B. Lippincott Co. Its subject is "The Body," and it will be one of his most important. By being busy at it he diverts his mind from disease, and with a resolve as heroic as was Louis Stevenson's, gives his life till the end to the cause he loves. "In touch with his brethren" does not express his attitude. He is in the midst of them in every thought and affection. It is simply his bodily presence that is absent, and that does not count for so much. The most potent forces in the world and the universe are the unseen.

Dr. Geo. G. Groff delivered an address before the members of Euepia literary society on December 6, on "Literature as it is Found in Porto Rico." During his address he passed around photographs of the leading educators of the island, and some books used in the schools.

Cockill, '05, was elected captain for next year's foot ball team.

Theta Alpha literary society hall has lately been re-papered and re-painted.

The formal matriculation of the new students of the college took place in Bucknell hall, Wednesday, December 3. Dr. Hulley, in a very interesting address, welcomed the matriculates to the College, after which they were introduced to the individual members of the faculty.

The following course in education has been adopted in the College on account of the many students who wish to prepare themselves for teaching:

1. *History of Education.*—A general sketch of educational theory and practice in ancient and modern times.

Lectures. Required of Juniors—first term, one hour.

2. *Psychology of Education.*—Based on Harris' Psychologic Foundations of Education.

Half course. Elective to Juniors and Seniors—second term, two hours.

3. *Comparative and Child Psychology.*—Text-book, reports and discussions.

Full course. Elective to Juniors—second term, five hours.

PROF. DAVIS.

4. *Philosophy of Education.*—Based on Rosenkrantz' Philosophy of Education.

Half course. Elective to Juniors and Seniors—third term, two hours.

5. *School Administration.*—High School organization, function and management; discussion of methods; survey of college entrance requirements, first term.

6. *Teachers' Course in American History.*—Methods of teaching history, with special reference to the work of secondary schools.

Second term, two hours.

PROF. HULLEY.

7. *Teachers' Course in Greek.*—The Anabasis and Iliad will be used as text-books. Thus the preparatory work may be reviewed, confidence acquired, and suggestions received regarding methods of teaching. Some informal lectures will also be given regarding the first year's work in Greek.

First term, Seniors and Juniors.

PROF. HAMBLIN.

8. *Teachers' Course in Latin.*—Special topics in grammar, with practical exercises in Cæsar, Cicero and Virgil.

Third term, open to Seniors and Juniors.

PROF. ROCKWOOD.

9. *Teachers' Course in Mathematics.*—PROF. BORTOL.

STATE CERTIFICATES.

Graduates of Bucknell University receive state teachers' certificates in Pennsylvania after three years of experience in teaching. The course in education and methods of teaching, including Child Psychology, the History, the Psychology and the Philosophy of Education, are helpful to those intending to teach. Students who take not less than eight of these courses will be entitled to a certificate for the work done, in addition to the diploma of the course in which they graduate. No extra charge is made for the courses in education.

REGISTER OF TEACHERS.

In order to aid boards of control in securing suitable teachers, there is kept a registry of graduates of Bucknell who may wish to engage in teaching. Alumni and friends of the college will render a service if they will inform the president of vacancies.

Alumni Notes.

Ex. '52. John A. Grier, a chief engineer in the navy during the civil war, and later chief engineer of the United States mint, in Philadelphia, but more recently a resident of Chicago, died at his home in that city, Nov. 18.

'60. Hon. S. P. Wolverton is counsel for the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Co., before the anthracite coal commission.

'62. Hon. W. S. Shallenberger, second assistant postmaster general, has proposed the adoption of an international postage stamp, and the plan is meeting with much favor. The adoption of an international parcels post was proposed and carried out by Capt. Newton M. Brooks, class of '64.

'63. The many friends of Hon. John I. Mitchell are pained to learn of his probable retirement from the bench of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, on account of ill health.

'73. Rev. J. W. Allen, of Decorah, Iowa, becomes pastor of the Baptist church at Jesup, Iowa. He is also secretary of the Baptist Education Society of that state.

'74. The name of Hon. David J. Hill, first assistant secretary of state, has been frequently mentioned for high position in the United States diplomatic service abroad.

'83. Rev. W. J. Coulston and family, of Pittsburg, Pa., are seeking a pre-winter rest with Mrs. Coulston's father, Rev. A. Tilden, of East Smithfield, Pa. Mr. Coulston finds his share of the rest in nightly sermons at the Baptist church.

'83. Rev. Spencer B. Meeser, D. D., pastor of the Woodward Avenue Baptist church, Detroit, recently gave an address on 'Men's Work for Men," before the Michigan Baptist Anniversaries, held in that city. The address is published in full in the *Michigan Christian Herald*, of Nov. 6, together with an excellent likeness of Dr. Meeser.

'85. The *Baptist Commonwealth*, in its issue of Dec. 4, publishes a splendid picture of Rev. Samuel Zane Batten, pastor of the First Baptist church, Morristown, N. J. His church recently observed its 150th anniversary.

'85. Rev. John P. Currin has resigned at Hillsboro, Ohio, to enter the pastorate of the Baptist church at Golden Gate, Cal.

'85. Rev. Joseph E. Sagebeer, Ph. D., after a five-year pastorate at the Second Baptist church, Germantown, Philadelphia, has tendered his resignation.

'89. Rev. Chas. A. Walker and wife (nee Miss Maude Garrison, Inst. Ex. '91), of Malvern, Pa., celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding Nov. 22, and were the recipients of many tokens of esteem on the part of their church people and friends.

'90. Rev. J. Henry Haslam, for five years the popular pastor of the First Baptist church, Williamsport, presented his resignation to the church Nov. 30, to accept the call of the Gethsemane Baptist church, Philadelphia. The new pastoral relationship begins Jan. 1, 1903.

'91. Rev. A. Lincoln Moore, D. D., of Atlantic City, N. J., accepts the call to the Riverside Baptist church, New York City.

'94. Rev. A. C. Lathrop, of Everett, Pa., becomes pastor of the Baptist church, Milesburg, Pa.

'96. Rev. Charles Firth, of Frazee, Minn., becomes pastor of the Baptist church, Luverne, Minn.

'98. A. M. Forrester, Esq , who is located at Las Cruces, N. M., and who is president of the territory C. E., has just recovered from an attack of typhoid fever.

'99. Evart Clancy Conover is pastor of the White Hall Baptist church, Frankford, Phila.

'01. E. J. Wager is in the employ of the Baltimore Insurance Co., at Harrisburg.

Miss Meta Baker, who married Mr. Heber Cram, in Lewisburg, on Thanksgiving Day, is a graduate of the Institute.

Dr. W. W. Keen gave a lecture on "Some Reminiscences of a Tour Around the World," in Griffith Hall, on Dec. 2, at 8 P. M. Dr. Keen has just returned from a sixteen months' trip around the world, and in his travels saw many places very few Americans have seen. The lecture was for the benefit of the "Scholarship Fund" *the Bucknell Alumnæ of Philadelphia are going to establish in the Girls' High School.* This scholarship will enable a young woman finishing her courses at the High School to take four years in college at Bucknell. The Bucknell Alumnæ Club of Philadelphia is now one of the strongest and best of our women's clubs. It has a membership of about eighty, and admits the wives of graduates and trustees as honorary members. Any one wishing to join can apply to the secretary, Mrs. Emma

Lowe Wakelin, 2219 Green street, or to Mrs. Margaret Tustin O'Harra, president.

Rev. Frank L. Bardens is pastor of the Rosedale church, Camden, N. J.

Dr. Frank Catherman went to Altoona, where he has been appointed surgeon for the large construction company working in the big yards near that city. For over a year he was one of the physicians in the Atlantic City hospital.

Dr. C. H. Senn, of Cleveland, Ohio, has located at Washingtonville, and has taken up the practice of the late Dr. J. P. Hoffa. Dr. Senn was at Washingtonville for several months in the summer of 1901, and after leaving there was resident physician of the United States Marine hospital at Cleveland.

⁂

Athletics.

The foot ball season being over, basket ball will hold the interest of the student body for the next few weeks. An exceptionally strong five for two successive years has firmly rooted this game in the affections of all of Bucknell's supporters until it rivals foot ball in popularity. For that reason the keenest interest is being taken in the preliminary practice, which will determine the make-up of the team. In selecting a team to represent Bucknell this season Coach Hoskins and Captain Anderson are confronted with a hard task. But two of last season's team, Captain Anderson and McCormick, are in college. It will therefore be necessary to find men to take the places of Davis, Elliott and English.

Since the Freshman class contains no 'varsity material, the vacancies must be filled by those who last year played on the Reserve and class teams. This is not as hopeless as it at first may seem. Cheesman, '05, who last year was a valuable substitute, shows greatly improved form, and will doubtless make the team. Of the others the most likely candidates are Johnson, '04; Smith, '05; Griffith, '05; Grier, '05; Goldsmith, '06; Claypool, '06, and Shirley, '06.

Manager Bertolette has about completed his schedule, which contains about the usual number of games. The only large college to be played is Princeton, although negotiations are pending for games with others of the so-called major institutions. The incomplete schedule is as follows:

Jan. 10.—Open.
" 16.—Philadelphia College of Pharmacy at Lewisburg.
" 23.—Gettysburg College at Lewisburg.
" 30.—Open.
Feb. 7.—Franklin and Marshall at Lewisburg.
" 13.—LaSalle College at Philadelphia.
" 14.—Princeton at Princeton.
" 21.—Dickinson at Lewisburg.
" 27.—Steelton at Lewisburg.
Mar. 7.—LaSalle College at Lewisburg.
" 12.—Franklin and Marshall at Lancaster.
" 13.—Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
" 14.—Dickinson at Carlisle.
" 27.—Open.

During the term a tennis association was formed with J. L. Kolp, '03, as manager. It is proposed to arrange contests with a number of nearby colleges, both in singles and doubles. Besides, a series of inter-club games will be played. The game promises to increase in popularity at Bucknell next spring.

The success of the Bucknell foot ball team the past season won for her exceptional distinction in the foot ball world. For instance, Shipp, the guard, was chosen on the second All-American teams of J. D. Mahoney, of the Philadelphia *Press*, and George H. Brooke, of the Philadelphia *North American*, both of whom are acknowledged foot ball experts. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* accords Bucknell eighth place among the college elevens.

Exchanges.

Among new exchanges received we note *The Thielensian* and *The Peddie Chronicle*. The former is unique and attractive in size, but its local department, owing to the personal element and frequent sentimentalisms, is decidedly suggestive of the high school monthly.

Both from a typographical and a literary standpoint, *The Mount Holyoke* is unquestionably the best publication which we receive in exchange.

The Muhlenberg, for November, contains an able article on "The Study of Classics."

We enjoyed the levity and scathing reviews printed in the exchange department of *The Haverfordian*. We regret, however, that our friend, the critic, has exchanged his pen for the scalpel.

The Gettysburg Mercury maintains a high literary standard. The poem, "Voice of the Lake," possesses distinctive merit.

The publication of continued stories in college monthlies may be open to criticism, but we must, however, commend the excellent serial, "Silas Vaughn," in the November issue of *The College Student.*

The Tennessee University Magazine contains 31 pages of entertaining fiction. There is a commendable lack of trifling locals and personal items which occupy so much space in our exchanges.

The November number of *The Saint John's Collegian* contains a clever story entitled "His Proxy." The editorial concerning the use of literal translations in the classics is frank and pertinent.

Among other exchanges received, *The Phœnix*, *Lesbean Herald*, *College Folio* and *Allegheny Literary Monthly*, deserve especial mention.

It is not known to the average reader that women indulge to quite an extent in track athletics, especially at the women's colleges; and taking into consideration the disadvantages of physique and dress, they have achieved some enviable records. Of course, there is no attempt to rival men in this phase of sport, but the methods pursued by the women and the requirements of training are as severe as for men. Christine Terhune Herrick, in a well illustrated article in *The Delineator* for January, describes the track sports as they exist at the girls' colleges, the course of training that must be followed by the girl in order to become eligible as a competitor, and how to best develop her powers on the track or field.

1903

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXII. Lewisburg, Pa., January, 1903. No. 4

Frances Burney's "Evelina."

ENOCH PERRINE, A. M., LITT. D.

> "Der Richardson'sche Moralroman hat naturlich Schule Gemacht. Dies beweisen die Romane der Miss Burney und die Novellen der Miss Edgeworth."

Before Miss Burney (1752-1840), afterwards Madame D'Arblay, wrote "Evelina" (1778), the English novel as distinguished from the English romance had been written mainly by men for men, and some women. It consisted either of what Thackeray with a wink said he liked in a story—"novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery and rescuing;" or of intrigue by low people in high life, with very many salacious incidents that caused the men who read it to chuckle and the women to blush, generally behind their fans.

Now a change was to come; the story of society life was to appear, and both word and deed in it were to be such as the fastidious could tolerate. Miss Burney, who began the change, very early moved into London from Norfolk. She was perhaps inspired by the great folk who honored her father by visiting his home, and by the wig maker's children who lived next door. Not very precocious, she began to write almost as soon as she could read. Her stepmother, opposed to such propensities, burned her first novel in the presence of a sister Susannah. A very striking hint for a girl still in her teens!

She was twenty-six years old when "Evelina" was published anonymously, after Dodsley—the leading publisher—had refused to issue anything without the author's name. She told George III, who quizzed her about it, that she wrote for her own amusement, only in some odd hours, and published because she thought it would look well in print. She also told him that she did not show it to her father because she was too much ashamed of it; that she confided her secret to her brother, by whose efforts it was published; and that the secret leaked out when she dropped some of the manuscript, and one of her sisters betrayed her. A strange birth for a novel, especially from the present day point of view, when a hundred thousand copies are sold in advance of publication, and when, we are officially informed, a great novel lives as many as sixty days, and a few, peradventure by reason of strenuous tom-tom beating, survive as long as three months !

"Evelina" is the history of a young lady's entrance into the world of society, the goal being a happily married state where servants obsequiously wait upon their masters and mistresses. "I am new to the world," writes Evelina, "and unused to acting for myself." She had been under the care of a very faithful guardian, but now she is upon her own resources. Her intentions are never wilfully blameable, and yet she errs perpetually; and the book records these and other errors so accurately that Mr. Lecky, who is the greatest living historian of European morals, declares that "the 'Evelina' of Miss Burney will long be read as the most faithful picture of fashionable amusements of its generation." High praise, indeed; but none the less deserved, for Dr. Johnson, when the authorship was acknowledged, in his brusque way grasped her in his arms, saying: "O you sly rogue; you character-monger!" Leslie Stephen says that Johnson quoted and almost acted passages. "La! Polly!" he exclaimed to Mrs. Thrale in a pert feminine accent, "Only think! Miss has danced with a lord!" By the brightness of her mind she had made her way into the great man's heart; their friendship continued firm, and she stood in tears outside his door when he died.

Evelina has no easy time of it. She has the fatal gift of beauty, and anybody with half an eye can see that hers is the disposition of an angel. Suitors swarm about her; they kiss her hand and fall down at her feet, always without locking the door, the consequence being that they are invariably surprised or detected in that abject attitude. The villain who still pursues her, the coarse old harridan, the outraged mother now in her grave and the rascally father still unrepentant, the benevolent clergyman, the paragon of all virtues who happens in this case to be Lord Orville, and upon whom her eyes furtively rest at first sight but up to whom she never presumes to lift her heart until after he has many times declared himself to be her slave, the small beer of society—how familiar it all is to those who have sauntered through Cranford or enjoyed the guidance of Jane Austen! All ends well, however, for the virtuous. The father, racked with remorse, endeavors to atone for his crime, the clergyman's scruples are overcome, and the Prince, who is Lord Orville, carries away Cinderella, who is Evelina, to his palace, which is a country seat and a house in town—and the old, old but ever new, new story, has been told again to the rustling of eighteenth century crinoline and queues.

When Miss Burney wrote—so different from her realistic contemporaries and anticipating the new novel of manners—English fiction had not emerged from the epistolary stage. These chapters are letters, and for the most part are written by Evelina to her foster father. This plan has some advantages: (1) The reader seems to be getting the narrative at first, not second hand, from the person most interested; (2) the events appear to be more nearly in the present, and not as ancient or remote history; (3) the narration is livelier and better authenticated.

But there are disadvantages: (1) One asks how did this young unsophisticated girl, Evelina, come to write letters detailing her experiences? Did she know what would be the issue, and determine to write all these matters for the benefit of posterity? Had she a note book in hand—that she made a record "on the spot" of lengthy conversations and thrilling scenes in which she played a leading part? Is it quite delicate—committing to paper these *affaires du coeur*, and sending them off, if you please, by special delivery, even though they did go to a sainted country rector? And were they all kept—these letters—by the recipients, so that they were "on call" when the time came for writing the story? To be sure, of any bit of imaginative literature one must not ask too many searching questions—he must, to some extent, close his eyes, and grasping the author's hand go on trustfully. And yet there must not be made too great a draft upon his credulity, else verisimilitude will be lacking and he'll soon find himself in a world where things are at "sixes and sevens," against which his mind revolts.

Minto has noticed that in the fifty-five years between Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" and Scott's "Waverley," the chief honors were carried off by women—Miss Burney, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen. Without question, Jane Austen ranks first; Miss Burney, by reason of "Evelina," takes second place in quality, though not in quantity, and the critical world has long since endorsed the verdict of Burke, the great thinker, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great artist, who were quite as enthusiastic over her as was Macaulay when later on he came to play his part*. Miss Burney lived long enough to be "a white-haired shadow in a world where Tennyson and Carlyle were literary celebrities," and her work ought to be known to the reader who cares for fiction that is worth while.

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*Vide Macaulay's essay on "Madame D'Arblay."

Breisach and Its Cathedral.

Translated from the German of *Hoher als die Kirche.*

I again call to mind, after having long forgotten it, the time I stood on the heights of our Sclossberg one cold winter night and listened to the bombardment of Fort Montier. It was a raw, uncomfortable night. The storm raged with true fury on the top of the mountain, and seemed to want to tear the mantles from off our bodies. No one, far and wide, was near me except the maiden whom I had taken with me as a companion, and my true protector, a large dog, that growled and barked at every new gust of wind and rustling in the branches. Another dog far down below us at the foot of the mountain was startled by his shrill voice, and answered with a lamentable howl that penetrated dismally through the stillness.

"If a dog howls some one is dying," remarked my companion, shivering.

"Probably yonder enough men are dying," I said, and looked over the wide valley filled with darkness, where behind the Kaiser-stuhl a red flame rose and fell—the burning of Neubreisach. Heavy snow clouds darkened the moon and the red glow was contrasted the more sharply with the dark background. At regular intervals the bombs like fire balls ascended the horizon, and with the quickness of thought, drew in wide curves their paths across it; and whenever they fell into the conflagration, the sinking flame flared up again, and the flaring up of the blaze was followed, heavily and slowly, by that strange thunder of cannon which one never forgets who has once heard it—those majestic blows of the hammer with which the great "Smith of Sedan" broke asunder an old empire and welded together a new one. In every direction the mighty blows were threatening, crushing the works of man and human life, and the burning of

Neubreisach, like a smith's forge, gave light for the terrible work.

Far down below us lay the city of Freiburg, with its scattered, dimly flickering lights. But the windows were all darkened, the city was asleep; and like a swan mother that has gathered her brood around, slept the mighty cathedral with its tall tower in the midst of the low houses of the market which, like ducklings in the dark, seemed to hide under its wings. It struck twelve from the tower looming up before us, and larger and smaller clocks, near and far, bore the message onward that another day of the troublesome times was ended; one perhaps still more anxious was begun. A death stillness lay over the slumbering city, while so near behind our mountains ruin raged. Only the death-announcing howl of the watch dog came continually to our ears from below, and the roaring storm sang with the thunder of the cannon a gloomier, mighty song of battle and distress.

* * * * * * *

The cathedral—the venerable Breisach cathedral—with its Gothic turrets, its religious sayings, its gold and silver pyes, an incomparable work, a masterpiece of wood carving which has few equals!

Suddenly, as if by a magic stroke, the dark winter's night passed away, and I stood in Breisach in the cathedral court and looked from the stately height far out upon the laughing, green plain of the Rhine across to France, the neighbor, at that time peaceful, which had threatened in many such a battle this pillar of the sacred Roman Empire, as Breisach was called in former times. There it lay before me again in its dignified repose, that old, gray building, and a blue, sunny heaven arched over it. At the foot of the mountain, up which the little city picturesquely climbed to the cathedral, broad and majestic flowed the green Deutscher Rhein. And if I leaned over the low parapet, I could see down into the little narrow streets with their harmless commotion. I stepped farther out upon the soft, green grass plot around the cathedral. A couple of belated old women with song books and rosaries were panting up the mountain side, and out of the open church door came the fragrance of incense mixed with the fragrance of the blooming lilacs. The mass bell rang, the Cock-chafer hummed, and some children, dressed in the style of the middle classes, were playing in the grass, as yet unconcerned as to their souls' salvation, for their mothers were praying inside the church. Even the cathedral idiot, who always extended his cap to strangers, wore his best coat to-day, for it was Sunday and in the true sense of the word.

I concealed myself in the shadows behind the church to wait until the service was over. There it was so quiet and cool and peaceful; it reminded me of the beautiful words of Eckhardt: "Behind the church blooms the blue flower of contentment."

Now the mysterious ringing of the pyx within announced the great wonder of transubstantiation; now the thoughtful people with bowed heads sank on their knees before the living God; a second ringing—a third—now God has passed by them and they can rise, newly strengthened and revived—touched by the divine body. I looked in at the high window. A full sunbeam fell on the high carved altar, where God, Father and Son, with mighty animation, crown the all-blessed Virgin as queen of heaven and surround her with a rejoicing, heavenly host. With the flow and the flexibility of thought, the intractable material of hardwood seemed here to have been formed by the hand of the Lord. In such a hand must exist a magic, the subduing magic of the creative genius.

B., '05.

Storiettes.

I

Bang! Bang! "Wake up!"

"Well?"

"Any laundry?"

"No."

Fifteen minutes pass, and again, Bang! Bang!

"Say!"

"Well, what now?"

"Got any laundry this morning?"

"No! Get out!"

The student turns over and gets nicely asleep when he is again aroused by his irresistible washerwoman, who seems to take such a motherly interest in his affairs. No use; he might as well get up. He tumbles out, half asleep, and is surprised to find his laundry bag full; congratulates himself on his forethought, and throws the bag outside the door, only to find a few minutes later that he has sent back his clean clothes which he neglected to take out of the bag on Saturday. '05.

II

The end of my first term as a teacher was drawing near and, true to an old-time tradition, I thought it incumbent upon me to examine my classes before promoting them to the next grade. I gave an oral examination to a class of "eight-year-olds" in primary history. Not yet being an adept in the art of framing questions, I asked (with reference, of course, to her repentance and conversion):

"What did Pocahontas do in the little church at Jamestown just before she was married?"

Almost the entire class went down before the question, when up went the hand of a lad near the foot of his class.

"Preston, what did Pocahontas do in the little church at Jamestown just before her marriage?"

"Fell in love," was the prompt reply. '05.

III

At Bucknell, next to money, the scarcest article is a match. The question we answer most is, "Have you a match?" The question we ask most is, "Have you a match?" Matches are the standard of valuation, for generally, if a fellow has matches he has money; but if he seldom has money he seldom has matches. It is always policy to "strike" a fellow for a match before you "tackle" him for a dollar. Some fellows never have matches and couldn't keep them if they had. Some buy a whole box at the beginning of each term, give to every one generously till that box is all, and then borrow for the rest of the term from the same recipients. We know one fellow who bought but one box in three years. He was a heavy smoker, too. '05.

IV.

"How are you, old man? How are you getting along? Let me see; you room in No.—. Oh, yes, I'll come up and see you. Come over and see me," with a slap on the shoulder as he opens the door for you to pass in, just as if you didn't know that politics, and nothing else, was at the bottom of it all!

"Oh, by the way, how do you stand on the election? Now, see here, we have the best man up. You can't deny that, and besides, it is our turn. You see—" And your lately-declared friend launches into a statement of the affairs "which is neither interesting, elevating nor edifying." The next week you meet this same fellow on the street or in the hall, and he doesn't know you. '05.

Cavalry Charge.

"Fear not, comrades, cheer,
Brave hearts do never fear
E'en though death be near—
Into the fight!
Hark to the bugle call,
'*Rally all, rally all,*
For God and the Right!'

"Onward, on we go,
Fear not to strike a blow,
Let men our valor know—
Into the fight!
Ours shall the glory be,
'*Victory, victory,*
For God and the Right!'"

Bravely they rode and well,
Bravely they fought and fell,
Let men their praises swell—
Won was the fight!
Loud let the chorus be,
"*Victory, victory,*
For God and the Right!"

N. R. H., '05.

* *

Farmer, the Freshman.

"Chum, I say, chum, what is Farmer up to now?"

"Spike" Thompson had been awakened from a sound sleep by the oratory coming from the next room.

"Just saying his prayers again," yawned Charlie Norris.

Farmer always said his prayers so loud that he disturbed everybody within a radius of a quarter of a mile. He was decidedly a little "off." Everyone granted that on first acquaintance. No one knew where he hailed from—he was simply the freshest man in the Freshman class, and that was saying a great deal. From Farmer's conversation it was hard to tell just what high office his father did hold. But he held *some* very high office, or doubtless several, in some part of the country. The family was very rich and lived in a veritable palace. There was "a pipe organ in every room." To some economical fellows it seemed superfluous to have one in the attic; but then Farmer himself was superfluous, the fellows thought, and surely it was not remarkable that there should be a few superfluous trifles about his palatial home, such as a pipe organ or two.

He was studying for the ministry. He felt convinced that he was called to preach. The fellows rather had it in for the man who had called him to college. His room was one of the things of interest in the whole school, but the wonderful attraction in the room was the altar. All students can't afford to have grand church altars in their apartments, but Farmer could. Those who had investigated carefully suspected that the altar was a dry goods box. It was covered with a heavy white drapery, and on it was placed a large crucifix, in front of which were the Bible and a pack of cards. He declared he would never enter a pulpit without that pack of cards.

Every night about one o'clock Farmer was moved by the Spirit, and he straightway would arise and repeat his prayers at the top of his voice. As has been said, his devotional exercises had a tendency to disturb those slumbering near him.

"Oh God! Preserve me and my pack of cards from the wiles of the devil! Thou knowest how pure we are, and how we are beset on all sides by wickedness. Deliver us! We beseech Thee to forgive our friend who led the nine spot when—"

"Shut up, you lobster, or we'll haze you," yelled "Spike," but his threat was apparently without effect. "We want to go to sleep!"

"Say, Charlie, he will be crazier yet Thursday morning when he finds that we Sophomores are on to that little banquet scheme of the Freshmen. No banquet for the Freshies that night."

"Don't talk so loud. He'll hear you," his chum warned him.

"No danger. He is too busy with his prayers for us poor card players. He is ravingly insane."

The Freshmen had planned to hold their annual banquet Thursday night. All of them were to get up early Thursday morning and board a four o'clock train. When the Sophomores would wake up to the fact that the Freshmen were minus, the first year men would be miles away, having left town three or four hours previous, and pursuit would be improbable. It was a great scheme if it could be carried out. But that atmosphere of gossip that permeates everything about a college gave the secret away.

After the two boys had fallen asleep again, Farmer began his prayers, complying with the request of "Spike" so far as to lower his voice a trifle.

"Oh, Father, I implore Thee that I may save at least one of those erring ones—those who allow themselves to be euchered, having a hand of trumps. I beseech Thee that I may play my cards well to-night. For the Queen of Hearts' sake. Amen."

He arose from his knees, put on his slippers and left his room, closing the door after him. There was a snap of the lock and he was shut out. It takes nerve to lock yourself out of your room on a cold night, clothed only in a thin night shirt and slippers, to risk finding the janitor in bed, and not to be moved by any amount of importunity. If Farmer was not mathematically exact in his mind, he had class spirit. He went down and out of the dormitory and across the campus to the janitor's house, the wind almost succeeding in tearing his scanty covering off his body.

In the course of time the janitor was aroused and Farmer had stated his case. Some of the fellows had asked him to come out into the hall, and he had thoughtlessly closed the door, leaving his keys inside. The janitor, thinking he had been hazed, felt rather sorry for him, and gave him the master keys for all the floors—not taking time to sort out the one for the third floor—and told him to bring them back early in the morning. The adventurous Freshman again crossed the campus, struggling hard with the cold wind, and went up to the room of the president of his class, unlocked the door and entered, and without trouble and noise awoke him. He told him that the Sophomores knew that their banquet was to take place Thursday, and that they had planned to prevent their taking the early train, or in fact, any train that day. Farmer assured his president that he could outwit the Sophomores. Why not leave town that very morning and, if possible, have the banquet that night? There would be time, and he had the keys to all the doors. Nearly all the Freshmen roomed in single rooms since the few double rooms were reserved for the members of the three upper classes.

Of course, what Farmer said was not to be relied upon, and because he said the Sophomores knew, that was no proof that they did; but then it was a happy thought, and they would succeed in outwitting their enemies at least. Besides, the president decided that there ought to be a banquet held to celebrate the great event—Farmer had had a happy thought.

So the two, with the assistance of two others, each provided with a master key, set out to awaken all the Freshmen except the few who lived down town or roomed with other classmen; they could take their chances of getting away during the day. About seventy fellows boarded the four o'clock train, while the rest of the students were sound asleep, all because Farmer played his cards well and procured the keys and had not aroused the whole college by pounding on doors.

The Sophomores never knew how they happened to get the dates mixed; even "Spike" Thompson never could quite decide.

R. P. B., '05.

Bucknell Mirror.

JANUARY, 1903.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Williamsport, Pa.

Matters Literary.

We issue this month a special number with some new features, literary and typographical, which, we trust, will meet with favor. In our October number we published under the caption, "Storiettes from College Life," a number of short articles from the pens of our students, dealing with phases of student life in a realistic way. Owing to the success of the venture, we publish this month a second series of storiettes. We invite contributions on college subjects—stories or verse—which will give our readers a glimpse of student life and ways. College, by the way, is a little world in itself, with its cycle of happenings, social phases, and real issues; and a volume of short stories devoted to student ways and doings, from the pens of college men, would make interesting reading.

Jesse Lynch Williams, in "Princeton Stories," has demonstrated what may be done in this department of fiction.

* * *

Our Cover.

The neat cover design for this month is the work of Jæckel, '03. The presence of sketches and cuts each month would greatly enhance the beauty of THE MIRROR, but the small subscription list at present precludes all possibility of such an innovation. We trust that in the future a staff artist will be a regular appointment.

* * *

Our Opportunities.

Gibbon says that there are two educations—one which we gain from books, the other, more important, which we gain for ourselves. The literary opportunities within the reach of every college student are rarely appreciated. The college periodicals should demand a large portion of the student's time and talent. They present an opportunity for practical journalism and foster the literary spirit of the college. Student publications already form an unique department of current literature. The college and high school monthly has attained a recognized place in journalism, and is a positive factor in the literary status of any school.

The active participation in the work of the college literary societies affords an opportunity for literary culture unsurpassed. Leading men testify to the truth of this statement. Keen power of discussion, critical judgment, knowledge of vital questions of the day, as well as literary training, are gained by the student. The power to express clearly and forcibly one's thoughts in public is surely reward enough for any sacrifice of time or inconvenience.

College Notes.

Dr. Lincoln Hulley, of the Chair of History, is the author of a book just published entitled, "Annie Laurie Songs." This is Dr. Hulley's second publication of child verse.

The friends of the University are rejoicing upon the successful completion of the effort to add $100,000 to the endowment. This brings the property of the institution up to a million.

Several new students have entered College this term, and there have also been some additions in the Academy.

Dr. Hulley delivered the regular term lecture to the students of the University on Monday, Jan. 12. His subject was "Education and Life." The relation of education to life was very clearly shown, and stress was laid upon the early training of the child and upon the care of its nervous system. The speaker also showed clearly the opportunities of the student with ordinary means as compared to those of a few decades ago, and earnestly urged all students to make the most of their opportunities.

Theta Alpha Literary Society elected the following officers for the winter term: President, E. L. Taylor; vice-president, C. H. Ealy; secretary, D. M. Sutton; treasurer, E. Jarrett; critic, G. R. Bliss; censor, Jos. Macro; curator, G. E. Bartlett.

The following officers of Euepia Literary Society were elected for the winter term: President, C. W. Tiffany; vice president, V. N. Robbins; secretary, N. E. Henry; treasurer, C. Wynn; sergeant-at-arms, Eri Farr.

The new course in civil engineering has been published and is a comprehensive one. It leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering. No student will be recommended for the degree if his average standing is below 9.

The annual foot ball game between the Carlisle Indians and Bucknell has again been scheduled, and will be played next October at Athletic Park, Williamsport.

At the annual meeting of the Athletic Association, held recently, the following officers were elected: President, Thomas J. McCabe, Mahanoy City; vice president, J. Robert Hayes, Montoursville; secretary, E. F. Gilbert, Montoursville; treasurer, Walter S. Gearhart, Curwensville; assistant foot ball manager, Charles S. Marsh, New Bethlehem; representatives of Finance Board, Anthony Steinhilper, South Williamsport, and Albert G. Karge, Camden, N. J.

The following committee was appointed to audit the books of C. F. Eisenmenger, treasurer, Warrensville: H. M. Christ, Millersville; L. W. Robey, Baltimore, Md., and B. F. White, of Bradford. The report of S. B. Dunlap, of Montoursville, foot ball manager for 1902, showed that financially and otherwise this year's team was the best Bucknell ever had. This year's foot ball season cleared off last year's indebtedness of the association, and placed athletics at Bucknell upon a more firm foundation.

Hon. John B. Stetson, of Philadelphia, was elected a trustee of Bucknell University at the semi-annual meeting of the board, and has accepted the position. Mr. Stetson is well known as a philanthropist. Another new trustee is Col. John J. Carter, of Titusville, who has also accepted the election to the trusteeship.

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Alumni Notes.

Ex. '59. Rev. Samuel L. Cox, pastor of the Baptist church, Croton, N. J., died on Christmas Day, aged 67 years.

Ex. '73. The new reciprocity treaty between Cuba and the United States was negotiated by Col. Tasker H. Bliss. Col. Bliss was also suggested by the President as one most capable of adjusting differences at present existing between the European powers and Venezuela.

'74. Bucknell's former president, Hon. David Jayne Hill, D. D., LL. D., first assistant secretary of state, is mentioned as the President's choice for United States Minister to Switzerland.

'74. (Inst.) Mrs. Mary (Evans) Griffith, wife of Rev. D. W. Griffith, '79, pastor of the Baptist church, at Bedford, Iowa, died Nov. 16. After graduating from the Institute she taught at Keystone Academy, Factoryville, subsequently returning to Lewisburg, where she was one of the Institute instructors.

'75. Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., resides at Fernandina, Fla., having removed from Darien, Ga.

'78. Rev. Geo. E. Nichols, pastor of the First Baptist church, Saco, Me., celebrated the 75th anniversary of his church organization, Dec. 4.

'81. Rev. F. W. Cramer removes from Apalachicola, Fla., to become pastor of the Baptist church at Tallahassee, the capital city of the state.

'87. Rev. Miles Noll is pastor of the Carlisle Baptist church.

Ex. '89. Rev. J. W. Neyman, the Baptist pastor at Estherville, Iowa, dedicated a new $6,000 church edifice, Nov. 23.

'93. Edwin Maxey, Ph. B., lecturer in the School of Jurisprudence and Diplomacy, Columbia University, has an excellent article in the December number of the *Arena*. Comment is given upon the production in one of the editorials of the same number.

'94. Rev. A. E. Finn, of Cherryville, N. J., declines the call to Florence, N. J.

'94. Rev. A. C. Lathrop has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Everett Baptist church, and has accepted the call to the Millersburg, Bald Eagle and Port Matilda churches.

'95. Rev. F. I. Sigmund, of Westover, Pa., succeeds Rev. A. C. Lathrop, '94, in the pastorate of the Baptist church at Everett, Bedford county, Pa.

'98. Miss Ruth H. Sprague is principal of the public schools at Brookville.

'99. G. Livingstone Bayard has been appointed by President Roosevelt as chaplain in the United States army.

'99. A. K. Deibler is practicing law at Shamokin.

'00. Miss Grace Woodward is teaching in the public schools at Curwensville.

'00. Edward Bell, at the opening of this term, resigned as instructor at the Academy, to accept a position in the engineering department of Philadelphia.

'01. Miss Lillian Foust is teaching in the public schools of Milton.

'02. A. D. Bentz is with the International Correspondence school of Scranton.

'02. W. E. Maneval has accepted the position made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Bell.

'02. J. S. Davis has been engaged to coach the South Jersey Institute basket ball team for the season.

* *

Athletics.

During the past month Bucknell's basket ball stock has picked up amazingly. The depression caused by the graduation of some of last season's stars is gradually disappearing, as other men are being developed to fill the vacancies, and the Orange and Blue will doubtless be represented by a team scarcely less formidable than that which we had last season. McCormick, one of last season's guards, and Cheesman, all-round substitute on the five of 1902, are being developed for forwards, and thus far have shown exceptional ability. Griffith, '05, and Johnson, two of last season's substitutes, are showing up well at the guard positions and are probably fixtures. Captain Anderson, of course, retains his position at center. Among the most capable substitutes are Smith, Sheppard, Gill and Grier.

With the exception of the Junior-Sophomore game, class basket ball gives evidence of being comparatively uninteresting this season. Some doubt has been expressed as to whether or not the Seniors will really have a team; while the Freshman class does not give much promise of developing any exceptional material, although the first-year men may be counted upon to make a good fight. The game between the Junior and Sophomore classes will probably be the deciding contest for the championship, which, combined with the fact that both fives are evenly matched, will make the game decidedly interesting. The Sophomores have three 'varsity men and the Juniors two. The second-year men are bent upon avenging last year's defeat, while their opponents are equally determined to retain the championship cup for another year.

Coach Hoskins has issued a call for candidates for the track and field team. They will be given indoor work three times a week during the winter months. Special attention will be paid to the development of a good relay team to compete at Philadelphia next May. The prospects for another winning team are excellent, as but one member of the victorious team of 1902 (Goodall) has left College, and there are many candidates for his position.

⁂

Exchanges.

The Christmas number of *The Red and Blue* contains its usual number of excellent stories and verse. The article entitled "The Rise of the Minor Colleges in Foot Ball," makes a curious omission in naming the colleges which have made a bid for entrance into the "Big Four." We beg leave to state that Bucknell in collegiate foot ball ranks ahead of Annapolis.

The department "Mosaics of Thought," in the *Amulet*, is a commendable feature.

The *Philomathean Monthly* contains a lengthy article on Mohammedanism, and an instructive sketch of Horace, which deserve reading.

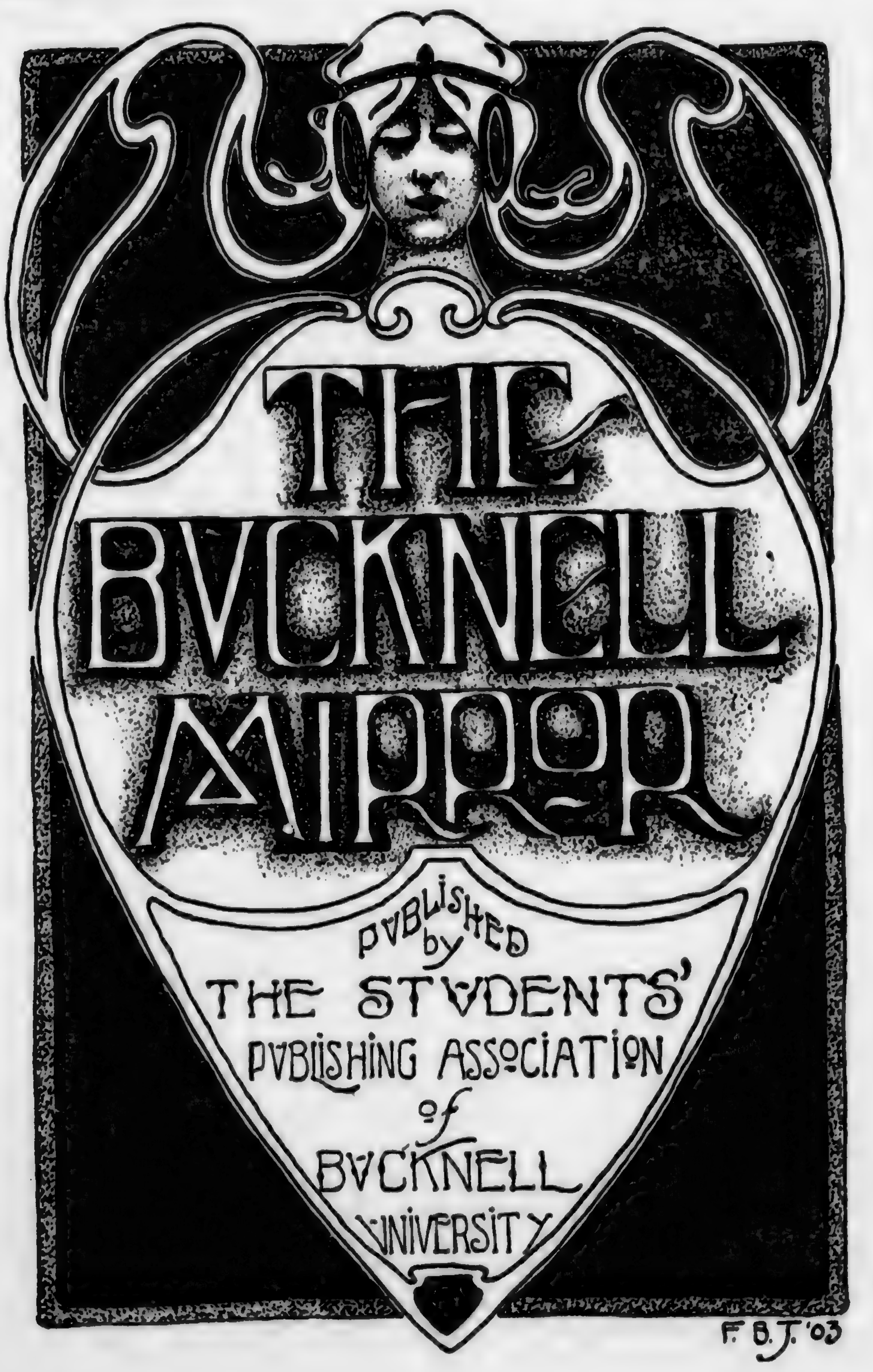
The *Thielensian* edits a department devoted to the news of other colleges which is of interest to all college men.

The *Mount Holyoke* contains a charming story entitled "Coming to Her Own." The critique, "The Power of Sound in Swinburne's Poetry," merits thoughtful perusal.

We like *The Touchstone* for the college spirit which permeates its pages. Every issue contains stories of college life and doings told in an interesting way.

Among exchanges this month we welcome *The University Journal*, *The Free Lance*, *The Susquehanna*, *The Sibyl*, *The College Folio*, and *The Allegheny Literary Monthly*.

Vol. XXII. FEBRUARY 1903. No. 5


THE
BUCKNELL
MIRROR
PUBLISHED
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THE STUDENTS'
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of
BUCKNELL
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F. B. J. '03

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Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXII. Lewisburg, Pa., February, 1903. No. 5

A Tale of the Track.

In 189—, when L— college was to meet us on the track, a victory seemed assured; Dame Nature gave us a beautiful day, the team was in the pink of condition, and the occasion brought out a great bunch of rooters. Everything went smoothly at first. Hedges won the hundred, and I took the high jump. The first really hard race was Kale's quarter. It was one of those supreme contests between two men when each struggles for the advantage of an inch.

Rudolph, of L—, set the pace, and at the last bend the bunch was already out of it, and Kale was closing up the gap. The finish was terrific; neck and neck, with wild eyes and set jaws, and agony written on their faces, they fought it out. Kale won by a foot, but it used him up, and for the first time in his life he was carried off the field.

Well, they doctored him up, and sponged and fanned him into shape again by the time the half was called. There were only four men in this race, and the other three men were fresh. Curtis set an awful pace, according to instructions—but why describe it? It is the same old story: the same dogged endurance in hanging to the pace, the same supreme struggle when the final sprint came, and the same heart-breaking finish—only this time Kale lost, and for the second time in his history he fell limp and motionless.

Meantime the events had been going merrily forward. At first we won everything, and there was jubilation.

But presently the tide turned and L— began to creep closer and closer. The open jubilation gave place to a quiet smile, the smile to an anxious look, and when L— tied the score at 48 points, a settled gloom fell on the crowd. Only one event was left—the 220-yard dash; Long, who was picked to win it, had been badly spiked in the high hurdles. Beside Long, Hand and Sharr were expected to run. Since only first and second places counted, whoever won the race won the meet.

Already the announcer had called the event, the starter was at the mark, and the judges ready. L—'s men came trooping out, three in number, and looking fit to win the race of their lives. The little group of L— rooters cheered them wildly, but over in our stand was a troubled silence. The spectators moved uneasily, and nervously tore up their programmes. Evidently something was wrong. "Why don't they come out?" some one asked, but no one appeared. Presently the gym. door opened, and out came Hand, followed by the coach, red, angry and anxious. The crowd gave a gasp—where were the others?

In the gym. there had been the deuce to pay. Sharr had broken training, grown ill from the excitement, and now refused "to go out and make a fool of himself." Threats, arguments and pleadings were alike vain—he would not go out and be beaten before a crowd. That left Hand alone to run against three, and Hand was a slow starter. Let them lead him, even for an instant, and he would be boxed. The crowd saw all in an instant. Some groaned and some swore, but mostly they watched the angry coach. Seizing a megaphone he advanced to the stand: "Is Mr. Kale here?" he asked. Kale, who had dressed and joined his friends, rose instantly. Again the crowd comprehended, and a yell went up that shook the stand. Kale was entered, but had not been expected to run. Without a word he hurried into the gym. When he emerged a trifle later, once more clad for the struggle, the stand went wild.

What follows is a short story. Kale, exhausted by two previous races, couldn't win, but he saved the pole for Hand, and carried him around the bend a yard ahead—then he knew no more. When he regained consciousness the whole college was bending over him. Almost tearfully he said, "boys, I am sorry I failed, but I-did-the-best-I-could." "Failed!" said the now beaming coach, "why, man, you won the day for us." '02.

⁂

Robert Burns as a Lyrist.

The unique place which Robert Burns, the peasant poet, occupies in the history of Scotland and of mankind, makes the consideration of his lyrical poems a fitting tribute to his name and memory. Though dead one hundred and six years, he still lives and will continue to live so long as man adores woman, admires nature or loves his native land. He no longer belongs to Scotland, for long since his fame has gone beyond the bounds of his own country. In order to discuss the subject, Burns as a lyrist, intelligently, two questions must be answered. First, what constitutes a lyric? Second, what are the requisites for a song writer? Lyric writing has been defined as "that form of poetry whose object it is to give expression to thought as penetrated with emotion; the poetry of sentiment." "It must have heartiness, melody and simplicity of construction and diction."

He who desires to write a melody, in the words of Carlyle, "must give vent to his personal emotions or expressions—his joys or sorrows, his cares or complaints, his aspirations or his despair: or he reproduces in words the impressions which nature or history may have made upon him."

The Bard of Scotland measures up to all these requirements for a lyric writer. There were many things that surround his life which combined to make him a song writer. There was a great back-ground of national melody and antique verse that had come down to him from former ages. From his earliest years it was playing upon the imagination and heart of the poet. His entire life was spent amidst songs and sweet Scottish melodies. While yet in his cradle his dear pious mother sang him to sleep with them.

Then from his boyhood days until his death he had eagerly and fondly studied of the old times, and in his young heart he treasured every national air and verse. Allan Ramsey's Collection of Old Scotland Songs he studied, verse by verse, while driving his cart, or ploughing, carefully distinguishing the true from the false. And it is plainly evident that a great part of the popularity of his songs is due to the fact that they are the outgrowth of all the sweet melodies and memories, which for centuries belonged to the national life of Scotland, but they passed through the heart and soul of the great singer, and he sent them forth beautified and glorified by his genius.

Our Bard's high motives and great ambition [were also incentives to his becoming a singer. It seemed he could do so little for his own beloved Scotland, and yet he did all that was within his powers. There was but one small avenue open to him for fame and fortune—that was Scottish songs, and how fondly he entered upon the road, how devotedly he labored there, his two hundred or more lyrics are good evidence.

The Ayrshire ploughman's many love affairs played an important part in his lyrics. Love and poetry began together in the life of the poet. In his love songs he gives us the very throb of his loving and sympathetic heart. It was Ellison Begbic, to whom he addressed the pure and beautiful love-lyric, "Mary Morrison," and in these lines he first shows forth his great lyrical genius:

"Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Who for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whose only fault is loving thee?"

The boundless love of this noble seer has reached out and taken in every kind and condition of men. His sympathetic feeling went out even for the lower animals. He sang of his love for women, nature and country. "His love songs contain a charm, a melody and a fire unknown before his day." Here is a lay that tells of many a love tale:

> "Had we never loved so kindly,
> Had we never loved so blindly,
> Never met or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Love! Love was the all-consuming fire that sent forth from his heart that sweetest, purest, and most abiding of all love-lyrics in the world's literature. His love of nature called forth many beautiful strains:

> "How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
> With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair."

While his patriotic heart pealed forth perhaps the greatest war lyric ever penned by any poet:

> "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
> Scots whom Bruce has often led,
> Welcome to your gory bed,
> Or to glorious victory."

The melodies written by Burns are never shallow, but ever plain, and the feeling and emotions that he expresses are so melodious that he charms you with his sincere verse. In his songs you can hear the noise of battle:

> "Wha for Scotland's King and law
> Freedom's will strongly draw,
> Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
> Caledonia! on wi' we!"

Or, you may listen to his sad lament:

> "O Mary! dear departed shade!
> Where is thy place of blissful rest?
> See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
> Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast!

Or, if bacchanalian ditties are to be written and enjoyed, here is perhaps the greatest ever written:

"O, Willie brew'd a peck a maut,
And Rob and Allan came to see."

In his lyrics, Scotland and her people are interpreted as no country before or since has been. Through his songs you get the traditions of her kings and her romances; you get her very life. It is rightly said "that no poet before or since his day has sent forth so much that is, and will continue to live as poetry."

Perhaps no other writer ever gave us so much of himself as the Scottish singer did in his songs. The secret of his popularity and place in the heart of Scottish peasantry is, that his lyrics are the very soul of the poet life. It is said "that it is as a song writer that his fame has spread the widest and will last the longest." They will last because true and sincere emotions make an impression, and they are abiding also because "he has found a tone and words for every mood of man's heart." In all of his songs, no matter what the subject is, you can notice that complete abandonment of self which is so necessary to true lyric writing.

In his strains he speaks also with such melody and modulation, that it is music without being set to music. It is true that his songs are written in that poor Scottish dialect, but it is a great credit to the genius of Burns, that out of such an instrument be brought forth so much that is classic in literature. As you ponder over this:

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair,
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu'o' care!"

or some other of his sweet songs, does not your heart beat with Carlyle's, when he exclaims: "What sweetness and grace! What soft, pathetic, penetrating, eternal melody, as if all the sadness of shaggy Scotland had found a voice."

His style is musical, familiar, and glowing with the truth of nature. He sang his lays of the old Scottish airs as he walked behind his plough, seeking for no other fashion than his own. His passions he desired to show as he felt them. Writing in the dialect he had learned at his father's fireside, and writing for those in his own station, with like feelings and emotions, he not only charmed them, but wherever the English tongue is spoken there will he be loved. The simplicity of his style in construction and diction, the mastery over direct and simple speech, which can only come from true and sincere emotions, goes to your heart and acts like a tonic, if you are among the down-trodden or oppressed, as it did act on the peasantry of Scotland a century ago.

The choice of his subjects was a great aid to his lyrical genius. The subjects he chose to write about, the substance he used, are those things that concern every man's life, affections and relations, which ever remain the same and are of vital importance.

'His method had a great deal to do with the place that his lyrics hold in the literature of to-day. They were composed with the utmost care. He never wrote until he was master of the tune he wished to use. After selecting his subject he usually composed one verse of the melody, and then went to look upon nature around him, noticing only those things that would aid him to write his song, and then when he felt the fire of the muses playing in his soul, he began to write.

His rank as a poet will rest or fall with our judgment of his lyrical genius. "He had a gift of song which time has pronounced imperishable," and among the many statesmen, soldiers and poets of Scotland, not one is so fondly and lovingly remembered as the Ayrshire singer. Hardly any one doubts but that he is the greatest peasant poet that ever lived. He has not the inventive genius of a Shakespeare, nor the great knowledge of a

Pope, but he is the poet of man's heart and perhaps first among the British song writers.

The influence of Burns can hardly be estimated. On the peasantry of Scotland his influence was very great, and he is loved by them as no poet has ever been loved by any people. In every patriotic home of Scotland his songs are learned by heart. His verses made Caledonians more patriotic, dignified and ennobled the lot of the poor ploughman. They are a cheer to the down-trodden and oppressed of every land. In every clime where the human heart would give vent to its deepest and most kindly emotions, a rich and full treasure are the songs of Robbie Burns. '04

Annie Laurie.

"Annie Laurie, an Old Sweetheart of Mine," is the title of Dr. Hulley's book of love songs. It is a book of a hundred pages, containing over fifty lyric poems, all dealing with the sentiment of love. Every line ministers to the noblest conception of love, and is expressed in choice language with the art of one who has mastered the excellences of poetic composition. Every song is a strong, vigorous expression of a strong personality, and yet is qualified by a delicate sense of propriety, a genial, joyous spirit, and a tender graciousness of manner.

All the beautiful vocabulary of love poetry is there, minus every word that nauseates. Every gracious sentiment of the lover is there, free from all that is ignoble or impure. Burns' love songs are marred by an element of grossness; Browning's excellent analysis of love are often psychological studies in diseased and morbid manifestations of love; Tennyson's lyrics are at times insipidly sweet, and his women subordinate creatures. But these poems of Dr. Hulley do not contain a line that ministers to a morbid fancy or a gross passion. They are all sane and healthy, gladness ringing through and through them, universal and true in their interpretation of the hearts of lovers. Read "Whenever I Think of You," or "E'er the Silver Cord be Loosed," or "My Golden Winsome Fleurdelis," and you catch the joy, the beauty, the lofty idealism, the rythmic beauty, and the human love that every poem in its way illustrates. The "Lover's Tryst" and "Her Promise True," are every man's experience who has known the tender passion at all, and yet what beautiful expression, and what beautiful sentiment one finds in them.

The least reflection will show that the author is not philosophizing about love, nor is he presenting social studies, but he is singing the emotions and feelings roused by love. That is the function of poetry. It deals properly with feeling. One wonders where Dr. Hulley learned his grace of speech. His words are jewels, his lines are music, his sentiments pure and lofty, each poem a complete and beautiful work of art.

The following poem will give one an idea of the excellence of the book:

E'ER THE SILVER CORD BE LOOSED.

E'er the moon and the stars be darkened,
  And the gathering clouds expand;
E'er the grinders cease from grinding.
  And the mill which idly stands;
E'er the walls of our house shall crumble,
  Its foundation laid in the sands;
Let us build a house eternal,
  A house not made with hands.

E'er the daughters of music shall perish,
  That gladden our hearts with mirth;
And the Almond tree shall flourish
  In its white little mound of earth;
E'er the doors be shut and the windows
  In the house and land of our birth;
Let us strive for a life that is perfect,
  A life of surprising worth.

E'er the pitcher break at the fountain,
  And our shattered hopes prove vain;
E'er the wheel be down at the cistern,
  And the night begin in rain;
E'er the harp of life be stringless,
  Or we halt on a single line;
Let us sing a song that is faultless,
  A rhapsody all divine.

E'er the silver cord be loosened
  By the gnawing effects of time;
Or the golden bowl be broken
  That holds thy love and mine;
E'er the vigor of youth be ended,
  And we bow beneath the strain;
Let us prove a love that is deathless,
  With a passion akin to pain.

❧ ❧

Storiettes.

Yes, just wait a few minutes and I'll be ready. Say! don't you think I look swell in my new suit? There is no doubt but that I'll cut a figure; you see, first impressions are the ones that count. Say! do you think that I ought to wear this pink tie, or that blue one? All right! If you are in a hurry don't wait. I'll meet you there. Say! how did you say they do? Yes, of course I know; you needn't tell me, for I've been in society before. Why, we had lots of parties at home, and I have called upon girls before. So long—I'll meet you later. * * * Hello, fellows! Why, quite a bunch. By the way, where do you meet the ladies? I see. Hello, there come two! Guess she knows I am here—strange how they know us.

"Good evening. Your card, please, and who is the lady you wish to see?"

Why; Miss—. Card? Don't have any; just wait, I left them up in my room at college. Good night; I'll be back soon.

Bucknell Mirror.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Williamsport, Pa.

Outside Work.

A University is a place of development. This, we know, should be not one-sided and narrow, but many-sided and broad. It was never intended that a student should get all his training from the class room; there are outside duties and activities, the performance of which gives a man a necessary part of his development. Here at Bucknell there are many of these side issues which we can take up, and according to each one's taste, he should engage in one or more of them.

There is in the first place the library. A text book, or at least the great majority of them, is merely a guide for study. Owing to the nature of the case it cannot go very minutely into details, but must only suggest many things that will be found in a larger treatise on the same subject.

It is in the library also that we get our mental play—the reading of fiction. For other reasons also we should work in this department of the college.

Into another and perhaps more prominent part of the college work we should throw ourselves if we are able. Athletics have to-day come to be recognized as a necessary part of every progressive college, and it should be the aim of each student to help this part of his institution along. We cannot all be "coach's winners," but the most of us can help others to be. If possible, this side of our life should be proportionately developed.

If, however, our inclinations do not lead us into either of the two foregoing lines of work, we may perhaps devote our extra time to the religious activities of the University. They are many, and as worthy as they are numerous. They are always requesting our support and should be advanced. This is another way in which our training may be helped.

The above are fields of work in which each of us can find a place. Though not required of a student for graduation, a college man who takes his degree without having engaged in any of them is looked upon as narrow and unpractical. Hence, let us all make men of ourselves —well sounded men, broadened and helped by every activity of college life, feeling that without these unrequired fields of work having been entered our life would have been greatly dwarfed.

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Shall the Editor go Unrewarded?

Moved, no doubt, by the complaint so often heard lately that our papers are not what they might be, the faculty recently formulated a number of conditions, without meeting which no student may serve on a paper. This action we regard as timely, and as a step forward in literary lines. We, however, do not think that this alone can bring about the desired end—the improvement of our papers—for the reason that conditions have been laid down upon the fulfillment of which the one who subjects himself to the conditions gains nothing. In other words, the traveling on the road to nothing has been made more burdensome and toilsome.

This we regard as the chief defect in our system at present—a want of something for which to strive. One may say that the editor has the experience that such work gives; but this is not enough. The college athlete, although he gains physical development by his partaking in athletics, is offered a "B" as an inducement; the student is offered incentives to do the very thing for which he comes to college—to gain proficiency in his studies. Should not the man who works on the paper be requited in some way?

We do not here mention what should be the reward. At different colleges different means are used. But we do say that the increased number of conditions must be balanced by some corresponding reward, or the former will be hurtful rather than beneficial.

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College Notes.

At a meeting of the college faculty, the following regulations concerning athletic games were passed: 1. The foot ball department was restricted to eleven games; base ball to twenty games, not more than ten of which are to be played away from home, and not more than two on any one trip; basket ball to twelve games, of which not more than five may be played away from home.

The college faculty also adopted the following regulations concerning the college publications: No one shall be eligible to serve as editor on any of the recognized college publications—the *Orange and Blue*, the *Mirror* or *Commencement News*, unless he shall have passed with credit, in the rhetorical work of the Freshman year, and the rhetorical work of the first term of the Sophomore; and the professor of rhetoric shall present to the faculty, at the opening of the winter term, a list of all persons who have attained high standing, and have shown competency for such work; and from such list, when approved by the faculty, all editors for the college periodicals shall be taken. 2. No one shall be eligible to serve as editor-in-chief, or as literary editor of said publications, until he shall have taken, in addition to the work specified in Article 1, the course in journalism, and the course in advanced composition, and the professors shall make out a like list of eligibles, regard being had to the general standing of the student, as well as to his standing in these branches; provided that no one shall be eligible to the position of editor-in-chief or literary editor, until he has completed the work of the course to the end of the second term of the Junior year.

On Tuesday, Feb. 24, William J. Bryan lectured in the opera house for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. of the college. A large crowd was in attendance, and were held in rapt attention throughout the evening by Mr. Bryan's commanding eloquence. A goodly sum was realized for the prosecution of future Y. M. C. A. work.

On Friday, Feb. 20, occurred Bucknell's chief social function of the year—the college girls' reception. This year the reception was even better than those of previous years, if this be possible, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all present.

During the past month an upper class fraternity, to be known as "Phi Tau," was established at Bucknell.

Tuesday, Feb. 3, witnessed the election of the L'Agenda board by the class of 1905, as follows: Editor-in-chief, Bostwick; assistant, Henry; business manager, Cheeseman; class editor, McCauley; literary committee, Robbins, chairman, Misses Shorkley, Goddard, Forgeus and Kelly, Messrs. Steinhilper, Smith, Williamson and

Bowen; athletics, Prout; organizations, Hanna; fraternities, Mackey; artist, Hainer; assistant, Miss Stoner; photographer, McCain; assistant, Daniel.

The Senior reception given by the ladies of the class to their class brothers, occurred on Friday, Feb. 13.

In the near future the annual inter-society debate will be held. The debate is confined to the under-classmen.

Dr. Perrine was one of the speakers at the celebration of Founder's Day by Peddie Institute of New Jersey.

The baccalaureate address to the graduates of the Carbondale High School, is to be delivered by Dr. Hulley, June 19.

Prof. E. M. Heim, of the chair of economics, delivered a lecture to the student body in the chapel, Saturday, Feb. 21, on "The Louisiana Purchase."

The Junior promenade of the class of 1904, took place Friday, Feb. 6, and was a decided success.

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Alumni Notes.

'60. Simon P. Wolverton was one of the chief counsel for the operators in the recent proceedings before the strike commission.

'76. Prof. A. B. Stewart, formerly instructor at Bucknell, is now instructor of Latin in Colgate Academy.

'77. Rev. C. A. Hare, financial secretary of the University, has purchased the property of the late Henry Gerhart, on University avenue, and will occupy it with his family about April 1.

Ex. '81. Rev. Franklin G. McKeever has been for ten years the pastor of the First Baptist church, New London, Conn.

'83. Rev. H. F. Stilwell, D. D., has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist church, St. Paul, Minn., to accept the call of the First Baptist church, Cleveland, O.

'83. Rev. Morgan J. Watkins, pastor of the Baptist church, Hallstead, Pa., died in the Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, Jan. 9, of cancer of the stomach, at the age of 42 years. He was in his second pastorate at Hallstead. In the interval between these two pastorates he served the church at Factoryville, Pa., with great acceptance.

'86. Judge Walter delivered an address on ''Modern Politics,'' at the Bar banquet, which was held at Milton, Thursday evening, Feb. 12.

'87. Mr. Edwin Paul, Esq., of Milton, gave an exceptionally find address on ''The Rounds of the Ladder,'' at the Bar banquet, Milton, Feb. 12.

'88. Prof. Lincoln Hulley was the chief speaker at the re-dedication of the Milton Baptist church. He took as his theme, ''Some Things Called Church Work Which the Organization Ought Not to Do.''

'91, Inst. Music. Miss Carrie E. Mensch, of Mifflinburg, Pa., has been invited to the chair of music in the Normal School, at Stroudsburg, Pa.

'91. W. Norman Morris has removed his law office to the Stafford building, 1120 Chestnut street, Phila.

'93. Edwin Maxey, author of a new book entitled, ''Some Questions of Large Politics,'' is lecturer in the School of Jurisprudence and Diplomacy, Columbia University, Washington, D. C. Mr. Moxey's new book is a volume of essays dealing with political and social science questions. They form a collection of discussions of timely and interesting topics, in which is displayed the rare power of being able to apply the principles of social philosophy to the solution of questions of practical politics. They form a real contribution to American political literature.

'94. Principal Warren Marts, of South Jersey Institute, is meeting with great success in the leadership of that school, in this his first year as principal. The attendance has been more than doubled this year under his management.

'97. Anna Kate Goddard, missionary of Wingpo, China, is spending the winter with her brother at Washington, D. C.

'97. E. P. Gilchrist has formed a co partnership with Eugene Bluhmanthal, for the practice of law, with offices at 76 William street, New York City.

'98. Levi T. Fetzer has formed a partnership with Raymond L. Griffith, at 62 Wall street, New York City, for the practice of law.

'98. Frank Golder, formerly a teacher in Alaska, is now living in Cambridge, Mass.

'99. G. Livingstone Bayard, recently appointed chaplain in the navy, has been assigned to the European squadron, with headquarters on the flagship.

'99. Grace DeWolf is an instructor in South Jersey Institute.

'00. Prof. Reed, of the Milton High School, delivered an address on Lincoln's life and its bearing on the negro question, at the observation of Union Defender Day, at Milton.

'01. Shields, in the dental department at the University of Pennsylvania, is assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

Rev. J. Wesley Sullivan, pastor of the Snyder Avenue Baptist church—a Bucknellian, has been chosen chaplain of the Pennsylvania senate for the current session.

Frank G. Perrine, a former student at Bucknell, and a prominent lawyer of Media, has been appointed secretary to the committee on Judiciary General of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives.

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Philadelphia Alumni Meeting.

The annual meeting and banquet of the Bucknell Alumni Club of Philadelphia, was held on Monday evening, Feb. 2, at the Colonnade Hotel, and was well attended, with the president, Samuel Bolton, M. D., '85, in the chair. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. Lewis Ziegler, M. D., '80; vice-president, C. A. Hare, D. D., '77; secretary, Rev. Jos. R. Wood, '94, re-elected; treasurer, P. N. K. Schwenk, M. D., '76, re-elected; chairman Ex. Com., Rev. R. M. West, '89, re-elected. At the banquet Dr. S. Lewis Ziegler presided, with Dr. John Howard Harris, president of the University, on his right. A letter was read from Ex-President David Jayne Hill, LL. D., recently appointed Minister to Switzerland. Post-prandial speeches were made by President Harris, Rev. A. J. Rowland, D. D., '62, secretary of the corporation; Rev. D. P. Leas, '63, treasurer; Calvin A. Hare, D. D., '77; Rev. A. B. Bowser, '88, of Millville, N. J.; A. J. Sherwood, '00, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Chaplain G. Livingston Bayard, U. S. N., '99, who is about to leave the city for his new station attached to the European squadron.

Athletics.

The 'varsity basket ball team has surpassed all expectations by its work this season. Up to this time (Feb. 20) it has not lost a game, and the chances for a clean sweep for the season are excellent. Although Manager Bertolette has secured the best games in his power, there has not been a team to hold Bucknell down to a reasonable score. The fives of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, Gettysburg, Franklin and Marshall, and Ashland A. C., have gone down in turn before the prowess of Captain Anderson's men. The last named team, one of the strongest amateur organizations in this section of the state, was defeated by a score of 56 to 12. Manager Bartolette has met with a series of disappointments in his schedule. Princeton cancelled in order to give Pennsylvania a game in the inter-collegiate league, which made it necessary for Bucknell to cancel with Swarthmore, where Bucknell was to stop off en route to Princeton. Dickinson cancelled both of its games, owing to the disbandment of the Carlisle team, on account of injuries to players. With such an excellent team, these cancellations are extremely unfortunate.

Coach Hoskins has been holding some interesting indoor contests in Tustin gymnasium lately. These contests are held with a view to limbering up the joints of the old men on the field and track team, and to bring to the surface any new material that may be in college. The former object they have accomplished in a manner highly pleasing to the coach, and which augurs well for the success of the team the coming season. On Feb. 14 two indoor records were broken by Edwards and Gillis.

The Bucknell relay team has been entered in the ninth annual Pennsylvania races, to be held at Philadelphia on April 25. Two changes have been made in the Bucknell group, Villa Nova having been taken out, and Western University of Pennsylvania, and Westminster having been added. Outdoor work will be commenced by the Bucknell candidates as soon as the weather permits.

Manager Kester, of the base ball team, has announced his schedule for the season. It includes twenty games, and is probably the best schedule that has ever been arranged for the Orange and Blue. West Point is the only new game of importance, although Syracuse will be played for the first time since 1900. The schedule in detail is as follows:

April 4—Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.
" 14—Syracuse at Lewisburg.
" 30—Gettysburg at Lewisburg.
May 1—Seton Hall, at South Orange.
" 2—Fordham, at New York.
" 9—Williamsport A. C., at Williamsport.
" 13—Dickinson, at Lewisburg.
" 15—Lafayette, at Lewisburg.
" 21—Franklin and Marshall, at Lewisburg.
" 27—United States Military Academy, at West Point.
" 30—Harrisburg A. C., at Harrisburg (3 games).
June 3—Princeton, at Princeton.
" 4—Franklin and Marshall, at Lancaster.
" 6—Gettysburg, at Gettysburg.
" 8—Dickinson, at Carlisle.
" 13—Bloomsburg Normal School, at Bloomsburg.
" 16—Lafayette, at Easton.
" 20—Sophomores vs. Freshmen.
" 22—Williamsport A. C., at Lewisburg.
" 23—Open.
" 24—Bloomsburg Normal School, at Lewisburg.

Twenty candidates for the nine have reported to Captain Jækel, and indoor training has commenced. Outside the pitcher's position the team promises to be strong. The chief aim of the captain will be to develop pitching material.

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Exchanges.

The *Monthly Maroon* for January, like many of our exchanges, appears in a new cover. The illustrated article, "On the Pleasures of Spending Money," is unique in conception; we think, however, that the title is misleading, for there is no suggestion of the sordidness of finance in the story. "A Physical Ghost," is in every sense the story of a twentieth century ghost. The printing of articles in French is decidedly a departure in college journalism.

Class banquets figure largely in the life of every Freshman. The *Touchstone* prints this month, under the caption "The Senior's Talk," a very timely banquet story.

The *Mount Holyoke* for January contains an able article on "Equal Suffrage." The writer hails the decadence of chivalry as indicative of social reform—"comradeship is nobler than queenship; the status of its women measures the superiority of a race." Relative to women holding office, the writer prudently states that most women will not care for offices incompatible with their chosen professions, whether those professions be home-making or business.

The *Amulet* publishes two excellent articles on Indian subjects in its January issue, which are of especial interest to readers, especially since one is from the pen of an Indian student of West Chester Normal. A *resume* of the work of the Carlisle Indian School is given at some length.

The *Haverfordian* in its exchange department discusses the prevalent publication of German and French translations in our college papers. We agree that in cases where the translation is of singular felicity, and contains a marked personality, the practice is justifiable. We would likewise, however, add our plea for more original work on the part of contributors. The presence of good short stories enhances the interest of a paper, and in a sense attests the literary standing of a school, for nothing is more difficult than to write a short story in which plot, technique and character portrayal are properly developed.

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXII. Lewisburg, Pa., March April, 1903. Nos. 6-7

Tom Reed as a Typical American.

Edwin Maxey, '93, D. C. L. (Lecturer on Colonial Law and Government, Columbian University.)

It is measurably true to say that man is a product of heredity and environment. The emphasis placed upon the one or the other varies with different races, with different nationalities of the same race, and with different individuals of the same nationality. Where undue emphasis is placed upon the former there is a strong if not an irresistible tendency toward caste; if upon the latter, there is a tendency toward materialism. The former leads naturally to fatalism in philosophy; the latter to individualism—because we recognize our helplessness as individuals with reference to the former, while we are conscious of our ability to change to some extent the latter. Nationality is a resultant of these two forces. Other things being equal, the younger the nation the less importance will be attached to heredity, and the greater the emphasis which will be placed upon environment. In a new country, therefore, he is the best representative of its nationality who, in addition to possessing in a marked degree the ability to mould his environment, is the best reflector of it. While the national character is necessarily a more complex product than is that of the individual, there are nevertheless certain individuals whose characters seem to be a fairly accurate epitome of the larger national character. Bearing in mind these generalizations, as to the truth of which I think there can be little if any doubt, let us examine briefly the life of Tom Reed.

I know there are those who will say that Tom Reed was a typical *New Englander*—a Yankee. Granted. Yet he was more. He was a Yankee in the larger sense—he was an American. And in common with most Americans, he inherited very little save a healthy body, a large quantity of free air, and an opportunity for securing a good education. Like most Americans he appreciated and made good use of all three of the endowments. His mind was, as regards massiveness, in direct proportion to his body, but in inverse proportion to it as regards rapidity of action. His body was typically American in size and his mind equally American in brilliancy. He was, both in theory and practice, a firm believer in the American doctrine, which may be formulated as follows: that form of action is most desirable which accomplishes the maximum effect with the minimum expenditure of energy. This attitude of mind toward labor is not infrequently, though very erroneously, interpreted as being indicative of laziness. Although intensely industrious, I confess that I myself do not delight in labor for its own sake. His mind wasted no time or energy upon non-essentials, but drove straight at the heart of things. It was this faculty of being able to discern the kernel of wheat, however deeply buried beneath the chaff of words; to point out the relative values of both, and by so doing to rivet attention upon the former, which made him pre-eminently a debater. His success as a debater was therefore due in large part to economy of energy, both as to himself and his listeners. Members of Congress and those who frequented the galleries of the House, well remember how refreshing it was to hear him contribute more to a discussion in five minutes than had been contributed during several weary hours of diffuse speech making. He believed no more in talk for talk's sake than he did in labor for labor's sake.

In his aversion to ornament, whether in speech or dress, he resembled Abraham Lincoln, the most perfect example of a typical American. By each of them tinsel was estimated at its proper value.

Reed was as American in his wit as was Lincoln in his humor. The former will be remembered for his brilliant flashes of wit, the latter for his apparently inexhaustible fund of humorous anecdotes. I, of course, do not mean to say that they will not be remembered for other reasons, but I do insist that their names will never be dissociated entirely from the above characteristics. Nor is it easy to decide which used his weapon the more effectively. Lincoln used his humor, not as the buffoon, simply to amuse, but for the purpose of making his argument appear in a form more readily understood. It is by no means doubtful that he owed many a decision to his command of apt and humorous illustrations. Neither did Reed employ his masterly use of wit for the purpose of provoking laughter or admiration, but rather for the more practical purpose of putting to flight an adversary. Whether in the chair or as leader of the opposition, his biting sarcasm was used effectively. There were many other points of resemblance and of difference between Reed and Lincoln, but it would, perchance, take us too far afield to attempt a discussion of them, or even a catalogue of them in this brief analysis of Speaker Reed's character.

Reed was characteristically American in his straightforward, frank manner of expressing his thoughts. In fact, his frankness bordered upon bluntness. Whether a person liked what he said or not, there could be no mistaking his meaning. While this method of expressing one's thoughts may and does at times give offense, it just as certainly tends in the long run to beget confidence. So characteristic of Americans is it that we find this style of expression where one would least expect it, viz: in our diplomacy, of which it is the distinctive feature, and though it has at times provoked ridicule and at others given offense, it has finally secured respect. Bluffing and duplicity were as foreign to Reed and American diplomats as they were characteristic of the old school diplomacy, which, unfortunately, is not yet extinct on other continents.

Perhaps the most characteristically American trait in Tom Reed was that when he had made up his mind to do a thing, he generally did it. In other words, he was a man of action as well as of intellect. He would not permit formal and captious objections to interfere with the carrying out of a plan. With him, as with the majority of Americans, practical considerations outweighed metaphysical refinements; the promotion of the public welfare was a matter of vastly greater importance than strict adherence to precedents. Hence when, as speaker of the house, he was confronted by the question as to whether or not the minority should be permitted to avail themselves of the rules for the purpose of paralyzing legislation, he promptly answered it in the negative, and in so doing exhibited excellent judgment and great force of character. Like the practical man that he was, he felt that rules were made to facilitate, not to hamper, legislation. To his mind it was sufficiently clear that when a rule had ceased to subserve the purpose for which it was created, but on the other hand was being used to render legislative action impossible, that said rule should either be modified or abandoned. That in this he was in accord with the majority of his countrymen is amply proved by the later history of the House. Even his enemies—for enemies he had—paid him the sincere flattery of imitation.

Tom Reed was distinctively American in that he knew how to stand defeat as well as victory. He was a good loser. That he chanced at times to be in the minority did not cause him to be discouraged or disgruntled; neither did it impair his effectiveness as a debater. As a matter of fact, much of his most brilliant work was done as a member of the minority. He possessed the capacity to lead as well as the good sense to follow, if necessary.

That he possessed much in common with his countrymen is conclusively evidenced by the universal esteem in which he was held. Admired by them for his abilities, endeared to them by his services, he was loved by them because he was a part of them. It is a compliment both to Tom Reed and to his country to say that he was a representative product of American institutions.

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A Matutinal.

The day begins with a rosy dawn
  And colors of brightest hue;
But brighter far those colorings are
  Whenever I think of you.
And every valley and every hill
  That slowly comes to view
Is blessed with light that's doubly bright
  Whenever I think of you.

The birds are caroling in the trees—
  Their notes ring sweet and true;
But sweeter far their carolings are
  Whenever I think of you.
This one singeth an old song,
  And that one trilleth a new—
Both singer and song my joy prolong
  Whenever I think of you.

The breath of the early morn is sweet,
  It lifts like incense too;
But sweeter the breath on the smiling heath
  Whenever I think of you.
The fields are decked with many a flower
  Impearled with shining dew;
But finer the flower and gayer the hour
  Whenever I think of you.

The big round face of the jolly sun
  Looks out of his palace blue;
But lovelier yet the sweet sunset
  Whenever I think of you;
While fairy forms flit round my head
  And thrill me through and through;
And rainbow gleams dance in my dreams
  Whenever I think of you.

LINCOLN HULLEY,
(Author, *Annie Laurie Love Lyrics.*)

A Gusher and a Stormer.

Tom Stormer had a way of always appearing green, and usually to the embarrassment of other people. He wasn't green, though, even in his Freshman year; those who knew him were agreed upon that point. On first acquaintance, however, one would regard him as some country lad who had brought with him to college all the verdure of the trees and fields of the farm.

He was little known by the girls, and seldom went to their social functions. But in his Junior year, through the influence of his fraternity, he had a bid to a reception given by some of the swell co-eds. Even among "swell" girls there are some "gushers," and Miss Hempstreet was particularly adept at the art. As soon as she saw Tom enter the room she thought she had an easy victim. The other girls prepared to enjoy to the utmost Tom's embarrassment; they believed that he would never suspect that Miss Hempstreet was merely "jollying" him.

Miss Hempstreet, after a proper delay, began. The loveliest compliments gushed from her lips and flowed in a steady stream, and the source seemed deeper than the lips: "She had often heard the girls speak of him, and she was so glad he came to-night. The men in his fraternity were all such fine fellows that it was stupid of her not to have known before to which one he belonged. She liked all the members, and was sorry to have been deprived of his acquaintance until now." Could she be sincere, or was she making a fool of him? Surely she must care something for him! Such were his thoughts —she imagined.

Most fellows would have been carried away beyond the seventh heaven to the tenth or twelfth, but Tom didn't even blush. Even when the girls around them began audibly to titter, he didn't seem to know enough to feel uncomfortable. He was simply too stupid to realize that they were laughing at him. By and by, however, Tom and Miss Hempstreet were tactfully relieved of each other's company by some one who came to the rescue with introductions. The gusher was received with pats on the back and all other signs of congratulations.

Later in the evening when she was surrounded by *admirateurs des elites*, he suddenly appeared with Miss Emerest, the dean. O, what was she saying! Horrors!

"Mr. Stormer has asked for the pleasure of being presented."

"Why—why—I believe—"

Miss Emerest not realizing the situation, hastily completed the introduction.

"Why, Mr. Stormer, I believe we met early in the evening. Don't you remember we talked together quite awhile in the other room? Surely you remember"—she knew she should not say this; she was getting herself cornered.

"No, I don't remember anything about it. I am sure we have never met until now. I saw you here among the other ladies, and I was anxious to meet you."

Miss Emerest, seeing that things were becoming embarrassing in the extreme, led Tom away to a more congenial crowd.

The gusher gave one gasp, "Girls, he is not green at all; and I know I am awfully—red."

Tom Stormer is continually blundering like that, and it is mighty hard on the fraternity. R. P. B., '05.

* * *

Abraham Lincoln.

The life and character of Abraham Lincoln, the man, the statesman, the President—what a theme for eulogium and panegyric! No words can fitly express the debt of love we owe, nothing that we may do can adequately do him honor. Far above our power to add or detract, we can but add our paltry measure of praise to the memory of one whose name is an household possession, and whose life work is perpetuated in the existence of those very principles and institutions of government for which he sacrificed his life.

Abraham Lincoln was not born a king of men; he was emphatically a man of the people. Although exalted to the highest office within the gift of the nation, he was the humblest of its citizens. His personality impressed itself upon everything which he undertook; his stalwart character, unflinching honesty and loyalty to principles infused itself into every department of state. His place among the chosen few of the world's great men has been secured by universal consent. But it is not of Lincoln as a statesman that we wish to speak. The faultless diction, the mastery of expression evinced in his speeches and addresses entitle him to be called a master of English prose.

There was nothing in his surroundings to suggest the æsthetics of literature. He was born of humble parentage and grew to manhood in a backwood settlement. His teachers were Irish pedagogues of the frontier type, who were almost as ignorant as those whom they instructed. His mother was his only inspiration; she taught him to read his Bible, and by her spiritual and intellectual influence moulded the aspirations of the boy. From earliest youth he possessed that happy faculty of saying things in an interesting way. His ability as a story teller is proverbial. In those days there were few diversions or intellectual gatherings, and the country store became the centre of the wit and learning of the country district. But Lincoln was more than an idle wit, despite the incredible number of stories of this period accredited to him. He found time and pleasure when partner in a country store in reading Shakespeare and Burns. Visions came to him then which stirred his soul with lofty aspiration.

He was a close observer and a good listener, and was wont to analyze what he heard and to study the ideas of others until he firmly grasped them himself. To this trait may be attributed his gift of terse and clear expression which characterizes the Cooper Union speech and the first and second inaugurals. His Gettysburg address is justly ranked as an English classic. As the secret of his literary power, we may truthfully state that he possessed in a remarkable degree those attributes which Southey asserts as characteristic of every great writer: "a clear head, a good heart, and an honest understanding."

N. E. H., '05.

* *

The Falls of Niagara.

Terrible art thou in all thy glory,
Mighty Niagara! Immutable,
Thou hast withstood the ages with thy voice,
And biddest them still defiance in tones
That cause earth itself to quake and tremble
At thine omnific power.

Entranc'd, we gaze upon thy awful front
In terrific grandeur hung, till fancy,
O'er-powered, sees but the image of Him
Who bade thy waters into being and rais'd
Thee monarch of the world, to roar and tell
Vain man that he is nothing. For what is he
Compared with thine unceasing thunder?
Naught but a shadowy phantom that flits
Across earth's transient, ever-shifting scene.

Mind cannot grasp thee,
Nor due homage give. Inexpressible
Are the thoughts that throng the mind for utt'rance
As we gaze, with rapture bound, upon thy
Form terrific. But above thine awful voice,
Amidst thy chaotic glory, and mingl'd
With thy beauty, a voice there can be heard
That breathes of the omnipotence of God.

'05.

How Can You Tell?

"I think George will soon be a benedict."

"Well, he should be, because Grace Berks has shown him favors enough and he has had a clear field."

"I don't know about the clear field, for Lilly Johnson told Jack that Grace still gets letters regularly from Kamp, and you know H— College is there. Lilly hands out the letters down at the post-office, and should know. Then, too, Grace went to H— last year."

"That's all right, too," said Tom Gage, "but I know that George thinks he will come out ahead, from what he told me. And then, look; she goes with him everywhere. As many as three evenings a week he may be seen in her company. I'll bet on George."

As the two friends were passing the Berks residence, George Arnold came out with a happy smile on his face. He gave his friends a pleasant word or two when he hastened by them. They thought no more about the matter, but reminded one another that "if you talk of the devil he is sure to appear." When they had gone about two squares farther, as any two college boys who are home for vacation do, they stopped at the confectioner's to "have-a-look." Now, of course, instinct had led them aright, for there sat Minnie Berks and her friend, Miss Lyndaman.

"What do you think, Tom, we're going to have a big time up at our house pretty soon. Now don't you tell him, Lyndie"—to her chum, who was about to break in. "Guess now, you and Caspar, for I have you this time."

"Dog fight?" said Caspar.

"No-op."

"House party or ping pong game?"

"No, we're going to have a wedding. It's Grace, you know. Of course it wouldn't be I. No, thank you, no more. But I must be going. Oh, goodness! What did I do with my pocket-book? Oh, yes; thank you. Can't you come up? Well, then I will see you both to-morrow evening. Come on, Lyndie,'' and the girls were off, arm in arm.

Two weeks later, Gage sat reading in the library at the club, when Arnold entered. As he threw himself into a chair beside Gage, that worthy looked up to see a very glum young man. Wondering what could be the trouble, he said, "Why, George, old girl, you look as if your poker hand had been very bad last night and your fortune had been the stake."

"Well, that's about it. I suppose I might as well tell you all about it, Tom. It seems—I thought I was engaged. I believed I had won out. I bought the ring. I took it up and Grace met me at the door. She had a good deal of hesitation in her manner, and wouldn't look at me as she bade me come in. She told me to come into the parlor, and when I had followed her she said, 'George, let me make you acquainted with Charley. Mr. Arnold, Mr. Baxter. He has just come over from H— College to see papa and me.' Well, that took all the wind out of my sails. 'To see papa and me.' So he had come and she had given him her word. I had misunderstood her. And, as for her father, I hadn't seen him yet. There again, I had taken too much for granted. I saw it all in a minute and came away early. I have my ring yet, and Tom, I have—I must give her up."

Tom knew that silence was the best answer he could make. He knew that the wound was too deep for words, and he knew George of old. For they had grown up together, never having been apart for any great length of time until George went into the bank with his father and Tom went to college. He saw now that "Charley" was to be the bridegroom, and that George had in some way mistaken Grace's answer to the question that meant so much to him. Her kindness had caused her to try to make it easy for George, and this had helped to deceive him, he thought. All was clear. Tom knew that George had told him what he would keep from everyone else.

The next evening it was raining, and George was "feeling too bad to go out this evening," when his father asked him whether or not he was going to the musical. At about seven-thirty the bell rang, and a note was placed into his hand. It was in her handwriting. Hastily tearing it open, he read:

DEAR GEORGE :

What's the matter ? Why don't you come up ? Cousin Charley has gone back to school. Papa won in stock to-day. This will be a good opportunity, and really, I want to see what the ring is like.

Yours,
GRACE.

"K." B., '05.

⁂

How John Ray Became Popular.

There was no doubt that John Ray was an unpopular man with his fellow students. Self-contained and reserved, by some he had been voted queer, by others conceited, and by a few, a cad. He was the son of a wealthy and widely known attorney of Marion, Wis., was bright in Latin and Greek; his people were of good social stock, and he himself was polished and refined in manner and speech, with nothing to be said against him except for this seeming spirit for retirement which, as he was the more avoided, in turn became the more noticeable.

It was the beginning of the spring term, and the men were beginning to get in good time for selection of the track team to compete with Rutherford, old Bendoin's chief rival.

One fine sunny afternoon the students assembled on the athletic field and watched the aspirants for the various honors show their mettle. Two men were allowed each college for each event, and these were gradually selected in the various tests, until finally all had been chosen except for the quarter-mile dash, at which Ray was to try, his chief rivals being Starr and Barron, two popular Juniors. The half dozen runners lined up, the pistol cracked, and in just fifty seconds it was decided, Starr coming in first, Barron second and Ray third. No one knew how he took his defeat, for without waiting to be rubbed down, he dressed and made his way to his rooms, appearing next day as reticent and reserved as ever.

The time passed rapidly, and at last but two days remained until the final Saturday, when on Thursday afternoon as Starr was descending the steep gym. stairs, his foot tripped on a sweater lying there, and he fell headlong to the bottom.

He sprang up and started on but sank down again to the floor, unable to move his right knee. A doctor was hurriedly summoned who, when he had examined the swollen leg, said that it was a bad dislocation, and would require several weeks to heal.

Then consternation reigned in the camps of Bendoin. What was to be done, for all reports had it that eight of the ten events were evenly divided for honors—the standing broad jump and the quarter dash being the only ones in dispute? This, the most important event of all, was as good as lost, and poor old Bendoin defeated.

A hasty consultation was held, and it was decided to ask Ray to help them out, though all were doubtful of his consent. What was their surprise and delight when Ray appeared half an hour later with his trunks and jersey, and in a few minutes more was doing his sprint around the track. He was gladly accepted and put through his paces in good order both Thursday and Friday, raising the hopes of all by his unusually good records.

On Saturday morning excitement was at fever heat all over the college, when like a bombshell came the report that Ray had been run down by a drunken bicyclist, and had had his left wrist broken. Hatless and coatless students rushed about with the news, and gloom and despair settled slowly over the spirits of the Bendoinites. If only both places could have been secured in the dash, and either one in the jump, all would have been well, but here it was, and only one man in the race.

At 2 o'clock the great assemblage had gathered and the meet began. One by one the contests were called, contested, won or lost, and the prophecies of the outcome verified, until four firsts and four seconds having been won by each team, the standing high jump was called, and first place won by Bendoin. The hearts of the Bendoin boys were sore when they compared what might have been with what was about to be. Suddenly every man of them was upon his feet and shouting, "Ray! Ray! Ray! Forever!" For there on the track, clad in running rig, his left arm and wrist tightly swathed in bandages, stood Ray, waiting for the signal that was to send him to almost certain defeat, though the bravery of the man himself seemed an omen of victory.

At length the pistol cracked and almost before its echo had died away the men were at the first turn, Ray in the lead, his poor arm swinging stiffly and painfully.

The first turn was soon passed, the second, the third—and here they were coming down the home stretch, Ray still leading and Barron second. On they came faster and faster, nearer and nearer, neck and neck now, till with one mighty effort, one final convulsive leap, it was over. Bendoin had won!

It took Ray's arm twelve long weeks instead of five to heal, but even at his home a thousand miles away, he was during all vacation kept busy refuting the idea that he was an unpopular man. W. S.

Oliver Cromwell: A Man of Destiny.

When amid the galaxy of great men one star shines brighter than the rest, all eyes are filled with the effulgence of its ray. The sky may be dark with ominous clouds, a shadow may now and then flit across its path, but it continues to shine as brightly as ever. Born in troublous times, and living amid the strife of a civil war which shook all Europe and made England what she is to-day, the name of Oliver Cromwell, despite the opprobrium cast upon it by doubtful actions and circumstances in which he had no choice, will live forever in the history of England's darkest hour.

Cromwell lived in a time of stirring action. Momentous issues were at stake; England was writhing in the grasp of tyranny; conditions fostered revolution. The pent-up feeling of a people groaning under long-continued oppression and extortion was about to break forth in all its fury. Under the Tudors England had suffered the most abject humiliation; under the selfish and imbecile rule of James and his son, Charles I, the Stuarts bid fair to continue the wrongs. But while the Tudors could oppress with impunity, the rapid growth of religious liberty and freedom of thought forbade a like repetition under the Stuarts. The shackles which had bound the people with despotic power had been dissolved forever in the fires of the Reformation.

At last the crisis came. The Long Parliament had begun its work of retribution—the King was about to be brought to justice at the judgment bar of Right. With the raising of the royal flag at Nottingham, a new era was entered upon by the English people. All England arose in arms. Cavalier fought against Roundhead, nobleman against commoner, even the clergy took the field for their King. The first battle was lost to the popular cause. The hour clearly demanded a man to direct events and mould the destiny of the nation. Such an one was Oliver

Cromwell. The profound convictions of the man were displayed in the organization of the army. The "New Model," like his famous "Ironside" regiment, was composed of men who neither swore nor gambled. They are said to have been ever ready to "preach, pray, exhort, or fight." Little wonder that with such men the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby were fought and won, and the North of England wrested from the King at a blow! The climax was reached when King Charles, false and tyrannical to the heart, was beheaded at Whitehall. The people had taken an awful step, but the emergency of the times justified it. At the stroke of the executioner's axe the Commonwealth was born and royalty was no more. The new government had grave duties before it. Some of its very supporters were, in fact, its worst enemies; fanatics and religious enthusiasts arose on every hand to perplex and threaten it. Cromwell saw that reforms were needed, and that the country must be pacified. The new Parliament refused his demands, and he forthwith expelled it. We see in all this the determined character of the man, and the bold hand of one who is conscious of his power to govern. Cromwell was appointed Lord Protector by the next Parliament, whose members were of his own choosing, and a few years later he was offered the crown, which he no doubt desired, but refused when he saw that he would not be supported. We regret that Cromwell showed in this the spirit of Cæsar. It detracts somewhat from our exalted opinion of his character. During his rule, though it was with well-nigh despotic sway, England prospered. Prestige was secured on land and sea. As his life had been a stormy and confused one, so his death took place at an hour when all England was plunged in one of the most terrible storms she has ever known.

Cromwell ruled with an iron hand because the times required it; he was harsh when others were without mercy; he was a strict religionist when others were fanatics; he was a tyrant because he saw that the unity of the country demanded it; he loved power, but he loved the Commonwealth more; when others proved traitors, he stood steadfast, and with tireless energy and undaunted motive, guided the ship of state through the storm which threatened its destruction. N. E. H., '05.

* *

His Highness.

At last we were off. The crowd of students at the station had given one last yell as the train had pulled out. Of course, a good many rooters accompanied the team, for this was the big game of the year, and things looked as if we would win. Old York would be expected to bring her heaviest and best team along, but luck was not with York this year. So Mercer looked forward to a hard-earned though sure victory. For, in the first place, York had lost the majority of her old men and the best of them, while the incoming class, though it had filled the vacancies, had not brought in as good "stuff."

York, too, allowed no professionalism; that Mercer was always ready to acknowledge and to praise in her rival. We, on the other hand, had the best team we had had for years, and we had given them a scare before. Why, then, should we not expect to win for the first time since we had broken into York's class?

Robinson sat gloomily on the back seat. Because he had no one in the seat to talk to, he listened to the talk of the other students. "His Highness," as he was known to the college men, was a man not easily understood. As a result, he was quite generally misunderstood, and though all were ready to acknowledge that His Highness was "square enough," they couldn't say that they liked him. He was as unconcerned as you please, so far as outside appearances went, but I often thought that he longed for a friend, a good close friend, in whom he could confide. Since he kept so much to himself, he didn't find his man. But to-day it was evident that he was very much displeased with himself. This wasn't strange, for he had made sub-half and end on the team, and the year before had played two games for his "M." But, the third chance not coming, he settled down to wait.

The present season opened. "High" came out for the positions in the back field which were vacant. There were two of them, a half and an end. In the second practice, somebody doubled Robinson up, and somebody else sat on him so hard that his back was severely strained. Two new men, Jackson and Emmett, took the positions because old High couldn't get into shape. Most men would have stopped at that, but not so Robinson. There was none of the quality in him that could turn him into a "sour ball" or a "quitter"—and the boys admired the way he stuck to it. Two weeks before this game with York, the coach had called him in at half in Jackson's place in the game with the Colton Professionals, but his back gave way and High went out of the game. We didn't blame him then because he sat gloomy and quiet in the train. He knew that he couldn't stay in the game long if he did get in. He knew that the coach would make every effort to keep Jackson and "Cappy" Strong going. For Jackson was a fast one while Strong was captain, and had played that half for three years. Strong was the best man on the team. And then, to think! No one to sub those halves but himself, with his back in such shape. High is a little man. If a little man is not in condition, foot ball goes hard with him.

Robinson knew, too, that the students understood all this. They had yelled for him after they had made the station ring for the team and all the other subs. He was sure, as we would all have been had we been thinking about it, that the yell for him had not been as hearty as it had been for the others.

While High was sitting there, the coach dropped into the seat beside him. They talked together till the train neared its destination. Then the coach said, as he laid his hand on Robinson's arm, "Now, I am almost sure you will have to get in it. I know how bad that back is. Strong himself doesn't know how weak his ankle is, but it will be only by the greatest good fortune that he can play the game through. York's men know Strong; they realize that he holds our team together, and that he is a bad one to gain ground. They will watch him closely, and you may wager that they will play him hard. If they find the ankle, you'll be needed. Now, I know you are fast. You were heady enough last year. This year, though you have only been in one game, I can see that you are better and quicker. If Strong goes out, I'll let you run the team, provided the game is almost over. I hope, by using you both, to make out all right."

Robinson told us afterward that he thought over this speech—unusually long for the coach—as he lay in bed, and wished that he were at home and "they had a decent sub." But we soon fell asleep. The trainer wakened us; but we had scarcely gotten possession of ourselves when we were listening to the coach's lecture before the game. The last thing the coach said to the captain was, "Remember not to call the signal of a substitute until the third or fourth play, unless you must use him to gain the distance."

The first half was over. Neither side had scored. York was fighting on her mettle, and right well at that. Twice had High leaped to his feet as Strong was brought out of the play with his ankle hurt. Once again had he thought his turn had come when Jackson lay still after the play had gone over him. But each time the men had gotten into the play again.

The second half began and York seemed to have "gotten the jump" on us. She had kicked off and Devine had returned the kick. Then York battered her way through us, foot by foot, until we were on our own five yard line. Now you could hear old "Cappy" Strong, as he urged the men to hold, his voice steady, his eyes bright with vim and determination. The play came—no gain. It came again. We were back two yards. It came a third time, and we had lost another yard. But the ball was ours. "Patsey" Devine dropped back for a kick. There was a fumble, and when the men unpiled, there lay a York man about a yard behind our goal line with the ball held securely under him. We didn't know just how it came about, but it was done. Even though the York full missed the goal, her supporters went wild. But our rooters were right with them, and it gave the team support.

What York wanted now was time. So when we kicked off, the ball came back in a trice. It sailed straight at Strong. He had it and was away on the instant. You never saw prettier running. Dodging this way and that, hurdling and ducking, he made his way down the field. The York quarter and full were on him at last, and as one got him low, the other tackled him high. Down came "Cappy" with a groan, but held on to the ball; and when they carried him off, he refused to loosen his hold. They allowed him to have the ball and got a new one. His Highness went into the game at quarter. We were twenty yards from York's goal.

As Robinson opened his mouth to sing out the first signal, he hesitated, and we knew that he wanted to give 726-8-29. But he remembered and sent the tackle through for two. Then he sent Jackson between guard and tackle for four. But it was all up now. We couldn't make it go any farther. We had one more try. "726-8-29"—Old High got four on that—"267-8-13." He had three more. Yet he could scarcely get up. He staggered into his place with white lips and his breath came in gasps. "6-7-2—8—3-5," he hissed between his clenched teeth. And then he ran, low, twisting, pushing, struggling. He was over, but he didn't know it. As the ball slipped from his grasp, Jackson covered it.

This time it was Mercer's turn to go wild, while York sat grimly, breathlessly watching Devine as he stood ready to kick. Old High didn't bother any more about that game. He had his "M," and as the ball was kicked to us the whistle blew. She stood 6–5 in our favor.

You should have—but you know. You've been at college. And as for His Highness—that was a good three-bagger of Jack's, wasn't it? "K." B., '05.

* *

A Foreclosed Mortgage.

Kelly's train was late. But that was nothing out of the ordinary; Kelly's train usually was late. Poor man! Ever since the Big Four had come through the place Kelly had found himself creeping closer and closer to the wall. He was one of those fellows whose love for control had led him to hold on to the thirty miles of road that he had built at his own expense. Little by little the Big Four had absorbed his freight and passenger traffic, till now, after fifteen years of hard work, Kelly found his road falling into ruin, with a heavy mortgage hanging over it. In fact, it was in such financial straits that in addition to his duties as president, vice-president, supervising manager and superintendent, Kelly was obliged to serve as conductor on one of his two trains. That is why the people at the little station of Frugality, which was the terminus of his road, had learned not to be impatient when the train was late.

The telegraph poles that once did sentinel duty along his road had long since rotted off at the ground, and ungracious farmers had cut up the single wire for clothes lines. The two coaches that had once been Kelly's pride had lost their guilt letters and become generally dilapidated. The locomotive that hauled the Pride of the road had one day slipped an eccentric and, having no mechanic at hand, the superintendent had been obliged to shop her indefinitely. Having no other engine at his disposal, Kelly was obliged to attach a coach to each one of his daily freights, thus making two accommodation trains of them. That was another reason why the people of Frugality had grown accustomed to go to the station an hour or two after the train was scheduled to arrive.

Kelly was a sprightly little man, still in middle life. He was one of those men who, when affairs seemed to say to him, ''Give it up,'' believed that ''ambition should be made of sterner stuff.'' He still clung to his hobby—to become some day a great railroad leader. He believed that sooner or later his road was bound to be recognized. He had issued annual passes, and twice had sent one to the president of the Pennsylvania road, ''just to show his good feeling toward his fellow magnates,'' he said, and incidentally asked for one in return. But twice that dignitary's private secretary had returned it, stating that he did not think it would pay him to exchange passes. And so he struggled along. If the big corporations would not recognize him, he could recognize himself. Some day they *might* be glad to exchange passes with him. The stamp of an untimely fate, however, was upon him. It was only a matter of time until the worn rails must spread and let one of his trains roll into the ditch.

He had brought his enterprise successfully through the winter. The faithful old engines had plowed their way through the drifts of snow. But the spring rains were more to be dreaded than the snow drifts. The section crews had left him over a year ago because their monthly pay had not been forthcoming; thus the roadbed had been neglected. Many places the water from the mountain had washed down and carried the ballast away, leaving the rails to support the ties instead of the ties to support the rails. But that didn't matter to Kelly. ''As long as she holds together,'' he said, ''we've got to keep things moving." "Run steady," he said to the engineer, "and as soon as the rush is over, we'll fix her up." The engineer smiled, for he failed to see when the rush was on.

One day a stranger drove into Frugality and stopped in front of the office of "Jas. Kelly, president of the Bare Rocks and Frugality R. R." The man alighted and walked into the dingy office with its bare floor and walls. A thin, careworn woman was behind the desk.

"I'd like to see the president of the road, Mr. Kelly," he said in a gruff voice.

"I'm Mrs. Kelly," said the woman, "and will transact any business for you. Mr. Kelly is away on business." The fact is, Mrs. Kelly had done the office work for years, while the president of the road conducted his train.

"Well, then, Mrs. Kelly, my duty is not very pleasant, especially since I must deal with the woman who is the wife of the man concerned. You must know that for years there has been a mortgage hanging over your husband's property. He has failed to meet the payments, as you doubtlessly know. His creditors have been very lenient with him, but business is not sentiment, you know."

Mrs. Kelly sat aghast while the man was speaking. She never took her sad, sunken eyes from his face. He felt the power of her penetrating gaze, and paused for a moment.

"Go on! Go on!" she shrieked, "I know what it is, but go on."

The man continued, "I'm the sheriff of this county, *and have come to foreclose the mortgage.*" The latter part he spoke in a low, hoarse whisper.

Mrs. Kelly arose from her chair and leaned on the desk for support. For a full minute those ghostly, sunken eyes were fastened on his face, and the hard-hearted sheriff quailed beneath their gaze.

"Go!" she almost shrieked as she pointed a bony finger toward the door. "My husband is honorable enough to pay his honest debts. Don't hang that notice on our door. Give us another chance. Wait till my husband comes back."

"That is not the point, my dear woman," said the sheriff in as kind a tone as he could command. "I don't doubt your husband's honesty, but a man can't pay his debts if he has nothing to pay them with, be he ever so honest; as for giving you more time, his creditors have given him a year now, a whole year, and have not received a cent. What can I do? My orders as an executive are to foreclose, and I must do it."

With this he backed from the room and closed the door. The eyes of the woman followed him and still rested on the closed door. Presently she heard the tap! tap! tap! of the hammer, as the sheriff tacked the notice on the side of the office. Then she saw him get into his carriage and drive away.

Up the road about fifteen miles Kelly's train was slowly creeping along toward Frugality. The rain was mercilessly falling as it had done for four days. The rivulets had carried away the ballast until the road in places looked merely like the mounted skeleton of a great fish. The foundation was soggy and sank beneath the weight of the engine as it crept along. Not a passenger ventured to travel over the road to-day in that condition, so the only thing the train carried was the mail and a few freight cars.

As was the custom "when the rush was not on," Kelly rode in the cab of the engine. Sometimes for his own amusement he would take the throttle and rest the engineer. As he mounted the engineer's seat to-day he took his watch from his pocket. Two hours late! He must do better or people would lose faith in his road. He brushed the rain and dust from the front window of the cab, and then pulled the throttle open wider. The little engine leaped forward with new impetus. Litzinger, the engineer, looked at him in amazement from across the cab. Was he crazy to run at such speed with such a rail? He glanced out the window and saw the trees fly past. The creek was at high flood and almost up to the rails. He felt his heart in his throat, still he dared not dictate to the president of the road. Around curves they went, the little engine rocking like a cradle. The fireman, surprised at the unusual amount of steam required, worked like a badger to keep her hot. Several times he looked up at Litzinger as if appealing for mercy, and then at Kelly to see if he were mad. Litzinger's face was blanched but Kelly remained impassive, with his eyes fixed upon the rail.

"Look!" shouted the fireman in Litzinger's ear, as he pointed to the throttle lever. Kelly had pulled out to the last notch.

Litzinger got down from the fireman's side of the cab, and crossed over to Kelly.

"Better cut her down some, hadn't you?" he said.

Kelly squeezed the spring and pulled the lever. It would not move an inch. Litzinger grabbed it too, and both pulled with all their strength.

"Great God!" exclaimed Litzinger, you've cocked the valve."

"What's to be done?" yelled Kelly, with pale face.

"Nothing can be done. Jump for your life!" called the engineer as he stepped back and leaped to the ground with the fireman. Kelly looked back and saw the two mangled forms lying on the rocks; he would not show such folly, and stayed with his engine. Perhaps the steam would go down before she left the track and she would stop of her own accord. Kelly preferred this to the certainty of death by jumping.

On he sped. The trees flew past and the engine rocked more than ever. Instinctively he grabbed the whistle cord and the engine gave one long cry of distress. At the next curve she balanced on one side and ran on four wheels. Kelly shut his eyes and held his breath, but she did not go over. The faithful little machine settled again and leapt forward. The steam gauge showed the steam was falling. If she would keep the track five minutes more she must stop of her own accord.

On the left side the raging waters of the creek seemed to be waiting for the train. The skeleton road seemed to be in league with it. The psychological processes of a man riding thus to his death are hard to comprehend. He seems to live neither in the past, present nor future. All is preparation for the last moment; and unless his instinct directs him he never knows when the last moment comes.

Suddenly the engine made a lurch, the rails spread apart, and in an instant she was bumping the ties. Over the ends of the ties the wheels slipped, and the engine on her side plowed down the embankment into the water. The revolving drivers churned the water, and a cloud of steam arose as the water entered the fire box. The great machine struggled like a living thing till the steam was exhausted. Then the waters settled over her and all was quiet.

When the extra train that Mrs. Kelly had ordered out drew up to the station next day, there was an unusually large crowd at the little station. For hours they had waited, glancing at the sheriff's notice on the office, and then looking up the track. When at last the whistle sounded all were expectant. The relief crew softly opened the door of the baggage coach and carefully lifted out the scalded and distorted body. It was just as they had found it in the cab of the engine in the creek. Kelly had made his last trip, and he never knew of the foreclosure of the mortgage. W. B. K., '03.

Salmigondis.

NORSE SONG.

Dull is the North Sea,
Dreary the mountain.
Cold blows the shrill wind,
Chilling each fountain.

Thund'rous the folk songs
Peal through the rafters,
Love song and war song,
Shouts and great laughter.

Ruddy the hearthstone,
Cheerful the fire:
Sparkles the brown mead;
Drink to desire!
—*The Dartmouth Magazine.*

* * *

"If your wagon won't hitch to a star—that isn't the fault of the star."—*Bolton Hall.*

* * *

"Someone ought to do this or that," you say; "you are that someone."

"Would you make better men—then set an example."

"Why not transform the earth into a park, and have all that dwell therein comrades?"—*Philistine.*

* * *

Life is short; only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie" and half of it is an "if."—*Ex.*

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—*Phillips Brooks.*

"God has made America the school-house of the World."

+ + +

"I'm quite put out," said the lamp.
"It's all over with me," murmured the lid,
"I'm tired," remarked the bicycle,
"Well, I'm completely done up," said the parcel,
"Why don't you follow my example," said the penknife.
"What is it?" asked everybody.
"Shut up," it answered, and they did.—*Ex.*

+ + +

Don't snub a boy because of a physical shortcoming; Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretentious; Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in lessons; Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes; when Edison first entered Boston, in midwinter, he wore a pair of linen trousers.—*The X.*

THE BIBLE ON BASE BALL.

A member of the Canton Theological School who is interested in the great national game, has written a thesis on "Base Ball Among the Ancients." From this are gleaned the following interesting points:

The devil was the first coacher—he coached Eve when she stole first—Adam stole second.

When Isaac met Rebecca at the well she was walking with a pitcher.

Samson struck out a great many times when he beat the Philistines.

Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian.

Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel.

Abraham made a sacrifice.
The Prodigal Son made a home run.
David was a great long distance thrower.
Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.

WITH THE MAGI.

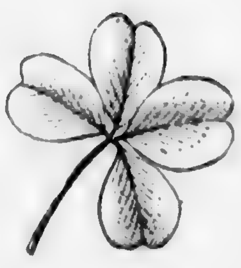
Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings so you shall come easily by what other men labored hard for.—*Socrates.*

You may as well borrow a person's money as his time.

Let us be such as help the life of the future.

* * *

"Ende gut, alles gut."



Bucknell Mirror.

MARCH-APRIL, 1903.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

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☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Williamsport, Pa.

Dead! If our College Glee Club is meant, we truthfully answer yes. But it is not our purpose at present to write an obituary on the College Band and other worthy but defunct organizations of the past; let a more worthy pen pay tribute to their memory! A subject of far more import elicits our attention.

WHEREAS, Providence hath ordained that all things be done decently and in order, and hath commanded us to render unto every man his due; and

WHEREAS, Though editors may be omniscient, they are nevertheless subject to privations—and printers' bills;

Be it Resolved, That it is the duty of each subscriber (excuse us, we don't like to be so plain) by remitting his subscription, if he has not already done so, to discharge his honest debt. Likewise

Be it Resolved, That each reader earnestly consider for whom this is intended.

Regrets. We regret the circumstance which delayed the issue for February and thus necessitated the present enlarged number, comprising the issues for March and April. The delay in publication was no fault of the editorial staff; an explanation would perchance involve the printer, but since our brothers of the type are commonly charged with all mishaps of the newspaper profession, deservedly or undeservedly, we will make no indictment.

* *

Other Colleges.

The honor system is gaining in popularity among the colleges. The system was recently introduced at Franklin and Marshall. There is a strong sentiment in favor of it at Swathmore, and it may be adopted.

Illinois College has been affiliated with the University of Chicago.

The Carnegie Institute recently appropriated $10,000 to be expended in research work by two members of the faculty of the University of Chicago.

That the summer school is increasing in popularity is a fact evident from the announcement that there are to be one hundred courses offered at this summer session of Cornell University.

A chair of American Archæology has been established in Columbia University by the Duke de Loubat, who gave $100 000 for the purpose. Mr. M. H. Saville, curator at the American Museum of Natural History, has been elected to the professorship.

Alumni Notes.

'54. Mr. Edward Ruthven Peckens died at his home, at Plymouth, Pa., March 17, at the age of 74 years. In 1861 Mr. Peckens enlisted as captain of Co. H, 52d Regt., Penna. Vol. His regiment had the advance in the Peninsula campaign, and was engaged in all the battles from Lee's Mills to Yorktown. Ill health caused his retirement in September, 1863. At the time of his death Mr. Peckens was assistant superintendent of the D. & H. Canal Co., a position which he had held for several years.

'63. The *Examiner* (New York) of February 26, has its first page adorned with a picture of Rev. O. P. Eaches, D. D., for many years the popular pastor of the Hightstown, N. J., Baptist church.

Ex. '69. Rev. D. R. Landis, formerly of Lafayette, Ind., now resides at Greenwood, Ind.

'71. Principal G. M. Philips, Ph. D., of the West Chester State Normal School, and Mrs. Philips, conducted a large delegation from the Senior class to Washington recently, and occupied three days in and about the Capitol City.

'71. Rev. James Rainey, of Laceyville, Pa., presented an able paper on the "Epistle to the Philippians," before a recent session of the Scranton Baptist Ministers' Conference.

'72. The home of Rev. J. H. Chambers, D. D., pastor of the Olivet Baptist church, West Chester, Pa., was slightly damaged by fire February 8.

'74. Rev. John Humpstone, D. D., pastor of the Immanuel Baptist church, Brooklyn, was the recent University preacher at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. His subjects were "The Minister as a Man of Affairs," and "The Conduct of a Family Church," and his addresses gave great delight and helpfulness.

'77. Rev. Geo. T. Street, pastor of the First Baptist church, Braddock, Pa., was thrown from a trolley car January 27, and seriously, though not fatally, injured.

'80. Rev. J. M. Plannett, of Tipton, Mo., has accepted the call of the Baptist church, Coffeyville, Kas., and began his work on his new field of labor April 1. The *Word and Way* (Kansas City, Mo.) contained an excellent picture of him in its issue of March 12.

'83. Rev. F. M. Goodchild, pastor of the Central Baptist church, New York City, has been elected a member of the board of managers of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. F. J. Parry, D. D., '72.

Ex. '87. John C. Eccleston, formerly of Parana, Argentina, is now living in Philadelphia, and resides at 1906 N. 19th St.

'88. Rev. J. S. Braker, pastor of the Beth Eden Baptist church, Waltham, Mass., has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church, Lynn, Mass.

'89. Rev. Chas. A. Walker, of Malvern, Pa., and his church, observed the 70th anniversary of the church's constituency, April 5-12.

'90. Rev. J. Henry Haslam, who recently left the First Baptist church, Williamsport, for the pastorate of the Gethsemane church, Philadelphia, resides at 1513 N. 19th St., in that city.

'94. Rev. R. R. Snow is completing a new $17,000 church edifice in East Cleveland, O.

'95. A picture of Rev. F. I. Sigmund, of Everett, Pa., adorns the *Examiner* issue of Feb. 5.

The Michigan Baptist Annual for 1902 contains excellent pictures of Rev. Spenser B. Meeser, D. D., '83, and Rev. Geo. H. Waid, '94, of Detroit.

'98. Rev. J. G. Lauderbaugh, of Rochester Theological Seminary, accepts the call of the First Baptist church, Oswego, N. Y.

'99. Rev. J. C. Hazen has resigned the pastorate of the Hinckley, Ill., Baptist church, and has been succeeded by his brother, H. B. Hazen, as student supply.

The Baptist Anniversaries are to be held in Buffalo, May 18-23. Rev. Geo. Whitman, D. D., '72, is chairman of the executive committee, and Rev. W. P. Hellings, D. D., ex-'64, is in charge of the musical features. The sessions will be held in the Prospect Street Baptist church.

Athletics.

With the opening of the spring term of college on April 1, active work in base ball and track and field athletics began at Bucknell. During the remainder of the year the attention of the student body will be centered upon these two important branches of athletics. Sufficient progress has not been made in either to enable one to pass intelligent judgment as to what kind of a showing the Orange and Blue will make this spring, but from "surface indications" it appears that the condition of affairs that has existed for the past several years, viz: a good track and field team and a poor base ball nine, will prevail again this year, and for about the same reasons.

The indoor contests conducted during the winter by Coach Hoskins and Captain Glaspey put the track and field candidates in excellent condition for outdoor work, which began a few days before the spring recess. The men have entered into the spirit of their work in a manner that augurs well for the success of Bucknell in the coming meets.

The number of candidates who have reported from among the new men is small, but with such a nucleus as is left from last year's team, no one need feel discouraged at the outlook. There is but one place to fill on the relay team, that of Goodall, and there are many men from whom to pick. The only serious vacancy on the track and field team is that occasioned by the loss of Theiss, who won many points for Bucknell by his superb pole vaulting and high jumping.

Besides Tiffany, Marsh and Pearse, the following are candidates for the relay team: Griffith, '05; Anderson, '05; Cockill, '05; Gaskill, '06, and Thatcher, '06. Tiffany, Marsh and Pearse have shown even greater ability than last year, and are therefore fixtures on the team. The selection of the fourth man and the substitute will be made from the other five named. A week before the preliminaries it looks as though Griffith would be the fourth man and Gaskill the substitute. Thatcher was showing marked ability when he wrenched his ankle, which will prevent his running during the remainder of the season. The relay will be run at Philadelphia on April 25, and Coach Hoskins is confident of again winning the coveted banner. It is confidently predicted that Bucknell will make as good a showing in the Quaker City as any team that competes.

Coach Hoskins is looking for a man to fill the place of Theiss on the track and field team. Lesher, '05, has shown good form, but as he did not re-enter College at the beginning of the College year, he will not be eligible to enter the Indian meet, which will be the most important athletic event of the team. Steinhilper, '05; and Shepherd, '05, have been doing well. They will doubtless win us at least a second place. Pearse and Edwards, '03, can be depended upon to win points for us in the high jump. The absence of Goodall as a quarter-miler will not be felt, as Marsh will run this distance in the two meets. The rest of the term will be about the same as last year. Cooper, '05, and Bovard, '06, are new "weight" men, but they can scarcely expect to surpass Gillis.

Manager Heidenreich has announced his schedule for the present season. It is as follows:

April 25—Relay race at Philadelphia.
May 9—Inter-class meet at Lewisburg.
May 16—Dual meet with Carlisle Indians at Carlisle.
May 23—Inter-scholastic meet at Lewisburg.
May 29—Dual meet with Dickinson at Lewisburg.

All efforts to secure a return meet with Lafayette this year failed. Several larger institutions have shown marked reluctance to meet Bucknell on the track, the cause of which is obvious. An important departure this year will be the inter-scholastic meet in which neighboring preparatory schools, high schools, normal schools and Y. M. C. A. teams will be asked to compete. It was arranged with a view to acquainting young athletes with the many advantages of Bucknell, and inducing them if possible to enter here instead of some other college. It is in this way that the larger institutions secure some of their best athletes, and in arranging the event Manager Heidenreich has displayed commendable spirit and has set an example that his successors should adopt.

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This year, as ever, Bucknell's prospects in base ball are anything but bright. Dearth of material and the lack of proper facilities for developing that which we do have, are responsible for this state of affairs. However, under the direction of Captain Jækel a good team may be developed.

The greatest points of weakness in the team are batting and outfield work. Cockill is the only old man who last year had a percentage of over .300, and thus far the new men have shown poor form with the stick. The outfield is entirely new and it will be some time before the men can be developed into first-class fielders. With the exception of first base the infield is stronger than last year. Griminger is playing a good game at third base. Cockill does well at short for a man who never played the position before, and Smith is much stronger at second than he was at short last year. So far no person has been found who can hold down first base satisfactorily. Jækel plays the position well, but his services are needed as pitcher. Teufel is catching as good a game as Stanton did last year. The pitching department is an unknown quantity. Jækel is pitching better than last year, but McKallip and Epler have not had a chance to show what they can do. Shields, '05, and Cheesman, '05, are also candidates for the position.

Several changes have been made in the schedule since it was announced a month ago. The games abroad with Gettysburg and West Point have been cancelled, the former on account of a misunderstanding as to a date, and the latter on account of too heavy a schedule on the part of West Point. Two games have been added. W. U. P. will be met for the first time on April 19, and the Williamsport Collegians will appear here for a game on May 16.

* * *

There has been unusual activity in tennis at Bucknell this year. There are nine courts used by college clubs and organizations, and some excellent material is being developed. For the first time in the history of Bucknell the Orange and Blue will be represented in inter-collegiate tennis matches. Manager Kalp, of the Bucknell Tennis Association, is in communication with a number of colleges on the matter of inter-collegiate games, and several matches will be arranged. Already Bucknell has scheduled games with Lafayette here, and at Easton.

* * *

The winter term witnessed the close of the most successful basket ball season in the history of Bucknell. *Ten games were played and all were won.* The two most important victories were those over Williamsport here, and at Williamsport. The close score here made it almost a certainty that the Orange and Blue would be defeated in the Lumber City, but the five put forth its best effort and won out with four points to spare. The season was also very successful financially.

Married.

BAYARD—HUSTON.—At Plymouth Meeting, Montgomery county, Pa., February 23, by the Rev. H. B. Garner, '65, the Rev. G. Livingston Bayard, '99, of Phillipsburg, N. J., chaplain U. S. N., and Miss Sarah Huston, of Plymouth Meeting.

HAMILTON—GREENE.—At Lewistown, Pa., by the Rev. E. C. Houck, of Ausonville, Pa., assisted by the Rev. J. S. Teasdale, of Lewistown Baptist church, Hugh Hamilton, of Schenectady, N. Y., and Miss Esther Greene, (Inst. ex. '93,) of Lewistown.

Entre Nous.

"An Easter Idyl," by Miss Millo Marie McCain, Bucknell, ex. '03, is a feature of the March number of *The Phœnix*.

The *Monthly Maroon* of the University of Chicago for March, contains an excellent sketch of Robert Louis Stevenson, prefaced by an appropriate sonnet by Chas. W. Collins. The "Anecdotes of a Dub" make interesting reading.

The X of the Middle Oregon Academy, "a magazine of sense and nonsense," is unique in every respect. Its pages are filled with journalistic spirit and enterprise; all its type is set by college students. It is filled from cover to cover with originality and wit, combined with plain, outspoken expression.

"An Opportune Illness" in the *Red and Blue* for March is a story well told. The series of historical sketches, dealing with the rise and development of the University of Pennsylvania, are valuable to all its under-graduates and alumni.

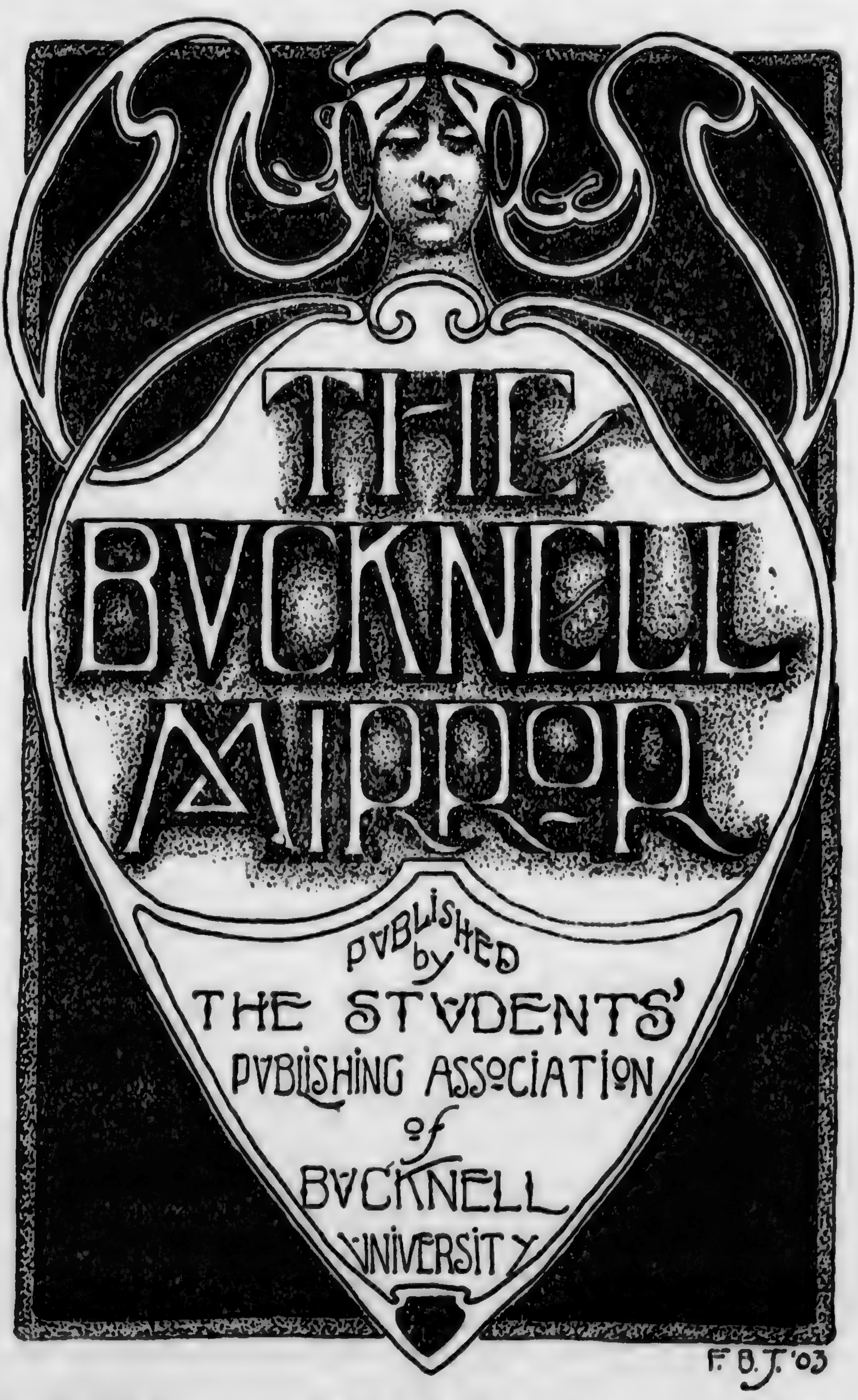
The *Tennessee University Magazine* contains an excellent half tone cut of the Glee Club. We note with surprise that the University has just closed its *first* basket ball season.

All lovers of college verse should read the third issue of the *Cap and Gown*. It is tastefully printed and bound and is thoroughly representative in its contents. The best of student verse, culled from leading college monthlies, is found in its pages.

Many exchanges this month appear in new covers and contain, not infrequently, cuts and new typographical features. We note the increased number of articles which treat different phases of college life and happenings; stories filled with the jollity and vim of student life are always interesting reading.

The Louisiana Purchase

By Ephraim M. Heim, Ph. D.


THE
BUCKNELL
MIRROR
PUBLISHED
by
THE STUDENTS'
PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
of
BUCKNELL
UNIVERSITY
F. B. J. '03

Vol. XXII. MAY, 1903 No. 8

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Bucknell Mirror

VOL. XXII. LEWISBURG, PA., MAY, 1903. NO. 8

The Louisiana Purchase.

Address by Ephraim M. Heim, Ph. D., Professor of Economic and Political Science, Bucknell University.

If we wish to estimate the importance of the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory, we must inquire what influence it had upon the development of our national life, and how far that influence was in harmony with the course of nineteenth century history. Now, the dominant political fact of modern times is the growth of national states and the appeal to the principle of nationality. In preceding centuries men tried to organize the civilized world under the theory of universal empire. The empire tried to impose law upon subject states, while the church as a civil institution attempted to attain order and security, and to determine the industrial activity of peoples. Had both succeeded, we should have realized the dreams of philosophers for a reign of universal peace, but it would have been at the expense of industrial progress, political capacity and popular government.

The principle of nationality has been the most potent political factor of the century. All our commercial and industrial ideas and most of our legal concepts are based upon it. Every statesman that has left a permanent mark has appealed to it. Even a military genius like Napoleon could not prevail against it. As long as he was the defender of France as a nation, he carried everything before him; but when he outraged national feeling in Spain and in Prussia, he conjured up forces which finally caused his overthrow. The national state alone has solved the problem of how to adjust freedom and authority. It alone combines competition and progress with a solidarity of social interests. To maintain itself, it must educate the rising generations into its ideals and traditions. It gives room for the full development of race characteristics and aptitudes. Music and art become a national language. Literature no longer is cosmopolitan, passes beyond the domain of universal subjects like theology, and becomes the expression of an intense national life, of national ideals, and national justice and morality. It, therefore, means something that a strong national state should exist in the most favored portion of the new world.

The basis of a national state is ethnic and geographical unity. By this we do not mean that the people must have the same race antecedents; but rather, that they must understand each other. Before a society can act as an organism, before it can have a common purpose and aim, there must be mutual intercourse and intercommunication of ideas. A compact society demands a common language, common hopes and aspirations, similar customs and institutions, and the same fundamental concepts of human rights, of law, of justice, and of morality. The despot of a harem can not act in concert with the head of a Christian family.

Geographical unity is just as essential. All our political ideas, the fundamental economic institutions of family and private property, and all the leading principles of municipal and international law, are bound up in the concept of territorial sovereignty. The nation must have a home as the basis of its economic life, and without it our modern civilization could not exist. When we say that it must have unity, we merely mean that there must be ease of communication, and that the natural boundaries lie where this communication is interrupted. For this reason a river is not a good boundary; for though it separates lands, it may be a bond of association rather than of separation. Geographical unity is the basis of ethnic unity and no stable political organization can be developed where the former does not exist. That is why nations endeavor, by any means possible, to round out their territories until they reach their natural boundaries, viz., such barriers as make intercommunication difficult or impossible. That is why American statesmen from the very beginning of our nation publicly spoke of the necessity of obtaining Florida, with or without the consent of Spain. That is why the acquisition of Louisiana was of such vast importance in the growth of our nation.

Let us consider for a moment the physical conditions that faced the five million people who were struggling to subdue a continent. Geographically the United States consists of a relatively narrow strip of coast land separated from the west by a mountain range which affords an opening into the interior only toward the south and toward the Great Lakes and Canada. The lakes and highlands mark sharp climatic differences from the region to the north. From these highlands to the gulf on the south and between the Allegheny and the Rocky Mountains, lies the most extensive and the most fertile valley on the globe. This surely is the seat of an empire. Yet, for the western boundary of the United States was designated a river which flows through the very middle of it, and whose mouth was then controlled by a foreign nation.

At the time, two-thirds of the people were settled within fifty miles of the seacoast. Self defense and commercial interests had forced them to unite politically, but in all the essentials of social life they were as far apart as in colonial days. Each group of states had a life of its own, and their strongest ties were with Europe. To the west they encountered over a hundred miles of mountainous country. Washington, it is true, already foresaw the Erie Canal, but meanwhile the only way to reach the west was by wagon road from Philadelphia across the mountains to Pittsburg, and from the Potomac to the headwaters of the Monongahela. By this way thousands of settlers, with no thought of return, had already poured into the western country along the Ohio and into Tennessee as far as Nashville, forming a settlement of about half a million people. To the north and south they were hemmed in by powerful Indian confederacies that were used as political weapons by England and Spain. With the consent and acquiescence of the east, they already thought of themselves as the germ of an independent empire, whose relations should be, not with the Atlantic coast, but with the west, and whose outlet was the Mississippi, and New Orleans its chief city.

The key to the foreign policy of the United states, in regard to the west, was the Mississippi river. In 1762 the whole country west of this river, together with the island of New Orleans, was ceded to Spain, who also acquired the Floridas in 1783. Along this line of about 2000 miles, Spanish authority everywhere barred American growth. Every western and southern state looked upon the military occupation of New Orleans as a political necessity. Between the Americans and the Spaniards there could be no permanent peace. Spain maintained the exclusive colonial system, and the Americans were free-traders. Spain had the avowed purpose of making the Gulf a closed sea. To protect the colonies, her policy was to erect a frontier boundary consisting of wide stretches of solitudes, and they used for this purpose vast territories which the Americans felt nature had marked out for their use. It was accordingly tacitly assumed that in dealing with Spain, the ordinary rules of American politics did not apply. As Henry Adams says, "That the vast and inert mass of Spanish possessions might be broken up, became the cardinal point in their foreign policy. If the southern and western people, who saw the Spanish flag flaunted every day in their faces, learned to hate the Spaniard as their natural enemy, the government at Washington never missed an opportunity to thrust its knife into the joints of its unwieldy prey. In the end, far more than half the territory of the United States was the spoil of Spanish empire, rarely acquired with perfect propriety. To sum up the story in a single word, Spain had immense influence over the United States; but it was the influence of the whale over its captors—the charm of a huge, helpless and profitable victim."

Spain took a defensive attitude and was inclined, nominally at least, to concede the demands of the United States. As early as 1795 she concluded a treaty with us, which was more liberal than any obtained from other nations for many years. The motive for this may have been twofold. She wished to counteract the possible effects of Jay's treaty with England of the year before, and, in addition, it was her settled policy to conciliate the western settlers. Spain, as well as other nations, saw clearly what was really the fact, that the various parts of the United States were not yet welded together into a nation, and that it would be comparatively easy to draw away from it the outlying parts. Among other things she granted to the United States the free navigation of the Mississippi, as well as the right to deposit goods, free of duty, at New Orleans, preparatory to placing them on ocean vessels. This treaty, however favorable it was, had little effect in the United States; for what was granted, Americans considered as simply their just rights. In support of this they cited the treaty of 1783 with England, which mutually guaranteed the free navigation of the Mississippi to the citizens of the two countries; to which Spain made the obvious reply that neither country could grant what they did not possess. Appeal was then made to the law of nations and of nature. We claimed that even if international law was not explicit, our right to navigate this river was a moral and a natural right of which we could not be deprived. Both in theory and in practice, international law was against us. Up to this time the practice of states had been the opposite, and the practice was but a logical deduction from the principle of territorial jurisdiction. Viewed from the standpoint of law, Spain had exclusive control of the river within her territory. But the common sense of the western pioneers came nearer the dictates of sound political science when they considered absurd the proposition that a people—a future nation—could permanently be hemmed in, when the only barrier that kept them from the sea was a corporal's guard of Spanish soldiers at New Orleans. Jefferson was right when he said, "There is on the globe one single spot, New Orleans, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy."

In France the man with whom America had to deal was Talleyrand. Returning from a tour in America he read a memoir before the Institute in 1797 which contained the clew to his future policy. "The Americans," he said, "are wholly English, and France need expect nothing from them. She must build up a colonial empire of her own." Repenting of his earlier republican opinions, he henceforth aimed to restore the system and the dominions of Louis XIV. As soon as he was installed in power, he wrote to Spain as follows: "Let the Court of Madrid cede the Floridas and Louisiana to France, and from that moment the power of America is bounded by the limit which it may suit the interests and the tranquility of France and Spain to assign her." He was the more certain of success, because he was the head of a strong party whose aim was to secure peace in Europe and colonial expansion abroad. In this he was sure to be supported also by every legitimate government in Europe, who welcomed any policy which would check republicanism in the United States, its last stronghold. His immediate failure was due to his mistakes in driving the United States to reprisals and in sending young Bonaparte with his army to Egypt—blunders which for a time cost him his office and his influence. He regained both, however, when Napoleon became First Consul, and the policy was now pushed with vigor. Peace had first to be made with England, Austria and the United States. The victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden brought Austria to terms, and, meanwhile, a treaty was negotiated with the United States by which in return for American claims, which Napoleon did not wish to pay, he released the United States from the guaranties contained in the old treaty of alliance for which he cared nothing. Before this a mission had been sent to Spain to acquire Louisiana. Godoy, who was friendly to the United States, and who alone in Spain seemed able to cope with Napoleon, had been dismissed, and the Spanish court was now submissive enough. In exchange for a kingdom for the Duke of Parma, the King's son-in-law, to be formed out of Tuscany, Spain readily ceded Louisiana to France. This treaty was signed at St. Ildefonso on Oct. 1, 1800, twenty-four hours after the treaty with the United States had been concluded.

For a year, however, Napoleon could not send a force to take possession of Louisiana, as he was checked in two directions. To save, for the time, the independence of Spain, Godoy had been recalled to power, who was skillful enough, not only to keep France from acquiring Florida also, but kept the King from affixing his signature to the treaty on the ground that the conditions in regard to Tuscany had not yet been fulfilled. It was in vain that Napoleon raged; Godoy was secure for the present, because of events in another part of the world. In the island of San Domingo, the heart of the French colonial system, the slaves had revolted under the leadership of Toussaint, and were carrying devastation over the land. Napoleon's brother-in-law had been sent with a large army to restore slavery. But the negroes fought with the courage of despair, and soon fever and pestilence accomplished what they could not do. The French army dwindled away and the forces that were destined for Louisiana had to stop at San Domingo, where they found their grave. "The prejudice of race alone" says Adams, "blinded the American people to the debt they owed to the desperate courage of 500,000 Haytian negroes who would not be enslaved."

In March, 1802, peace was made with England, and there was now no longer the same reason for keeping the treaty secret. At the same time Napoleon hastened the preparations for taking possession, and he still might have landed 10,000 troops, the number proposed, in Louisiana before America learned of the cession. What his policy would be can be learned from his instructions to Victor, the commander of the expedition. So far as the United States was concerned, they related principally to the western settlers, and were pacific enough, but for that reason all the more dangerous. In effect, Victor was instructed to buy up every adventurer from Pittsburg to New Orleans, to habituate the settlers to look to France for the furtherance of their economic interests, and to form an alliance with all the powerful Indian tribes of the west. In a word, the ultimate aim was to spread French influence and finally French dominion, not only over Louisiana, but over the whole of the Mississippi Valley, and to undo the work accomplished by Wolfe at Quebec.

When Livingston sailed as minister to France, there were already rumors of the retrocession. When inquiries were made of Talleyrand, the latter denied it. At the same moment, Rufus King was sending to Jefferson from London a copy of the treaty of Madrid, dated eight months before. Madison contented himself with mild remonstrances, while Jefferson, in letters which were intended to reach the ears of the First Consul, resorted to threats. "This measure," he says, "will cost France, and perhaps not very long hence, a war which will annihilate her on the ocean, and place that element under the despotism of two nations,—which I am not reconciled to the more because my own would be one of them." And again, "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low water mark. It seals the union of two nations, who in conjunction can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the

British fleet and nation.'' The most that can be said of this is that Jefferson did not mean what he said; that he made a bold attempt to frighten Napoleon. In October, 1802, he wrote to Livingston that the cession of Louisiana to France was "not important enough to risk a breach of peace.'' Two weeks later, through French influence it was thought, the Mississippi was closed to American commerce by the withdrawal of the right of deposit. When Congress opened, in his message, he discussed a variety of topics, but in regard to Louisiana, he merely said that the "cession to France, which had taken place, would make some change in our foreign relations.'' The closure of the Mississippi he does not mention at all. Instead of preparing to "marry ourselves to the British fleet,'' he argues against an increase of the military force and strongly urged Congress to build a dry-dock in which to store up the seven frigates which constituted the whole navy. The fact is that Jefferson had a more immediate problem to solve. The Federalists cried for war because that was their policy. But while Jefferson could suppress the war cry in Congress, the western settlers were a little more difficult to handle. They urged war and seriously meant it. Negotiation was a tedious process and in the meantime their produce would rot in the fields. To have their communication with the world cut off meant a little more to them than, as Jefferson put it, 'some change in our foreign relations.'' They most strongly urged that forces should be sent against New Orleans, that the Spanish should be driven out and the French be prevented from taking possession. Moreover, they were Jefferson's most ardent supporters, and under the circumstances they might turn from him and his party and bring about what seemed to him the greatest misfortune that could befall the country—the accession of the Federalists once more to power. Some measure had to be taken to quiet these western people. This took the form of sending Monroe, who was popular in the west, as special envoy to France. His instructions are interesting as they show the real position of the government. If Napoleon should be willing to cede New Orleans and West Florida, the President would be willing to pay any sum within $10,000,000 commercial privileges for ten years, and if necessary, a guaranty to France of the western bank. If he should not be willing to cede any territory, they were to try to secure the right of deposit; and if this also failed, they should wait for further instructions. In other words, France was to be admitted to Louisiana without protest. Napoleon could have satisfied every demand of the United States by granting the privileges contained in the treaty with Spain. A short time before Jefferson wrote for Napoleon's benefit that even the cession of New Orleans would not prevent a rupture so long as France held the west bank of the river, and now he stands ready to guarantee this territory to France. And yet, in a way, he was consistent. "To palliate and endure," as he wrote to Priestley, was his policy, until another war should break out between England and France. Jefferson belonged to a school of thinkers whom Napoleon was fast crowding to one side in Europe; whose doctrines were symbolized by the enthronement of Reason in the streets of revolutionary Paris and characterized by optimism and a faith in the saving power of culture. "Peace is our passion," he writes. Reason and self interest would be sufficient to determine state action. To this belief he adhered, even when Livingston wrote him that New Orleans could never be obtained without war. In fact, neither Jefferson nor his party desired Louisiana. They would be willing to take New Orleans if no other means were found to satisfy the west, but more they did not wish, and the offer of the whole territory came as a surprise. Few seriously thought that a single nation could inhabit the whole country as far as the Rockies. In his first inaugural address, Jefferson spoke of the country as having room enough for the hundredth and thousandth generation. Madison thought it was not sound policy to acquire the territory, or to encourage settlement beyond the river, even if we did own it. "In spite of affinities in manners and language," he says, "no colony beyond the river could exist under the same government, but would infallibly give birth to a separate state having in its bosom germs of collision with the east, the easier to develop in proportion to the very affinities between the two empires."

What, then, induced Napoleon to sell the whole of the territory to the United States? To this question historians give various answers. To some the need of money seems most obvious; but a man who made it a principle not to pay national debts, does not give up political projects for cash alone. Others ascribe it to his hatred and fear of England. That England would have conquered the country from France is more than probable, and our ministers constantly placed these considerations before him. But if he hated England he hated American democracy still more, of which Jefferson was the chief exponent; and, whatever the event, Napoleon certainly was not afraid of England. While all these reasons may have had some influence, each one seems inadequate. We are dealing here with a man whose motives are not always apparent, who often acted capriciously because he believed in fate. All we know is that he suddenly determined to dispose of Louisiana, and that he came to this determination alone; that, in that memorable quarrel with his brothers where he first announced his decision, he met the objection that the Chambers would not consent, with the words, 'The Chambers! I shall do without the Chambers;'' that Talleyrand evidently knew of it only a short time before Livingston did; that in the whole negotiation he distrusted Talleyrand, the chief advocate of a colonial system, and made use of Marbois; that he had already determined upon war, as is shown by the remarkable conversation with Lord Whitworth at this time wherein he practically declared hostilities with the words, ''I must have Malta or war.'' From Marbois' account we also learn that on Easter Sunday he called to him this minister and a few others, and listened to their opinions on the subject, and that here he gives his own reasons. "To free nations from the commercial tyranny of England it is necessary to counterbalance it by a maritime power which may one day become its rival; this is the United States. The English aspire to dispose of all the riches of the world. I shall be useful to the entire universe, if I can prevent their ruling America, as they rule Asia.'' This is more probably merely a justification of his policy to his ministers. What we can gather from his acts is that he expected a European war; that he intended to overthrow the constitution of the country and seize the imperial crown, and that he renounced Louisiana at the same time. It is more than probable that he already wearied of a colonial policy of which Talleyrand was the father rather than he, and in the pursuit of which he had already met a most signal failure. A successful colonial policy requires national aptitude for colonization, a stable government, long years of continuous policy, and, above all, peace. Napoleon's government could offer none of these. It was a power based on force, necessary and tolerable only so long as the strong arm was needed to save France. Only a military conqueror and defender of France could thus, like an absolute monarch, alienate national territory ten years after the Reign of Terror. Amid the noise of battle a nation condones much. In time of peace it would not have forgiven him for a failure in America. It would not have forgiven him had he lost Louisiana by conquest. Still less would it have forgiven him if, in time of peace, he had abandoned a territory, the recovery of which had been the dream of the French nation for nearly half a century, and which had so large a place in its policy and tradition. Napoleon might trample other nations under foot or ride rough-shod over constitutions, but to do either he had to observe and yield to national sentiments and ideas which had already survived several successive revolutions. It was more in accordance with his ambition, his genius, and his power to abandon America and win victories beyond the Rhine at the head of his armies.

If the whole transaction seems like the work of Providence, or, as it is usually called in these latter days, "Manifest Destiny," it is because there is somewhere a forgotten factor, and we make "destiny" do the work of this forgotten element. America also has its forgotten factor—the men who settled the western valley. If these men had remained on this side of the Alleghanies, there would have been no Mississippi problem of 1803; there would, without doubt, have been no Louisiana Purchase at this time, and, if not then, it would doubtless have become British territory. These were the men who forced the issue—men whose names for the most part have long since been forgotten, but who made their way over hundreds of miles of almost impassable country, who cleared the forests, fought wild beasts and wild savages, and built homes, full of hope because every stroke of the axe made them capitalists and their sons gentlemen. They belonged to the same class as those who conquered the whole valley, fought for it, and hold it today.

In accepting the purchase, the American people did not suspect that they were working a revolution. Yet, such it was. America in 1800 was making an experiment. It was to see whether it could start a century ahead of Europe, with a people freed from the burden of war, of enormous debt, and of the still greater burden of privileged classes, who performed no corresponding public functions. It was to see whether the peasant of Europe could become a capitalist in America. It was to be the competitive and individualistic regime, which denies that the state has any positive duties to perform, and which would reduce the government to a large police force. Self-interest, reason and general culture and enlightenment were to be the saving forces of society, and the individual the beginning and end of all effort. Jefferson was really to carry out what Voltaire, Priestley, Kant and Adam Smith were, each in their own way, trying to do in Europe. And a mighty work they accomplished! In America, the impulse seized the humblest day laborer and placed him on a higher level. It infused an energy into all classes, from the lowest to the highest, which is not yet spent. But in its extreme form as enunciated by the Jeffersonians, the theory contained an element of danger to political stability. It threatened to govern the country through a mass of Jacobin clubs. It ran counter to the trend of modern history by ignoring the principle of nationality. It set at naught the value of a compact, organized society—a national state—which alone can define civil liberty and guarantee its possession to the individual. In a word, it threatened to reintroduce a cosmopolitan spirit, not because of the exercise of excessive authority, but because of an exaggerated freedom and lack of social solidity.

These views affected not only the political theory of the American democracy, but also the constitutional theories of the party in power. Even after Louisiana was acquired, Jefferson could write with perfect candor to Dr. Priestley. "Whether we remain in one confederacy, or form into Atlantic and Mississippi confederacies, I believe not very important to either part." This certainly is not a national view; and yet it was the political faith of the President of the United States, and of the great majority of the people. Something had indeed happened in the meantime, when later the secession convention of South Carolina could declare: "The one great evil from which all other evils have flowed, is the overthrow of the Constitution of the United States. The government of the United States is no longer the government of confederated republics, but of a consolidated democracy." If this was true, it was the Louisiana Purchase, more than any one thing, which brought it to pass. Even though he had expressly instructed his ministers to purchase at least the island of New Orleans, Jefferson at first could not make the act square with his principles. Congress "must appeal to *the nation*," he said, "for an additional article to the constitution...... The executive, in seizing the occurrence which so much advances the good of their country, has done an act beyond the constitution. The legislature in casting behind them metaphysical subtleties, and risking themselves like faithful servants, must ratify and pay for it, and throw themselves on their country for doing for them unauthorized, what we know they would have done for themselves had they been in a situation to do it. It is the case of a guardian, investing the money of his ward in purchasing important adjacent territory." This is strange language coming from the reputed author of the Kentucky Resolutions. "The nation," to which he appeals, is a new word in his political vocabulary. From the Resolutions of 1798 to the doctrine that the national government is the guardian of the general welfare of the whole people, that the legitimacy of governmental action can be determined by a general acquiescence of a people, is a tremendous step. It was a recognition that there are certain national political acts that are not bound by the letter of the law, and that the political organization of the state was not so defective as to be destructive of national life. But this step Jefferson was obliged to take. To be consistent, he would have to undo his work, and be swept from power, together with his doctrines. It is not strange, therefore, that he readily followed the advice of his political friends and withdrew his proposed amendment, and later even insisted that the whole constitutional question should be kept in abeyance. This was statesmanship. The Louisiana Purchase was not only highly desirable, but was an accomplished fact; and a political fact is always stronger than a legal theory. If the law cannot be bent to suit the fact, it will be broken. The dominant party was obliged to adopt the principles of its opponents, and the opposition was forced to combat its own platform. The result was that many of the opposition who adhered to their principles supported the administration, while the rest became an obstructive and turbulent faction.

But if the purchase was the beginning of the disintegration of the Federalist party, it, on the other hand, revolutionized the ideas of the ruling party. They could no longer hold that the United States, except with unanimous consent, must always remain a confederacy of the thirteen original states, when they not only annexed a vast domain, but when their own President and Senate ratified a treaty stipulating that its inhabitants should be incorporated into the Union. It was in vain that they argued against the doctrine of implied powers, when Congress was governing a vast territory absolutely, and when this absolute government devolved upon Jefferson alone, their chosen chief. The Louisiana territory was a fact that could not be explained away except on the ground that the political organization of the United States was formed along national lines, and that the territory was a geographical necessity in order to insure a continuous national life. We need not concern ourselves here with the constitutional questions, either in regard to the purchase or as to subsequent legislation in regard to it. All the arguments, for and against, have been re-echoed during the last four years; and these have been but a faint echo of the arguments that were used for fifty years with such intensity, in regard to this same territory, until the question was finally decided by four years of war. The important and essential thing was that for the first time Jefferson and his immediate followers had to place themselves on national grounds and appeal to the principle of nationality, and from this step they could never retreat. It was in vain that Jefferson desired and urged that the territory be set apart as a permanent abode for Indian tribes. Before his death he saw two states admitted from this new territory, and the pioneers, just as they had forced upon Jefferson the question of the purchase, had already forced upon the people the question that was to trouble them for years—the question whether this geographical unity should be accompanied by a unity of institutions and fundamental ideas, or whether institutional differences were to destroy it. It was the settlers on this territory who repeatedly forced this question, which, in spite of compromises, would not down. If, in 1803, the

New England people feared that by the purchase the political balance would be destroyed, they did not foresee that their descendants in this very territory would gain the victory over the political domination of the slave-holding south; that emigrants into this region from New England, from the Middle States, from Germany and Scandinavia, would decide the election of Lincoln, follow Grant down the Mississippi and save this territory to the nation. These men fought for the Union, not for any material interest, for the cry of "No coercion" came more often from the financial centres of the east. Nor was it merely in the interest of the slave; the Abolitionists had the interests of the negroes most nearly at heart, and they welcomed a dissolution of the Union. It is from the heart of the Mississippi Valley where man's gaze rested upon miles of railroad, broad rivers, and boundless stretches of prairie, far as the eye can reach, where his intercourse and activity could extend in every direction without meeting a physical check; where only toward the south the dark curse of slavery erected an institutional barrier, separating men who would otherwise be neighbors—it is pre-eminently from this place that the man could come to say, and comprehend his words when he said, "This nation cannot endure half slave and half free."

The Louisiana Purchase was important, not so much on account of its broad acres and material wealth, but because of its millions of homes, sheltering a people who have acquired common principles, habits and ideals; because in this river basin over half of which was comprised in the Purchase, there grew up the real American nation which more and more dominates our industrial, social and political life These men, in fighting for the Union fought for what the majority of men always fight for—an idea. They fought for the idea of a national state, which offered to them what they held most dear, and of which they were an integral part. If we are inclined to think that the mass of men are only sordid, and that patriotism is a sham, or that their thoughts rarely go beyond the narrow confines where their material wealth is invested, let us think for a moment what would happen if the attempt were again made to make the Mississippi a dividing line.

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Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXII. Lewisburg, Pa., May, 1903. No. 8

The Louisiana Purchase.

Address by Ephraim M. Heim, Ph. D., Professor of Economic and Political Science, Bucknell University.

If we wish to estimate the importance of the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory, we must inquire what influence it had upon the development of our national life, and how far that influence was in harmony with the course of nineteenth century history. Now, the dominant political fact of modern times is the growth of national states and the appeal to the principle of nationality. In preceding centuries men tried to organize the civilized world under the theory of universal empire. The empire tried to impose law upon subject states, while the church as a civil institution attempted to attain order and security, and to determine the industrial activity of peoples. Had both succeeded, we should have realized the dreams of philosophers for a reign of universal peace, but it would have been at the expense of industrial progress, political capacity and popular government.

The principle of nationality has been the most potent political factor of the century. All our commercial and industrial ideas and most of our legal concepts are based upon it. Every statesman that has left a permanent mark has appealed to it. Even a military genius like Napoleon could not prevail against it. As long as he was the defender of France as a nation, he carried everything before him; but when he outraged national feeling in Spain and in Prussia, he conjured up forces which finally caused his overthrow. The national state alone has solved the problem of how to adjust freedom and authority. It alone combines competition and progress with a solidarity of social interests. To maintain itself, it must educate the rising generations into its ideals and traditions. It gives room for the full development of race characteristics and aptitudes. Music and art become a national language. Literature no longer is cosmopolitan, passes beyond the domain of universal subjects like theology, and becomes the expression of an intense national life, of national ideals, and national justice and morality. It, therefore, means something that a strong national state should exist in the most favored portion of the new world.

The basis of a national state is ethnic and geographical unity. By this we do not mean that the people must have the same race antecedents; but rather, that they must understand each other. Before a society can act as an organism, before it can have a common purpose and aim, there must be mutual intercourse and intercommunication of ideas. A compact society demands a common language, common hopes and aspirations, similar customs and institutions, and the same fundamental concepts of human rights, of law, of justice, and of morality. The despot of a harem can not act in concert with the head of a Christian family.

Geographical unity is just as essential. All our political ideas, the fundamental economic institutions of family and private property, and all the leading principles of municipal and international law, are bound up in the concept of territorial sovereignty. The nation must have a home as the basis of its economic life, and without it our modern civilization could not exist. When we say that it must have unity, we merely mean that there must be ease of communication, and that the natural boundaries lie where this communication is interrupted. For this reason a river is not a good boundary; for, though it separates lands, it may be a bond of association rather than of separation. Geographical unity is the basis of ethnic unity and no stable political organization can be developed where the former does not exist. That is why nations endeavor, by any means possible, to round out their territories until they reach their natural boundaries, viz., such barriers as make intercommunication difficult or impossible. That is why American statesmen from the very beginning of our nation publicly spoke of the necessity of obtaining Florida, with or without the consent of Spain. That is why the acquisition of Louisiana was of such vast importance in the growth of our nation.

Let us consider for a moment the physical conditions that faced the five million people who were struggling to subdue a continent. Geographically the United States consists of a relatively narrow strip of coast land separated from the west by a mountain range which affords an opening into the interior only toward the south and toward the Great Lakes and Canada. The lakes and highlands mark sharp climatic differences from the region to the north. From these highlands to the gulf on the south and between the Allegheny and the Rocky Mountains, lies the most extensive and the most fertile valley on the globe. This surely is the seat of an empire. Yet, for the western boundary of the United States was designated a river which flows through the very middle of it, and whose mouth was then controlled by a foreign nation.

At the time, two-thirds of the people were settled within fifty miles of the seacoast. Self defense and commercial interests had forced them to unite politically, but in all the essentials of social life they were as far apart as in colonial days. Each group of states had a life of its own, and their strongest ties were with Europe. To the west they encountered over a hundred miles of mountainous country. Washington, it is true, already foresaw the Erie Canal, but meanwhile the only way to reach the west was by wagon road from Philadelphia across the mountains to Pittsburg, and from the Potomac to the headwaters of the Monongahela. By this way thousands of settlers, with no thought of return, had already poured into the western country along the Ohio and into Tennessee as far as Nashville, forming a settlement of about half a million people. To the north and south they were hemmed in by powerful Indian confederacies that were used as political weapons by England and Spain. With the consent and acquiescence of the east, they already thought of themselves as the germ of an independent empire, whose relations should be, not with the Atlantic coast, but with the west, and whose outlet was the Mississippi, and New Orleans its chief city.

The key to the foreign policy of the United states, in regard to the west, was the Mississippi river. In 1762 the whole country west of this river, together with the island of New Orleans, was ceded to Spain, who also acquired the Floridas in 1783. Along this line of about 2000 miles, Spanish authority everywhere barred American growth. Every western and southern state looked upon the military occupation of New Orleans as a political necessity. Between the Americans and the Spaniards there could be no permanent peace. Spain maintained the exclusive colonial system, and the Americans were free-traders. Spain had the avowed purpose of making the Gulf a closed sea. To protect the colonies, her policy was to erect a frontier boundary consisting of wide stretches of solitudes, and they used for this purpose vast territories which the Americans felt nature had marked out for their use. It was accordingly tacitly assumed that in dealing with Spain, the ordinary rules of American politics did not apply. As Henry Adams says, "That the vast and inert mass of Spanish possessions might be broken up, became the cardinal point in their foreign policy. If the southern and western people, who saw the Spanish flag flaunted every day in their faces, learned to hate the Spaniard as their natural enemy, the government at Washington never missed an opportunity to thrust its knife into the joints of its unwieldy prey. In the end, far more than half the territory of the United States was the spoil of Spanish empire, rarely acquired with perfect propriety. To sum up the story in a single word, Spain had immense influence over the United States; but it was the influence of the whale over its captors—the charm of a huge, helpless and profitable victim."

Spain took a defensive attitude and was inclined, nominally at least, to concede the demands of the United States. As early as 1795 she concluded a treaty with us, which was more liberal than any obtained from other nations for many years. The motive for this may have been twofold. She wished to counteract the possible effects of Jay's treaty with England of the year before, and, in addition, it was her settled policy to conciliate the western settlers. Spain, as well as other nations, saw clearly what was really the fact, that the various parts of the United States were not yet welded together into a nation, and that it would be comparatively easy to draw away from it the outlying parts. Among other things she granted to the United States the free navigation of the Mississippi, as well as the right to deposit goods, free of duty, at New Orleans, preparatory to placing them on ocean vessels. This treaty, however favorable it was, had little effect in the United States; for what was granted, Americans considered as simply their just rights. In support of this they cited the treaty of 1783 with England, which mutually guaranteed the free navigation of the Mississippi to the citizens of the two countries; to which Spain made the obvious reply that neither country could grant what they did not possess. Appeal was then made to the law of nations and of nature. We claimed that even if international law was not explicit, our right to navigate this river was a moral and a natural right of which we could not be deprived. Both in theory and in practice, international law was against us. Up to this time the practice of states had been the opposite, and the practice was but a logical deduction from the principle of territorial jurisdiction. Viewed from the standpoint of law, Spain had exclusive control of the river within her territory. But the common sense of the western pioneers came nearer the dictates of sound political science when they considered absurd the proposition that a people—a future nation—could permanently be hemmed in, when the only barrier that kept them from the sea was a corporal's guard of Spanish soldiers at New Orleans. Jefferson was right when he said, "There is on the globe one single spot, New Orleans, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy."

In France the man with whom America had to deal was Talleyrand. Returning from a tour in America he read a memoir before the Institute in 1797 which contained the clew to his future policy. "The Americans," he said, "are wholly English, and France need expect nothing from them. She must build up a colonial empire of her own." Repenting of his earlier republican opinions, he henceforth aimed to restore the system and the dominions of Louis XIV. As soon as he was installed in power, he wrote to Spain as follows: "Let the Court of Madrid cede the Floridas and Louisiana to France, and from that moment the power of America is bounded by the limit which it may suit the interests and the tranquility of France and Spain to assign her." He was the more certain of success, because he was the head of a strong party whose aim was to secure peace in Europe and colonial expansion abroad. In this he was sure to be supported also by every legitimate government in Europe, who welcomed any policy which would check republicanism in the United States, its last stronghold. His immediate failure was due to his mistakes in driving the United States to reprisals and in sending young Bonaparte with his army to Egypt—blunders which for a time cost him his office and his influence. He regained both, however, when Napoleon became First Consul, and the policy was now pushed with vigor. Peace had first to be made with England, Austria and the United States. The victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden brought Austria to terms, and, meanwhile, a treaty was negotiated with the United States by which in return for American claims, which Napoleon did not wish to pay, he released the United States from the guaranties contained in the old treaty of alliance for which he cared nothing. Before this a mission had been sent to Spain to acquire Louisiana. Godoy, who was friendly to the United States, and who alone in Spain seemed able to cope with Napoleon, had been dismissed, and the Spanish court was now submissive enough. In exchange for a kingdom for the Duke of Parma, the King's son-in-law, to be formed out of Tuscany, Spain readily ceded Louisiana to France. This treaty was signed at St. Ildefonso on Oct. 1, 1800, twenty-four hours after the treaty with the United States had been concluded.

For a year, however, Napoleon could not send a force to take possession of Louisiana, as he was checked in two directions. To save, for the time, the independence of Spain, Godoy had been recalled to power, who was skillful enough, not only to keep France from acquiring Florida also, but kept the King from affixing his signature to the treaty on the ground that the conditions in regard to Tuscany had not yet been fulfilled. It was in vain that Napoleon raged; Godoy was secure for the present, because of events in another part of the world. In the island of San Domingo, the heart of the French colonial system, the slaves had revolted under the leadership of Toussaint, and were carrying devastation over the land. Napoleon's brother-in-law had been sent with a large army to restore slavery. But the negroes fought with the courage of despair, and soon fever and pestilence accomplished what they could not do. The French army dwindled away and the forces that were destined for Louisiana had to stop at San Domingo, where they found their grave. "The prejudice of race alone" says Adams, "blinded the American people to the debt they owed to the desperate courage of 500,000 Haytian negroes who would not be enslaved."

In March, 1802, peace was made with England, and there was now no longer the same reason for keeping the treaty secret. At the same time Napoleon hastened the preparations for taking possession, and he still might have landed 10,000 troops, the number proposed, in Louisiana before America learned of the cession. What his policy would be can be learned from his instructions to Victor, the commander of the expedition. So far as the United States was concerned, they related principally to the western settlers, and were pacific enough, but for that reason all the more dangerous. In effect, Victor was instructed to buy up every adventurer from Pittsburg to New Orleans, to habituate the settlers to look to France for the furtherance of their economic interests, and to form an alliance with all the powerful Indian tribes of the west. In a word, the ultimate aim was to spread French influence and finally French dominion, not only over Louisiana, but over the whole of the Mississippi Valley, and to undo the work accomplished by Wolfe at Quebec.

When Livingston sailed as minister to France, there were already rumors of the retrocession. When inquiries were made of Talleyrand, the latter denied it. At the same moment, Rufus King was sending to Jefferson from London a copy of the treaty of Madrid, dated eight months before. Madison contented himself with mild remonstrances, while Jefferson, in letters which were intended to reach the ears of the First Consul, resorted to threats. "This measure," he says, "will cost France, and perhaps not very long hence, a war which will annihilate her on the ocean, and place that element under the despotism of two nations,—which I am not reconciled to the more because my own would be one of them." And again, "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low water mark. It seals the union of two nations, who in conjunction can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the

British fleet and nation." The most that can be said of this is that Jefferson did not mean what he said; that he made a bold attempt to frighten Napoleon. In October, 1802, he wrote to Livingston that the cession of Louisiana to France was "not important enough to risk a breach of peace." Two weeks later, through French influence, it was thought, the Mississippi was closed to American commerce by the withdrawal of the right of deposit. When Congress opened, in his message, he discussed a variety of topics, but in regard to Louisiana, he merely said that the "cession to France, which had taken place, would make some change in our foreign relations." The closure of the Mississippi he does not mention at all. Instead of preparing to "marry ourselves to the British fleet," he argues against an increase of the military force and strongly urged Congress to build a dry-dock in which to store up the seven frigates which constituted the whole navy. The fact is that Jefferson had a more immediate problem to solve. The Federalists cried for war because that was their policy. But while Jefferson could suppress the war cry in Congress, the western settlers were a little more difficult to handle. They urged war and seriously meant it. Negotiation was a tedious process and in the meantime their produce would rot in the fields. To have their communication with the world cut off meant a little more to them than, as Jefferson put it, "some change in our foreign relations." They most strongly urged that forces should be sent against New Orleans, that the Spanish should be driven out and the French be prevented from taking possession. Moreover, they were Jefferson's most ardent supporters, and under the circumstances they might turn from him and his party and bring about what seemed to him the greatest misfortune that could befall the country—the accession of the Federalists once more to power. Some measure had to be taken to quiet these western people. This took the form of sending Monroe, who was popular in the west, as special envoy to France. His instructions are interesting as they show the real position of the government. If Napoleon should be willing to cede New Orleans and West Florida, the President would be willing to pay any sum within $10,000,000, commercial privileges for ten years, and if necessary, a guaranty to France of the western bank. If he should not be willing to cede any territory, they were to try to secure the right of deposit; and if this also failed, they should wait for further instructions. In other words, France was to be admitted to Louisiana without protest. Napoleon could have satisfied every demand of the United States by granting the privileges contained in the treaty with Spain. A short time before Jefferson wrote for Napoleon's benefit that even the cession of New Orleans would not prevent a rupture so long as France held the west bank of the river, and now he stands ready to guarantee this territory to France. And yet, in a way, he was consistent. "To palliate and endure," as he wrote to Priestley, was his policy, until another war should break out between England and France. Jefferson belonged to a school of thinkers whom Napoleon was fast crowding to one side in Europe; whose doctrines were symbolized by the enthronement of Reason in the streets of revolutionary Paris, and characterized by optimism and a faith in the saving power of culture. "Peace is our passion," he writes. Reason and self interest would be sufficient to determine state action. To this belief he adhered, even when Livingston wrote him that New Orleans could never be obtained without war. In fact, neither Jefferson nor his party desired Louisiana. They would be willing to take New Orleans if no other means were found to satisfy the west, but more they did not wish, and the offer of the whole territory came as a surprise. Few seriously thought that a single nation could inhabit the whole country as far as the Rockies. In his first inaugural address, Jefferson spoke of the country as having room enough for the hundredth and thousandth generation. Madison thought it was not sound policy to acquire the territory, or to encourage settlement beyond the river, even if we did own it. "In spite of affinities in manners and language," he says, "no colony beyond the river could exist under the same government, but would infallibly give birth to a separate state having in its bosom germs of collision with the east, the easier to develop in proportion to the very affinities between the two empires."

What, then, induced Napoleon to sell the whole of the territory to the United States? To this question historians give various answers. To some the need of money seems most obvious; but a man who made it a principle not to pay national debts, does not give up political projects for cash alone. Others ascribe it to his hatred and fear of England. That England would have conquered the country from France is more than probable, and our ministers constantly placed these considerations before him. But if he hated England he hated American democracy still more, of which Jefferson was the chief exponent; and, whatever the event, Napoleon certainly was not afraid of England. While all these reasons may have had some influence, each one seems inadequate. We are dealing here with a man whose motives are not always apparent, who often acted capriciously because he believed in fate. All we know is that he suddenly determined to dispose of Louisiana, and that he came to this determination alone; that, in that memorable quarrel with his brothers where he first announced his decision, he met the objection that the Chambers would not consent, with the words, "The Chambers! I shall do without the Chambers;" that Talleyrand evidently knew of it only a short time before Livingston did; that in the whole negotiation he distrusted Talleyrand, the chief advocate of a colonial system, and made use of Marbois; that he had already determined upon war, as is shown by the remarkable conversation with Lord Whitworth at this time wherein he practically declared hostilities with the words, "I must have Malta or war." From Marbois' account we also learn that on Easter Sunday he called to him this minister and a few others, and listened to their opinions on the subject, and that here he gives his own reasons. "To free nations from the commercial tyranny of England it is necessary to counterbalance it by a maritime power which may one day become its rival; this is the United States. The English aspire to dispose of all the riches of the world. I shall be useful to the entire universe, if I can prevent their ruling America, as they rule Asia." This is more probably merely a justification of his policy to his ministers. What we can gather from his acts is that he expected a European war; that he intended to overthrow the constitution of the country and seize the imperial crown, and that he renounced Louisiana at the same time. It is more than probable that he already wearied of a colonial policy of which Talleyrand was the father rather than he, and in the pursuit of which he had already met a most signal failure. A successful colonial policy requires national aptitude for colonization, a stable government, long years of continuous policy, and, above all, peace. Napoleon's government could offer none of these. It was a power based on force, necessary and tolerable only so long as the strong arm was needed to save France. Only a military conqueror and defender of France could thus, like an absolute monarch, alienate national territory ten years after the Reign of Terror. Amid the noise of battle a nation condones much. In time of peace it would not have forgiven him for a failure in America. It would not have forgiven him had he lost Louisiana by conquest. Still less would it have forgiven him if, in time of peace, he had abandoned a territory, the recovery of which had been the dream of the French nation for nearly half a century, and which had so large a place in its policy and tradition. Napoleon might trample other nations under foot or ride rough-shod over constitutions, but to do either he had to observe and yield to national sentiments and ideas which had already survived several successive revolutions. It was more in accordance with his ambition, his genius, and his power to abandon America and win victories beyond the Rhine at the head of his armies.

If the whole transaction seems like the work of Providence, or, as it is usually called in these latter days, "Manifest Destiny," it is because there is somewhere a forgotten factor, and we make "destiny" do the work of this forgotten element. America also has its forgotten factor—the men who settled the western valley. If these men had remained on this side of the Alleghanies, there would have been no Mississippi problem of 1803; there would, without doubt, have been no Louisiana Purchase at this time, and, if not then, it would doubtless have become British territory. These were the men who forced the issue—men whose names for the most part have long since been forgotten, but who made their way over hundreds of miles of almost impassable country, who cleared the forests, fought wild beasts and wild savages, and built homes, full of hope because every stroke of the axe made them capitalists and their sons gentlemen. They belonged to the same class as those who conquered the whole valley, fought for it, and hold it today.

In accepting the purchase, the American people did not suspect that they were working a revolution. Yet, such it was. America in 1800 was making an experiment. It was to see whether it could start a century ahead of Europe, with a people freed from the burden of war, of enormous debt, and of the still greater burden of privileged classes, who performed no corresponding public functions. It was to see whether the peasant of Europe could become a capitalist in America. It was to be the competitive and individualistic regime, which denies that the state has any positive duties to perform, and which would reduce the government to a large police force. Self-interest, reason and general culture and enlightenment were to be the saving forces of society, and the individual the beginning and end of all effort. Jefferson was really to carry out what Voltaire, Priestley, Kant and Adam Smith were, each in their own way, trying to do in Europe. And a mighty work they accomplished! In America, the impulse seized the humblest day laborer and placed him on a higher level. It infused an energy into all classes, from the lowest to the highest, which is not yet spent. But in its extreme form as enunciated by the Jeffersonians, the theory contained an element of danger to political stability. It threatened to govern the country through a mass of Jacobin clubs. It ran counter to the trend of modern history by ignoring the principle of nationality. It set at naught the value of a compact, organized society—a national state—which alone can define civil liberty and guarantee its possession to the individual. In a word, it threatened to reintroduce a cosmopolitan spirit, not because of the exercise of excessive authority, but because of an exaggerated freedom and lack of social solidity.

These views affected not only the political theory of the American democracy, but also the constitutional theories of the party in power. Even after Louisiana was acquired, Jefferson could write with perfect candor to Dr. Priestley. "Whether we remain in one confederacy, or form into Atlantic and Mississippi confederacies, I believe not very important to either part." This certainly is not a national view; and yet it was the political faith of the President of the United States, and of the great majority of the people. Something had indeed happened in the meantime, when later the secession convention of South Carolina could declare: "The one great evil from which all other evils have flowed, is the overthrow of the Constitution of the United States. The government of the United States is no longer the government of confederated republics, but of a consolidated democracy." If this was true, it was the Louisiana Purchase, more than any one thing, which brought it to pass. Even though he had expressly instructed his ministers to purchase at least the island of New Orleans, Jefferson at first could not make the act square with his principles. Congress "must appeal to *the nation*," he said, "for an additional article to the constitution...... The executive, in seizing the occurrence which so much advances the good of their country, has done an act beyond the constitution. The legislature in casting behind them metaphysical subtleties, and risking themselves like faithful servants, must ratify and pay for it, and throw themselves on their country for doing for them unauthorized, what we know they would have done for themselves had they been in a situation to do it. It is the case of a guardian, investing the money of his ward in purchasing important adjacent territory." This is strange language coming from the reputed author of the Kentucky Resolutions. 'The nation," to which he appeals, is a new word in his political vocabulary. From the Resolutions of 1798 to the doctrine that the national government is the guardian of the general welfare of the whole people, that the legitimacy of governmental action can be determined by a general acquiescence of a people, is a tremendous step. It was a recognition that there are certain national political acts that are not bound by the letter of the law, and that the political organization of the state was not so defective as to be destructive of national life. But this step Jefferson was obliged to take. To be consistent, he would have to undo his work, and be swept from power, together with his doctrines. It is not strange, therefore, that he readily followed the advice of his political friends and withdrew his proposed amendment, and later even insisted that the whole constitutional question should be kept in abeyance. This was statesmanship. The Louisiana Purchase was not only highly desirable, but was an accomplished fact; and a political fact is always stronger than a legal theory. If the law cannot be bent to suit the fact, it will be broken. The dominant party was obliged to adopt the principles of its opponents, and the opposition was forced to combat its own platform. The result was that many of the opposition who adhered to their principles supported the administration, while the rest became an obstructive and turbulent faction.

But if the purchase was the beginning of the disintegration of the Federalist party, it, on the other hand, revolutionized the ideas of the ruling party. They could no longer hold that the United States, except with unanimous consent, must always remain a confederacy of the thirteen original states, when they not only annexed a vast domain, but when their own President and Senate ratified a treaty stipulating that its inhabitants should be incorporated into the Union. It was in vain that they argued against the doctrine of implied powers, when Congress was governing a vast territory absolutely, and when this absolute government devolved upon Jefferson alone, their chosen chief. The Louisiana territory was a fact that could not be explained away except on the ground that the political organization of the United States was formed along national lines, and that the territory was a geographical necessity in order to insure a continuous national life. We need not concern ourselves here with the constitutional questions, either in regard to the purchase or as to subsequent legislation in regard to it. All the arguments, for and against, have been reechoed during the last four years; and these have been but a faint echo of the arguments that were used for fifty years with such intensity, in regard to this same territory, until the question was finally decided by four years of war. The important and essential thing was that for the first time Jefferson and his immediate followers had to place themselves on national grounds and appeal to the principle of nationality, and from this step they could never retreat. It was in vain that Jefferson desired and urged that the territory be set apart as a permanent abode for Indian tribes. Before his death he saw two states admitted from this new territory, and the pioneers, just as they had forced upon Jefferson the question of the purchase, had already forced upon the people the question that was to trouble them for years—the question whether this geographical unity should be accompanied by a unity of institutions and fundamental ideas, or whether institutional differences were to destroy it. It was the settlers on this territory who repeatedly forced this question, which, in spite of compromises, would not down. If, in 1803, the

New England people feared that by the purchase the political balance would be destroyed, they did not foresee that their descendants in this very territory would gain the victory over the political domination of the slave-holding south; that emigrants into this region from New England, from the Middle States, from Germany and Scandinavia, would decide the election of Lincoln, follow Grant down the Mississippi and save this territory to the nation. These men fought for the Union, not for any material interest, for the cry of "No coercion" came more often from the financial centres of the east. Nor was it merely in the interest of the slave; the Abolitionists had the interests of the negroes most nearly at heart, and they welcomed a dissolution of the Union. It is from the heart of the Mississippi Valley where man's gaze rested upon miles of railroad, broad rivers, and boundless stretches of prairie, far as the eye can reach, where his intercourse and activity could extend in every direction without meeting a physical check; where only toward the south the dark curse of slavery erected an institutional barrier, separating men who would otherwise be neighbors—it is pre-eminently from this place that the man could come to say, and comprehend his words when he said, "This nation cannot endure half slave and half free."

The Louisiana Purchase was important, not so much on account of its broad acres and material wealth, but because of its millions of homes, sheltering a people who have acquired common principles, habits and ideals; because in this river basin, over half of which was comprised in the Purchase, there grew up the real American nation which more and more dominates our industrial, social and political life. These men, in fighting for the Union, fought for what the majority of men always fight for—an idea. They fought for the idea of a national state, which offered to them what they held most dear, and of which they were an integral part. If we are inclined to think that the mass of men are only sordid, and that patriotism is a sham, or that their thoughts rarely go beyond the narrow confines where their material wealth is invested, let us think for a moment what would happen if the attempt were again made to make the Mississippi a dividing line.

Notes.

Commencement base ball games: June 20, Sophomores vs. Freshmen; June 22, Williamsport; June 23, open; June 24, Bloomsburg Normal.

For Commencement, special railroad rates have been secured. Hotel rates are $2.00 per day and boarding houses $1.00 to $1.50 per day. For card order giving railroad rates, or information as to accommodations, address Mr. Gretzinger, the Registrar.

The Institute Alumnae will hold their annual reunion this Commencement. A luncheon will be served before the business meeting. For tickets address Mrs. A. T. Loomis, Lewisburg.

In the tennis meet between Lafayette and Bucknell, held at Easton May 28, Bucknell won the doubles. R. H. Harris, 1903, and W. A. Grier, 1905, represented Bucknell.

The annual athletic meet between Dickinson and Bucknell was held at Lewisburg, May 29. The result was as follows: Bucknell, 73; Dickinson, 31.

Ralph J. Hess, manager of the MIRROR, has left college and is in the employ of the American Car and Foundry Company, Berwick. Harold Perrine, assistant manager, will have charge of the MIRROR's interests for the balance of the college year.

The "Commencement News" will be issued as usual this year. The full issue will be sent to out-of-town subscribers upon the receipt of twenty cents. Subscriptions should be sent to Harold Perrine, Lewisburg.

The Commencement play of the class of 1903 will be produced in the Lewisburg opera house on Tuesday morning of Commencement week.

The annual meeting of the Alumni will be held at 1.30 P. M. Tuesday, June 24, in Bucknell Hall, instead of 10 o'clock A. M. A large attendance is requested.

"L'Agenda," the Junior Annual, is out. It is dedicated this year to Colonel J. K. Weaver, M.D., of Norristown, a prominent alumnus and trustee of the University. In mechanical and typographical effect it is a fine specimen of the printer's art. Among the features might be mentioned groupings showing pictures of both the Trustees and many prominent Alumni. The drawings are of an especially fine and artistic character, and are the products of undergraduates.

Manager R. W. Thompson, of the football team, announces his schedule for next season as follows: September 26th, Wyoming Seminary, at Lewisburg; October 3rd, Carlisle Indians, at Williamsport; October 10th, Watertown, at Watertown, N. Y.; October 17th, Cornell, at Ithaca; October 21st, Princeton, at Princeton; October 24th, open, at home; October 31st, Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; November 3rd (election day), Western University of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg; November 7th, Gettysburg, at Lewisburg; November 14, Navy, at Annapolis; November 21st, University of Buffalo; November 26th, open.

The following have been chosen from the College graduating class as Commencement speakers: George Ripley Bliss, Washington, D. C.; Hannah Goodman, Philadelphia; Abram Cyrus Gunter, Mt. Pleasant; Reese Harvey Harris, Lewisburg; William Lawrence Kalp, Mt. Pleasant; Mary Lila Long, Williamsport; Walter Kremer Rhodes, Fairplay; Helen Agatha Selinger, McKean; Cloyd Nillis Steininger, Lewisburg; Carl Wayland Tiffany, Fleetville; Howard King Williams, Philadelphia.

Bucknell Mirror.

MAY, 1903.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by Fred R. Miller Blank Book Co., Williamsport, Pa.

WE are able to place before our readers the excellent address on "The Louisiana Purchase," delivered before the students by Professor Heim. Its historical accuracy, profound thought and just conclusions will commend it to all who are interested in the development of our country.

+ \+ \+

WITH this issue THE MIRROR bids its readers adieu; but ere we lay aside the blue pencil and quit the sanctum with a sigh of relief, we wish to bequeath to all friends our good will, and to the new staff our unfulfilled hope and—sympathy, with the ardent hope that under the next board of editors, the future will witness a new epoch of advancement for THE MIRROR. The recent Faculty regulations relative to *The Orange and Blue*, THE MIRROR and *The Commencement News* go into effect next year and will doubtless prove most salutary. More responsibility will attach to the position of editor-in-chief, the literary standard of our college publications will be advanced and many improvements inaugurated under the new *regime*.

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Alumni Notes.

'81. The sixteenth anniversary of the wedding of Frank H. Cooper and wife was most delightfully observed April 7, by the members of the Olivet Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minn., of which Mr. Cooper is pastor.

'81. Franklin G. McKeever, of the First Baptist Church, New London, Conn., has been invited to preach during the coming summer in London and Edinburgh pulpits.

'85. J. P. Currin, of Golden Gate, Cal., read a paper recently before the San Francisco Baptist Ministers' Conference, on "The Absolute."

'85. C. W. Herman has been the successful principal of the Wyoming schools for the past half decade.

'85. Jos. E. Sagebeer, Ph. D., who recently relinquished the pastorate of the Second Baptist Church, Germantown, Philadelphia, has decided to enter upon the practice of law. He is already a member of the New Jersey bar, and has gained much applause over a book, "The Bible in Court," of which he is the author.

'86. Edward A. Johnson, of South Dover, N. Y., has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Newport, R. I.

'89. The Malvern, Penna., Baptist Church, of which Chas. A. Walker is pastor, observed its seventieth anniversary April 5-12.

'89. Wm. F. Gibbons, author of "Those Black Diamond Men: A Tale of the Anthrax Valley" (published by the Revell Company), which has attracted widespread attention, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Dunmore, Penna., a suburb of Scranton.

'91. H. W. D. Kirkendall, of Wenatchee, Wash., is much encouraged by the recent addition of 31 persons to his church membership.

'92. George Shorkley, M. D., left Wednesday, May 27th, for Norway, whence he goes with the Ziegler expedition to make another dash for the North Pole. Dr. Shorkley is physician and surgeon of the expedition.

'98. E. C. Baker, of the Coatesville Iron Works, has sent the department of Economic Zoology an excellent collection of iron ores.

'99. W. C. Purdy is teaching in the Slippery Rock Normal School.

Miss Bertha C. Watkins is instructor in Rockford College, Ill.

'99. Palmer L. Williams, of Scranton, has temporarily given up the practice of law and is giving his entire time looking after the varied interests of the estate of his father, recently deceased.

1902. L. E. Theiss is employed on the New York Sun.

÷ ÷ ÷

Married.

WAID—SPAULDING: In the Beulah Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich., of which the groom is pastor, on Tuesday evening, April 21, Geo. H. Waid (class of '94), and Miss Margaret Spaulding. The ceremony was performed by E. P. Tuller, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Detroit, assisted by Spenser B. Meeser, D.D. ('83), pastor of the Woodward Ave. Baptist Church in the same city; and R. R. Snow ('94), of Cleveland, O., was best man.

÷ ÷ ÷

Change of Address.

'54. C. M. Deitz, Florence, N. J., to Palmyra. N. J.

'63. W. W. Case, D.D., Rutherford, N. J., to Port Murray, N. J.

'64. Ross Ward, Kingwood, W. Va., to Stewartstown, W. Va.

'69. F. K. Fowler, D.D., Olean, N. Y., to Benton Harbor, Mich.

'70. C. T. Hallowell, Park Rapids, Minn., to Rochester, Minn.

'71. Geo. Ballentine, Reidsburg, Pa., to Elimsport, Pa.

'76. A. S. Bastian, Dykemans, N. Y., to Shenandoah, N. Y.

'77. T. J. Collins, Bakersfield, Cal., to Spokane, Wash.

'84. C. A. Gardner, Toledo, O., to Utica, O.

'84. A. W. Hand, Putnam, Conn., to Wildwood, N. J.

'88. Wm. H. Clipman, Philadelphia, to Yeadon, Delaware Co.

'91. C. G. Langford, Moravia, N. Y., to South Side Baptist Church, Elmira, N. Y.

'91. A. L. Moore, D.D., Atlantic City, N. J., to 166 W. 92d St., New York City.

'96. E. T. Haddock, Achor, O., to Jamestown, Pa.

'99. C. S. Keen, Camden, N. J., to Kinwha, China.

'99. W. J. Rawlinson, Baltimore, Md., to Shanghai, China.

'99. J. C. Hazen, Hinckley, Ill., to Green Bay, Wis.

At a recent meeting of the Faculty the following minute, prepared by Professor Perrine, was adopted and ordered to be placed on the records:

"The death of the Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman on April 29th, at the ripe age of seventy-four years, brings to an end a career that calls for more than passing comment. A close and profound student during his long life, he strove to clothe his thought with appropriate words that gave a peculiar charm to all he uttered. To melody of voice he joined a grace of manner that discovered a gentleness of spirit far beyond the common lot of man. His central theme was the application of Christ's teaching to the conditions of modern society, and from his excursions into the realms of science, literature, art, philosophy, history and sociology, he came back laden with spoils that were freely used to embellish the work he had chosen to accomplish. As preacher he sought for no transient and startling reward, but appealed to the highest reason, and deeply taught rather than momentarily aroused his auditors. Hence he became closely identified with the scholastic life of his time and earned, as he received, the gratitude of our own and other universities. His occasional orations and addresses, and his stated courses of lectures were events in our work and were models to the mature as well as to the immature among his hearers. The Faculty felt that he was essentially a teacher with themselves, and the students knew that he spoke as one having the authority of long, sincere and patient investigation. His departure is a distinct loss to the cause of sound learning and of Christian culture, and the Baptist denomination, together with all Christendom, has good reason to regret that he is no more."

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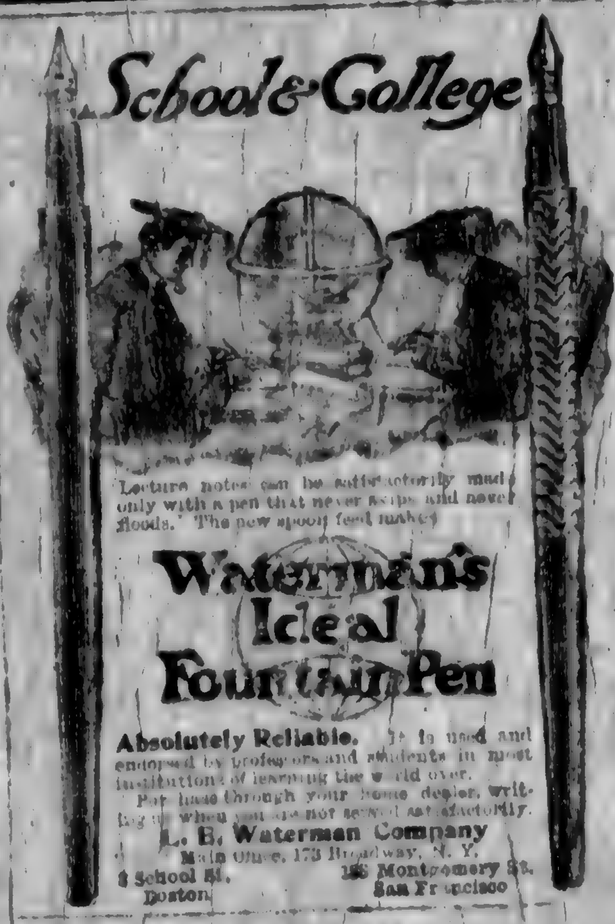

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Bucknell Mirror.

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Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXIII. Lewisburg, Pa., November, 1903. No. 1

The Mirror from the Student Point of View.

Perhaps there is more said concerning the duty of the student to the college paper than there is concerning the duty of the college paper to the student. Of course, the paper needs, more than that, it *demands*, the support of the student, and for a paper to die from lack of this support is a disgrace to the whole student-body. Realizing this, no effort is too strenuous to keep the paper up to the recognized standard. But the paper has a well-defined duty to the college student.

The paper is what the student or, to speak more accurately, what a small percentage of the students in general makes it. It should be representative. A college is a broad-minded institution; therefore, there is place for nothing narrow, nothing bigoted, nothing, we may even say, dogmatic, in a college paper. A college furnishes one with a widened, clearer view of life, enlarging one's outlook to an extent that cannot be over-estimated; therefore there is no room for pessimism, or for dogged persistence in one's own opinions, in a college paper. Finally, to be successful, the paper must exercise the utmost tolerance, and manifest a spirit which, while it demands and upholds nothing but the *best*, and which maintains toward all things a truly appreciative attitude, yet has in it nothing of arrogance, nothing—and perhaps it is because of the possession of this trait so many college papers fall below the standard,—nothing domineering.

'04.

* *

What constitutes a typical college monthly? Briefly: literary excellence, which presupposes careful editing by a competent board of editors; special numbers; tact and enterprise exhibited in new features and artistic effects; a good, spicy editorial page; an absence of all personal and local matter, properly belonging to the province of a college weekly; a good athletic department, free from the nomenclature of the gridiron and the diamond and unsightly line-ups which merely fill space; *a large subscription list;* lastly, a dominant college spirit which will permeate its pages and make it representative of the student body.

This category of excellences, if typified in The Mirror, would raise its standard to that attained by college publications of the highest rank. We frankly admit, however, that our conception of a college monthly is in some respects ideational; and we warn the editor, if he attempt to reduce our maxims to practice, that he might as well conclude first as last that he "can please some of the people some of the time, all the people some of the time, but he can't please *all* the people *all* the time."

'05.

* * *

The Mirror should reflect the literary standard of the college. Its pages should contain the *best* articles that can be produced by the students who contribute to the magazine. From four or five hundred college men and women there ought to be obtained at least half a dozen original stories or discussions of high literary standard, and the editors should accept only these for publication. Could there not be one or two original poems in each issue which are witty and clever, and some stories which portray college life as it really is? College life is quite different from "real" life, and college publications should depict its peculiarities. The little incidences of our daily life here are often very interesting, and they will work up uniquely into storiettes. These should be for the pages of The Mirror, not for some other of our publications where they would appear out of place.

'05.

♣ ♣

The Mirror is a publication of, by, and paramountly for the student body of this College. If such be its purpose then surely it should contain what the students want, or better (since generally that means more than our money's worth) it should not contain what they do not want. In the opinion of the writer students do not care for much that is without or beyond their own experience. There may be some who thoroughly enjoys six or eight pages upon "Burns as a Lyric Writer" or some such theme, but we think they are on the verge of loneliness.

We do not think that The Mirror should be devoted to articles of gridiron-heroes and fluttering handkerchiefs, pleasing perhaps to read but lacking in literary avoirdupois. We do believe that The Mirror should contain as much snap and ginger as the cover will hold.

Mix up some criticisms of Tennyson's style, a little church history, together with some developments in science and most healthy students will call the draught bitter. But combine a cup full of college life, a little romance with a flavor of tobacco smoke and the result will tickle the palate like a box of Huyler's.

'05.

♣ ♣

Our Athletic Relations with State College.

Editor's Note:—This article was written previous to the one that appeared sometime ago in the *Orange and Blue*, but the writer in that publication was unaware of the fact, and after consultation on the part of both editors it was decided to publish both.

On November third, nineteen hundred, the football game between State College and Bucknell was brought to an abrupt close by a dispute over one of the umpire's decisions and athletic relations between the two colleges have not been resumed since that time. On the evening of the same day the two student bodies were parading the town and met in conflict in the streets of Williamsport. Not much damage was done except to some old drums that our friends from State were unkind enough to smash, thus showing their lack of respect for good music. There was not much ill-feeling on either side and only such as would naturally arise between the partisans of a closely contested football game. Neither of the student bodies thought that athletic relations in every branch of sport were to be severed for an indefinite period.

Now it is far from our purpose to question the wisdom of our own faculty's action in this matter, for undoubtedly their's is the wise and fitting point of view. It is true that our athletic relations with State have not always been marked by the spirit of generous rivalry which should prevail. No doubt much can be said on both sides as to the sportsmanship of leaving the field on the decision of an umpire, no matter how poor that decision may seem to be. But the resurrection of the unsavory remains of the old dispute is not our purpose in this article. We simply desire to state our own views in the matter and stand ready to change them if they are proved to be wrong. But it is our belief that athletic relations with State College should be resumed within a year.

In the first place there is within a radius of several hundred miles, no college so nearly our equal in all branches of athletics as Pennsylvania State. Records of past show that in football, baseball, basket-ball and track, the score stands about even. In the earlier days State had things mostly her own way in football but that was in the youthful days of Bucknell when numerically State was much our superior. But later on things were nearly even: a comparison of scores made by the two teams against other colleges goes to prove this assertion. Our relay team of the last few years has nearly evened up the record of the football team in years past. A comparison of the records of the two basket-ball teams shows them evenly matched. Both teams played Williamsport last year and the results were about equal. In the field sports State and Bucknell were defeated by the Carlisle Indians by almost the same number of points while both colleges defeated Dickinson by almost identical scores. If we had the time and space statistics could be compiled to support our statements, but nearly all the upper classmen of Bucknell are fully acquainted with the facts and the mere statement is sufficient.

Again, the students of the two colleges come from practically the same localities. This in itself while fostering as spirit of rivalry should tend to eliminate any spirit of unfairness or any desire to take an unsportsmanly advantage.

Personally, we have many friends at State and can vouch for their opinion in the matter as co-incident with our own. The general sentiment at State seems to be that the severance of our mutual athletic relations was a misfortune and one that should be remedied at an early date. The sentiment of our own student body seems to be heartily in accord with this, while there is also a generally expressed desire on both sides that the unfortunate incidents of the past games be done away with.

To avoid future disagreement, we think it would be extremely practicable to have an athletic advisory committee from each college with authority to settle all disputes. In this way we think that, provided the same spirit of forbearance and mutual good will were shown on both sides, future disputes could be avoided. As to the matter of the possible collision of the "rooters" and parades of the two colleges, we think this could be eliminated by a previous agreement that the cheering sections should occupy opposite sides of the field, as heretofore; that only the side that was ahead at the end of the first half should have the right to parade on the field—in case of a tie, neither side to parade—and the victorious college only should parade after the game. The discussion of these matters may seem trivial but it is only by a mutual understanding of such courtesies that the desired good feeling can be obtained.

This is only a short sketch of what we should like to say on the subject. Perhaps there may again be occasion to discuss this question. Meantime we write an open discussion through the pages of THE MIRROR and hope to be able to publish other views on the subject in our next issue. Here's hoping that it will not be long before we again meet State on the athletic field and that soon we shall have a more worthy object for our "rooting" than a lot of inoffensive, unemotional Indians who fail to appreciate our ear-splitting efforts and whose silence is a sort of contemptuous retort to college yells.

'04.

* * *

A Song of a Day.

Glitter and glimmer of turquoise sky,
—Heigh-ho, Marjorie, O!—
Laugh of a breeze as it frolics by,
  And down in the east, the sun.
Cob-webs spun on a pixy's loom
  Veil the heart of the heather and broom,
Tender tints through a silver gloom,
  And the golden day's begun.

Curving vault of a sapphire hue,
—Heigh-ho, Marjorie, O!—
Little white clouds in the crystal blue,
  And high overhead, the sun.
Kiss of a wind that is strong, like wine,
Bringing the breath of the fragrant pine:
See how scarlet the creepers twine!
  And the golden day is won.

Burnished glow in the silent west,
—Heigh-ho, Marjorie, O!—
Drowsy chirp from a hidden nest,
  And low in the sky, the sun,

Weary wind as it sinks to sleep
Wafts the scents from the copses deep,
Gray are the shadows that slowly creep,
And the golden day is done.

'04.

* * *

The Loafer.

Morning dawns but with it no terrible clanging of rising bells. How sweet it is to sleep until the last few moments before chapel. Then how invigorating the brisk walk for breakfast, the hurried meal, and as a grand finale the buying of a newspaper and the rush for chapel. Once within, the newspaper opened, with bowed head the Bucknell man soon learns of the world's doing. All too soon is the service ended and the long procession files up the hill. With hands in his pockets the man whistles, sings and slouches along.

The hall is such a delightful place for conversation, by all means he must indulge in some gossip before he enters the class room. Never must he go to class until the co-ed's have all gone in and meekly taken the front seats. For it is evident that the back seats are much better suited for studying, reading and sleeping.

Class over, he makes a wild rush for the hall to obtain his old loafing place. The walls groan and groan from the weights they sustain while the "man" sweeps the hall, incidentally of course, the co-eds, and boasts of his recitations, past and future. Perchance he may become tired of this ordinary loafing, so he either finds a co-ed and takes possession of the window seat or enters the library to wile the time away, not by studying, for that would be detrimental to him, but by reading the latest magazines and daily papers.

Noon comes. Down the hill he goes to his club. Then what bliss it is to loaf either at the post office or at the corner of Third and Market. But often there is an inexpressible longing to walk by the Sem. Afternoon classes must be endured you know, so with a brave heart he perfects himself in the art of bluffing.

At four he is ready to watch the football practice and to imitate "women-folk" by his gossip. Often this is tiresome and then the poor over-worked mortal seeks further diversion by watching the Semites do their innumerable errands.

Supper time comes and after it, the evening mail. Market Street is so fascinating that an hour passes by before the "man" recollects that he must move on for he has a date to-night with his town girl. He must recall some time worn jokes for her benefit and always tell her how tiresome his Saturday night Sem-dates are and how he goes simply for the fun of the thing and to keep up the bluff. But no sooner has he left this fair one than he hurries Semward to have a chat out the window or receive a box of fudge, carefully packed and beribboned.

Then up the hill he goes to write to his home girl and after that to study,— I wonder, how much?

THE CYNIC.

♣ ♣ ♣

Surprise.

How passing strange it seemed to me
I never shall forget,
That day I went out in the rain
And found that it was wet.

♣ ♣ ♣

The Wind Blows.

Hello Kid ! Come in. Been wanting some one to talk to. No one's been in for the last twenty minutes. Beginning to feel a little lonely. Chum went calling at the Sem, all rigged up, white vest, with a row of brass over his heart that would make any girl happy for life. Took him an hour to dress—he started in a hurry but sprinted in the wrong place. It don't do to run a razor like a lawn mower as he found out after he'd branded himself pretty well. He looked as if he'd tried a game of tit-tat-too and finally got three in a row. Of course he blamed it on the razor and prayed for me for having such an instrument of torture. He said that never since the inquisition had such a tool been forced upon an innocent public, that such a thing was contrary to law, religion and morality and if he had anything to do with it he'd have it suppressed. He suppressed it all right—out the window. That squares us up all but a quarter.

Have the "makin's," Kid? Latakia's gone up ten cents which means another half on my laundry bill. Just got through writing a touching letter home. Touched Father for ten more than usual. He won't mind it so much this time, he's getting accustomed to it. I remember when I first began to talk Bucknell to him. Sis told him it was no use to send me to college, that I'd never learn anything. Father remarked casually that he guessed I'd learn to spend money fast enough. I've endeavored to improve my opportunities.

I was somewhat at a loss to account for the extra ten. I've worked the sick "stunt" and shoes half-soled and Y. M. C. A. dues and the other old stand-bys pretty thoroughly. I told him there'd be a bread riot here soon the way prices were going up. Now don't suppose I told him that because I thought he'd believe it; father isn't quite that easy, but it will mislead him and he will sail into me about what unnecessary prevarication leads to and he'll forget all about the money part of it and I'll get the extra ten. He'll wind up by saying that if I keep on the next thing I'll be smoking cigarettes. One cigarette in my home can raise more smoke than a good sized volcano.

Don't go Kid. Must you? Well drop in soon again. Chum ought to be back pretty soon. They say they beat a pan down there when its time to go but I never could get up enough nerve to go and find out. Good bye Kid.

'05.

The Way of the Freshman is Hard.

With inward resolutions to conduct himself with exceeding circumspection the new student arrives: he will watch the others, he will follow in the steps of those no longer new. He arrives at these notions because it has been impressed upon him in some mysterious fashion that he is to go through a Process—just what, he will soon discover.

In what secret comparisons of the blunders of those less cautious does he indulge; with what inward rejoicings does he congratulate himself when at the end of the first day he finds he has managed to keep out of trouble; but with what mixed emotions does he find he has overstepped the bounds of some unwritten law the first thing next morning! Perhaps he has only taken the wrong path after chapel; perhaps he has been too ready with uninteresting information about his own prowess; perhaps his excellence in some small preparatory school has made him deem it safe to venture a "brilliant" recitation—woe to him if this be so; perhaps he expressed annoyance at finding the number of his subjects limited to three,—but he doesn't give voice to the shock that comes when he finds he can scarcely carry the three.

He is puzzled that he is ignored by the Seniors, that he is patronized by the Juniors; but he is pained that he is maltreated by the Sophomores. Only one source of comfort has he—that some day he may be in a position to do snubbing and pitying and hazing on his own account.

But why is he treated thus? That he may find his own capacity his relation to the world; that he may grow in grace and wisdom into a good Sophomore—so he is told. He is assured, in season and out of season, that he will do differently "when he is a Sophomore," a creature whom he looks upon with suspicion. He knows how he'll do then!

Altogether, the way of the Freshman is a long one and a weary.

One Who Knows.

The Chapel Clock.

I'm tired. This world's no place for me.
I wish I were retired; it don't seem right to be
Hung up without one's own consent,
Like a horse-thief on a tree,
And made to work both day and night:
No, no, it really don't seem right
Tick, tock—
I am the chapel clock.

Well then, you say, why don't I stop
And just hang idle till I drop?
How would you like to take my place
When Prexy gazes on my face
And sees I tell a lie?
I'd like death better and quick removal,
Than meet with his cold, stern reproval.
Tick, tock—
Poor chapel clock.

The greatest joy I have in being
Is the satisfaction I get in seeing
Those Juniors flunk.
They start and stammer; get red as fire,
Then drop kerplunk.
Those iron-bound specs go back in place
And look to find the next disgrace;
Tick, tock—
He'd like to be the chapel clock.
—RED'S.

* * *

Squid 'O!!

Didn't I nuver tell you bout de time Tony and me did a term at de seashore? Soitainly I'll tell yus, if yeh wants me to. No, 'twarent Coney, ner yet Rockaway but 'twas way up north, an' it was just as expensive as Coney too, I tell yus,—it was up at de place dey tried to do one of de Gould boys. De Gould yacht cum in one summer eve, into de harbor an' a green grocery truck farm gardner rows out to 'em wid a boat full of vegetables. "Ahoy," sez he, "does yer want any fresh vegetables?"

"Ahoy" they sez. "An' we do,—have yus got cucumbers?"

"Yis," he responded.

"An' what is de price?"

"Wan dollar apiece," sez he.

And they sez, "On yer way! do yuh tink yer sellin votes to de Pennsy legislature? Nay, we'll get along on goose livers an' greece till we strike Choisy City." An' dey rung him off. So you can see de place wuz expensive.

Well, as I started to say: we come, Tony an' me,'cause Tony had exhausted hisself doin' a con-game along the Pennsy—ajoik line, long de candle light circuit. We bought jointed railroad tickets an' at de end of numerous hours of exquist agony on de N. Y. N. H. & H. we got off at de same identical place de Pilgrim Pappas had got off some time prevyus. An' we started in to recuprate.

We grubbed at a regular dead swell joint—de usual seashore kind where dey gives yuh all de fruits in season canned. 'Twas all right, too,'cept for one ting. De landlady had a habit of givin us lobster an' we liked 'em, but one day Tony an' me piped 'em off, for dey wuz cooked an' dey wuz green. Well, I'd cum to diet my stomack but I had too much respect for mine to dye it wid de color stuff dey put on green lobsters to make 'em red.

One day we started out for excitement, an' we found it. We got on a big warf and started fishin' for squid—de calls it wid a jig, what is a piece of lead stuck full of pins, the same bein' attached to a line. Pretty soon Tony got a boit an' he pulled de ting outer water.

"Arrah," sez Tony wid a howl, "'tis not a fish at all, at all—'tis de livin incarnation of a gin-ricky afterthought."

An' shure de ting looked it,bein' as it was only a whitey brown slice of gelatine split up at one end into prickly feelers—tentacklers de called 'em—that tried to mesmerize you. De body of de ting was loose from its backbone like a bath robe, an' flapped dolorous.

"Shure I'm a brave man, "sez Tony," I will investigate dis incentive to municipal misgovernment." An' he got on his hands and knees to do ut. Den de brute landed on him an Tony cum out of de break-away drippin' reddy-brown shoe polish. Looked tanned, Tony did!

"What ails your friend?" asted a summer boarder.

"Shure," I replies courteous, "he's no friend of mine, but by the looks of him I should say he was an Orangeman havin' a hemorage."

Say, have you got a match? What happened next? Oh, I tuk him home. De chump looked so rusty dat I tried to wash him off with coal oil, but he wouldn't stand fur dat, so I just put him to bed—he got over it.

H. J. L. '07.

♣ ♣ ♣

Habit.

I always walk upon my feet
And will till I am dead,
Because I never have been used
To walking on my head.

♣ ♣ ♣

Bucknell Mirror.

OCTOBER, 1903.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞ Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi! We sincerely hope that when you, oh readers, have reached the editorial page of this number, after having skipped nothing that precedes it, you can heartily concur in the sentiment that if the MIRROR of last year is dead, the new MIRROR gives promise of a successful future. It is true the present number scarcely attains perfection but we hope, by your leave, to approximate it in future numbers. But to achieve the best results, we need your assistance.

First of all, we should like to make a touching appeal to your pocket book. Come all you possessors of rolls of the long green and hasten to deposit the price of subscription in the hands of our gentle manager; in return you will receive one receipt, a broad expansive smile and in due time eight numbers of our valuable publication. And you who eat hash in boarding clubs, do not, as has been your wont in time past, make but a single subscription and then pass our fair MIRROR around one to the other.

And now as to our contributors. We should like every ink-slinger in college, be he verdant Freshman or reverend Senior, to deluge us with manuscript. We shan't promise to accept them all nor will we favor any one, but the best shall see the type so that when one of yours is dressed in printer's garb, swell up and count yourself. Short stories of college life; poems, serious or witty; any article in short that will interest Bucknell students—this is the material we seek.

With this assistance we hope, indeed we cannot fail, to have a successful MIRROR.

* *

The symposium which is introduced this month is a departure. The opportunity afforded the student body to discuss pro and con the advisability of publishing THE MIRROR, with no restriction imposed with reference to unfavorable criticism or adverse comment, is an evidence of frankness and good faith on the part of the editorial board. The response has been gratifying. The generous sentiment in favor of college journalism and the manifest interest shown in THE MIRROR by the students is encouraging to the editors. As a result we confidently expect the editorial sanctum to be inundated with manuscript until the editor in despair shall be forced to cry "Enough!" *Quod Deus det!*

* *

While not wishing to criticise the present able management of the foot ball team, yet we think the practice of playing games with professional football teams is a deplorable one. True, the monetary advantage is considerable, but this cannot compensate for the loss of prestige in college circles. One of the foremost athletic writers of this country, Caspar Whitney, last year omitted Bucknell's standing in a comparison of the football teams of different colleges, giving as his reason that our playing two professional teams during the season practically put us out of the count. We hope that hereafter it will not be necessary to play professional teams and that we shall have more games on our own campus with colleges of our own rank.

♣ ♣ ♣

Method.

A time for doing everything
I always advocate,
So if I'm not on time for class
I know that I am late.

♣ ♣ ♣

Alumni Notes.

We hope to make the Alumni department of THE MIRROR one of its strongest features and shall endeavor to print all alumni notes ascertainable. This year we have made a departure from the traditional methods and now have four alumni editors: one from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Pittsburg. In this way we hope to canvass the field pretty thoroughly. It will be of great help if our alumni subscribers will send us items of interest.

The annual state convention of the Baptist Church was held in Lewisburg on October 20th, 21st and 22nd. Among the Bucknell alumni present were the following: George Ballentine,'71, Elimsport; J. H. Cooke,' 98, New Albany; W. J. Coulston, '83, Greensburg; L. C. Davis, '76, Allenwood; S. F. Forgeus, '72, Huntington; A. J. Furman, '59, Indiana; H. B. Garner, '65, Coal Point; T. C. Hanna, '95, Jenkintown; Theodore Heysham, '94, Norristown; W. S. Holland,'00, New Jersey; E. Hulley, '92, Factoryville; R. M. Hunsicker, '82, Chestnut Hill; J. S. Hutson, '66, Allegheny; A. J. Irey, '79, Warren; C. R. James, '75, Allentown; J. S. James, '68, Altoona; Owen James, '76, Johnstown; F. H. Lane, '53, Huntingdon; A. C. Lathrop,'94, Milesburg; W. C. Leinbach, '89, Shamokin; D. E. Lewis, '96, West Pittston; W. R. Maul, '67, New York; John C. Nissley, '83, Harrisburg; H. M. Peas, '95, Halstead; David Phillips, '95, Plymouth; E. R. Powell,'96, Warrensville; W. E. Ruch, '01, Ridgway; T. H. Sprague, '97, Philadelphia; David Spencer, '63, Blakey; C. A. Soars, '88, Philadelphia; J. E. Saul, '98, Norristown; John Sherman, '00, Picture Rocks; F. I. Sigmund, '95, Everett; Paul Tustin, '91, Bloomsburg; J. G. Walker, '62, Philadelphia; C. A. Walker, '89, Malvern; R. T. Wiltbank, '98, Hollidaysburg; J. R. Wood, '94, Frankford; Mrs. J. R. Wood, '94, Frankford.

'63. Rev. W. W. Case, D. D., has resigned the pastorate at Rutherford, N. Y., and accepted a call to Port Murray, N. J.

'73. John William Hague, a prominent Lawyer of Pittsburg, has been re-appointed fish warden.

'82. Rev. R. M. Hunsicker, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, was re-elected to the B. Y. P. U. A. Board of Management, at the annual convention, held in Atlanta, Ga., July 9-12. Mr. Hunsicker has also been doing field work in behalf of the Pennsylvania Baptist State Mission Society during the past summer.

'83. Rev. Spencer B. Meeser, D. D., Pastor of the Woodward Ave. Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich., was one of the speakers at the B. Y. P. U. Convention in Atlanta.

'85. The Rev. Jos. E. Sagebeer, Ph.D., late pastor of Second Baptist Church, Germantown, Philadelphia has become the Editor of *The Optimist*, published by the Interdenominational Publishing Co., 1420 Chestnut St. Philadelphia. He is also the stated pulpit supply of the Eastside Baptist Church, Germantown.

'85. Bev. J. P. Currin, Pastor of the Golden Gate Baptist Church, Oakland, Cal., preached the baccalaureate sermon, May 17, before the graduating class of California College, located in Oakland.

'85. Rev. Samuel Zane Batten, of Morristown, N. J., has been unanimously called to the pastorate of the First

Baptist Church, Lincoln, Neb., and has entered upon the work of his new pastorate. Mrs. Batton was Miss Winifred Merriman (Inst. '85.)

'88. Rev. J. W. Griffith, of Sherbrune, N. Y., becomes pastor of the Dearborn St. Baptist Church, Buffalo.

Ex. '89. Rev. J. W. Neyman, of Estherville, Iowa, was recently called to the Baptist pastorate at Corydon, Iowa, but declined.

'89. Rev. Raymond M. West, for nearly twelve years Pastor of the Lehigh Ave. Baptist Church, Philadelphia, has accepted the unanimous call of the First Baptist Church, St. Paul, Minn., and began his new pastorate, September 1.

Ex. '91. Rev. Charles DeWoody, of Geneva, N. Y., declined a recent call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, New Castle, Penna., but accepted that of the Park Ave. Baptist Church, Utica, N. Y.

'92. Rev. Elton S. Corson, M. D., who has been a medical missionary at Toungoo, Burma, has returned to this country, and will practice medicine in Bridgeton, N. J.

'92. Rev. Walter B. Pimm, Pastor at Port Murray, N. J. has accepted a call to Milbrun, N. J.

'93. Edwin Moxey has been elected Professor of Constitutional History and International Law in the University of West Virginia.

'94. Rev. Raymond J. Davis, Pastor of the Wissahickon Baptist Church, Philadelphia, has become Pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Williamsbridge, N. Y.

Ex '94. Rev. Geo. C. Horter, Ph.D., Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Camden, N. J., declines a call to Canton, Penna.

'94. Rev. Robert B. Davidson has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Elliott, Penna., to accept the call of the Warren Ave. Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich.

Ex. '95. Rev. R. D. Minch, graduating last June from Crozer Seminary, becomes Pastor of the Bethany Church, Camden, N. J.

'98. Morris VanGundy, who was chemist for the Black Diamond Steel Co., of Pgh., is now with the Pittsburg Testing Laboratory.

'99. G. Livingston Bayard is Chaplain on the U. S. S. Brooklyn, now at Beyrout, Syria.

'99. Joseph C. Hazen was ordained June 1, at Green Bay, Wis., where he is pastor of the First Baptist Church.

Ex. '00. Martin B. Christy is now located in Pittsburg with the National Supply Co.

'00. Winfield S. Holland, of the last class of Crozer Seminary, was ordained to the ministry, June 12, at Haddon Heights, N. J., where he is pastor.

'00 Charles F. Kulp, also of the last class of Crozer Seminary, was ordained July 26, at the Nicetown Baptist Church, Philadelphia, and has become pastor at East Nantmeal, Chester Co.

'00. Harry B. Wassell has opened a law office in the Frick building, Pittsburg.

'01. George W. Alexander is pastor of the newly constituted Baptist Church at Glenside, Penna. He is in the present senior class at Crozer Seminary.

'01. J. Z. Rowe is coaching the foot ball team of Kalamazoo College, Michigan.

'02. G. W. English and E. Burrows attended the Bucknell–Indian game at Williamsport.

'03. Miss Hannah Goodman is taking a graduate course in Latin in University of Pennsylvania.

'03. W. B. Kester is employed as civil engineer on the P. C. C. & St. L. R. R.

'03. Carl Tiffany is professor of Mathematics in Keystone Academy.

'03. Emily R. Ebling is instructor in Shilman University, Atlanta, Ga.

'03. Joseph Glaspey is employed as civil engineer by the Penna. R. R.

Rev. Isaac S. Hankins, a former student, for ten years a missionary under appointment of the American Baptist

Missionary Union, and stationed at Atmateur, Madras Presidency, India, has accepted the pastorate at DuBois, Penna.

'03. F. B. Jaekel, '03 and C. B. Galbraith, ex. '04, have been "breaking" broncos in Los Cerrillos, New Mexico.

'03. Miss Martha Thomas is teaching in East Liverpool, Ohio.

* * *

Athletics.

The football season of 1903 half gone finds Bucknell again among the leading elevens of the country. Last season's good record promises to be equaled if not surpassed, in spite of a very discouraging start. When a squad of fifteen men reported to Coach Hoskins on September 5, Bucknell's chances of success were very slim, and when the opening of college ten days later brought little or no material, the supporters of the team were in anything but an optimistic frame of mind. But the capable hand of Coach Hoskins showed itself again, and Bucknell maintains her prestige.

The opening game of the season was played with Wyoming Seminary on the athletic field on September 26. The contest proved to be what it was intended for—a practice game, Bucknell winning by a score of 27 to 0. This was the only game the team had before it met the Indians in the annual game at Williamsport one week later, and it is therefore little wonder that the Orange and Blue went down before the redmen who has had the benefit of several weeks training and practice under two coaches, and two games. Bucknell put up a plucky fight, but was outplayed in nearly every department. The score was 12 to 0; only one touchdown would have been scored, however, but for a blocked kick near the end of the game. A feature of this contest was the cheering of the students, who supported the team manfully and remained after the game to sing the college songs and cheer.

The team treated its supporters to a big surprise on October 10 by defeating the strong eleven of Watertown Athletic Club on their own grounds. Bucknell scarcely expected to score, but the men put up a great game and won out; score 12 to 6. The following Saturday the Orange and Blue met Cornell at Ithaca. Cornell was outplayed by her opponent, but had all the luck and won out. Bucknell gained ground almost at will, carrying the ball across the field several times only to lose it on fumbles which were made excusable by a wet field. The first half ended without either side scoring, but Cornell made a touchdown and kicked a goal the second half.

Bucknell played her best game against Princeton at Princeton on Wednesday, October 21. Although the men were sore from the Cornell game and had not the benefit of any practice since that game, they played a game that fairly took Princeton's breath. Although the Tigers put up their best game, they could do no better in the first half than to score a goal from the field. The strain of two hard games within four days told on Captain Cockill's men in the second half, and after some of the best men had retired, Princeton scored two touchdowns. The final score was 17 to 0. The work of Bucknell in this game won for the Orange and Blue the highest praise. Football experts expressed it as their opinion that Bucknell had one of the strongest lines among the colleges, none excepted. Individual players were accorded very flattering notices, the sporting writer of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* naming six who would be stars on any of the larger colleges. With the Pennsylvania game over, Bucknell should win the remaining game of her schedule.

Before many weeks the candidates for the basket-ball team will have commenced practice. Owing to the failure of Anderson, '05, to return to college, the basket-ball candidates advisory committee chose Cheesman, '05, to act as captain, and he and Coach Hoskins will have a hard task selecting a team that will compare favorably with that of last year and the year before. Of last year's men, Anderson and Griffiths will not be on the team, and their places will be hard to fill. However, there is good material to work with in Cockill, '05, Smith, '05, Grier, '05, Roberts, '07, and several others in the Freshman class. Manager Browning is preparing a good schedule of games, most of which will be played at home.

During the past week or so Capt. Pearse has had the track candidates out for short runs and by all appearances the prospects for a good track team this coming spring are fairly good, although we can hardly expect to have a team to equal that of the past two years. One of the most difficult things Coach Hoskins will have to meet this spring will be the developing of a relay team to compete in the Relay Races at Franklin Field in April. Notwithstanding the fact that our two fastest men are still in College we have lost the other two members of our wining team of last year, and the task of finding two good men to take their places will be that which confronts Coach Hoskins.

A new college yell has been composed by one of our upper classmen. Thinking that it would be of interest to the student body we publish it under this head. It runs as follows:

Bucknell-el-el (fast)
Bucknell-el-el
Give her-el-Bucknell
Give her-el-Bucknell, Bucknell
Ray-Ray-Ray (snappy).

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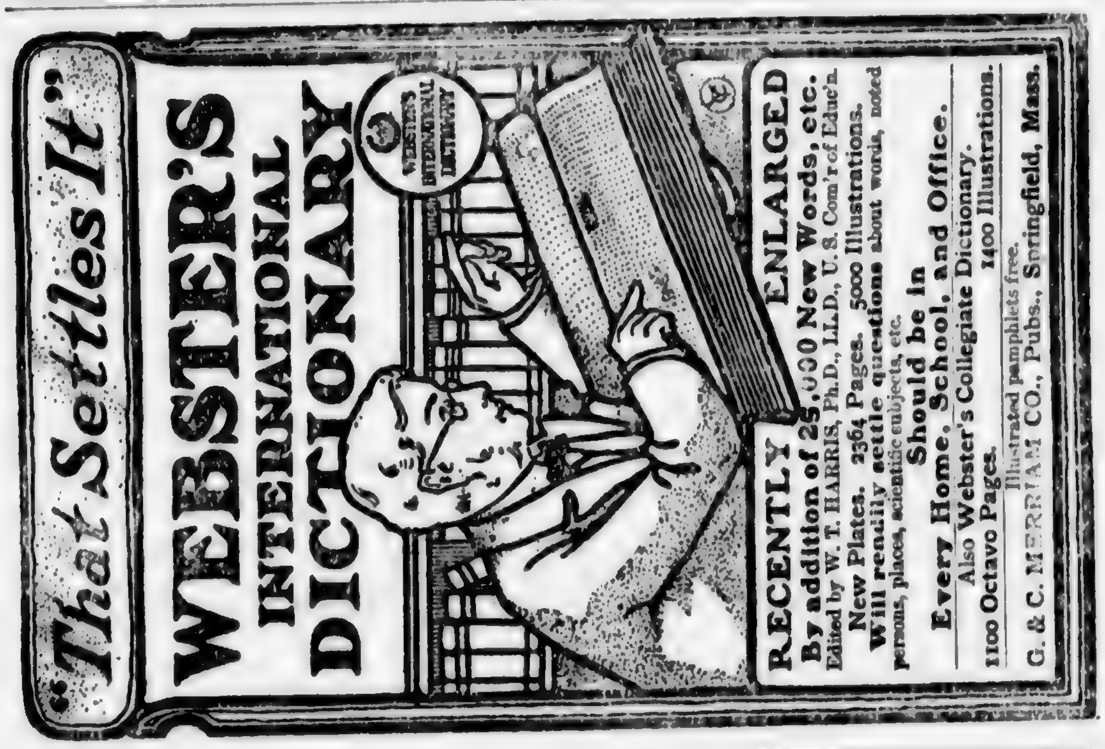

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Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXIII. Lewisburg, Pa., December, 1903. No. 2

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford."

BY PROF. ENOCH PERRINE, LITT. D.

> "*Quand une lecture vous eleve l'esprit, qu'elle vous inspire des sentiments nobles et corageux, ne cherchez pas une autre regle pour juger de l'ouvrage, il est bon et fait de main d'ouvrier*"—La Bruyere.

IF George Eliot's "Scenes from Clerical Life" has any progenitor, it may be said to be Elizabeth Gaskell's (1810–1865) "Cranford" (1853). Cranford is a remote village inhabited by elderly ladies, all of whom have seen better days; content within themselves, they have no use for men, except when alleged burglars create a panic. Now and then a mere man does make bold to enter this Amazonian retreat. If he be of decided character, he holds his ground after a fashion; if he be of the colorless genus, he gives way ignominiously; and in either case, he is as much out of place as Catiline among the Vestals.

Nobody knows where Cranford is; and yet everybody has seen it and perhaps lived in it. Cranford is everywhere, except where the fretful stir unprofitable and the fever of the world eat out the hearts of those who persist in staying away from Cranford. There are no shocks in Cranford, unless the appearance of a new or an extra ribbon causes one, or when one of the women succumbs to the blandishments of the local physician who is somewhat of a boor, and marches off dragging her marital chains behind her. There are no new ideas in Cranford; for the matter of that, there are few ideas of any kind. But there is a plenty of emotions,and as they are of the sort that stirs all hearts under whatever sky, Mrs. Gaskell's record of them has secured an immortality that will broaden and deepen with the years. Christina Rossetti would loan but would not give away her copy of "Cranford" for fear she might not get another, and Katharine Hinkson tells of how the great poetess—in some people's judgment, greater than Elizabeth Barrett Browning—sat with the book on her lap, opening it here and there, and laughing to herself over favorite bits. Like all the rest of us she had been many a time in Cranford.

Ridiculous, excitable, trivial as these elderly Cranford ladies are, everybody loves them chiefly because Mrs. Gaskell loved them. Sometimes an author hates his men and women. One sees this in what he makes them say and do, in the adjectives descriptive of them, and in the opinion expressed of them by influential and commendable people in the book. At a glance the author's attitude is betrayed in spite of himself, and very frequently the reader is displeased as he hears the author quarrel with the puppets he has led upon the stage. Not so with Dickens. He shouted or cried as his characters developed, and with regrets he takes leave in the preface to "David Copperfield" of the shadowy companions of his brain. Not so with Thackeray who came out of his study one day, sobbing "I have killed Colonel Newcomb." Not so with Stevenson. He had great kindness, he said, for both David and Alan, and would gladly spend much of his life in their society—in the society of these children of his mind. This is what he actually did as much as he could; for after writing "Kidnapped," he enjoyed David's society still further while writing "David Balfour." Not so with Mrs. Gaskell. She tells us all about these ladies and does it as though she were saying constantly to them: "You dear good souls, be perfectly quiet while I take your picture so that all the world, present and to come, may see how truly genteel and kind you are not only when you are giving five o'clock teas but when crushing disaster comes and help is needed.'' She emphasizes their *good* qualities; and looking between the lines the reader can almost see her putting her loving arms around them—a practice not altogether condemned even in Cranford, for Miss Jenkyns, an aged spinster, when apprized of the fact by a news-purveyor, declared that in her opinion Miss Jessie Brown's waist was the proper place for a certain gentleman's arm to be around.

Mrs. Gaskell wisely left to her readers the task of locating Cranford for themselves. She gives us little or no scenery; in fact, she either had a dislike for scenery or had no talent in description of natural objects, and she indulged in the barest outlines while writing all of her stories. However her powers in the delineation of character, both of quiet Cranford and of noisy Manchester, are marvelous, and, compounded of Jane Austen and Mary Russel Mitford, she took a decided step away from them towards the psychological novel—even though she always did touch our hearts rather than our imaginations or our philosophical intellects.

In Cranford, while there are things and persons to laugh *with* rather than to laugh *at*, there are also pathetic things that reach the very depths: witness the relations of Mr. Holbrooke with Miss Matty. One will need to hunt a long time in our literature before he will find anything finer. Here is not the tragedy of the battle-field nor of the lightning-stroke; here is the drawn-out agony of two score years, slowly but without interruption turning the hair white, cutting furrows in the cheek and bending low the back. It is a tragedy for which the winds moaning in the lonely village pines supply the music, and it is unrelieved by the distractions of a busy life in the city's endless roar.

Moral to the story, do you want? There is none, any more than there is to the joyous flight of the bird, the ceaseless tossing of the sea, or the undisturbed slumber of the hills. You may learn many lessons from its pages, but you will yourself have to bring the lessons to the book before they will flash forth clearly to your eyes. Then you may learn that true life is not always found where numbers and money prevail; that some very excellent people cherish a hundred trifles which others may call nonsense, in spite of which they have a very fair chance of getting to heaven with the rest of us; that tempests may rage in tea-pots as well as on the wide and open ocean; that there are those who prefer the fiction of Dickens to that of Dr. Johnson and vice versa, giving their reasons; and that economy may be elegant and the poor aristocratic. Such lessons may be learned; they are quite worth learning and they are conveyed so that they are as pleasant as a quiet chat, as welcome as spring showers, as reviving as a friend's visit. Your letter, wrote Charlotte Bronte to Mrs. Gaskell, has these characteristics; and she wound up by adding: "In short, it was very like a page of *Cranford.*"

Lord Houghton said that "Cranford" was "the finest piece of humoristic description that has been added to British literature since Charles Lamb." And yet it was born, like all her other books, and like most humoristic books out of sorrow and was written to drive away the grief that gathered about the death of her son. The French Montegut detected the sob in an earlier book of hers and exclaimed: "*Ah! quelle musique douloureuse dans un sanglot.*" She was a mother with many children and a wife approaching middle life when she first turned to writing; she never wrote in haste nor slovenly; and her books—especially "Cranford"—we know came from the heart because her friends noticed that death as he passed by had left his impress upon her living face. Robert Louis Stevenson was accustomed to say that a tax should be levied on all who had not read Hazlitt's essay "On Going on a Journey." A heavier tax should not only be levied but collected from all who, not having read "Cranford," turn with disdain from the simplicity of these country folk to the "novelist of the tight place" for either instruction, pleasure, or comfort. Should this remedy fail, there is nothing left but to hand them over, as Matthew Arnold did his Philistines, repeating to them, with compassionate sorrow but in Gospel words.—*Moriemini in peccatis vestris.*

The Sculptor.

Before the Sculptor's eye there stood
  A stone from a rocky bed;
A month passed by and then there stood
  The bust of a man instead.

I gazed upon that marble face
  'Twas mute and dumb and still;
And yet it spoke in thundering tones
  Of the sculptor's magic skill.

The hand that held the maul was great,
  It guided the tempered steel
Which chiseled that lifeless mass of rock
  And made it to live and feel.

More wondrous still is the hand of Him
  Who fashions from earthly clay,
A piece of art that is fit to stand
  In the Halls of Eternal Day.

—*Pat.*

The Opportunity that Journalism Offers to Young College Men.

To the young college graduate, journalism offers a field of great opportunity and peculiar attraction. It not infrequently serves as a stepping stone to some other end, as is evidenced by the scores of judges, bank presidents and other prominent men who begin their career as reporters. This is necessarily so, since every man who tries journalism is not qualified for it. Journalism, however, should be chosen as an end in itself, rather than as a means to some other end.

Some men are naturally fitted for the profession just as others are born lawyers or doctors, and one must have a certain fitness to succeed. Of his qualifications each man must be his own judge, for there are certain characteristics quite apart from any taught in schools, that go far toward laying the foundations of success in journalism. A pleasing address is worth more than much book knowledge, as the ability to meet people, to make friends and to gain favors is the very keystone of the journalistic arch of success. Coupled with such ability one must have tact, as delicate situations arise constantly in which a false move may be fatal to the end in view. The same conditions which call for tact require also good judgment and these are qualities which do not come from a perusal of books.

Quite as important is physical strength and endurance. Reportorial work is hard work, and none but the strongest can stand it: the beginner is usually given the very hardest of all reporting, the covering of police and hospital news. Another qualification, easy to acquire but possessed by few, is the power of trained and accurate observation. Any college man may acquire it by systematically noting the things he sees, especially in their details. Nor is it meant herein to disparage book learning—the more the better. A knowledge of standard English authors is absolutely necessary; the more of them one can commit to memory the better, and the wider the field of knowledge the better. All reading should be supplemented by practical observations. There is nothing, from the knowledge of how to plant corn up to that of building a skyscraper that is not of service. The great point is to have it in one's head, instead of on a library shelf—because when a fact is wanted it is usually wanted at once.

It is hardly necessary to add that the journalist must learn to write well. By writing well, we mean in a concise, interesting manner—the art of saying much in few words and making it interesting. What he writes must also be accurate and conform to the facts in the case. Writing well of course includes a thorough knowledge of grammar and rhetoric. There is hardly a thing that one can do or see or hear or learn that will not, at some time, be of use to him, because in the course of his work a reporter is called upon to deal with almost every subject under the heavens. And finally, the young journalist must possess, above all things, courage. There are dangers, both physical and moral, to be faced constantly, and to overcome the discouragement incident to the hard and apparently unappreciated efforts before the first promotion comes, requires nothing short of bull-dog tenacity.

If the requirements are hard, the rewards are equally great and worth while. A successful newspaper man earns both fame and money in generous quantities. Unlike any other profession, the learner is drawing a good salary while learning. The law student spends three or four years laboriously reading law. Even when he has learned his profession, he has no income and his practice comes but slowly. The young journalist, on the other hand, draws a good salary from the very minute he begins to learn his profession as a cub-reporter. In a few months he is advanced and long before the lawyer is through his reading, the reporter is earning from $1200 up to $3000 or $4000 a year.

Beginners are usually put at station work: i. e., covering police and hospital news. They are paid a set salary. After a time they are promoted, in most cases, to do general work. Then they are paid by space. Each man is given daily stories to cover, and is paid so much per column for his stories. This has led to the development of men as specialists; and a specialist makes big money as all stories along his special line are assigned to him. To show the extent to which this specializing has come we might mention the fact that there are recognized specialists, on every metropolitan daily, for each of these branches, ship news, golfing, yachting, baseball, racing, court news, real estate news, financial news and other branches. Each of these specialists is a space man and earns from $2000 to $5000 a year.

Other men become copy readers, the salary being good and the work very pleasant. They read, correct and write the headings for telegraph news, as it comes over the wires at night.

It is the editorships, however at which most newspaper men aim, may carry great responsibility, but the salary and the honor are commensurate. Each paper has a number of editors, from the police editor, and sporting editor up to the managing editor, with salaries that range from $1500 or $2000 up to $20,000 or $25,000. A managing editor earns as much as a corporation lawyer and is better known.

Editorial writing is also pleasant and profitable work. A good editorial writer is well paid. Mr. Brisbane of the *New York Journal* receives a salary of $46,000 a year for his efforts. This, however, is the highest price paid to any editorial writer.

If a reporter is not aiming at an editorship, he usually has his eye on a foreign port or a special mission. To be a London or Paris correspondent of a great daily is one of the greatest honors at which a newspaper man can arrive. These men have the *entree* wherever they choose to go; they are courted, looked up to and honored pretty much the same as an ambassador of the government. Moreover they often play an important part in international dealings. Perhaps the one man who has done most to shape the recent history of Europe is M. De Blowitz, for years the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, the greatest newspaper in the world.

Special missions usually call for especial courage and talent. They may be for any purpose from an interview with the Pope to the liberation of a political prisoner as was done by Carl Decker who took Miss Cisneros, the daughter of the Cuban patriot, from a Spanish prison.

Frequently a special mission means a war mission and the public is familiar with the great work of war correspondents and their fame.

Over and above any pay the journalist may receive is the pleasure he takes in his work. It is the pride of an artist. It is this spirit that makes such men as Davis, Creelman, Chamberlain, and scores of others equally famous. Again there is the joy of meeting and knowing men and of being a man among men, honored and respected. Beyond all else, perhaps, is the thrill and joy that comes to the newspaper man who sits, as it were, with his fingers on the pulses of the world, watching every breath and heart beat, and in sympathy with every tiny quiver.

The thrill and joy of life are his: not the sluggish life of the rustic, but the electric life of the telegraph and telephone, the fast mail and the cable. In one day he lives months. In a lifetime he has gone through centuries.

L. E. Theiss, '02.

♣ ♣ ♣

To the Cynic.

Oh woman ! in your hours of ease,
Uncertain, foolish, hard to please.

HAVING a little more time than is absolutely necessary to our pleasure we have allowed ourself to meditate. The effort has given us that sensation of oppressiveness which always occurs when we have something on our mind, so we feel inclined to unburden ourselves of a few opinions which the smoke from our pipe has encircled and held prisoner.

We were touched, in reading The Mirror of last month, by some pathetic reference to ourself by one who calls herself the Cynic, some fair (perhaps) and unfair (not perhaps) she-male of theSem. Reference to ourself for we are a loafer. We realize and extremely appreciate that position and would not have it assailed by insinuations which detract from its dignity. We loaf but we loaf with a system, learned of former loafers, which transforms mere desultory inactivity into an art; and pride crowns our achievements therein.

It pleases us to remove the fog in which the Cynic gropes. We quote some of her mental pole-vaults. "How sweet it is to sleep until the last few moments before chapel,"—"no terrible clanging of rising bells." Is it possible that the commotion raised by a hundred fellows over head; the tramp of heavy-soled feet on uncarpeted floors, the slamming of oaken doors, the gushing of open spigots and morning greetings in the bass cleft is to be compared with the tinkling of a silver tea-bell? 'Tis a comparison of heaven against exaggerated purgatory with no fire escape. "The hurried meal, the rush for chapel." Nay, nay. Long since have we learned to take things easy else should we belie our title.

After chapel we slouch up the hill in file and of course have our hands in our pockets. Well show to me the man who did not walk with his hands in his pockets unless 'twere Adam and his immediate relatives. Show me too the same woman who now scoffs at our lack of dignity who but a few years hence will drive the same hands more times than one down into like pockets where lurks her livelihood; aye in desperation, sometimes into other's pockets.

"Before class we gossip in the hall." Ye Gods forbid that such womanly traits be imputed to us. If such a thing were true, by the Fates, we'd attend the next "At Home" and die of starvation to the tune of Hiawatha.

"Class over, we make a wild rush to obtain our old loafing place." Trusting to our memory we cannot recall in our history any time when we made a wild rush for anything except in our Freshmen class scrap where we were hurled forty feet to obtain a scatterment of the features of our face, and force of circumstances impelled us at that time. Besides we anticipate no immediate corner in standing room. The dimensions of Main College are registered.

"He finds a co-ed." Once more not guilty, for find implies hunt and who ever had to hunt for co-eds at B. U. Whistle and they flock around you like snow-flakes. Granted that noon comes and dinner and more loafing but what have we here? "Often there is an inexpressible longing to walk by the Sem." Thank heavens it's inexpressible for we would weep to see such a thing in print or even hear it from the beak of a poll-parrot.

"Afternoon classes." Ha! Ha! what humorism! Any body knows a loafer never has afternoon classes for that's one of the first principles of the art. But what spark of egotism in the "Growler" leads her to imagine that the Semites afford us more than a passive interest? It would be little diversion we should get from watching them in their aimless, haphazard wanderings.

Notice the reference to our town girl and our home girl, merely from a spirit of jealousy. Of the "tiresome Sem-dates" we have nothing more to say. The description suffices. "We leave our town girl and go Sem-ward to receive a box of fudge." We will merely ask in passing if you are acquainted with Sem-fudge. The recipe blew out the window the other day. A billy-goat ate it and got sick. It's great fudge though. When you eat it you tie sinkers on to keep it down. Back to Baker's Pharmacy!

Peace, rest easy men, loaf on. For with a place to sleep and plenty to eat what need we care if some such abbreviated Carrie Nation attempts occasionally to violate our atmosphere with senseless knocking.

A Loafer.

* * *

Fatigue.

I find it very wearisome
To take a walk to town
For when I lift my feet, you see;
I have to put them down.

From Four to Six.

"There, the bell rang. Don't bother to do your hair. It looks all right—always does. I don't see how you keep it so puffy. Oh yes, I can put mine easily enough, but it won't stay put. Just pin on your hat and hurry up. And don't forget the alcohol bottle. Yes, I'm making fudge again to-night. It's for—oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't see you coming,—do you suppose she heard? I never saw her till she turned the corner there by the annex stairs.

You register, please, while I see if my belt is straight. I always did hate this hat-rack mirror—it makes you look so short and dumpy. Thank you so much; these are the pair of gloves I lose religiously every week—is she out of hearing? They say her caller was fixing his hair with a pocket-comb before the mirror here last Saturday night, and she came down before he was through. Is my coat all right in back? And do these blues swear? My other jacket is up on the third floor.

Let me see—stamps, soap, paper and alcohol. And really should get some more nail-polish. I've borrowed until I'm positively ashamed to go into that suite again. What? It *was?* I havn't seen him for ages. Would it be *very* dreadful if I should turn around? So it is. Same old army-shirt, same old corduroys, same old meerschaum. Wonder how long he's staying? No, I don't think its announced yet, but every one knows it.

Suppose we go to the post-office first. Ten stamps, please. My account book is *all* stamps—one might be led to suppose that I stamped every article I possess. And somehow, I was fifty cents short last month. But I just put down "Sundries—0.50," and that made it balance. No, I don't need any post-cards. Thank you. That post office door is so heavy it's a relief to have someone to open it for one. Oh, would you mind holding my purse, please, while I tie my shoestring? These patent fasteners are the trial of my life. The only thing that consoles me is that they are just like the kind men were.

I can get the alcohol and soap and polish at Baker's. Pears, of course. I dropped a whole cake out of the window last night, and when I went to get it this morning it was gone. I'm not casting any insinuations, but it was *gone*. Yes, I know. And if they had any regard for one's feelings they wouldn't all gather in a crowd right in front of the drug store and sing "Mandy Lee, I love you!" That tenor sounds like a nutmeg-grater. Do you really think he will? Hope so. He seems awfully nice.

No. I didn't get any nail-polish after all. I had forgot that she owes me two pounds of brown sugar and half a cake of chocolate. That will square us. Didn't you ever make it with pecans? It's good, but I'm going to put marshmallows in this. You want something to eat? So do I. Let's go to the grocery.

Half a peck of apples, please; and a package of cream cheese; and a box of saltines, too. You won't be sending out to the Sem. to-night? Then I'll take them with me. Gracious! How much does a half peck of apples weigh? No, it's all right. But I have a terrible premonition that the string is going to break.

No, I don't want any ice-cream. It's ice-cream night out at the Sem. anyway. Let's get some chocolates. Can you see the clock? Almost half after five? We'll barely have time to walk around Faculty. And, since we saw him when we went into the drug store, I don't believe its worth while after all."

⁂

Joy

It gives me bliss too deep for words,
And softens all my woes,
To feel that I possess a mouth,
And also have a nose.

Faith.

With slender fingers on the ivory keys,
She weaves a web of plaintive melodies,
Like chirp of nesting bird and hum of bees.

* * * * *

And back into the Past again I drift,
The misty, long-drawn curtains part and lift,
I rest content with Music's wondrous gift.

Again we walk beneath a twilight sky,
A breath of dying summer passes by,
And in the boughs the elfin breezes sigh.

Dear Heart, since you have gone, the day is drear,
For the noon is past, and night is drawing near,
And, like a child lost and alone, I fear.

And yet I know, after the dark and cold,
When slow the Future Mysteries unfold,
You, *you* will come to greet me, as of old.

♣ ♣ ♣

The Gentle Art of Feeling " Blue."

"Hence loathèd Melancholy
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn."

How often do we wish that we could apostrophize Melancholy as fitly as Milton has and that we could consign it to the bottomless pit in smooth-flowing verse! But we of lesser talent must be content to vent our wrath at Melancholy in crude sulphurous words, which it is true avail somewhat but are woefully detrimental to the morals and after all leave a sense of labour lost. But perhaps you do not call it Melancholy. No more do I when using the vernacular. "The blues," "blue devils," "R-remorse," "grouch"—perhaps these are recognizable terms. What's in a name? The feeling comes to each and every one of us, in college and out. But leave us call it the state of being blue or the "blues," and consider it from its college aspect.

The feeling isn't a pleasant one either to its unhappy possessor or the unfortunate outsider: both suffer, the one subjectively, the other objectively (Psychology, ahem!). For woe betide the unwary one who attempts to cheer the man who is "blue." Car-r-ramba! *Nom de Dieu!* Gosh-darn! All languages fail to express the outburst that comes from the sufferer.

Have you ever seen a big, husky fellow who ordinarily can eat three tremendous meals a day; hold up his end in almost every branch of athletics; do things socially; and who is in general a jolly good fellow—have you ever seen such a one suddenly fall off in his feed; lose his interest in things generally; wear a long face and be a fit companion for neither man nor beast? Well, he isn't in love, isn't threatened with severe illness nor hasn't flunked out. He is only "blue." Ten-to-one he himself can't tell what is the matter. And he usually doesn't care a rap about making explanations.

At his boarding-club his face sours the cream; his sarcasms are many and lavishly bespread around; he holds up to derision the most inoffensive remark. He scowls when you fail to see the point to a laboured joke or senseless pun—then smiles commiserately upon himself for his heroic attempt to be cheerful.

On the street he growls and lowers at his acquaintances; greets a girl's smiling salutation with a gloomy nod; looks daggers at the man who slaps him on the back, and in general comports himself in a way truly asinine.

His gait is a slouch and a slink; his carriage—that of a misused rag-doll. Amusements he detests: he no longer delights in seeing the pool-balls gambol on the green; whist, hearts and poker are a weariness to the flesh.

He goes his long way alone up the hill to his room—sits in utter darkness, consumes incessant cigarettes or countless pipes and gives himself up body and soul to the evil spirit Melancolicus. The tobacco has a taste abominable; the pipe clogs up and refuses to draw; in a fit of abstraction he holds a lighted match too long. As a result—much language. The room seems warm; he throws up the windows and opens the door. Presently he is shivering; he muffles up in a sweater and overcoat.

All the while he is thinking or thinks he is. He thinks of home but is not home-sick. He only thinks what a good time they are having there, while he is so wretched and out of sorts. He reviews the past; he sees ahead a gloomy and hopeless future.— Around about his head the little blue devils, invisible to human eyes, are dancing and leaping and chanting gleefully because they have a poor earth-born mortal in thrall.— Deeper and deeper he sinks into the slough of despond; then with an effort realizes it is late, bestirs himself wearily and stalks off slowly to his dormitory. Comes Sleep and spreads her mantle soft upon him.

In the morning he awakes—sees the sun is shining outside, jumps gleefully into his clothes, slams a pillow at his room-mate's head, whistles execrably the latest coon-song and walks down the hill to breakfast with a light heart and a merry spirit. But the blue devils—where be they? He knows nought of them—they have gone in the night-time. He greets you heartily, is all smiles, is once more the jolly good fellow. And you—you are amazed.

But such is human nature and such are the "blues."

INDIGO.

A Prize for a Contribution from a Student.

A prize of ten dollars shall be given to any student who, being a subscriber for the MIRROR, shall make a contribution to the MIRROR according to the following conditions:

I. The contribution shall be any form of writing, but no contribution shall exceed 1000 words.

II. No contribution shall be received after April 1st.

III. Three copies of each contribution, marked with a pseudonym, shall be sent to the Professor of Rhetoric. With these copies there shall be sent to the Professor of Rhetoric a sealed envelope containing the pseudonym and the true name.

IV. All contributions shall be submitted to the Board of Editors and from them the Board shall select for publication not more than eight. It must be observed that the Board has authority to reject all contributions which it deems unadapted for publication in the MIRROR, and that adaptation for publication in the MIRROR is the basis of judgment on the part of the Board.

V. All contributions accepted by the Board for publication shall be submitted to a committee of three selected by the Professor of Rhetoric. This committee without consultation with one another shall decide which contribution accepted for publication is the best, and their decisions shall be sent to the Professor of Rhetoric on or before June 1st.

VI. The name of the successful competitor shall be announced in the last issue of the MIRROR for the college year.

Bucknell Mirror.

DECEMBER, 1903.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA,

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

President Roosevelt has a way of pronouncing the word "delighted" that impresses on his hearers the fact that he means what he says. We wish we could so pronounce it when we say we are delighted with the reception accorded the first issue of the MIRROR. The only thing that kept our cup of joy from brimming over was some little adverse criticism. They say there was too much levity in our last issue and not enough of the good solid orthodox stuff that gave former MIRRORS their quiet and chastened tone. It was even rumored that *Puck*, *Judge* and *Life* had tried to buy us out in order to protect their own interests. We will not comment on this rumor—we think the "Orange and Blue" started it.

That we have taken this criticism somewhat to heart is made evident by the appearance of two articles in this number that are made of sterner stuff but which are quite readable and interesting. In fact we are quite glad to accept articles of a more serious nature provided only they be *interesting*. We wish there were in college some Alfred Henry Lewis or a Lincoln Steffens to write interesting political articles for us. Perhaps he might even find material close at hand.

* *

You will notice that we have no Christmas stories in this issue. This alone should give us a claim to being novel. We surmise that too much Thanksgiving turkey gave our contributors the R-remorse—hence the dearth of allusion to the Christmas stocking and Saint Nicolas. But we offer a substitute in the way of a Christmas present—to wit, the prize offered for contributions to the MIRROR. To be sure it will not be awarded until next June but that again is novel and out of the ordinary. We can only urge that all students make a try for it. The three Seniors on the staff could make good use of that prize money next June but we shall have compassion and eliminate ourselves from the contest. There is true Christmas charity for you.

* *

Although encroaching on the athletic editor's province yet we wish to comment on the good work of our football team in the season just ended. Never before have we had so hard a schedule and such a lack of material as this year. With a great deal of hard luck in the way of accidents and many other obstacles to face, Coach Hoskins turned out a team that did credit to the college. All honor to the plucky persevering coach and the gritty team that upheld the name of Bucknell in athletic circles.

Alumni Notes.

The new MIRROR deserves the hearty commendation of Alumni and undergraduate. The new book starts out well. It is extremely gratifying to note that considerable attention is being given to the Alumni. This department should be fostered and developed and kept alive at all times. No effort should be spared to secure items of interest concerning graduates and former students. The University has reached that stage in its development where it feels the need of an intermediary between the institution and its large and growing body of Alumni. The latter should be kept in close affiliation with the institution all the time, and it is edifying to note that it is the ambition of the new MIRROR to maintain a department for Alumni, that is up to date and well edited.

ALUMNUS.

'57. Rev. George A. Peltz, D. D., Assistant Minister at Grace Baptist Temple, in Philadelphia, of which Dr. Russell H. Conwell is Pastor, was stricken with paralysis, Sunday morning, November 15, and grave fears are entertained for his recovery.

'67. Col. E. R. Bliss, as general counsel for the Chicago Street Railway Company, had a large share in the settlement of the strike.

'69. Hon. Martin Bell was re-elected President Judge of the Courts of Blair Co., Penna., by a very flattering majority.

'83. Rev. A. H. Beaver has resigned the Iowa Falls (Iowa) Baptist pastorate to become pastor at Glenwood, in the same State.

'88. Rev. A. B. Bowser is having a successful pastorate at Milville, N. J.

'88. Rev. G. W. Hatch has accepted a call from the Edinboro Baptist Church.

Ex. '89. Rev. H. B. Rankin who has been connected with Y.M.C.A. work in Erie, Penna., has resigned his position and is supplying temporarily the pulpit of the West Girard Ave. Baptist Church, Philadelphia. He was recently called to the pastorate of the Second Baptist Church, Waterburry, Conn., but declined the call.

'89. Rev. Chas. A. Walker, of Malvern, Penna., has been elected Recording Secretary of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Baptist State Mission Society.

'91. Rev. H. W. D. Kirkendall, of Wenatchee, Wash., has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church of that place, and will spend the winter in his native Pennsylvania, his home being in the neighborhood of Berwick.

'92. Rev. A. R. E. Wyant, Ph.D., has recently completed eight years as Pastor of the Morgan Park Church.

'94. Rev. C. F. McMann has just completed the course of the Divinity School at the University of Chicago and has located as pastor of the Baptist Church at Rosedale, Kansas.

Ex. '94. A. M. Wyant is building up a lucrative law practice at Greenburg, Pa.

'97. Rev. Carlyle Summerbell is the author of a very good article on Christian Conduct. This article appeared in the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, October 8th.

'97. J. C. Eccleston has accepted through Hopgoods of 309 Broadway New York, an excellent position with H. B. Lewis of that City.

'98. Prof. B. F. Thomas formely of Keystone Academy, is now teaching in Peddie Institute.

'98. Rev. J. G. Lauderbaugh is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Oswego, N. Y.

Ex. '98. H. B. Hazen is pastor of the Baptist Church at Downer's Grove, Ill.

'99. D. K. Krise is Principal of the School at Galeton, Pa.

'99. W. C. Purdy is teaching in Slippery Rock State Normal School.

'00. Clarence Weymouth is Professor of Chemistry at St. Paul's, Garden City, Long Island. He also has charge of all athletics.

'01. Miss Edith L. Phillips is one of the new teachers in Mt. Pleasant Institute.

'01. C. S. Bidelspacher is a Law student in the office of W. C. Gilmore, Esq., Williamsport, Pa.

'02. Philip Reilly is Principal of the Schools at Orvells, Pa.

'02. W. S. Robinson is Principal of the Centralia Public Schools.

'02. Henry J. Johnson is attending Rochester Theological Seminary.

'02. Margaret C. Runyan is in Washington, D.C. Her address is 1627 H. St., N. E.

'02. Louis Theiss is a reporter on The New York Sun.

'03. The Class of 1903, where they are, and what they are doing:

Sarah H. Ayres, teaching at Lelan Uni., New Orleans. I. A. Bartholomew, draughtsman, Penna. R. R., Pittsburg. J. W. Bassler, reading law, Sunbury. W. Bertolette, reading law, Mauch Chunk. H. E. Bilger, engineer with Chicago and Alton R. R. at Sloter, Mo. G. R. Bliss, Technical course, Cornell University. Joanna Boyce, at home, Wellsboro, Pa. J. J. Brandt, reading law, Harrisburg. R. Forde Bresnahan, Crozer Theological Seminary. Alice Jessamine Butler, at home, Wattsburg. Elva S. Coleman, at home, Reynoldsville. J. B. Cook, teaching in Keystone Academy. A. F. Dershimer, C. Eng., with D. and R. R., Scranton, Pa. S. Dunlap, Vice Principal Muncy Normal School. Emma R. Ebling, teaching, Spellman University, Atlanta, Ga. M. M. Edwards, with C. Dreisbach's Sons, Lewisburg. C. F. Eisenmenger, Rochester Theological Seminary. M. F. Forbell, teaching in Bucknell Academy. J. V. Frampton, reading law, Clarion. Mary Alma Garrison, teaching in Public School, Bridgeton, N. J. J. E. Glaspey, with P. R. R. west of Pittsburg as engineer. Hannah Goodman, post graduate work, Univ. of Penna. A. C. Gunter, teaching, Nyack, N. Y. R. H. Harris, graduate student, Harvard University. S. A. Hart, C. Engineer with P. R. R. west of Pittsburg. F. B. Jaekel, ranching in Los Cerrillos, New Mexico. J. L. Kalp, Principal High School, Saltsburg. W. Lawrence Kalp, teaching Mt. Pleasant Institute. W. B. Kester, C. Eng., at Logansport, Ind. M. Lila Long, substitute in Public Schools, Williamsport. Ida E. Luchsinger, at home, West Pittston. W. N. Marsh, Law Dep't., University of Michigan. H. S. Mauser, Hahnemann Medical College. W. K. Rhodes, Eng. with P. & E. R. R. at Chester, Pa. Grace B. Roberts, at home, Williamsport. Helen A. Selinger, teaching in Clarion State Normal. W. W. Senn, medical student, University of Pennsylvania. M. R. Sheldon,student Rochester Theo. Seminary. Charlotte E. Shields, Corcoran Art School, Washington, D. C. J. F. Sigel, Chemistry. Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Clara J. Slifer, in Allegheny City. J. M Snow, Engineer Corps, Ottawa, Kansas. H. E. Stabler, teaching in Williamsport. G. N. Steininger, law student, Lewisburg. E. L. Taylor, graduate Work, Bucknell University. R. J. Terrell, in New York City. Martha J. Thomas, teaching, East Liverpool, Ohio. C. W. Tiffany, teaching, Factoryville. E. S. Walls, Engineer Corps, Wabash R. R., Pittsburg. H. K. Williams, student, Crozer Theo. Sem. R. H. Williams, student, Crozer Theo. Sem. J. A. Young, Principal Schools, Centre Hall.

At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Alumni Club the following officers were elected: Pres.,S. Lewis Ziegler, '80; Vice Pres., C. A. Hare, '77; Sec., Joseph Roberts Wood, Frankford, '94; Treas., P. N. K. Schwenk, '76; Exec. Com., R. M. West, '89.

This club is one of the most active of Bucknell's Alumni organizations and annually give a banquet at one of the leading hotels in Philadelphia. The banquet last year was held on February the second.

The Bucknell Alumni Club of Philadelphia was entertained by Mrs. D. P. Leas, South Fortieth Street. The following is a list of the officers: President, Mrs. Joseph R. Wood; Vice Presidents, Mrs. John Dean, Mrs. J. H. O'Hana; Recording Sec., Mrs. John Lynch; Corresponding Sec., Mrs. Amos Wakelin; Treasurer, Mrs. Dewey A. Cobb.

The club meets in January 1904, at the Crozer Building, 1420 Chestnut Street, three to five p. m. The debate is to be opened by Mrs. K. B. Larison.

A Club known as The Graduates Club of New York City, has recently been organized. For Bucknell, Andrew G. Loomis, 1895, Levi T. Fetzer, 1898 and Edward P. Gilchrist, 1897, are charter members. For a long time, the need of a "University Club" which should be one in fact as well as in name, has been felt by the hundreds of graduates of colleges and universities in the city. "The Graduates Club" is the consequence. It was organized by 120 men, representing about 30 colleges and universities. Membership is open to graduates of any college in the country. A club house will before long be secured. Bucknell men, coming to New York City, will then be asked to make The Graduates Club their center of operation and haven of rest.

1904

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXIII. Lewisburg, Pa., January, 1904. No. 3

The Political Crisis in England

BY EDWIN MAXEY, PH.D., '93.

THERE are periods of calm when the waters of the political sea are so placid that the Captain and the crew who man the Ship of State need not be men of extraordinary ability. In fact, she almost seems to drift, with wind and tide as her only pilot and helmsmen. But when the tempests lash the sea into fury, when the cross-currents almost cause the ship to part in middle, when sudden seismic forces cause reefs to rise in front and on either side so that the chart no longer furnishes an adequate guide,—then it is that the situation renders imperative the need of a great man.

Such a situation is presented to-day on the sea of English politics. For some years there has been a lack of a definite, firm foreign policy; it has rather been one of drift which had cost her a decided loss of prestige in the far east even before the mistakes which precipitated the Boer War. As a result she finds her influence no longer dominant in the far east, which was the case a decade ago and in the near east her influence is scarcely felt at all. The war has forced upon them a consideration of the question of taxation and upon this rock the government has split. Under such circumstances a national leader who could cement the waring factions at home and make the will of the nation felt and respected abroad would be worth far more to his country than many an army corps or ironclad.

That we may the better appreciate the difficulties of the situation a brief retrospect and a careful view of the factors in the present crisis are necessary. Ten years ago English influence was the supreme influence in the Orient, politically and commercially. But as a result of the vacilating policy of England during and at the close of the China-Japanese war her political supremacy passed to Russia. Put in the language of the stock exchange, the diplomatic market in the far east suddenly changed from "Bullish" to "Bearish." Had English affairs at that time been in the hands of great statesmen, Japan might have been saved the humiliation due to being robbed of the fruits of her victory and China the perpetual menace to her safety resultant upon the possession of Manchuria by Russia. Unfortunately for the world, England played a weak hand just at the time when the game demanded her highest cards. As a consequence of this misplay the balance of power in the Orient was so disturbed that a war will be necessary to restore the equilibrium.

In Persia there has been an almost equal gain of prestige by Russia and, as in the far east, the gain has been at the expense of England. Nor has the change been due to natural causes, but rather to a lack of farsighted statesmanship upon the part of England. The cause of the change is not far to seek,—England refused to make a loan to the Persian government. Persia turned to Russia and although she was in a far worse condition financially than England she hesitated not a moment about furnishing the money even though she had to borrow the whole amount in order to accommodate her neighbor. From that point on, Russian and not English influence was dominant at the Persian court, and as a result the railway and industrial concessions have gone to Russia and not to England. Within a comparatively short time Northern Russia has become a sphere for Russian exploitation and the Muscovite is pressing hard toward the Persian Gulf, an outlet upon which would be an additional menace to British control of India.

In the near east, English influence has come to be an almost negligible quantity. Here she has been supplanted by Germany whose advice and wares are in far greater demand in most parts of the Turkish Empire than are those of Downing Street and Birmingham. True, while the status quo can be maintained in the near east, the safety of the British Empire is not threatened by this shifting of the honor attached to being the right hand man of the Sultan. But if Germany and Russia should agree upon a dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, in which case Germany would take Asiatic Turkey and Russia would claim her long-looked-for heritage upon the Bosphorus, then the British line of communications with India would be seriously threatened, and whatever threatens the British line of communications with India touches England at a point where the nerves are especially sensitive and near the surface. Thus there has been a loss of English prestige all along the line, and not because the nation has suddenly become weak or degenerate but because of a lack of statesmanship. Yet the immediate cause of the present crisis is not a question of foreign policy but of domestic politics. The Boer war has thrown the British Cabinet into a panic over two questions: (1) how can the expenses incident to thrashing the Boers be most easily defrayed, and (2) how can a fiscal system be so devised as to knit the various parts of the Empire more closely together and at the same time further the interests of English commerce.

The first of these questions is a natural heritage of war, the second of imperialism. If in a moral sense it is true that "the trail of an army is the trail of a serpent" the same is no less true in a financial sense. For a government to raise money during the excitement of a war is a relatively easy matter in a proud and patriotic nation.

While the war lasts the safety of the nation overbears everything else and the burden of taxes is little felt. It is when all danger is past that a reaction sets in and the wisdom of the party necessitating the expenditure is subjected to criticism. The ability to meet this criticism successfully, to retain the confidence and good-will of the people while compelling them to pay for a past luxury is one of the severe tests of statesmanship. It is in this balance that the leaders of the conservative party are being "weighed and found wanting."

Were the conservative leaders united in their opinion as to the most practicable method of raising the requisite amount, their party would stand a far better chance of being able to weather the storm. But they are not. Some of them favor one plan, and some another. Under such circumstances it is not at all strange that the party should fail to retain the allegiance of the people. In order that men may have confidence in the judgment of a party it is necessary that its leaders should have confidence in each other.

The strongest man is the conservative party, Joe Chamberlain, has endeavored to answer both questions by advocating a resort to protection. But in order to make the exotic weed smell like a native "Hinglish" rose he gives to it the scientific name Coloniale Differentialis. But those blunt, beef-eating Englishmen refuse to be deceived by any such phraseological trick. With them the logic of facts is more conclusive than the logic of words. They know, and their knowledge is born of experience, that a manufacturing nation cannot afford to adopt a fiscal policy which will enhance the price of food and raw materials. Joseph is, therefore, forced to fight, not merely prejudice and conservatism, but the conquering force of economic laws. Against such odds the fight is at best an uneven one, and naught but superior leadership can win it. However much partisans may strive by the use of analogies to prove this or that theory, the fact is that a fiscal policy is not a coat to be cut according to foreign patterns but according to the cloth and the needs of the wearer.

But at present the Liberal party shows very little signs of being able to avail itself of the opportunity offered it by the rift in the ranks of its opponents. The Liberals also are without a leader who is equal to the occasion. Lord Rosebery is a scholarly and cultured gentleman, who would grace a chair in a university but is not a statesman. Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt is a man of recognized ability but is lacking in the qualities of a political leader. The Earl of Spencer, upon whom it is said Mr. Gladstone wished his mantle to fall, is a man of no mean ability and possesses many qualities which appeal forcibly to the average Englishman, but he also is wanting in that vigor of mind and clearness of vision which is indispensable to successful leadership of a great nation at the present time. Should the Liberal party be in the ascendant in the House of Commous to Earl of Spencer would very likely be named by the King as the next Premier, notwithstanding his age is something of a disqualification. A man of his age and temperament would in ordinary times be a safe man for the head of a cabinet. But this is no ordinary time. Never was there a period in the history of English politics when the situation demanded a greater statesman than it does to-day.

The problem pressing upon English statesmen for solution is no less than that of the reconstruction of Africa and the restoration of the equilibrium in Asia. These are questions which far transcend in importance any fiscal question. They mean much to all who are interested in the progress and civilization of the world. For it cannot be denied that England has played no mean part in the advancement of mankind; that progress and constitutional liberty would suffer a severe check by the permanent transcendency of Russia over England in Asia or of France in Africa. Whatever may be thought of the motives and the methods of England, the results of her triumphs have accorded better with the political and scientific, the ethical and educational development of mankind than have those of any other nation except the United States. It is therefore not a matter of indifference to the world and certainly is one of vital import to England that the present necessities of the political situation should develop a leader worthy of the opportunity presented. Hence, whatever the outcome, the situation is worthy of careful study.

♣ ♣ ♣

Genius

Divinely gifted sure am I,
And kindly hath Fate wrought.
For frequently, within my brain,
I gently think a thought.

♣ ♣ ♣

A Little While With Edward Everett Hale

ONE morning in December standing in a store as a man does when he is buying, I saw on the front page of a morning paper the picture of a familiar face. The nose, the eyes and forehead, set in shaggy hair, belonged to only one man, Edward Everett Hale. At once I said to myself, "He is dead," and I walked home with serious thoughts. When I looked through the paper for his biography, I found that he was not dead, but had been elected chaplain of the Senate. This incident recalled a few hours I spent with him.

His coming to the city was an event. He was to preach at an annual gathering of the Unitarian Church. He was to be the University preacher for two weeks. Outside of the hours devoted to these official duties he was in the hands of the clubs and "society." But since we, twenty theologues or more, had had every other University preacher for an evening, we determined to have him also for an hour or two. So I was appointed to watch for him.

At a time designated by the fellows I caught him. The room in which he received at the designated time, was an ordinary recitation room furnished with tables for seminar work. There behind a long oak table I saw for the first time a face familiar to all Americans. Every line, every wrinkle of that face was so deep and genuine that no photographer, no artist could add one touch without marring it. When I saw him a physician was feeling his pulse. At the same time the preacher was telling the eminent medical attendant what to prescribe. And in the midst of the doctor's short examination and the preacher's confident orders, the preacher exclaimed, "Ah Catherine!" He greeted a young woman whom he had not seen for many years. All this while I had been hanging around thinking out my way of approach. For every person who came was a friend or a friend of a friend of his. My link I found; it was the fact that he was a god-father of a boy who bore my name. To this fact he responded with a history of the boy's family in detail. At the end of this history I won his consent to be with us on the condition that some one should escort him through the darkness. I accepted the condition. But before I left the room he told his first experience as chaplain at Harvard. He laughed heartily as he began the story. He had gone to the office of the University preacher and had waited patiently for some one to come. Consultation hours were not popular in those days. At last a student came. "A soul seeking light," he thought. "I am in trouble," the fellow said. "What is it?" Then the young man told the old story—he was in love with a girl whom his father did not want him to marry and he came to see what this great University preacher could do for him. "That," he said with peculiar delight, "was my first spiritual ministration at Harvard."

On the appointed night I went to the club-house where he was staying, and after the usual routine I heard on the stairway the slow and careful tread of an old man. As he descended and came near me I looked at his form, massive but now bent. The bent form was not the only sign of old age; for as we stepped out of the door, he seized my arm with the eagerness of a person who knows not where he is going in the dark. But in the open air his spirit was alive; he paused, looked up at the stars, and exclaimed, "Beautiful!" Then I recalled his words:

> Look up, and not down;
> Look forward, and not back;
> Look out, and not in ;
> Lend a hand.

While we walked on, he asked questions about the meeting. When he learned that there was no meeting, but simply a "social chat," he said: "I wish all our meetings were 'social chats.'"

The "social chat" began. "Now young gentlemen you are to do the talking; I am here to learn." As he was a member of a committee appointed to revise the curriculum of a theological seminary, he asked for help. The fellows did not respond. Then he tried to help them. Hebrew, he thought, should be taught as a living language; Arabic should be learned where it is spoken; Greek should be learned in Athens; Latin, in Rome. The boys smiled; Nester was speaking. While he spoke, the fellows tried to turn him to anecdotes, but he kept on in a field that seemed to those present unfamiliar to him. The failure to get him to tell tales of himself and his friends was a disappointment. For during the hour he did not touch on many subjects, and at the end of the hour, in a moment of silence, he announced: "Young gentlemen, I must bid you good night."

How commonplace all these incidents are; but they must be, if they belong to Edward Everett Hale. A friend of his said to me, "There is nothing striking about him." There is nothing striking about him; he is a man of the commonplace, he is a servant of the commonplace. He has written several books, nothing striking about them; but some of them will live, they are contributions to American literature. There is nothing striking about what he says. I heard him speak eight times and all he said could be summed up in these words: "Spend much time in the open air; keep in touch with the rank and file; always aim to speak each day with some one better than yourself." In a nation made up of the common people it is fitting that in its most honored and honorable assembly, Edward Everett Hale should be the spokesman before Him who is no respecter of persons.

* * *

Sunshine After the Clouds.

THE Rev. John Turner lay on a lounge in his rented room, heart-sick and totally run down. The spiritual tone of the town had certainly greatly improved since his coming. There was the church, well established and flourishing. The membership had grown from twenty to one hundred members, and all in the two years he had spent among them. Why then this heart-sickness? What caused his cheeks to sink and his face to pale?

The evening was chilly. There was no fire in the stove, but of this he was unconscious. He was thinking of college days. How bright the world seemed then with a smiling future before him. How often he had pictured a thriving little village with a nice church and parsonage; where the people were all kind and sympathetic and turned out regularly to the meetings. Alas, those were days of idle dreaming, for all his building had been but castles in the air, only to tumble into ruins when brought in contact with the cold world. No wonder he was pale and hollow-cheeked, for night and day he toiled incessantly to elevate his people to a higher plain of life. There was no wife to comfort him when he came home in the evenings worn out and discouraged, no one with whom he might share his trials and triumphs. How he would like to see his dear old native town once again; the old home of his happy youthful days; the weeping willows in the garden; and perchance L——. No, he would not like to see her again, it would be a pain and not a pleasure, but still it would not matter much to him if he did see her. In a moment he was resolved. Rousing himself, he realized for the first time how chilly it was, but no matter—there was no need of a fire now. Hastily packing his little grip-sack, he turned the key in the door, notified the landlady he was going away and then left the house for the railroad station. He could just make the eight-thirty express.

All night he rode and in the morning, just as the first rays of the sun were breaking over the mountains, he reached his native city. The station was deserted for the hour was very early, but he had not expected any one to meet him. He found out on trying to walk that he was ill, but he stumbled along as best he could, paying little attention to his environments. He knew the way by heart, at the first corner he turned, walked a square and then he was there,—home, but not the home it used to be, for father and mother had gone to their reward and a married sister lived there now. No one was stirring in the house and he felt the illness growing worse. On the veranda was a rocker and on this he sat and leaned his head back. Sharp pains seized him, a numb sensation stole through his body and brain, then consciousness left him.

When he came to consciousness again he was lying in bed, a soft hand was resting on his forehead and there was hushed whispering. He opened his eyes but the room was a blurred mass to his vision.

"John, do you know me?" said some one beside him.

He heard as one in a dream, essayed to answer, but could not. He knew the voice that had spoken to him, it was not his sister's, it was her's. How came she there. A picture of his college days again presented itself to his vision. Before him was this same maiden, sweet and lovely. He had cared for her, alas, too well. Under the weeping-willows they had parted. He had asked her to share his life's work and she refused. She could never love a minister, she said. Again the dizzy sensation stole over him, the vision faded, he groaned and then knew no more. The doctor shook his head doubtfully, and told them that the best of care alone would save him.

All winter long the preacher lay in his bed fighting the death messenger away and throughout those dreadful days watched an anxious girl by his side. How faithfully she held her post, how lovingly she tended to his wants, yet he scarcely knew of it. At the first advance of spring there was a decided change for the better; then came the days of building up. Since his rapid recovery was assured the faithful nurse had left the room for a season of much needed rest.

One afternoon two weeks after the nurse's departure he was up and sitting by the window, studying the graceful limbs of the weeping willows in the garden, when a soft knock came at the door.

"Come in," said he, without taking his eyes from the scene before him.

The door opened and the faithful nurse stepped into the room.

"Well, this is an improvement, John!" said she delightedly.

"Yes, Lorna, I feel now almost like a new man." answered he, still gazing dreamily at the old willows.

"Won't you look at me, John?" said she in a soft, reproachful tone.

He turned abruptly and gazed into her face.

"Ah, Lorna, I have not ceased to look at you since the time we parted, out yonder under the willows—don't you remember the willows?" said he sadly.

"All too well, John. I have learned much since that evening."

"Lorna, would your answer to-day be the same as then, now that you have learned more?" Anxiously he awaited her reply; it was some time before she answered, but it was not doubt that made her hesitate; he was not well yet, she was his nurse and knew the danger of excitement to a patient recovering from a dangerous illness. She smiled fondly at his anxious upturned face and said,

"I am still nurse, John, and no other question can be discussed until you are well."

"Will it then, Lorna?"

"Yes."

A smile of peace lit up his countenance for he knew he had won. The college picture at last had come true. How delightful will be the work among his people when he can lead his Lorna back with him. How glad his flock will be to receive her. Once more he looks out at the weeping-willows in the garden, no melancholy aspect reads he now in them; a brisk wind has suddenly arisen and sways the long drooping branches back and forth, they are animated with a new life, *and so is he.*

PAT.

* * *

Gratitude

My heart oe'rflows with thankfulness,
I chant a hymn of praise.
To feel that I, in every week,
Possess just seven days.

A Coat Tale

“OH no, you need not bother to go up to my room. It is on fourth floor, and I can just as well throw the coat out of the window. No, really there is no necessity. I'll throw it down in just a minute.” John started on a run away from the fellow, for he knew it was at the risk of his life as well as the tramp's to bring one into the dormitory.

He hurried to his room and took an old coat from the wardrobe, felt in one pocket so as to be sure there was nothing in any of them, and threw it out of the window to the expectant tramp. The probabilities of the coat fitting were not too largely to be depended upon, but mendicants do not consider of any consequence the possibilities of wearing a piece of clothing. John thought that if such lack of utility did not worry the tramp, the old coat would no longer worry him, but the Three Fates saw him throw it out of the window.

A year or two later, John wrote his mother that he did not know just when he would be home for the vacation as he hoped to spend a few days with a friend in Philadelphia, and would appear some day when she was not expecting him. She, meanwhile, believed he had done so.

In about ten days after he had sent the letter, as he was driving from the station to his home, he passed a long funeral procession. There seemed to be an abundance of flowers in hearse, and a great many mourners. Doubtless an old resident of the town he thought.

He rushed up the steps of the house, eager to embrace his mother, and found that he had arrived just in time to resuscitate the servant girl from a violent fainting-fit which had overcome her at first sight of him. After the use of smelling salts and camphor and other accessories to fainting, she gradually recovered and implored him not to hurt her. He was about to assure her that in her present state of prostration, he would use no stringent means of torture, when his eye caught the blue penciling on the newspaper he had been using to revive her. In large head lines was "JOHN PARSON'S HORRIBLE DEATH. BODY CUT TO PIECES BY TRAIN. KNOWN ONLY BY LETTER IN HIS POCKET. INTERMENT OF REMAINS TO-DAY."

He read enough of the article to learn that a man bearing his own name had been killed by a train near Philadelphia, and that the body was horribly mutilated and was not recognizable by its physiognomy, but was known by the address on a letter found in the coat pocket. The letter was from the young man's mother, and there could be no mistake as to identity of the body. It slowly occurred to him that he was playing the role of a ghost and that it was his own funeral he had passed on the way home. An image of many friends and relatives bearing flowers, and his dear mother in deep mourning sobbing beside a newly made grave flashed across his mind. Such respect and devotion to tramps was, to be sure, generous, but it was at the same time cruel to others.

As hastily as he had entered, but not so gaily, he rushed through the hall and across the lawn and madly in the direction of the cemetery. Had the mourners seen him tearing madly through this field consecrated to the dead, bounding over tomb stones, stumbling often but continually plunging ahead as if pursued by the evil spirit of some departed enemy, hat gone and hair and necktie streaming in the wind, coat torn in this wild chase, they would have thought that the spirit of some raving maniac had risen from its sepulchral prison and was endeavoring to arrive on the spot in time to prohibit any further funeral rites. John, however, appeared unnoticed among them just as the casket, heavy with silver embelishments and loaded with roses, lilacs and carnations was being lowered; there was great sobbing and wailing, and the wind in the pines was adding its moaning to the great sorrow of the people. He stepped so suddenly to the edge of the grave that the sobbing ceased instantly and there was no movement in the entire crowd. He raised his hand and gasped, "It's a tramp. I gave him my coat in which was the letter."

In a few seconds a slight agitation passed through the assembly much as the riffles pass over a quiet bay when a sudden guest of wind arises, then a great sight of relief arose from all, and soon there was a great uproar and every one was happy. The carriages were driven out of the cemetery filled with people gayly talking and laughing, without a care in the world and bounding with joy. The tramp was left alone to enjoy his funeral and his flowers. R. P. B., '05.

* * *

A Round Trip

THE ''dormy'' was on the fourth floor and the door had been recently reinforced by two stout oaken bars.

But a crowd of Sophmores after a Freshman president at banquet time doesn't stop at little hindrances like those. ''Dinky'' Morris, the unfortunate president, slept soundly the night before banquet night, relying upon his fortified situation. But he had yet to learn of the ingenuity of determined ''Sophs.''

The midnight moon cast a square of light upon the dormitory floor beside the bed of the slumberer. Without warning, the little patch of moonlight was quickly darkened. Outside, before the window, a figure dangled from a rope for a moment and then stepped upon the sill. Dinky liked fresh air, so in a minute's time the figure opened the window and stepped quietly into the room. Past the bed of the sleeper it tiptoed to the door. Carefully and noiselessly the bars were slipped from their places and the door unlocked. A little drop of oil on each hinge, and then the stealthy one swung the door. More figures crept in. A muffled, gurgling cry, a few quick motions and then a halfawake Freshman found himself on the floor helpless with bound limbs and a gagged mouth. But two of his captors were muttering oaths as they nursed bruises. Dinky was game even against great odds.

He felt rather foolish, however, as he spent the rest of the night and the next day in an unused part of the cellar with two Sophomores on guard. In an escape the two Sophomores wouldn't have hindered him so very much, but he was bound hand and foot.

Late in the afternoon the prisoner was blindfolded, carried out doors and lifted upon something hard. Soon he could smell hay and feel it thrown over him. Then began a long series of jolts.

That evening, Freshmen on their way down town to supper had great fun "guying" a couple of "rubes" who were riding in a hay cart. The first year men little dreamed that beneath the hay lay their lost president who had so mysteriously disappeared the night before, and that beneath the sandy whiskers and farm clothes of the "rubes" were a couple of full-blooded Sophomores.

It seemed a long and tiresome ride to Dinky and he wished more than once that he might have the use of his hands for thirty short sweet seconds.

"Whoa!"

"Yes, let's lay him there under the pine 'side of the road and wrap a blanket around him. The first farmer that comes along in the morning will see him.—Well, good night, Freshie. Hope you enjoy your banquet!"—and the disguised couple rode off laughingly.

But Dinky was game even against great odds.

He rolled around until he felt a sharp rock. A few laborious rubs and his hands were free. The rest was easy.

After a brisk chafing of cramped limbs, Dinky was Dinky again. He had not been long in freeing himself; indeed, he could hear faintly the rattling of the wagon in the distance.

The Freshman president was a sprinter. The two hilarious "rube" Sophomores did not notice in the early darkness when a figure climbed quietly into the rear of the wagon and found his old place in the hay. On the return trip the passenger enjoyed his ride more, especially after faint sound of the town clock told him that it was yet comparatively early. * * *

Bright lights and merry noises in the second story of the hotel gave evidence that the Freshman banquet was progressing.

"Where's your president? Where's Dinky Morris?" tauntingly shouted the Sophomores as they surrounded the building.

For answer, in spick-and-span evening dress, Dinky stepped from inside the hall to a window sill. Making an elegant bow to the crowd of astonished and gaping Sophomores he said clearly,

"Gentlemen, I thank you for my ride, especially the return trip."

C. F. P. '07

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JANUARY, 1904.
[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA,

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.
☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.
☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

As is usual the Junior Class Ball will be held some time this term. There is a custom in several colleges in regard to the annual upper class dances that might well be adopted at Bucknell. It is to have the Juniors take charge of the Senior Ball and vice versa. There are several points in favor of this plan. It establishes a pleasing custom and makes the two dances fixtures. The Assembly at Bucknell has never been distinctly a Senior affair; some times a few Seniors have taken it in hand, at other times some local alumnus has been at the head of it. Last year we might not have had a Senior Assembly if three of the Seniors had not evinced enough college spirit to take it in hand. Again, the Assembly comes at a time when Seniors are extremely busy while the Juniors are not so hard pressed for time during Commencement week. It is probably too late to change the present method this year, but we think the proposed plan would work well hereafter and should be given a trial.

* *

We have been in a state of painful uncertainty for some time as to whether the cover of the MIRROR were not a trifle gaudy and not quite aesthetic. The colors are meant to be our cherished orange and blue but we think the orange might prove an alibi if carefully examined. Our friend the printer assures us that orange ink on blue paper is not to be thought of so the "orange" must predominate. This month we have used one of the designs for last year's MIRROR in order to soften the *tout ensemhle*. May milords and mesdames be placed thereat!

We advise our successors to adopt other colors than the college ones on the cover of the MIRROR. And speaking of a graceful selection of colors how do you like the Senior lavender and purple? Nice pretty colors for trimming a hat and a lavender sweater with a purple "1904" on it would probably look too sweet for words. But why doesn't some Senior wear one?

* *

So far there has been a lack of interest in the prize we offered last month for contributions. Perhaps, affluent youths and maidens that you are, you don't need the ten bucks. Very well, we might take those ten cold and shining ones and place them in a bank at interest and in the year "x" after the Day of Judgment we should have enough money to buy a new athletic field.

But seriously speaking, the object of that prize was to get contributions to print in the MIRROR, not simply to confer substantial benefits on a youthful Tennyson or an embryo Kipling. So come one and all and deluge us with manuscripts. If you lack inspiration, get a photograph of ten dollars and place in your room.

Alumni Notes

Only one of our four alumni editors responded this month, we presume on account of press of business after the holiday season, so we are forced to curtail our alumni notes this month but hope to have a more lengthy account next issue.

'66. Rev. J. S. Hutson, D. D., has completed fourteen years of pastoral service with the Beth Eden Baptist Church, Allegheny. This is his second pastorate with the above named church, his former pastorate covering a period of eight years. A new church edifice will soon be ready for dedication.

'78. The First Baptist Church, Saco., Me., of which Rev. Geo. E. Nichols is pastor, recently dedicated a handsome pipe organ, a memorial gift.

'82. Rev. Henry Madtes has resigned the pastorate of the Sharpsburg (Penna.) Baptist Church, and removed to Mount Pleasant, where he becomes field agent for the Western Pennsylvania Classical and Scientific Institute.

'84. Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, Pastor of the Central Baptist Church, New York City, has recently preached a series of sermons on "The Seven Curses of New York." The series met with popular favor.

'85. Joseph E. Sagebeer, Ph.D., of Germantown, Philadelphia, has been admitted to the Philadelphia bar, and has become a partner in a prominent Philadelphia law firm.

Ex. '91. Rev. T. P. Holloway, after a successful pastorate of more than three years with the Waverly Baptist Church, Baltimore, has resigned to accept the unanimous call of the newly organized church at Annapolis.

'94. Rev. A. E. Finn has offered his resignation at Cherryville, N. Y., to become pastor of the Park Ave. Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J.

'94. Rev. Chas. W. Williams has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Vineland, N. J., to accept that of the Baptist Church at Palmer, Mass.

'96. Rev. T. L. Josephs, of Wiconisco, Penna. has entered upon the Baptist pastorate at Brisbin, Penna.

'96. T. Reber Taggart is pastor of the Lower Providence Presbyterian Church, Eaglesville, Pa.

'97. Rev. Thomas H. Sprague, the popular pastor of Chester Avenue Baptist Church, West Philadelphia, has resigned the pastorate to accept an appointment of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society as missionary at Puerto Principe, Cuba. A farewell meeting in his honor was successfully carried out in the fifth Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Dec. 7. Mr. Sprague is now on his new field, and preached his first sermon on Sunday, Dec. 20.

'97. Decker '97 recently opened a law office in Williamsport.

Ex. '98. Rev. H. B. Rankin, of Erie, Penna., whose declination of the call to the Second Baptist Church, Waterbury, Conn., was announced recently, has accepted the pastorate at Sewickley, Penna., near Pittsburg.

'98. S. W. Gilpine is superintendent of public schools in Virginia, Minnesota.

Ex. '98. W. R. Morris has charge of the St. Paul interests of the Washburn Crosby Co.

'98. Rev. J. T. Anderson, pastor at Lansdown, Penna. has entered upon the pastorate of the Lee St. Baptist Church, Baltimore.

'99. Rev. H. I. Stewart, of Atglen, Penna., was recently elected Secretary of the Chester County Baptist Union.

Ex. '01. W. I. King is studying law at Harvard.

'02. John Packer is at present employed in the Franklin National Bank, Philadelphia.

'02. Barrett '02 is at present visiting friends in college.

'02. D. Walkinshaw is transitman on the western division of the P. R. R. engineering corps.

'02. Frank Stanton has returned from Denison University where he had a very successful season coaching the football team and is now reading law in Scranton, Pa.

Ex. '02. Christy Mathewson and wife spent Christmas vacation in Lewisburg.

Ex. 02. W. Zimmerman is head book-keeper for Seiler, Zimmerman, Otto & Co, Shamokin, Pa.

Ex. '02. Simpson '02 is instructor in Latin at Princeont.

* * *

Married

Kunkle–Campbell.—At Newberry, Penna., Dec. 22, 1903, Rev. E. C. Kunkle (class of '97), Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Kenoska, Wis., and Miss Blanche E. Campbell, '00, of Newberry.

* *

Died

Inst. Ex. '64.—Mrs. Theodore Kreamer, *nee* Fannie Acker, died at her home in Phœnixville, Penna., Christmas morning, aged 39 years.

Athletics

Perhaps the undergraduates have often mildly wondered why the MIRROR maintains an Athletic department since most of the items are an old song and seem almost like a re-hash of the athletic notes of the Orange and Blue. We keep up this department entirely for the benefit of our alumni subscribers who strange as it may seem outnumber our undergraduate subscribers.

To the alumni therefore we wish to make a brief tale of athletic events. This is the time of the college year when basket-ball holds full sway at Bucknell, a hockey team being one of the features of winter athletics that we do not support, principally because we have no permanent place to play hockey.

In basket-ball Bucknell for the past five or six years has had one of the best college teams in this state, or we might say in any state. This year however seems to be an exception to the rule. At present the basket-ball prospects are not very encouraging but it is the hope of the undergraduates that something unforseen will happen which will strengthen the team before the fifteenth when the season actually begins.

The game against the scrubs last Friday was a disappointment in many respects to all who were present. It was anybody's game up till the very last moment when the varsity happened to win out by a few points. Of course we must take into consideration that three, Anderson, Griffiths, and McCormick, of last year's crack team are not playing this year and whose loss would certainly weaken any team, but nevertheless there is enough good material in college to make a winning team, but the question is will this material be developed before it is to late?

Manager Browning has arranged a fairly good schedule for the team this year and every game should be a victory for the Orange and Blue. The following is the schedule:

Friday, January 15, Swarthmore.
Saturday, January 23, Ashland A. C.
Friday, January 29, North End Stars of Scranton.
Saturday, February 6, La Salle Championship team.
Wednesday, February 16, Shenandoah.
Friday, February 19, Gettysburg.
Wednesday, February 24, Allegheny.
Saturday, March 5, Franklin and Marshall.
Saturday, March 13, Steelton, Y. M. C. A.
Friday, March 18, Ex-9th Regiment team of Wilkesbarre.

The prospects of this year's track team have been expressed in one of the MIRROR's of last term, and up to the present time there has been very little chance to judge the men further on account of the indoor work which they do during the winter term. There is however one thing which will handicap the team to a great extent this year and that is the lack of weight men. It certainly is the duty of every man in college who can handle the weights in any shape or form to come out and leave the coach look you over because it is to much uphill work for the remaining men on the track team to try to win a meet without good men in these events. Manager Deats and Capt. Pearse have received a number of offers from various Athletic Associations and Colleges, and by all indications it looks as if the track team will have a number of chances to distinguish themselves this coming spring, and we sincerely hope that they will accept these chances.

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXIII. LEWISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY, 1904. No. 4

The Picture

IT was a very pretty thing, and it had been painted on Drusilla's twentieth birthday or, what was perhaps of more importance on the day after Richard Horne left town. It showed a young girl's face, pure and clear of outline, with delicate coloring, wide young eyes, and soft fair hair, demurely parted and falling in shining strands on each side of the white forehead. The gown, cut modestly low around the girlish throat, was of a pale and shimmery violet, repeating the color of the eyes—those long-lashed eyes, with the finely pencilled brows giving them a look of such innocent wonder. The look of innocent wonder was in them yet, but that was all.

Drucilla was one of those who grow old in years only. twenty years had diminished the lustre of her hair, had faded the soft rose bloom of her cheeks, had robbed her eyes of their tender color, but had left their sweetness unchanged. If at twenty, as Richard Horne had so often told her, she looked like an English violet all wet with dew, now she resembled nothing so much as that same violet, pressed for twenty years in some worn prayer-book, and still retaining a faint breath of its former fragrance. And, too, she wore the lavendars and violets of her youth while changes in fashions had passed her by untouched. The slim throat was left bare; the sleeves had the long shoulder—seams and wide puff over the slender wrist, the

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The periodic correspondence she had maintained with Richard had served well enough to bridge the years. After her father died—she had been too young to remember the mother she resembled so strongly—she had lived alone but for one old servant, who had nursed her as a baby. A very peaceful life was hers. Richard's letters served to break the monotony. She demanded very little from fate—and so got little, either of hard blows or soft caresses. And she was quiet, content with her eventless existence. The knowledge that Richard would some day come served her for all time, and so, day after day, she wore her faintly turned dresses and waited for him. Even when his last letter came, saying he would be with her the following week, and ask her for her picture, she had felt no surprise, only a deep sense of a dear, half-expressed wish fulfilled. So she had sent the water-color to him; glad in possession of the knowledge that when he came he would find her unaltered. As for his appearance—he would probably look like his father, twenty years must undoubtedly change a man. And, with a pitiful lack of logic, she forgot that those same twenty years had worked unrelenting changes in herself.

She sat by the window that afternoon, in the dim perfumed twilight, waiting for Richard. The violets at her throat were only a shade darker than her dress. The lustreless hair was parted and drawn down smoothly on each side, the faded eyes wore a look of abiding peace, and the gentle mouth, with its few lines—she, having been always at least passively happy, had few of those marks of a life history that time leaves—was curved in quiet content. So she waited, as the twilight deepened, until she heard a man's foot steps on the gravel path outside. Then she rose and went to the porch to meet him.

She was not exactly nervous, but—twenty years!

She saw a brown-faced, brown-haired man, unmistakeably of middle age—yet she would have known him as Richard any where. And she came forward shyly, yet with a certain maidenly self-posession, her hands outstretched, words of greeting upon her lips. And he taking her hands, and looking down in her face, saw, not the picture he had carried in his mind for so long, nor yet the one he had owned for a week, but a sweet-faced woman, colorless and with all the glow of youth gone. So it happened that his first words to her were.

"Why, Drusilla! You have changed. If it had not been for your dress I would not have known you." She was never able to tell definitely how the realization came. Only she felt her hands grow cold in Richard's clasp, and she caught to draw them away. A terrible feeling was at her heart—there was a cruel iron hand grasping it. She turned suddenly faint—then a bold resolve came.

"You have my picture, Richard? Give it to me. I want it."

"But Drusilla—you *gave* it to me."

"I want it."

The tone, more than the words, relaxed Richard's hold on her hands and caused him to take the picture from his coat pocket. Drusilla took it from him. She was very brave now. She went over to the window, and bent over the painted face, studying it closely in the gray light. Richard stood by, his hands hanging idle, his eyes wondering at this strange reception—after so many years.

But what was Drusilla doing now? She had turned to the wall, and was studying her face in the old-fashion mirror. Very long she stood there, picture in hand. At last she turned—and such anguish was in her eyes that the man involuntarily stepped forward. She held the picture out to him.

''Take it,'' she said hoarsely ''Take it—and go!''

''Go?''

His mind refused to comprehend, and he could only stare stupidly.

''Yes, *go*!'' The last remnant of her self-control gave way, shattered by disillusionment, after twenty years. The awakening was very bitter. ''And she flung out her hands half-defiantly, half-pleadingly. ''Go! Don't you suppose I know, *now*? You said I was changed. Changed? You are too kind. And it has been twenty years, Richard, twenty years! I have been such a blind fool! If it weren't so ludicrous, it might almost be pitiful, don't you think? ''She laughed—a pathetic little laugh that sent a swift wave of tender pity through the man who stood there listening. He made a move toward her, but she did not stop.

''But for twenty years I have fancied myself as that lying picture tells me,—all gold and pink and soft violet. And for twenty years I have kept myself for you, because you loved my beauty, once I can say it now without shame—after it is all over. You remember, Richard, how you said they were violets—my eyes? And my hair—it was summer sunshine. And one morning you held a wild-rose leaf against my cheek and pretended not to be able to tell which was flower and which Drusilla. And so I've lived on that—I did not know I had changed. You believe that, don't you? ''She came very close to him and looked up imploringly into his eyes. ''You don't think I sent you that picture—*knowing*? This is so hard for me—so hard! Don't you see how I am humiliated—oh Richard, Richard, go, please go! She shrank away, covering her poor faded face with her hands, and the picture dropped unnoticed to the floor. Then Richard stretched out his strong arms, and drew her close to him, her head on his shoulder.

"Drusilla."

There was no answer. She quivered from head to foot, and he held her closer.

"Drusilla, look at me."

Still no answer. Then he gently raised her head and looked down into her face—his eyes so full of reverential love that a slow pink flush mounted from her chin to her forehead.

"Dear," he said softly "to me you are the most beautiful thing God ever made."

She buried her face on his shoulder again, but the tears that came now were happy ones. In all her life she had never lived as she did now.

"Then it doesn't matter," she said, brokenly, her face hidden, "I wanted to keep it for *you*, Richard, but the loss of it doesn't hurt me now—so long as I know you care."

B. A. B.

Mr. Warren, Reconciliator

WE were sitting in Harry Jewett's room one Saturday night, seven of us, shortly after the second term commenced, smoking, with the feeling rarely experienced of having all our Monday's lessons "out" when "Patsy" Warren came in.

"Whew, you fellows have this place blue already—give us a pipeful, now—not that stuff; I want some of Jewett's "Maryland Club,"—your stuff is too speedy for me,'' he blurted, as some one offered him same ''Old English.''

''Say, fellows,'' he kept on, ''what do you think of me? Mr. P. J. Warren, professional reconciliator, general peacemaker—where there's a girl and a fellow in it—and all around handy fellow.''

''Oh! You close up, will you? We know how handy *you* are. We were talking ''Banquet'' when you came in—you're worse than a Freshman—but what have you got to say, any way? Shoot it out, or we won't be able to converse intelligently until you do, you're such a nuisance. What is it? Some one growled.

''Say, you fellows *are* kind of important, aren't you? Well, you don't get a good story if you don't shut up, see!'' We saw.

''Well out with it then,'' said Dick Harper, ''but if its no better than your last good story we'll put you out.''

''Story's all right, but as to the kicking out, I'm rather uncertain about it, seeing it's you who says it. But here goes''—and then he told us this. I'll give it to you, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

''You know Stanhope?'' he began. ''Well, he has the nicest little girl you'd want to see, and I, Mr. Warren, professional reconciliator etc., fixed him all solid. What do you think of that?

Somebody said, ''Oh, cut out your professional titles and all that stuff, and say what you've got to say.''

''Now you wait,'' Patsy insisted, ''I'm telling this, and you get it the way I give it. I have spoken. Hear me how! This is how it happened.''

''When Stanhope left home to come to Bucknell this year as a Freshman he spent the last hour before leaving Centreville—that's his home—at the house of this girl. He had been ''going with her'' quite a while before he came here, and before he left her house for the train he told her—well, things. You fellows know how it is—well, he studied, scrapped, did everything because of that girl, just as you and hundreds of other follows have done before him, or as Kipling says 'Even as you and I.' See? I've been reading, and know a thing or two—that's on page 188, Barrack Room Ballads.

Well, she wrote to him and he to her, big letters, once a week, same as you fellows do now to other girls, and all went good and rosy for a while. Finally, though, a short while before vacation, this last holiday's vacation, he noticed her letters becoming smaller, fewer and cooler, and he wondered, 'wat t'ell?' Almost queered himself. You fellows know how it's different when you're writing from when you're there looking at her and talking. See Jewett, he does! Give me a match. Thanks! So he asked me—pause till Patsy lights up—so he asked me to visit him a few days during the vacation and help him "queer himself" with the girls entirely. He wanted to 'quit,' but you all know what kind of a fellow he is. Wouldn't consciously hurt anyone's feelings. Would rather be turned down than have it said he turned the girl down himself. I was to be introduced, and when I got the chance, tell the girl about college life, and about him—how he called every night on either the town-girls or the swamp-angels, or how he was dead gone on a beaut from Sunbury and another from Milton. Oh! I was to make a regular villian out of him.

Now, all you fellows know he's a first rate fellow. Doesn't have a girl here, flunks the least of anyone, never sees a friend "stuck," always game, and is a first rate guy all through.

Well, (he started almost every other sentence with "well"), I got there. Little one-horse town, but fine bunch of girls in his gang and his was the fairest and finest of the fair. Great entertainer—good looker—fine pianist and all that but she *was* somewhat cool to old Stanhope. I sized up the situation and concluded that it was a case of previous unpleasant experience and bad scare and out of sight out of mind on her part and pleasant and insistent frankness and candor on his part. She had a fellow once, it appears, who went to college—not Bucknell—we don't have such guys—and after he got there turned her down, blamed chump, and thought "Stany" was going to do the same, and didn't want it to happen to her the second time. One night, shortly after I arrived, we went calling on her. There was another girl there, so we were four of us and we had a swell time. She had dandy fudge—no 'Sem.' fudge—bet no goat would strangle on *its* recipe. Any way the girl who was with her had to go home, of course, at last, and he 'explained' that he'd have to escort her home, since I'd have trouble finding my way back. Just think. Blamed thin explanation! And Miss Llorentte would entertain me until he came back. He went. Here's where I was to get my dirty work in. After he left, we got talking about college life at Bucknell, and she asked me how we lived and all that. I knew she wanted to know what Stanhope was doing, and I told her my story—hold on, don't pick up your cushions and books yet to hit me, and please don't swear, it isn't polite when one's talking. I told her all right. I told the truth. That's all, fellows, he told me a day or two afterwards that "I needn't mind getting in my dirty work" and called himself all sorts of blamed fools, which he wasn't, having had sense enough to call on the assistance of yours truly, Mr. Warren, professional reconciliator, etc. services free of charge. Give us a pipe full, and a match or a tooth pick." We didn't kick him out.

Ed. S., '07.

Only a Vision

THE day's duties were over and John Horton breathed a sigh of relief as he seated himself at a table to write. At last a few hours were his, and they should be used in his favorite way. But he soon found that the work of the day had wearied him and unfitted him for such a task. Words refused to come, and the man was left to picture days that would bring something more than rush and worry and the companionship of unimaginative men—days that would be filled with the work he loved.

Time passed and suddenly the air was full of melody, so soft and sweet,—far sweeter than any heard on earth before. And as a fit accompaniment to this harmony the sun shed its golden light upon all things, while the wind that blew gently through the tree-tops seemed to be playing with the dancing leaves. Amidst this joy and beauty he walked feeling that all was his. For him the birds were singing, the sun was shining and all things were full of joy. The light shone full upon him as though he was the center of the scene, and the trees showered their variously colored leaves upon his pathway to make it soft to walk upon.

But nature's splendor was not all. Beyond it he saw dimly quiet firesides where fathers read to eager children from a little book whose pages sent forth the merry singing of blithesome birds and the gentle rustle of falling leaves. There were also groups of learned men seated in rooms whose walls were books and book-shelves. These knit their brows wisely, as they read of murmuring streams and shady woodland nooks and pronounced the work abiding and the man who wrote it all a genius.

Then the quiet scene where nature had done him homage slowly faded, and he found himself surrounded by men of culture and ability. With a thrill he saw that even here all faces were turned toward him. His words were treasures and his smile gave great delight. Among this group of thinking men the interpreter whom nature had loved was received and honored.

What? Only a dream? With feverish cheeks he found that he was still seated alone at a table, while his self-appointed task was unfinished because the pen refused to write. His quick breathing gave evidence of the vision that had been given; the blank page showed how long and how hard was the path that led to its realization.

But yet the vision had not faded. It lived in memory to shed a glory upon the upward climb. The way, it is true, looked hard and long, but the difficulties could not seem insurmountable to the one who during the struggle saw the light ahead, the evening had given strength and courage, and that in spite of the fact that not a single line had been written.

V. E. H., '04.

* * *

Here's to Old Bucknell

IN the days when the sound of the woodman's axe was little heard and the oaks and pines grew old in plenty; when the woods and the hills all day long idly made love in whispers to the waters of the Susquehanna as they glided by, gurgling in response, uninterrupted save at times when a dusky form slid silently from behind a tree and with a twang of the bowstring sent death to an unsuspecting stag, who gloating in his freedom tossed his antlers in defiance of any adversary; in those days upon the banks of another river, smaller sister of the Susquehanna the Mohicans roamed, had their councils and sang their war songs.

One tribe of these redskins selecting a suitable spot set up a stone, a natural shaft, which was their imaginary source of power, and at that place there sprung up a settlement on the "Blue Juniata" which now boasts of its traditions and its tales of the red men.

The town which had its beginnings in such a field of romance had the misfortune of meeting the writer some time since which may account for any change in its reputation for it is now chiefly renowned as the seat of the Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory. Despite that fact the people, as in many of the older towns, claim a sort of aristocracy which is a good thing in so far as education is concerned. Communities where the fathers have gone to college are more likely to allow the sons the same privilege, and in this town a much larger proportion of college men are in evidence than in many towns of larger pretentions. As yet however other colleges than Bucknell have got the lion's share.

Now for some comparisons of opinions of those who go to these other colleges with those who came to Bucknell in regard to their feelings for their Alma Mater. As far as college spirit goes other colleges are not lacking, in fact some could spare us a little with greater advantage to us than disadvantage to themselves; but as for genuine love for the life we lead and the dislike to leave when our course is ended, I think we have most of them beaten to a stand-still. Among the "big four," Princeton seems to be first in that respect and yet at Christmas time I heard a Princeton man, home for his first vacation say that "college is not what its cracked up to be," which was equivalent to saying that it did not meet with his expectations. I have heard the same thing said of many others. Men who have left here for other colleges, where the equipments in some courses are better, say they would like to be back as far as the college life was concerned.

The solution of our own enjoyment may be found in our system of domitories, eating clubs and fraternities; in the equality that exists among us owing to our lack of automobiles and non-overabundance of multimillionaires.

How much is due to co-education I will not venture for fear of a chance for rebutal but the fact is to me truly evident that in true love for our Alma Mater we are not out done. Poetic evidence may be minus but it will come in time.

As I am glad that I am a white man, an American and a Pennsylvanian so am I glad to "honor the Orange and Blue".

R. D. R.

Bucknell Mirror.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA,

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

The editorials this month are the composite production of three of the most cheerful idiots in college. We make no apologies, we ourselves think them pretty bad, but we have seen worse. If any one wants revenge he can obtain satisfaction at Room thirty-one, West College. We are not running for any office.

* *

There are many little tragedies that happen in our everyday life at Bucknell. And yet we bear them bravely and manage to continue in the struggle of life. A pathetic little incident happened about a week ago which for a time brought sorrow into the lives of eight or ten people. This little group was assembled together in the large padded cell of the Seminary that is devoted to the promotion of sociability at Bucknell. There were five youths and five maidens. Seated on the various pieces of antique furniture that adorn the room, they were chatting happily together and in their gladness of spirit were tearing up little bits of paper and throwing them around the room. As the tiny little particles floated in air it seemed rike a snow-storm and the ten happy children clapped their hands and laughed and shouted in glee.

But oh it sickens the heart to relate what followed. Entered Nemesis in the person of the keeper of the asylum and with short, curt words a dreadful sentence was imposed. For thirty days, *one entire month* the five youths were excluded from the sacred portals. The five maidens were forbid to hold communication with the youths. Then Nemesis in a fury strode out of the room and grasped a little bell that stood nearby and rang its neck for five minutes. Horrified to see a little bell so maltreated, we all arose and left.

* *

The printer's devil is loose; the Delphic Sibyl wants the rent and refuses to inspire weighty thinks; tobacco's all gone and family troubles are furrowing our alabaster brows, so back to Æsop. Once upon a Saturday Eve. long ago, my dear, a nasty, horrid mouse entered the Seminary. The big brave boys crouched in the corners behind the Turkish furniture and the girls cast their jewels before the monster who licking his chops retired to the jungles. Next week, best beloved, the terror came again and cried for fudge. Again the boys cringed but, wonder of wonders,not so with the fair princesses for with smile that jollies the professors they pulled from beneath cushions huge, brown blocks of good, oh ever so good, leaden fudge and cast them before the dragon. Alas poor mousie; his sweet tooth was his tendon of Achilles and womankind rising in their might with Amazonian strength ground to death that bad, nasty mouse. This, my dears, is the sad tale of the mouse.

Moral—Repress criticism and sneers, subscribe for the MIRROR and pay your college bills or our staff will aim unerring darts at your weakness and unlike the thermometer you will never be graduated. Selah.

* *

There is a rule which the upper classmen in their wisdom saw fit to promulgate some time in the present century for the benefit of spirit and tradition at Bucknell. This rule provides that Freshmen shall not wear any other head gearing than a blue skull-cap. On account of the severity of the weather we will overlook the fact that many wear caps which protect the ears, neck and half the back; but when it comes to the stiff hat, it seems time that some one awakes to the occasion. The other morning the writer demanded of one of these "much in evidence" Freshmen who in all his daring was strutting along underneath an article which might come under the general class of a derby but which had peculiarities of its own that would bar its use from any one this side of an African jungle—demanded I say the nonentity's cognizance of the aforementioned rule and in reply was questioned as to his identity. The sanctity of the chapel saved him from utter demolition but that Freshman and any other had better remember that those rules were not made in a glass of soda to drink and forget.

Alumni Notes

The annual foot-ball game with the Carlisle Indians, will be played at Williamsport next fall, on October 8th, one week later than the game in 1903.

The College Annual, L'Agenda, this year is dedicated to Hon. E. A. Armstrong, Camden, N. J. Among the new features to be introduced will be a pictorial history of the development of Athletics in the University.

The Philadelphia Alumni will hold their annual banquet and reunion at the University Club, that City, Monday evening, Feb. 12th.

The new catalogue, now in press, will show a total enrollment of over seven hundred students—an increase of more than sixty over that of last year, some forty unable to register owing to want of room.

The Library, in charge of Prof. Wm. E. Martin and two Assistants, now numbers 25,000 volumes. It is open daily, Sunday excepted. Last year over one thousand dollars was expended upon the library for books and periodicals. An estate, inventoried at $48,000.00 will accrue to the Library after the expiration of a life interest.

'68. Mr. A. A. Smith is practicing law in Williamsport, Pa.

'71. Rev. William S. Holt, who has been living at Bellwood, Penna. for several years, has become a resident of Germantown, Philadelphia.

'73. Rev. E. B. Waltz, of Williamsport, has been bereaved in the death of his wife, which occurred suddenly in that city, Dec. 12, 1903.

'84. Rev. J. E. Davies who has served the Welsh Baptist Church, Plymouth, Penna., very acceptably for several years, has accepted a similar pastorate at Nanticoke, Penna., and has removed to that place.

'84. Rev. M. G. Smith, until recently pastor at Charleston, Penna.; has relinquished the ministry and gone into business in New York State.

'85. Dr. H.S. Forringer, is making Pittsburg his headquarters during the present Winter.

'86. William A. Lewis is connected with the New York Agency of the Berkshire Life Insurance Co., of Pittsfield, Mass. He resides at Rutherford, N. J.

'88. Rev. Wm. H. Clipman, until recently connected with the League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia, has accepted the Baptist pastorate at Yeadon, Penna.

'88. Rev. Geo. W. Hatch has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Sisterville, W. Va., and accepted that at Edinboro, Penna.

'94. Rev. Geo. H. Waid has resigned the pastorate of the Beula Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich., and accepted the call of the church at Vassai, Mich.

'95. William H. Carey who has been with the Chicago office of the Mergenthaler Linotype Machine Co., has been chosen to represent the same company in its New Orleans agency.

'98. C. D. Koch is Superintendent of Public Schools at Philipsburg, Pa.

'98. Fred W. Robbins is superintendent of the Bethlehem Public Schools Bethlehem, Pa.

'99. Rev. Howard I. Stewart, of Atglen, Penna., has resigned to accept the Baptist pastorate at Lansdale, Pa., and enters upon his work, March 1.

'99. Albert R. Garner, M. D., who has been on the staff of the Homeopathic Hospital, New Haven, Conn., has located in Norristown, Penna., with the prospect of excellent practice. Dr. Garner is the son of Rev. H. B. Garner (class of '65), pastor of the Cold Point Baptist Church, Plymouth Meeting, Penna.

'99. R. L. Rentz, a former instructor in Bucknell Academy, has opened a law office in Williamsport, Pa.

'99. J. A. Herman is Principal of the South Williamsport Public Schools.

’00. Edgar Reed is Principal of the Milton Public Schools. This is Mr Reeds second year’s service in this capacity.

’01. C. M. Konkle has changed his residence from New York City to Pittsburg, Pa.

’01. W. Thompson is with the American Tin Plate Company at Monessen, Pa.

’03. Lloyd Kalp has resigned the principalship of the Saltsburg Schools and is now in business at Mt. Pleasant.

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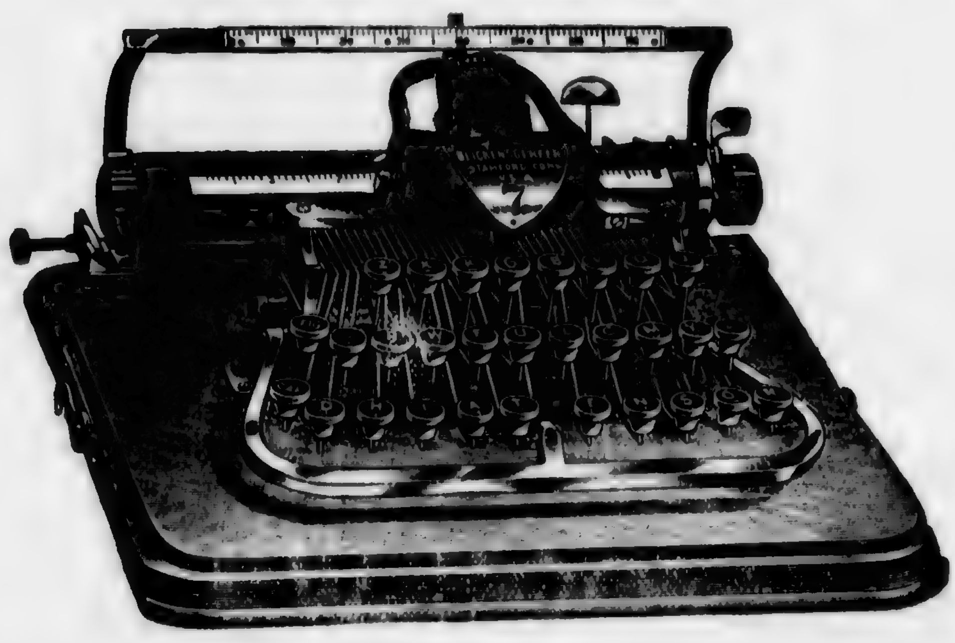

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Vol. XXIII. Lewisburg, Pa., March, 1904. No. 5

Love in the Abstract

HE had his peculiarities, but he was not at all an idol; you had to vote him a good fellow socially, even tho some of his views concerning persons and things were rather queer. He protested that he was a great lover, and yet he did not show it. His appetite remained good, and he did not hang around the upper halls with an air of nervous expectancy. He went to the At Homes and receptions at the Institute, but at them he did not display any monopolizing tendencies; you could not wager with any degree of certainty as to the girl to whom he would devote himself. Indeed, on occasion, he seemed to be actuated by missionary impulses and made it a point to give the best of his entertaining self to some timid maid whose blessed shyness militated against her enjoyment. No one at any time could say that he was in love with any particular girl, yet, withal, he was ever in love, ardently in love, but sort of abstractly in love.

Near the end of his college course he made his confessions to us, and since he is no longer here, we shall do him no injury if we tell these confessions. The first surprising thing he told us was that he never went to a reception but that he fell in love with at least three or four girls. We called him a mormon, but he continued that his love must have been quite in the abstract for it was only upon recollection that he was able to remember that he had fallen in love with some of these on various occasions before. It was not always with those with whom he talked that he fell in love; on the contrary he would sometimes conceive a grand passion for a woman he had never met, perhaps even one whose voice he had never heard. Oft times he would, in the abstract, fall in love with a married woman, and whenever this was the case he was wont to pat his amorous self on the back in congratulation on the good taste he had shown, for some other fellow had had such faith in similar tastes that he had been willing to back up this faith by marrying her.

But what was his love like? Well, it varied. At times he fell in love with a graceful movement, a well-turned hand, a moment of dignified poise; or again it was with a merry mood or a sympathetic silence; sometimes he seemed to have found one who in many ways seemed his sufficient counterpart; sometimes he would allow himself, for one brief moment, to fancy that he had found one who in all ways could, and would willingly, supply in his future being those elements without which a satisfactory life seemed impossible.

Perhaps you wonder what his love meant to him. So far as added attention to any individual was concerned, it meant nothing; but who will say that it had no part in the increasing nobility of his character and the kindness of his disposition, a kindness in which the children reveled, a kindness which the stray cur seemed to sense even before the words which expressed it were spoken.

His friends were wont to tell that he knew nothing about real love, that he was simply paddling about near the shore. He replied that he was diving—taking delightful and refreshing plunges—but keeping away from the current; then his friends would mix their metaphors most delightfully and tell him he would better keep away from the current or he might get burned. How good those omnipresent friends of ours are! But if only they could realize that the only advice ever appreciated is that for which a price is paid. They of course told him that some day he would find the woman who possessed in her being all that he lacked in his, the one woman in all the world that could make him happy; but he laughingly told them that the woman with such a load of virtues would indeed be a veritable Atlas, or rather an Atlassie.

One day he did find a woman to whom his heart went out in all its fullness, a woman without whom he knew his life would be empty, and in a very short time—but that is quite another story, and altogether his own affair.

N. S.

* *

Morris Chair Memories

THE warm blaze in the large, old fire-place burned brightly, opposing the chill March winter out of doors. The snapping and crackling flames leaped high and gave the only light to the small but cozy study. A morris chair was drawn up before the fire and in it sat a young man with his head thrown back and his feet placed upon the fender. He was gazing at a picture hanging near the fire-place, which the ruddy flames casting on it their flickering light brought out in strong contrast to the semi-gloom of most of the room. It was a small picture, framed in *passepartout*, and not at all striking—a young man and a girl friend in an automobile stopping to take in Cupid. He had cut it out of a magazine, framed and hung it within the light of the fire, because— he did not know why, for it always brought to him the most painful memories.

Now as he gazed upon it by the aid of the uncertain mystical light, he had a much clearer mental picture, closely resembling this one on the wall. Every detail was as clear and distinct as if it, too, were framed in black and hung before him. His thoughts went back a few years to the time when he was at C— doing post-graduate work in law. While there he had met a young lady who in time became very dear to him and she in large measure returned his affections. They were out riding one day in late October, one of those hazy days in Indian summer when the trees shower upon mother earth their myriads of scarlet, yellow and brown leaves, and cover her with a carpet of matchless beauty; and as they drove along through the woods over this carpet, their conversation changed from light thoughts to topics serious, personal, confidential.

He told her he was going into the law earnestly, with all-absorbing interest; what was best in him he would show to his clients; he would always work conscientiously, and never would he take up the wrong side of a question for money; he despised the man who would. He also told her about his mother and home, and lots of little things just because he thought she would be interested. And she told him of her personal relations and her sorrows and disappointments. She even wanted to tell him the great sorrow of her life, and he was delighted to have her show such friendship toward him.

Yes, he had decided that when she had finished her story he would ask Cupid to ride with them, to sit on the seat between them; but he never did. She said the man she had loved and would have married was killed in a basket-ball game. He played center on C–'s varsity and in a game with P—, two opponents were wildly chasing the ball; the one tripped, falling with full force against her lover, and thrust his head against the hard brick wall. He died within two days.

"Of course it was all an accident. No one was to blame." So she believed with all her heart, but he knew only too well, that it was not an accident. When her lover was at C—, he was an under-graduate at P—

and also played on the basket-ball team. He was in the same game with this friend, and seeing him pursue the ball, he made it appear that he tripped and threw himself violently against the fellow, hoping to send him further than the ball, grab it himself and throw a goal. Every one thought he had tripped and the injury done was by accident. He alone knew that it was not by accident. That was why he never asked Cupid to ride.

He sat for a long time still gazing at the picture, lost in meditation and reflection. At last he arose to put more wood on the fire, while muttering to himself, "God forbid that I should be villian enough to murder a girl's lover and marry her myself." R. B.

* *

The "Chinks" Savings

An incident of pay-day in a Mexican mining-camp.

IT was pay-day at El Templar mining-camp. To one acquainted with the customs of Mexican mining-camps, pay-day is a significant word. It means plenty of work for the one who pays off the miners and a big drunk for the Mexicans. The big drunk is a traditional and expected affair. As long as everything sails along peacefully—if the accounts are satisfactory to both sides and the day progresses with only singing, card-playing and impromptu horse-racing as the main features, the management heaves a sigh of relief and things run along on the old way for another month.

We had no thought of any hitch in our arrangements on this pay-day. The manager had sent young Jim Hall, his assistant, to Jesus Maria to secure at bank the money necessary to pay off the miners. He had taken with him as his "mozo," Pedro Reys, a Mayo Indian and one of the best runners in camp. Hall had started rather late the day before but he was riding the "Colorado," a speedy saddle-mule,—the narrow trails forbid the use of horses—and had with him the above-mentioned speedy mozo. We expected Hall to return late the night before pay-day or, as it was the time of full moon, he might choose to ride all night and reach camp early in the morning.

We usually opened the office and store about seven in the morning and began to pay off about nine, after the night-shift had all quit work and had time to come from the different workings that were scattered over two sides of the mountain.

At eight o'clock Hall had not arrived and the manager began to get anxious. If Hall did not come on time, if some accident had detained him for the day we stood the chance of having some ugly row. The Mexicans all looked forward to pay-day as a holiday and were liable to stir up mischief if disappointed.

This in brief was our situation at El Templar: there were eight of us Americans, who lived in the long adobe "shack" that contained under the one roof the company's store, the manager's office and our sleeping and eating appartments. Then there was the Chinese cook who sailed under the Mexican name of "Andrez" or the American slur, "The Chink." We nine, then, ran the mining-camp of El Templar in accordance with instructions of the company in the far-off "States." We were comparatively isolated from the society of other Americans. The nearest mining-camp run by Americans was forty miles away and we were on the heart of the Sierra Madres of Chihuahua in the midst of a turbulent lot of Mexicans who smilingly did our work and took our pay, doubled their wages from what they stole from the mines, but who had not the least use for Americans and who would have willingly sent the whole outfit of us to worlds unknown if it had served their best interests.

We had as can easily be seen some reasonable cause for apprehension should any disturbance arise that would bring us into clash with the three or four hundred Mexicans in camp. The most of our number it is true were not down in Mexico for their health and could be counted on to put up a good fight. The manager was a cool-headed, plucky Pennsylvanian about forty years old where youthful fighting blood had not yet left his veins and who had a wholesome contempt for Mexican business methods and things Mexican in general.

Our mill-boss, Ben Brown, was a weather-beaten, hardened old Western plainsman who in the course of his checkered career had been a government scout, cattleman and miner, where courage had stood the test on several previous occasions and who had an open, out-spoken aversion to Indians and Greasers.

Then there was Van Camp the mine-boss, an athletic and fearless six-footer who hailed from somewhere in California; then came a quartet of young follows—Case the assayer, Hall, Kennedy the store-keeper, and myself his assistant. We four were all fresh from the States and consequently were green hands in the matter of a row but thought we could hold our own if worst came to worse. We even were anxious to see some kind of a row started. It was the cooler heads who knew the chances and put a damper on our youthful ardour and who were anxious to have Hall arrive and let pay-day run its usual course.

Scattered around the camp by our several occupations we had learned at breakfast table of Hall's delay but the manager had made no comment on it and had given orders to go on as usual with the work until instructed further. The store adjoined the manager's office with a door between. So Kennedy and I were close at hand and while ostensibly engaged in our usual work of selling goods to the Mexicans we were much interested in the other affair and kept glancing out to see whether Hall had yet arrived.

At nine o'clock about two hundred Mexicans had gathered outside the office waiting to be paid off. Delay is no new thing to a Mexican. So they were good-natured enough for a half hour or so and chatted in groups or wrapped up in their *serapes*, smoked incessant cigarettes and waited patiently for the manager's door to open. At nine-thirty the manager stepped outside and summoning several of the more intelligent of the crowd, explained his difficulty and said that Hall might be expected at any minute. The intelligence was quietly conveyed to the rest. By some it was received well enough and with a true Mexican shrug of the shoulders but the greater part were plainly disgruntled and took it ill to have no holiday.

As time wore on the crowd grow impatient and sarcastic and scoffing remarks came to the ears of Kennedy and myself in the store. We did our best to grin and bear it.

This condition of affairs lasted until noon when the big whistle at the mill brought all together for our noon meal.

At table the manager first made known to all of us that there was danger of some slight rumpus if Hall still delayed and the Mexicans started to drinking, which was likely the next feature on the program. He told us to knock off work for the day and hang around the house. None of us was sorry for the unexpected idleness and we proceeded to wile away the time by playing cards, cleaning our guns and watching the crowd outside.

As the manager had feared, the Mexicans started drinking in the early part of the afternoon and kept it up until evening. From the "shack" we could see the bottles of *tequilla* and *mescal* circulating among the miners and presently we heard the different groups singing in their high tenor voices their weird drinking-songs.

It must be remembered that during this time we were not cooped up in the one room but were scattered all around the "shack," the rooms of which were all connected. Occasionally one of us would walk along the *patio* in front of the house and survey things outside. There was no demonstration and but for the silent undertone of discontent everything was as usual.

About dusk the crowd had began to diminish outside and Kennedy and I had gone into the store to make up our accounts. Both the front and rear doors were barred. As we were working we heard a knock at the rear door Kennedy asked who was there. The knocker replied in a low voice that he was Pedro Valdez and that he had something important to tell us. Now Valdez was considered one of the most trustworthy men about the place and without hesitation we left him in. Valdez told us in a few brief words that the most unruly of the crowd being disappointed at not getting their pay, had heard that the Chinaman had a large sum concealed in his room and later in the evening they would try to break in. Fearing lest we should be caught unawares he had hastened to warn us. Thanking Valdez for his timely help we urged him to stay with us in the house but he refused and after leaving him out we hastened to tell the others.

There was a curious lack of concern in our crowd when all had learned the news and the prevaling impulse seemed to be a desire for fight. Only the manager looked sober and somewhat anxious, while old Brown's face hardened as he calmly proceeded to inspect his guns. Brown at once took charge of our preparations and gave us younger fellows instructions to keep cool and await developments.

We carefully barricaded the doors and closed the wooden inside shutters on the windows. Then Brown called the Chinaman and explained to him the danger that he was in and told him we were all prepared to help him. It was curious how the Chink took the news. You might have expected him to show fright and tear his pig-tail in terror. Not he. "Belly bad Mexican, Andrez heap fix 'um," was all he said, and sailed off to his room. Presently he returned bearing the small box that contained his money and carrying in his hand a villanous looking knife that made our blood grow cold. He handed the box to Brown who put it under his bed. Then this unpertubable son of a decayed civilization calmly whetted his knife on a stone and even displayed a smile that disclosed his yellow teeth.

"Good boy, Chink," said Brown, "where you catch 'um knife?" The Chink smiled expansively and was about to reply when there was a wild yell outside and there was a crash and a sound of splintered wood as the rear door was violently battered from the outside.

Instantly we extinguished the lights and hurried to the room from which the sound came. The pale moonlight that filtered into the room showed us a badly shatered door and we were able to hear rush of many feet, then the door was broken down and a wild mob of drunken Mexicans poured in pell-mell, shouting, cursing and firing. Almost taken off our feet by the rush we fired at close range as best we could. For a minute there was doubt as to the result, but the Mexicans had not counted on our being prepared. One by one the mob now completely sobered, broke for the door and fled. As soon as the fighting was over we lighted candles and surveyed the damage. Three Mexicans lay wounded on the floor but none of them was badly hurt. As for ourselves we by a miracle had escaped without injury. After we had collected our bewildered senses we did what we could for the Mexicans, then barricaded the door again and awaited another attack. But the fighting was over for though we watched anxiously all through the hours of night we heard nothing but the far-off singing and carousing of the drunken Mexicans. Day dawned and disclosed a group of weary-eyed Americans. As it grew lighter we suddenly heard a clatter of hoops in front of the house and looking out we saw the missing Hall, calmly dismounting from his mule.

We drew him into the room and recounted hastily to him the events of the night. Then he in turn told the cause of his delay. But his story is a long one, quite putting ours in the shade for adventure, and can wait another telling.

Suffice it to say that our one brief little fight ended our trouble. Towards noon several Mexicans entered the yard and called for the manager. He went out and all of us with him. We were overwhelmed with profuse apologies and assurances that the affair of the night had all been a mistake and the result of too much bad liquor.

We accepted this conclusion of affairs as the only solution of the matter and announced that the men would be payed off that day. Acting on Brown's advice we made no reference to our little affair and the wounded Mexicans were allowed to go to their homes.

We were never again molested in like manner and our determined resistance seemed to have inspired into the camp a wholesome respect for American fire-arms.

But to tell you what finally became of the Chinaman's hoard for which we had taken so much trouble. Soon after this the Chink left us and went to Chihuahua carrying his money with him, having refused to take a check from the manager for the amount. In Chihuahua some Mexicans seeing him incautiously display his money, got him into a gambling house and fleeced the poor Chink of all his wealth. So much for the Chink's savings—they had caused some adventure and one exciting night for the eight Americans.

A Strange Tale

A curious matter has just been divulged to the writer. It transpires that one night after all the lights in college were extinguished a student who was unable to go to sleep was sitting at his window in Main College and by chance glancing outside saw strange things happening in the neighborhood of Tustin Gymnasium. A number of dark forms were stealing across the campus and each carried a bulky package that looked like a suit-case. The observer at first surmised that it was probably an initiation ceremony and that either the Bow-Wows, the Anti-Toxins, or the Sons of Intemperance were on the rampage. But all seemed to enter the lower floor of the gymnasium and everything was most unearthly still.

The electric lights were burning brightly in the Gym and presently the watcher could see, though but imperfectly, persons clad in light attire slowly and somewhat stiffly running on the floor and seemingly hurling an object into the air.

"Looks for all the world like a basket-ball game," exclaimed the student, and then thoroughly aroused by the element of the unusual and mysterious in the whole procedure, he hastely donned his clothes and quietly made his way down the path and stood on the steps opposite the Gym. One good look and his eyes bulged out; another, and still the wonder and amazement grew. What the Helena was this ! Surely that last pipeful of Latahkia must have been doped. But as he realized the full import of what he saw, a wild desire to laugh and howl and to arouse the whole college seized him. This was what he saw—

On the floor of Tustin Gym, clad in basket-ball uniforms of all sizes and shapes were the grave and dignified professors of the faculty and all indications seem to point to a basket-ball game. Every professor was present although some were dressed in their usual street clothes and seemingly were not to participate in the game. George Washington Hoskins was there in all his glory of duck trousers and tennis shoes and was evidently the official. Prexy and several of the professors were sitting on the benches and seemed to be the only spectators.

After hard thought the student-spectator decided that if he called any of the students to watch the game, they probably make some noise and the game would terminate then and there. So he resolved to watch alone, but moved to a point of vantage where he could see the whole floor. One window was open and every sound could be distinctly heard in the chill March air. And then as one in a trance he watched what followed.

After some preliminary limbering-up, the two teams took their places and Hoskins stood ready to blow the whistle. The line-up was as follows:

Regulars		*Irregulars*
Perrine	forward	Wolfe
Hully	forward	Davis
Rockwood	center	Groff
Bartol	guard	Phillips
Hamblin	guard	Weithaas

Then the whistle blew and the game was on. At first wild pandemonium reigned and the ten players seemed to be infused with single desire to fall on the ball. Hoskins called five fouls for each side and there ensued a debate that would have gladdened the classic halls of Euepia or Theta Alpha. Hoskins was assured by ten individuals that he was absolutely rotten.

"What! You call me *rotten?*" cried George. "One foul apiece for youse all." For a time this quieted the conflict and the two centers tried to throw the free goals. "Shades of Yulius Kyhoodle aid me," abjured the tall center of the Regulars. But in vain the invocation—ten times he fail to locate the basket. "Get him a transit," "Heavenly Plato." Let *me* demonstrate this," were the various comments on his futile efforts.

Then the center on the Irregulars tried his luck but with like result. "Gotterdamerung, don't you see der basket, already yet?" "History repeats itself." "When I was in Europe" were familiar phrases that greeted him.

And then the mad affray was on once more. The two professors of English became entangled and went down on the floor with a jolt. "I catch your point," the one assured the other as he sat on his toe. This Introduction led to a heated Discussion, which was brought to a happy Conclusion.

Then the two mathematicians became excited. "You handed me one in the parabola," outspoke the elder. "I'll lay you out and cross-section you if you ejaculate thusly again," was the rejoinder. "I have a son who can——

* * * * *

His room-mate was shaking him and yelling in his ear when he woke up. It took him a long time to realize that it was all a dream. And all day long he moved as one in a trance and at times in his class-rooms would look at the professor and then break out into inexplicable laughter. They wondered why. DOPE.

A Day

HER fault lay in being a freshman, for if she had not been a freshman she would have known better than to start the day wrong by getting up an hour before breakfast to look over her Latin. (Of course she was called on for a "sight" translation.)

Then she fell on the ice in her eagerness to get down the hill for the nine o'clock mail—and was rewarded by a statement from the bank that she had overdrawn her account. Sadly she went back to the hill, to flunk in German. Somehow, the next period she missed her "date" in the hall.

That night she discovered that she had "gone around Faculty" ten minutes too early. And to crown her bitterness, the ice cream for dinner that night was vanilla. When she gave vent to her grief and indignation in the halls, she was reminded that this was the study hour.

In the soreness of her soul she started a letter home, saying, she hated the place and was desperately homesick. She became so absorbed in telling her woes that she somehow failed to hear the ten o'clock bell, and had to be gently (?) reminded of the fact by her hall-teacher.

Poor little "Semite" ! We all have our Blue Mondays. Cheer up!

'07.

Bucknell Mirror.

MARCH, 1904.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA,

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.
☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered to be discontinued and all arrears paid.
☞Communications solicited from all the students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed by J. W. C. Shamp, Book and Job Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.

Editorial

If there are not more manuscripts handed in to the MIRROR this next month than there were last month, we are going to take an awful revenge. Listen to this cold-blooded scheme. Until now we have held under cover certain articles and poems that we thought were safer there than they would be if exposed to publicity. Well we shall print these next issue if some public benefactor does not come to the rescue. How would you like to peruse "An Ode to My Sem-Girl's Eyelashes" or "How to Run the University without Expense" (by an admirer of Gretz) or "The Thrilling Adventures of Twenty Bucknellites at the Y. M. C. A. Convention." We have some gentle effusions of this nature in our desk,—yea they are even worse than the fictitious titles we have given. So by the shades of English literature and freshman class-procs prevent, oh sons of genius, this crime.

* * *

Our basket-ball games of this season have been greatly enhanced by the speaches made by our respected Coach. The Coach's style of oratory is hard to classify but somewhat resembles Demosthenes' early manner.

It always adds to the game to have something unexpected thrown in and interesting asides have not been lacking the year. Debates between the two officials as to each other's knowledge of the game always interest spectators and the gentle repartee of the two officials in the Alleghany game was much appreciated. Then too, the absolute impartiality shown was very touching and the Alphonse-Gaston method of not allowing one to outdo the other in the matter of calling fouls should be endorsed by the National Rules Committee. It was to laugh.

* * *

For some time past religious exercises have been held in the chapel every Sunday afternoon. The talks given there are instructive and helpful in tone and are appreciated more than the average sermon would be. Why would it not be a good plan to have preaching services in the chapel every Sunday morning instead of allowing the student-body to attend the different churches in town.

We have some very able speakers on the faculty and their talks are usual more to the point and less wishy-washy than most of the sermons one hears. We venture to say that attendance would be surprisingly large; certainly the services would be more impressive and less conducive to slumber.

College and Alumni Notes

The Annual Meeting of the Students' Loan Association of Bucknell took place February 12th. The financial condition of the Association is satisfactory; all applicants were provided for. The organization is quietly and efficiently doing a good work.

$2774 have been loaned to worthy applicants—who after leaving college have returned $1386 of this amount.

The following committee will have charge of the class of 1904 next Commencement: Professor F. G. Ballentine, Miss Mary Stephens and E. L. Nesbit.

The Bucknell Catalogue for the year has come out since our last issue. Of the 710 students, 451 are in college. The following members of the class of 1903, having attained a standing of 95 or more for the course are announced as having been nominated for election in the new Scholarship Society: Hannah Goodman, Reese Harvey Harris, Walter Kramer Rhodes and Carl Wayland Tiffany.

On Monday, February 22, special exercises were held in chapel in commemoration of Washington's Birthday. Very able addresses were made by Rev. Vorhees, an alumnus of Rutgers College and Professor Heim of the faculty.

The annual banquet of the Bucknell University Alumni Club of Philadelphia was held at the University Club on Monday evening, February 15th. Nearly fifty members were present and the banquet was one of the most pleasant in the history of the organization. The banquet was held in the largest hall of the club, which was tastefully decorated with the orange and blue.

Dr. S. Lewis Ziegler, '80, presided as toastmaster. Nine toasts were responded to. The principal one was that delivered by Professor Enoch Perrine on "The Moulder who Moulds" which was a thoughtful and masterly address and very ably delivered. President Harris responded to the toast "Our Alma Mater" on which he gave some interesting facts concerning the work now being done at Bucknell. Other toasts were given as follows: "College Memories," Dr. A. J. Rowland, '62; "The School of Politics," Hon. Ward Bliss, '74; "The Trusts and Trustees," E. L. Tustin, '84; "Affiliate Associations," McCluney Radcliffe, M. D. Lafayette; "Pills vs. Bullets," Joseph K. Weaver, '61; "Multum in Parvo vs. Medicine in Politics," Samuel Bolton, M. D., '85; "The Orange and Blue," E. T. Stevenson, '04.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, S. Lewis Ziegler, M. D.; Vice President, W. Norman Morris, '91; Secretary, Rev. J.R. Wood, '94; Treasurer, P. N. K. Schwenk, '76.—*Extract from Orange and Blue.*

The Sophomore secret society, Theta Delta Tau gave an informal dance in the Armory, on Friday evening, March 4th.

The local Chapter of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity gave a smoker in their rooms on Thursday evening, February twenty-fifth for Harry McCormick, '04, who leaves this week for Savannah, Ga., to go into training with the New York National League baseball team. A number of men from other fraternities were guests.

The Sophomore class has decided to give a dance known as the Sophomore Cotillion in the Armory on Friday evening, April 8th.

At the dedication of Science Hall at Colorado College, Colorado Springs, about the middle of last month, many universities and colleges were represented. George Nox McCain represented Bucknell University.

The Bucknell Academy Alumni Club met and organized last week with the following officers: President, C. H. Taylor, '06; Vice President, W. A. Bartol, '05; Treasurer, James Elliot, Jr., '07; Secretary, J. U. Greene, '06.

Among the Alumni who have been in Lewisburg during the past month were: Schilling, '00, Jaekel, '03, Kalp, '03, Marts, '02, Glaspey,'03, Cook,'03, Young,'03.

Athletics

At the annual convention of the inter-collegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America in New York City on Saturday Bucknell was admited to membership in the organization. The annual meeting will be held on Franklin Field, Philadelphia on May 28 and 29.

Captain Pearse of the track team has been notified that the Bucknell relay team will run on the same class at the Pennsylvania races as last year. One important change has been made in the class, the Carlisle Indians having replaced Westminister College. This will add interest to the race from Bucknell's point of view, since the Orange and Blue is evenly matched with the red men in nearly every branch of athletics. The other members are State College, Dickenson, Washington and Jefferson and Johns Hopkins.

The race this year will be one of the most interesting on the program, as all the contestants are in the same rank athletically.

BASEBALL CANDIDATES REPORT

Twenty-nine candidates for the baseball team reported to Captain Smith on last Thursday. They were instructed to indulge in light work in the cage as often as they find time. Active work will commence with the spring recess, when Coach Agnew will report for duty.

The names of the candidates and the positions for which they will try are as follows:

Pitcher—Cheesman. Taylor, Leach, Hutchinson, Gaskill.
Catcher Teufel, Blair, Deats, Brockway, Hawke.
First base—Cockill, Johnson, Edwards.
Second base—Portser, Daniels, Shirly, Cooper, Grier.
Short stop—Heinze, McCain.
Third base—Grimminger, Green, Caruthers, Howell.
Outfield—Deats, Roberts, Shirley, Portser, August, Smiley, Blair, Taylor, Hennessey, Bovard.

The manager desires it announced that he will be compelled to solicit subscriptions for the support of the team among the students. Owing to the small membership in the Athletic Association and the failure of the students to produce a minstrel show the manager is left without the usual funds to purchase equipment and a call upon the students is the only recourse. Printed schedules may be had by calling at 51 West College.

BUCKNELL MIRROR

BUCKNELL
UNIVERSITY

APRIL, 1904

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGE YEAR BY AN ASSOCIATION
OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIV.

VOLUME XXIII NUMBER SIX

of The Lewisburg Journal

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VOL. XXIII. LEWISBURG, PA., APRIL, 1904. NO. 6

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FILIBUSTERING IN THE U. S. SENATE

EDWIN MAXEY, PH. D., '93.

THE 58th Congress found left over from the preceding Congress an exceptionally large amount of "unfinished business". The cause of this is of practical as well as historical interest because of its bearing upon the work of the present and succeeding Congresses. If the explanation were to be found in the peculiar nature of the bills which failed to reach a vote, then the matter would be one of temporary interest. But such is not the case. The explanation is to be found rather in the peculiar methods of doing business in the Senate.

The record of the last session of the 57th Congress serves to emphasize the fact that a bill may be talked to death in the Senate even though it is known to be supported by a majority of that body. That the rules of the Senate permit this has long been known, but I doubt if it has ever been more glaringly illustrated than by the proceedings of said session. In former sessions it has rarely happened that more than one important measure would be talked to death, but in that session four important bills and two treaties, which were supported by a majority, were killed by an overdose of talk, resulting in an extra session and a delay of at least several months in providing needful legislation. A condition of this sort, brought about by persistent filibustering, is well calculated to give rise to the question: Should not the right of the minority to talk be so limited as to make it harmonize with the right of the majority to act? In other words, should not a reasonable cloture rule be adopted by the Senate?

We must not lose sight of the fact that, whatever it may once have been, it is now one of practical politics, and that in the realm of practical politics metaphysical objections, or, if you please, sentimentality, must give way to considerations of public welfare, in case there is a conflict. We must further bear in mind that we are discussing the question with reference to a democratic-republic, the fundamental principle of which is that the majority rule. A discussion of this question involves a consideration of the right of freedom of speech, the right of the minority and the right of the majority.

The right of free speech, which lies so close to the Anglo-Saxon heart, the struggle to establish which has played so large a part in his political development, is certainly a right not to be lightly regarded. We should not permit its familiarity to deceive us into thinking that it is a matter of small importance, a mere platitude to be juggled with on Fourth-of-July celebrations. But while it is worthy of preservation, by the shedding of blood if need be, it is also worthy of a sensible interpretation. In so far as the exercise affects the rights of private individuals, the courts have given us authorative interpretations; but in so far as an over-indulgence in it in legislative bodies is concerned, the courts have no jurisdiction, the only power having jurisdiction over the proportion in which it will mix its words with its acts is the legislative body itself.

As a result of their experience, most legislative bodies have concluded that it is advisable to limit the volubility of their members by means of some kind of a cloture rule. So that at present the United States Senate boasts that it is the only legislative body on earth in which there is entire freedom of speech. But let us examine this boast, which is somewhat suggestive of the Pharisee. Does the freedom of speech necessarily include the right to abuse the right of free speech? We are convinced that there is a point, and that this point has long since been reached in the Senate, where liberty degenerates into license. To nearly every one except the members of the Senate, and to many of those, it is clear that in a fatuous desire to avoid all rules for limiting speech, except by unanimous consent, they have placed in the hands of an unscrupulous or misguided member, or small knot of members, a power by which they can force their will upon the majority, i. e., can make of themselves tyrants, and all in the name of freedom. If by the right of free speech is meant the unrestricted right of members to talk for days in a way which could not have for its purpose the shedding of any light upon the subject under discussion, or any other subject, and the speaker neither hopes nor expects that what he is saying will carry conviction to the minds of his auditors, but is evidently persisted in for the sake of consuming time which is needed for a sensible, sober discussion of important topics,—I say that if this is its meaning, it is not at all surprising that legislative bodies have found it advisable to so far restrict the exercise of the right by their members as to render it possible for the will of the body as a whole to find expressions, i. e., to so regulate the power to talk as to make possible the power to act.

But to most people whose minds have not fallen under the spell of senatorial courtesy, the right of free speech means something very different ; it means the right to express one's *thoughts* with freedom and candor and at as great length as is consistent with the circumstances of the case and a due respect for the rights of others. If this definition is correct, and we believe that it is, then the retention of the right of free speech is not incompatible with a reasonable cloture rule. To the plain people whose common sense has not yet been swallowed up in *courtesy* nor dwarfed by *dignity*, it is still possible to distinguish between *freedom of speech* and *filibustering* under the guise of freedom of speech ; nor is it outside the realm of possibilities that the Senate may yet acquire this ability and devise a safe and effective way of exercising it so as to guard against the latter without surrendering the former.

The right of the minority is, so far as the Congress of the United States is concerned, defined to a certain extent in the Constitution. Its provisions for the purpose of protecting the minority against the tyranny of the majority are amplified by the rules and customs of both houses. Notwithstanding the general familiarity with these, it may not be out of place to call attention to a few of the more important of them. While the general purpose of them is not even to attempt to make the minority responsible for the general policies of legislation, it is given the right to demand that measures shall not be enacted into law before their contents have been made known and an opportunity for discussion given. This right is an important one, and like all other rights, it imposes a responsibility, a duty, which in this case is to exercise the right, to exercise it reasonably and in good faith. In other words, it imposes upon the minority the obligation to exercise the right for the purpose of paralyzing all legislative action.

Another right of the minority, and one which rests upon its right to demand an opportunity for discussion, is its right to convert itself into a majority by force of legitimate argument. But the minority in either house of Congress does not have, by virtue of this right, a right to filibuster, any more than does the minority of an electorate to postpone an election because it foresees that the result thereof will be adverse to it. The minority has the right to demand a yea and nay vote, and thus to fix responsibility for all legislative acts. Having accomplished these ends, it seems to us that it then becomes the duty of the minority to gracefully submit to the will of the body of which they are members.

This brings us to the right of the majority, which is not to be wholly disregarded or trampled under foot, which is not one whit less sacred than is that of the minority. Stated very briefly, the right of the majority is: to determine the general policy of legislation, to embody this into specific measures, to discuss these intelligently and, finally, to enact them into law. This right carries with it, of course, the correlate obligation to accept responsibility for the natural effect of the operation of such laws. If this conception of the right of the majority, and if it accomplishes its end—the defeat of the measure against which the filibuster is conducted—it destroys the right of the majority so far as that measure is concerned. I am neither a believer in nor a worshipper of the doctrine of the infallibility of a majority. I have never known of a man or body of men whose judgment was entitled to the claim of infallibility (I am forced at times to distrust the infallibility of my own judgment). I admit that the majority can be and has been mistaken ; yet I insist that if the majority is not less likely to be mistaken than is the minority, the fundamental principle of republican government is wrong, and that what we have considered to be the political progress of centuries has been no progress at all, but rather has been a misguided movement, an unfortunate retrogression in political development. Government by the majority has its defects and its disadvantages ; yet the experience of the human race furnishes convincing proof that it is the best system yet devised by wit of man for preserving the liberties and promoting the interests of civilized society.

If, then, filibustering is not indispensable to the maintenance of the right of free speech, is not necessary to protect the right of the minority, is an infringement upon the right of the majority, is inconsistent with the genius of republican government and repugnant to the plain common sense and spirit of fairness of the American people, why is the Senate opposed to adopting a sensible, conservative cloture rule which will render filibustering less effective and hence less frequent ? I regret very much that I cannot answer this question authoritively, as the Senate has not taken me into its confidence and revealed to me its innermost thoughts and motives. There are, however, certain motives not difficult of discovery by the outsider, and, even at the risk of incurring the *odium senatum*, I will venture to suggest some of them. A speech extending over several days gives to its author a certain notoriety which a great many people, and particularly the constituents of the speechmaker, easily mistake for prominence. Hence the desire for individual prominece causes many senators to cling most tenaciously to the privilege of making an enduring reputation for being an able-bodied speaker. The value to them of such a privilege may be the better appreciated when we consider that many of them could not reasonably hope to acquire forensic immortality in any other way. The recent filibuster against the Statehood bill, however lamentable in its effect upon legislation, produced an unusually large crop of such immortals, pre-eminent among which is one Senator Kean, of New Jersey.

Yet a stronger motive for the retention of filibustering, untrammeled by any hostile rules, is to be found in the readiness with which it lends itself to use as a weapon for furthering or protecting private or local interests. Just so long as by its use a senator who is a worshipper of the beet or of the cane is able to protect a local interest, which has become his master, by defeating a bill providing for a just and reasonable tariff reduction upon the products, not of a foreign State, but an American possession, and another senator can, by a threat to use it, filch from the public treasury thousands of dollars and thereby endear himself to the hearts of his constituents,—just so long as filibustering can accomplish these ends there will be found men in the United States Senate who will cling to it and will not hesitate to use it even at a sacrifice of party principle, public welfare and self-respect.

With the rapid increase and more effective organization of local interests and the phenomenal increase in the wealth, and hence the power, of private individuals, of corporations and combinations of corporations, a limiting of the privilege of filibustering has become more and more imperative in order to protect the general welfare. While we can not hope to eradicate selfishness by amending legislative rules, we should in so far as possible strip it of the privileges by the use of which it triumphs over justice in our National Legislature.

Though neither the making of threats nor the uttering of prophecies are my specialties, I hesitate not to venture the prediction that the Senate will soon be forced to so amend its rules as to enable it to act without first appearing local and private interests or exhausting the lung power of its dictatorial members, any one of whom may constitute himself into a committee of the whole for the purpose of monopolizing the remainder of the session or compelling a surrender to his will. And why not? Should not rules exist to facilitate not to clog legislation? Is not the making of legislation, rather than talking, the primary purpose for which a legislative body is created? The rules should therefore be so framed as to insure action as well as guaranteeing a reasonable opportunity for discussion, and as to what constitutes a reasonable opportunity a majority are upon the whole as good judges as are the minority.

The importance of Senate rules which will enable that body to act without waiting for the consent of Tom Patterson or "any other nation on earth," grows upon us when we remember that under our bicameral system a paralysis in the Senate results in a paralysis of all national legislation. Under its present rules, a member of the Senate possesses what in the Polish Diet was known as the *liberum veto*, which made legislation dependent upon unanimous consent, the results of which are well known to students of history.

Law Department,
West Virginia University.

* * *

THE HAZING OF THE HAZERS.

TO tell the truth, Herman had been away from home a few times in his life and had had a few experiences that taught him to take care of himself.

So, when one day "Smitz," his best chum, intimated to him that the "Sophs" were planning to have some fun "at his expense" at the river bank the next evening, he only waved his hand to him and smiled.

"Shorty" was not much worried about it and didn't even offer any resistance to the crowd of masked boys that came to his room the next evening about nine o'clock, but cheerily asked them in, saying that he had just got a box of choice nuts from home and was glad they had come to help enjoy them. One of the boys answered, "No, thank you, "Short," we haven't time this evening, but we'd like to have you go along with us." "Certainly," answered Herman, and drawing his door shut, soon found himself the central figure of a gay crowd moving towards the exit of the building. Seeing there was no chance for escape he accompanied them without many questions to the banks of the river.

They knew he could swim and dive well and so had no scruples in asking him to prepare himself for the water. He slowly did so, knowing full well what they meant. The stars shone dimly, but for the purpose of concealment the boys had selected a place on the river bank well shaded by some willow trees. Herman—with a low, calm voice, gave a parting goodbye to the boys, took a careful mental survey of the location of the dark shadows up the river and plunged. The boys all crowded to the banks ready to push him back as he would come to the shore, and waited at first laughingly, then anxiously, and at last painfully. While Herman swam quietly beneath the surface two and a half rods up the river, came noiselessly out of the water, hastened several rods farther up where he had previously concealed a supply of clothes, and went off for an eight-mile walk to the home of an uncle for a two-day vacation.

THEO. B. HOY, '07.

A ROW ON LAKE CAYUGA.

AFTER bailing with a board for some time we were able to launch the boat and make the final preparations for the seven-mile row up Lake Cayuga. The day was fine and the lake was perfectly calm. Not even a light breeze was blowing when we left Ithaca.

After rowing about two miles until we were fairly out into the lake, we turned the boat around and enjoyed a glorious view of the University. It stood up there, truly speaking on high, glorious, magnificent, inspiring. Involuntarily we began to sing with true college spirit:

"Far above Cayuga's waters
 With its waves of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater
 Glorious to view.

Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
 Loud her praises tell;
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater;
 Hail, all Hail, Cornell."

Long after the last words of our song had ceased, we still sat enraptured by the view. All around us was the mirror-like water spreading out to the shores spotted here and there with summer cottages. From that distance many of the larger buildings of the University seemed to form one gigantic castle. Towers and turrets with their lower portions buried in foliage stood sharply outlined against the deep blue sky.

Our feet becoming wet by the inflowing water, we were brought to our senses and realized that the boat needed bailing. My chum began to row and told me to bail. The sponge must first be found and we came very near going under before we at last unearthed it under the seat. One watching us would have thought we were interested in archaeology, but a sponge was the sole object of our search. I bailed until the lake had visibly risen. I sat back exhausted, while my chum endeavored to soothe my tired nerves by repeating part of some epitaph, which, by-the-way, he had been repeating all day:

"Under the willows laid with care our little ones are quietly sleeping."

At that point my suit-case slid down into the water in the bottom of the boat. In snatching for it I let fall the sponge, which I had again picked up about to bail out the boat. It fell into the lake and was fast becoming soaked full and would soon go down. My friend hastily remarked that it would be the eighth sponge that had been lost that summer and that they cost seventy-five cents. I grasped for it, leaning way over, when the swells from a down going steamer struck the boat and over it went and I struck the water at the same time that the sponge went down. Oh, that fateful sponge. "Under the waters laid with care our sponge is quietly sleeping."

The boat fortunately went over only on its side, partly filled with water and then righted. My friend who had succeeded in staying in the boat, felt it sinking and jumped out. We both were then in the water and were obliged to hang on to the sides in order to keep from drowning, for neither of us could swim. Fortunately the boat thus lightened by his jumping out, would float for some time. We were in a situation more dangerous than either of us then realized ; with our hands on the sides of the boat it was very easy to keep above water. I know we laughed heartily about it and remarked how very quickly it all happened. But the boat must be emptied somehow. We were afraid to turn it over to dump the water out, for fear it would either tip over entirely or get more water in it. I saw my hat floating at a distance. We exerted all our power to get the boat over to where it was, but as we knew almost nothing about swimming, even with the assistance of a boat, it was more or less a hard task. Finally I was able to touch it with the tips of my fingers only to see it float on farther, but with a second attempt I succeeded in getting it. After five minutes hard work we had the boat sufficiently emptied to climb into it ourselves. Getting the oars again we began to row, but looking most cautiously for swells from passing vessels.

During the excitment of our upset we had not noticed the weather, and were greatly surprised as well as frightened to see the dark line rapidly approaching. It was a mile to the nearest point of land; we knew we could not possibly make it, so we must face the storm.

We held our boat firm and the line met us at right angles. Oh, the waves we saw ahead of us! I thought surely we must be swallowed up before many minutes. If I ever in my life felt that death was near, it was then. A great wave compared to the size of our boat—would strike the bow, and send spray, it seemed to me, mountain high. Sometimes we would get on top of a wave, and then we would have a fine ride down again; but I cannot say that we enjoyed it, nor at that time thought it especially fine. Once I saw a big, angry looking wave tearing along towards us; but which missed us very fortunately, for I feel sure had it hit us, we would soon have been disposed of under the green and white surges.

We passed through it all somehow, but how I never could explain; and the lake became calm enough, so that we were able row again with some progress.

We reached Willow Beach about nine at night. It seemed to me that I never before appreciated what a blessing solid soil is—nor what a blessing it is to put solid food into an empty stomach.

We were in hopes there would be a severe storm all night long, so that we could enjoy it lying in bed, but there was a dead calm throughout the night.

Bucknell Mirror.

APRIL, 1904.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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☞Communications solicited from all students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

Our business manager wishes it announced to our subscribers that we have been compelled to change printers, and that for the balance of the year the *Lewisburg Journal* will print the MIRROR. During the recent smallpox scare in Lewisburg, our former printer was unfortunate enough to be quarantined. We believe that the sickness in his house was only a mild form of the disease, but rather than endanger the health of any of those connected with the MIRROR, we changed printers, and have been forced to use entirely new plates for the advertisements, and to destroy all our former material.

The foregoing statement will also explain the tardiness of this month's issue. There is another explanation, but we are ashamed to give it,—the flavor of old age clings strongly to it. Why say there was a scantiness of manuscript, when there are so many talented and literarily gifted students in the college? Such a thing is impossible. Yet somewhere does not Shakespeare say that "there are more things in heaven and earth . . . . . ?"

* * *

We take this opportunity to throw a few verbal boquets at the *Orange and Blue*. Earlier in the present college year, that publication was very kind to the MIRROR, and made several very nice remarks about us. We were immensely gratified at the time, and fain would have come back with an equally courteous line of talk, but were afraid some amateur Sherlock Holmes might see in this exchange of compliments a desire to swell each other's subscription list.

Seriously speaking, however, the *Orange and Blue* for this year has improved greatly upon its predecessors in many respects, and its weekly issues have been uniformly good, and compare most favorably with the weekly papers of other colleges.

* * *

Attention is directed to the effort being made to have a large gathering of alumni on the 54th Commencement. This occasion promises to be an alumni "jolly" of large proportions. Alumni and former students from all over the country have indicated their intention to be present. The attendance each year has been growing, and the Commencement in number and enthusiasm promises to eclipse all others. Join the happy throng next June that will make its pilgrimage to Lewisburg and Alma Mater.

Remember the date—June 20th, 21st and 22nd.

It is our intention, if it proves practicable, to make our last issue for the year a Senior issue. It is pretty hard to get Seniors to write anything in the Spring term except the addresses on Commencement invitations, but we are going to try. This should make an interesting number, and full of insight into the various phases of Bucknell life. We sincerely hope as many of the Senior class as possible will contribute and take this chance to tell a few good college yarns even before they get out into "the cold, cold world,"

THE 54th COMMENCEMENT

THE indications are that the coming commencement of Bucknell University, the fifty-fourth occasion of the kind in the history of the institution, will be marked by the attendance of a large number of alumni and former students. A number of class banquets have been arranged, and Alumni Day, Tuesday, June 21, will bring back old "grads" from all over the country. The business meeting of the alumni will be held in Bucknell Hall in the afternoon, and will be opened by Henry H. Bliss, Esq., Washington, D. C. A special committee of local alumni have in charge the program for the celebration of alumni night. After the twilight concert, the procession will form at the main entrance to the campus, the senior class in caps and gowns will act as escort, followed by the alumni in the order of the classes, the rear being brought up by the undergraduates. The procession will then move to Commencement Hall, where the program will be carried out. The alumni will have present some prominent person as the guest of honor. One of the older alumni will act as honorary chairman. The orator and poet will be limited to time, so as to provide for the introduction of college songs, cheers, etc., by the alumni and undergraduates.

AT TWILIGHT

At twilight when the world is dim,
  And shadows long and gray enfold
The somber rows of poplar trees,
  I walk within a garden old.

Great white moths flit athwart the dusk,
  And all the faintly scented gloom,
Bears presage of a secret place,
  A hidden spot where roses bloom.

I follow with unerring feet
  By subtle perfume onward led—
Over crumbling wall they climb,
  Old fashioned roses, sweet and red.

Old fashioned roses, red and sweet,—
  Why should their perfume hurt me so ?
Why should a rose bring back to me
  The twilights dim of years ago ?

At twilight, when the world is dim,
  One other, clear-eyed, walks with me,
For I, within the garden old,
  Go hand in hand with Memory.

THE LOAFER ON THE WEATHER

IF appearances are not altogether deceiving, old Father time, manipulator of the seasons, has had a conference together with himself, and decided to dispense with that particular period of the year labeled Spring. He's old enough, according to all counts, to preserve his dignity and not put up such a game on us when we haven't any chance to get back at·him. Even the robins hop around listlessly with drooping tails, and the crocuses on the Preacher's lawn hopelessly gaze at the far-off sun and close up in despair.

This is the month of showers, nice warm showers that bring the flowers. But at the present rate the keeper of the hot-house will be able to gather in our love-money for a few more months.

But I (to be literary I should say we, but being too modest to put myself on an equality with our esteemed editor and the Lord, and not wishing to compromise either of them, I use the first person,) am not knocking. It's just as easy to loaf in cold weather as warm; only I'm by nature somewhat opposed to any innovations or inventions, and when the proper time of the year comes for it to thaw, why I say let it thaw — I don't want to be cheated out of that pleasant sensation which comes when you walk down the street and at every step the juice between the bricks squirts up your trouser leg, and results in water on the knee. I'm no musical enthusiast, and I dislike to hear the wind aggravating tunes on the corners of the buildings that are more in keeping with December. A certain professor who, as soon as he can safely discard his muffler, always greets you pleasantly in a soft, mild tone, and says, "Spring has come," (accent on the come), forgot himself the other day and hailed me with a "Merry Christmas".

Several hard students took a few days off last week and went up to Kulp's to fish for trout. They had some difficulty in catching the same because their lines froze to their rods, and the fish froze to the rocks. After three days' application they took their haul, and pinning them all together and finding that the total length would not excuse them under the new fish law, they cried in chorus: "Turn, boys, we're going back !" and back they came bringing with them quite a supply of bed-bug bites and a few of the original occupants.

This is the best time of the year for loafing. You don't even have to come inside. That is in the usual course of events, but I said we are having a very prolonged winter, and all we can do is to hope that it will let up some time before Commencement. I am taking mostly a pleasure course this term, which does not imply that I didn't last term. I have regretted that I took Anthropology last year. I would have liked to have taken it this year. It has all the advantages that a general education can give. But having searched the curriculum I succeeded in satisfying myself, and still have Spanish and Journalism saved up for next year. I have one class that meets about every two weeks, and for a genuine cinch it beats Elements of Law, or Virgil's Anabasis.

Realizing that all great men must make a start, I have been carrying Plato's Les Miserables around with me to read in my spare moments. But this digression reminds me that I want a smoke, only I forgot to ask you if you've seen Bill Martz's new tan shoes, and I hope you did not miss seeing the Cheerful Liar, for Cuz Edwards knocked the spots off Simon Simple.

◆

COLLEGE NOTES.

An electric clock has been placed in the Institute.

'99, A. E. Hutchinson, M. D., is located at Gilbert Sta., Iowa.

The honorary chairman on Alumni night, next commencement, will be Wm. J. Coxey, Esq.

Wm. B. Ditzler, a former Academy student, is in business at 819 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

'03. Miss Ida Luchsinger is an examiner for the International School of Correspondence, Scranton.

Hon. John B. Stetson, of Philadelphia, will be the "guest of honor" of the Alumni this commencement.

Baurer's band, of Scranton, a famous musical organization, will furnish the music for the next Commencement.

'94. Rev. A. F. Anderson, of Washington, D. C., has accepted a call from the First Baptist church of Harrisburg.

'99. Rees A. Davis is located in Scranton, where he is engaged with his brother in the development of coal properties.

The annual luncheon of the Institute Alumnae, to be held June 20, will be served this year by the ladies of the Lutheran church.

Alumni and former students who have changed their addresses in the past year, please notify the Registrar of the University.

Athletic victories will be held hereafter under the supervision of a committee appointed by the President of the Athletic Association.

The Bauerband, of Scranton, one of the finest organizations of the kind in the state, has been engaged to furnish the music for the coming commencement.

The marshals for the alumni procession, this Commencement, are Joseph M. Wolfe, '89, chief marshal; W. C. Gretzinger, '89, and T. M. Shorkley, '00, aides.

Arrangements are being made to have the undergraduates take part in Alumni night next Commencement. They will be asked to help out in the singing and lead in the cheering.

During the month of April two entertainments, one "The Musical Enthusiast," the other a play entitled, "A Cheerful Liar," were given for the benefit of the new athletic field. Each netted about sixty dollars.

The indications are that the University will maintain the present large attendance next year. New students are being registered every week for next year. All information concerning prospective students should be sent to the Registrar's office.

The special committee of the Alumni to make local arrangements for the Alumni Anniversary to be held June 21, consists of Calvin A. Hare, William E. Martin, William G. Owens, William C. Bartol, William C. Gretzinger and Joseph M. Wolfe.

The address before the Alumni at the annual reunion, next Commencement, June 21, will be delivered by the Rev. Spencer Byron Meeser, D. D., class of 1883, of Detroit, Michigan. The poet will be Mary Bartol-Theiss, Ph. D., class of 1894, of New York City. The honorary chairman will be Wm. J. Coxey, Esq., Camden, N. J., and the guest of honor, the Hon. John B. Stetson, Philadelphia.

The names of the honor students in the class of 1904 are as follows: Haldy Miller Christ, Millersville; Thomas Edward Cule, Plymouth; Charles Hodge Ealy, Schellsburg; Wallace W. Fetzer, Montandon; Margaret Groff, Lewisburg; Velola E. Hall, Sharon; William E. Roberts, Frackville; Louis W. Robey, Baltimore, Md.; David W. Robinson, Mooresburg; Alif Stephens, Lewisburg; Walter Samuel Wilcox, Canton.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XXIII. Lewisburg, Pa., May, 1904. No. 7

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THE COLUMN TO THE RIGHT OF THE DOORWAY.

GETTING on a Pennsylvania train a short while ago to come to Lewisburg, I had the good fortune to find a seat beside a kindly appearing old gentleman who, upon seeing my Bucknell pin, immediately entered into a conversation concerning the University. He seemed to take a lively interest in the school altho, as he regretfully confessed, he had not been back since he graduated, more than half a century ago. When we passed Kapps the old gentleman suggested that we change to the left side of the car as he wanted to get the earliest possible glimpse of "the dear old place." I had hoped that he would become more reminiscent when once he had caught sight of the cupola on Main College, but he became silent and our conversation limped along as best it could on the one lame leg

I was able to furnish until we arrived at Montandon, at which place the old gentleman was roused into activity of speech by my reaching for a fairly large hard wood case which, as I had observed, formed a part of his baggage. He immediately seized it himself and suggested that he would consider it a great favor if I would help him with his suit case and a long leather case which he designated as his, and which might have held a camera tripod. Arriving in Lewisburg we went to the hotel and there I left my new found friend with the assurance that I would look him up on the morrow.

Going to my room and jumping into the back work which had accumulated during my absence, I straightway forgot all about the old man and his mahogany case. But I must have studied too hard, for altho I went to bed at half after ten, I heard the town clock strike eleven and twelve, and then, since I was more awake than when I went to bed, I decided to get up and go out on the college steps for a smoke which would perhaps quiet my nerves. As I left the West Wing entrance of Main College and looked down toward the electric light at the President's corner, I saw some one coming along with what seemed to be a grip in one hand, and several umbrellas tied together in the other. I wondered who could possibly be straying at this time of the night and started across the terrace to meet him. Just as I was leaving the steps the figure stopped and then I noticed a similarity between the get up of this person and the old man I had met in the afternoon, so I decided to linger behind a tree and make sure of my man before spoiling any little game which might be hatching. Sure enough, when he came along I recognized my friend of the afternoon with his wooden case. I wondered if the old fellow was intending to take some flash-light pictures, and I decided to be with him at the finish whatever might be doing.

Arriving at the Main College entrance and waiting a while to regain his wind, the old man first opened his leather case and out came a tripod, but it was a heavy one with extension legs, such as surveyors sometimes use. Setting this up on the steps close to the column to the right of the entrance he next opened his wooden case and out came a top for the tripod, and then an X ray apparatus, and then a fluoroscope. I had always fancied that these imposing columns were of solid brick masonry but I knew what was coming and so, leaving my place of concealment, I hurried out to West Wing entrance and then to the recitation room to the right of the main entrance. By the time I reached here the old man was just climbing upon the stone platform between the two columns with his fluoroscope in his hand. Without stopping to rest, altho he seemed to be breathing heavily, he held the fluoroscope up against the face of the column and at about the height of his head and then I beheld the outlines of a human skull. Sticking from the top of this skull was what might have been the blade of a dagger, or more likely, a steel rod driven in there perhaps as Jael drove the nail into Sisera's head long ago. As the old man passed the fluoroscope downwards I saw with him the complete skeleton of a human being. I was stupefied with horror, but was brought to my senses by hearing the old man chuckle to himself. Surely he was not a man, but a fiend thus to gloat over a crime committed more than fifty years ago. I hardly knew what to do, and, altho it took the old reprobate a full five minutes to put his apparatus away, I confess I was not ready to act when I saw him going down the hill. Anyhow it was too late to do anything before morning, and so I went back to my room and there sat and smoked until six o'clock, at which time I started out to notify the authorities and help them take the murderer. I went straight to the hotel to learn the man's name and there was told that he had simply registered for supper and had gone away with his baggage before eight o'clock the previous evening; he had registered under the noncommittal, and probably assumed name of John Smith, and claimed to hail from Philadelphia. Upon going to the station I learned that my man had checked his suit case at eight o'clock on the evening before and had left for Williamspoat less than an hour ago. What was I to do? Should I give the alarm now he had gotten away from me, and be ridiculed, or should I go on a still hunt? I decided to do the latter. Straightway I went to a friend of mine who had graduated in the early fifties and through him gained access to the files of a newspaper which was published at that time, but which had since been discontinued. Yet this availed me nothing, for it seems that murders were not the style in Union county in those days. Upon second thought I saw how easy it would have been for the murder to have been done in some other part of the country and the body to have been brought here for concealment. So, in my discouragement, I went back to my friend and told him, in the strictest confidence, the whole story; when I arrived at the critical point and waited for him to throw up his hands in astonishment, I was surprised to see him throw back his head with a roar of laughter, slap his thigh and cry: "Good! Good! At last after so many years." And straightway he fell into another fit of laughter. When he had recovered from this he went on to tell me that in the good old days when the students roomed in the West Wing and recited in the old Academy, and the Main College was just building, the skeleton which was used for demonstration purposes by the professor of physiology mysteriously disappeared on Hallowe'en and had never been found.

The joke seemed to be on me, and I gladly accepted my old friend's invitation to take breakfast with him.

N. S.

PROGRAM OF THE 54th COMMENCEMENT.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17TH.

7:30 p. m.—Exhibition of the School of Music, under direction of E. Aviragnet, Mus. Doc., (Bucknell Hall).

SATURDAY, JUNE 18TH.

1030 a. m.—Organ Recital by School of Music, (Baptist Church).
8:00 p. m.—Annual Debate, Junior Class, (Bucknell Hall).

SUNDAY, JUNE 19TH.

9:15 a. m.—College Bible Class.
10:30 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon by President Harris, (Baptist Church).
4:00 p. m.—Way of Life Meeting, (Bucknell Hall).
7:30 p. m.—Sermon before Education Society, Prof. Ernest E. Ayers, D. D., Crozer Theological Seminary, (Baptist Church).

MONDAY, JUNE 20TH.

Art Exhibition begins and Continues Three Days, (Studio Institute).
8:00 a. m. General Chapel.
8:15 a. m.—Examinations for Admission to College.
10:30 a. m.—Commencement Exercises of the School of Music, (Bucknell Hall).
12:30 p. m.—Luncheon, Institute Alumnæ, followed by Annual Business Meeting, (Lutheran Church parlors).
6:00 p. m.—Twilight Concert, Bauer's Band, Scranton. (College Campus).
7:30 p. m.—Anniversary of the Literary Societies, Oration, Madison C. Peters, D. D., Phila.
9:00 p. m.—President's Reception, (President's House).

TUESDAY, JUNE 21ST.

8:00 a. m.—Class Day Exercises, (Opera House).

8:30 a. m.—Annual Meeting of Board of Trustees, (College Library).

11:00 a. m.—Commencement of the Academy, Address, Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, New York City.

1:30 p. m.—Business Meeting, College Alumni, (Bucknell Hall).

2:00 p. m.—Commencement Bucknell Institute, Address, Will Carleton.

6:00 p. m.—Twilight Concert, Bauer Band, (College Campus,).

7:15—Alumni procession forms at Main entrance to Campus.

7:30—Anniversary of the Alumni. Guest of honor, Hon. John B. Stetson, Philadelphia.
Honorary Chairman, Wm. J. Coxey, Esq., Camden, N. J.
Oration, Spencer B. Meeser, D. D., '83, Detroit, Mich.
Poem, Mary Bartol Theiss, '94, Ph.D., New York City.
Reunion classes of '54, '64, '74, '79, '84, '94 and '99.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22ND.

8:00 a. m.—Announcement of Promotions.

8:30 a. m.—The Procession forms at Bucknell Hall.

9:00 a.m.—Commencement of the College. Address to the Class, Alexander Simpson, Esq., Philadelphia.

12:00 m.—Corporation Dinner, (Bucknell Hall), Address, Col. J. J. Carter, Titusville.

Bucknell Mirror.

May, 1904.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

☞ Communications solicited from all students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL.

The Senior Class has decided to present to the college, as a class memorial, stone steps leading up to main college and replacing the old, unsightly, wooden ones that are now there. This will make a fitting memorial and one that will be both useful and ornamental. The contract calls for the delivery of the stones by June first and it is expected that nothing will prevent the fulfillment of the contract at that date. The expenses of the memorial are to be developed partly by subscription and partly by the proceeds from the Senior Class play.

It becomes our unpleasant duty to remind delinquent subscribers that the subscription to the MIRROR is now due and the manager will gladly go through the form of writing out a receipt in exchange for one of the "almighty" dollars. Out of the generosity of our hearts we would gladly do without this little ceremony, but in these commercial days we fear it wouldn't do. So, in exchange for the seven numbers of the MIRROR which you have received and one which is yet to come—all of which we trust have not been unpleasant of perusal—we would ask that you deliver up the small sum before mentioned.

* * *

L'Agenda, the Junior Annual, is now in press and will be out early in June. It will be a book worth having and will contain many fine illustrations. The Editor-in-Chief, Roy G. Bostwick, has labored to issue a book free from objectionable grinds and roasts, and one that will be of much historical value. Copies can be obtained by addressing Geo. W. Cheeseman, business manager, Lewisburg.

* * *

The coming Commencement promises to eclipse all former occasions in enthusiasm and attendance of Alumni. A live committee is at work promoting the attendance of Alumni and former students. In behalf of the undergraduates, we want to say that we will be there on Alumni night to join in festive song and to help "whoop her up generally."

* * *

The *Commencement News* will be published as usual this year and will contain an accurate account of all commencement events. The full issue will be mailed to those sending twenty cents to the business manager, Horace J. Sheppard, Lewisburg.

ATHLETICS.

The baseball season up to date has proved to be one of mixed pleasure for the student-body. After gloriously defeating Lehigh in a game, in which Bucknell played a fast game that gladdened the hearts of enthusiastic rooters, we went down before Villanova because of inability to solve the delivery of the latter's pitcher. Then to further dampen our hopes the elements, in shape of a drowning rain, broke off our game with Dickinson just at the critical moment with our opponents one run to the good. In spite of these disappointments, we still believe that the team this year has in it much better material than usual and only needs to get together and play hard, aggressive ball to win the majority of games left in the schedule. It is to be hoped our Alumni will not have to undergo the painful experience of seeing the team defeated by inferior teams at the Commencement games.

Again let us emphasize the plea that the *Orange* and *Blue* makes for a new athletic field, in view of the fact that one of 'Varsity's best pitchers was injured by the hammer. This would not have occurred had there been ample room in the athletic field for both track practice and baseball.

ALUMNI PROGRAM.

The following will be the program for the observance of Alumni night, next Commencement:

The procession will form at the main entrance to the campus, by classes, the Senior class in cap and gown, acting as escort. The procession will move to the Main College building, where the Seniors will open ranks, permitting the alumni to pass through to Commencement Hall, where the program will be carried out.

The following will be the order of exercises in the hall: Report of necrology committee, all standing. Introduction of Wm. J. Coxey, honorary chairman. Introduction of "Guest of Honor," Hon. John B. Stetson. Oration, Spencer B. Meeser, strictly limited to time. Poem, Mary Theiss-Bartol, limited to time.

The exercises will be interspersed by songs, cheers, etc., by the alumni and undergraduates. A number of graduates have written special songs for the occasion and these are now being printed and will be rehearsed by the student body.

TWILIGHT CONCERTS.

The twilight concerts, given Monday and Tuesday evenings during Commencement week, were inaugurated in 1896, and from the very beginning have proved a popular attraction. The policy has been to engage a different band for each Commencement. The following bands have thus far been engaged:

1896, Fisk Military Band, Williamsport.
1897, Ringgold Band, Reading.
1898, Third Brigade Band, Pottsville.
1899, Ninth Regiment Band, Wilkesbarre.
1900, Citizens' Band, Steelton.
1901, Germania Band, Reading.
1902, Twelfth Regiment Band, Sunbury.
1903, Allentown Band, Allentown.

For several years the University band gave excellent concerts on the Saturday evening preceding Commencement.

BUCKNELL ALUMNAE REUNION.

The annual reunion of the Bucknell Alumnae will be held Monday, June 20th, in the Lutheran Church. A luncheon will be served at noon, after which the following program will be observed:

RESPONSES FOR CLASS OF 1854,

Frances Scribner-Flint, Topsham, Maine.

CLASS OF 1864,

Sue Langstaff Howell, Mount Holly, N. J.

CLASS OF 1874,

Caroline Philips-Boyd, West Chester.

CLASS OF 1884,

Lillian Beale, Philadelphia.

CLASS OF 1894,

Miss Greene, Lewistown, Pa.

WELCOME TO CLASS OF 1904.

Mrs. D. Bright Miller, Lewisburg.

RESPONSE:

Miss Nina Plian, Bangkok, Siam.

GREETINGS FROM:

Miss Miranda Taylor, Jenkintown; Mrs. Katherine B. Larison, Cochecton Centre, N. Y.; Miss Eveline Judith Stanton, Lewisburg.

THE PHILADELPHIA ALUMNAE CLUB:

Lidie Bell-Wood, Frankford.

LEWISBURG ALUMNAE CLUB:

Kate McLaughlin-Bourne, Lewisburg.

REPORT OF STUDENTS' LOAN ASSOCIATION:

Augusta Tucker Loomis, Lewisburg.

* * *

The Y. M. C. A. realized a comfortable sum from its lecture course this winier, and in consequence all expenses for the year have been met and a neat surplus is left in the hands of the treasurer.

LOCALS.

The Senior Class will plant a class tree on the campus at Commencement time.

Dr. Enoch Perrine is the orator at the Commencement of the Armitage School, Wayne, Pa., May 25th.

The Alumni Necrology Committee for this year consists of Professors Wm. E. Martin and F. G. Ballentine.

The Commencement play, to be presented by this year's graduating class, is entitled—"What Became of Parker."

The class of 1898 will hold its fifth reunion. Floyd G. Ballentine, Lewisburg, is Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

President Harris has been appointed by Governor Pennypacker, a member of the College and University Council of Pennsylvania.

The class of '99 will hold this Commencement, its first quinquennial reunion and banquet. Already the presence of most of the class is assured.

Bucknell again took first place this year in the relay races at Franklin Field. This is the sixth time, out of nine, that Bucknell has won in these races.

The Bauer Band, of Scranton, which has been engaged to furnish the music for the next Commencement, is one of the most famous organizations of its kind in the country. It is composed of artists who give nearly all their time and attention to the development of the profession of music. The band will give the usual twilight concerts on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

The Senior Class of the college contemplates the erection of a set of handsome stone steps in front of the Main College building as a testimonial to Alma Mater.

The following baseball games have been arranged for Commencement week:

June 18—Bloomsburg Normal,
June 20—Williamsport,
June 21—Lebanon Valley College,
June 22—Carlisle Indians.

The annual reception by the President of the University will take place Monday evening of Commencement week. Alumni and all Commencement visitors are invited. Bauer's Orchestra, of Scranton, will furnish special music for the occasion.

At the Pittsburgh Graduate Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta Founders' Day celebration on Saturday, April 30th, 1904, seven Bucknell Fijis attended. They were H. S. Forringer, '85; A. M. Wyant, '95, of Greensburg; Harry B. Wassell, 1900; E. A. Burrowes, '02; J. L. Kalp, '03; E. M. Campbell, '05; and F. B. Jaekel, '03.

F. L. McCauley, 1905, President of the Athletic Association, has appointed the following Committee to take charge of the celebration of athletic victories: W. S. Wilcox, R. S. Edwards, C. M. Hursh, class of 1904; E. A. Morton, Robert Sheppard and P. G. Smith, class of 1905; A. I. Murphy and H. J. Sheppard, class of 1906; H. H. Adams and P. G. Cober, class of 1907. It is the idea that no celebration be held unless by order of the Committee. The Chairman has authority to call the Committee together at any time.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Ex-'55. Rev. Azariah Shadrach has removed from his farm at Dixonville, Pa., to DuBois, Pa.

Ex-'59. Rev. J. W. Evans, late of Portersville, Cal., has removed to Fresno, in the same State.

'60. Hon. William L. Nesbit has been appointed superintendent of the construction of Harrisburg's new filtration plant.

Ex-'70. Rev. Chas. H. Grinnell resides at Ossining, N. Y.

'70. Rev. Chas. T. Hallowell, of Rochester, Minn., has removed to Northfield, Minn.

Ex-'72. Rev. C. W. O. Nyce resides at Westmont, N. J.

'72. Dr. Wm. Leiser, has been elected a director of the Union National Bank of Lewisburg.

'72. J. H. Wingert was a delegate to the biennial session of the Grand Circle of the Protective Home Circle at Johnstown, this month.

Ex-'73. Rev. D. R. Davies resides at Plymouth, Pa.

Ex-'75. Rev. J. L. Myers resides at Alloway, N. J.

'76. Rev. H. S. Swartz resides at Clinton, N. Y.

Ex-'76. Rev. Alva F. Perry, late of Pawling, N. Y. is now residing in Germantown, Philadelphia.

'79. Rev. D. W. Griffith, who has been pastor of the Baptist church, Bedford, Iowa, for a number of years, has accepted a unanimous call to the Baptist pastorate at Stanberry, Mo.

'82. Prof. Milton G. Evans, D. D., of Crozer Theological Seminary, will spend the summer in his father's home at Fresno, Cal.

'82. Rev. Henry Madtes, late of Sharpsburg, Penna., has been invited to the pastorate of the Logan's Valley Baptist Church, Bellwood, Penna. He was recently one of the ministers serving on an Allegheny trial jury.

'83. Rev. A. W. Puller is located at Middleport, Ohio.

'84. Ernest L. Tustin, Esq., will give a dinner to his class this Commencement.

Ex-'84. P. R. Tucker is a member of the Morgan Park Baptist church, of which Dr. A. R. E. Wyant has been pastor during the past nine years.

'85. Rev. J. P. Currin, pastor of the Golden Gate Baptist Church, Oakland, Cal., was recently elected president of the Baptist Ministers' Conference of San Francisco and vicinity.

'85. Rev. Frank M. Goodchild decides to remain in the pastorate of the Central Baptist church, New York City. As a token of their appreciation of his decision, his people have added $600 per annum to his salary.

'85. W. P. Beaver, formerly of Lewisburg, has resigned from the American Tin Plate Co., Pittsburg, to accept a position in the executive department of the Bradstreet Company's general offices, 346 Broadway, New York. Commenting on his resignation the Pittsburg *Gazette*, of April 30th, says:

“The resignation yesterday of William Preston Beaver as assistant to the president of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company was made the occasion of proving the regard in which he is held by his associates in the company's general offices in this city. To him was given a handsome loving cup. The presentation speech was made by President W. T. Graham of the company, and the recipient spoke feelingly in answer. A vase was presented to Mrs. Beaver. Mr. Beaver's connection with the tin plate company, which is now a part of the consolidated concern, dates from its formation in 1898."

Ex-'88. Rev. A. M. Hendricks is located at Barnard, N. Y.

'88. Rev. J. W. Griffith, of Sherburne, N, Y., is now located in Buffalo, as pastor of the Dearborn St. Baptist Church.

Ex-'89. Rev. J. W. Neyman, late pastor at Estherville, Iowa, has accepted the Baptist pastorate at Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Ex-91. Rev. Howland Hanson, Beloit, Wis., is the popular pastor of the Baptist church there.

Ex-'91. Rev. Thos. J. Cross, pastor of the Fourth Baptist Church, Baltimore, has accepted an invitation to become associate pastor with Rev. C. H. Thomas, D. D., (ex-'71), at the Fiftieth Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Mr. Cross did heroic service during the recent conflagration in Baltimore, opening his church and serving sandwiches and coffee to the firemen.

'94. Rev. T. S. Fretz is pastor at Kent, Wash.

'94. Rev. R. R. Snow, East Cleveland, O., has recently led his people in the erection of a fine new church edifice.

'94. Rev. A. F. Anderson, assistant pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Washington, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Harrisburg.

Ex-'94. Rev. Theo. Heysham, Ph. D., has been compelled to tender his resignation as pastor of the Bridgeport, Penn., Baptist Church, because of ill health, and seek recuperation in Southern California.

'95. Rev. W. A. Crawford is located at Carmel, N. Y.

'95. Ezra Allen is principal of the public schools in Butte, Mont.

'95. Rev. W. T. Paullin, late of Cedarville, N. J., is now residing in Philadelphia.

Ex-'95. Rev. R. D. Minch is pastor of the Bethany Baptist Church, Camden, N. J., and resides at 1017 N. 32d St., that city.

'96. Rev. J. W. Davis is pastor at Pedricktown, N. J.

'96. Rev. S. R. Wood has removed from La Junta, Colo., to Tempi, Ariz.

'96. Rev. Alex. Douglass, late of Anita, N. Dak., has become pastor at Sentinel Butte, N. Dak.

'96. Rev. F. D. Finn is proving himself a most efficient assistant pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Chicago, of which Dr. W. H. Geistweit is the pastor.

'97. Rev. Frank Hollinshead, formerly pastor at Ashland, Pa., is now located in Utica, N. Y.

'97. Rev. A. S. Barner has removed from Utica, N. Y., to Syracuse, N. Y., where he has become pastor of the Central Baptist Church.

'98. Rev. John A. Cutler has been forced by reason of ill health, to resign the pastorate of the Davisville Baptist Church, Southampton, Pa., and remove to New Mexico.

'98. Rev. G. Morgan Davis is pastor of the Baptist Church at Ellwood City, Penna.

'99. Rev. Leroy Hall is located at Clyde, N. Y.

Ex-'99. Rev. S. J. Cleeland resides at Clayton, N. J.

'99. Irving H. Buckminster is professor of chemistry in Onachita college, Arkadelphia, Arkansas.

'99. Miss Mary Stephens is at present an instructor in Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn.

'99. C. L. McQuistion, who is practicing law successfully in connection with a large firm in Butler, Pa., recently visited the University.

'99. Amos Kapp Deibler was recently nominated on the Republican ticket as candidate for District Attorney in Northumberland county.

'99. Rev. W. M. Warren has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at West Conshohocken, Penna., to call from the Mount Washington Baptist Church, Pittsburg.

1900. Mr. Harry C. Simons is with W. S. Hill & Co., advertisement writers and agents of Pittsburgh.

Ex-1900. Loraine J. Schumaker is in the oil business in Philadelphia, with an office in the Knickerbocker Building.

1900. Loren M. Reno and wife will go to Brazil, S. A., as missionaries under the direction of the Southern Baptist Board of Foreign Missions. He completes his course at Crozer Seminary this year.

1901. Caleb B. Ayars graduates from Crozer Seminary June 1st.

1901. Elbert Huff is to be one of the speakers at the Crozer Seminary Commencement.

1901. C. M. Konkle and wife, Mrs. Laura Allen Konkle, have been favored with a young daughter.

1901. George W. Alexander will be one of the speakers at the Commencement of Crozer Seminary, June 1st. He will settle as permanent pastor of the First Baptist Church, Glenside, Pa., a church which he organized last year and which has very encouraging future prospects.

1901. Frank Anderson completes his first year's work at Crozer Seminary this year. His church work at Dividing Creek, N. J., and the death of his wife compelled him to drop his course for two years, but he hopes to complete it during next year and the one following.

Ex-1902. Miss Edith McCain, of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Law, of Pittsburgh.

'02. Yencer Weidensaul is again with the Toronto base ball team, and is putting up a good article both in the field and at the bat.

'02. Mr. Calvin Elliott, a student at the Medico-Chirurgical college Philadelphia, will spend his vacation with his brother, Dr. David Elliott, at San Diego, California.

1902. Prof. E. P. Heckert is principal of the Second Ward school, Mauch Chunk. A new building to cost about $35,000 is to be erected in this ward this coming summer.

1902. Chas. E. Goodall will spend the summer travelling with some Philadelphians as private secretary. He has been granted four months leave of absence by his church in Westmont, N. J., where he is working in connection with his Seminary course, which he will complete next year.

1903. Remembrance F. Bresnaham will act as pastor of the Baptist Church at Ringgold, N. J., during the summer.

1903. Miss Ida Luchsinger is engaged as an examiner in the International School of Correspondence, Scranton.

1903. Howard K. Williams and Roger Williams will spend the summer in New York City, engaged in mission work which is in charge of Dr. C. C. Bitting. They will take up their theological course again in September.

1904. L. W. Robey is teaching in Perkiomen Seminary.

Lewis Roberts, of Frackville, President of the Freshman class, and half-back on the football team, died recently at his home in Frackville. Mr. Roberts was a student in the Engineering Department, and held high rank in his class. His funeral was attended by a delegation, representing the faculty and the undergraduate body.

❧

Bucknell Mirror.

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OCCURENCES.

WHEN we are led to inquire of ourselves when our first souls awakening came and what were the surroundings leading to it, how strange it is so few of us can recall the setting, nay, even the occurrence itself.

We forget when first we noticed the yellow atmosphere of an early June morning, which now so completely thrills us with a sense of new life, the playsomeness of the light and shadow in the hollow of the wood, the dark shades of oaks, have passed away from our memory, or at least the sense of the delicate union between these things and our life has long been forgotten. And so we have lost the link which binds our souls-awakening to the beauty of our sphere.

Philip Hill sometimes prayed that the memory of the incident be removed from him, for he remembered well one August twilight, walking with his mother along the edge of a lake how he first perceived between the fading, golden clouds, and the dark shadow on the crest of the hill, a line of amethyst blue. It was then his hand trembled, and his mother looking down saw his eyes were full of tears. "The blue Mother," he whispered, "the blue," and the Mother, understanding, but only in part, gave him the amethyst ring he so convulsively clutched upon her finger, and left him alone by the water's edge. Phillip looked back upon this scene many years after, calling it his soul's-awakening, and in moments of dejection he cursed the spot which gave him the passionate and ever unsatisfied desire for Beauty, but which robbed him of combativeness and his sense of moral obligation.

With this incident came the consciousness of his emotions; the first pain he experienced because he did not feel sorrow over causing his little brother unhappiness, was severe. He could distinctly recall one early evening, leaving his brother alone by the high garden wall and following a well worn path, reaching the place where he was accustomed to sit and to listen to the peculiar sound the wind made among the trees, and to watch the fast fading amethystine west. He had heard his brother's cry, but lured on by that power which had been awakened too forcibly within him, he did not hesitate to remain, leaving the struggle of right and wrong for the world, and heeding not the call for help, he yielded himself to that state of spirit enjoyment, where the fight never enters. All that night he wept bitterly, not because he realized his self abandonment was the cause of the condition of his brother, but because life to him was mere sensation.

Time went on creating in Phillip Hill a nature more and more sensitive to the harshness and unsatisfactoriness of his life, but his joy in the beautiful increased proportionately, and he would compare the sounds and sights of his bodily life, with those that came to him through his senses.

The sweep of his mother's gown would be to him as the low wind as it breathed past the hawthorne bush, or he would think of his sister's sometimes tearful eyes as violets wet with crystal dew. So daily thought bound his physical experience with sensations of another world, but daily he drew nearer his untimely and abject end. During this time, little conception of any purpose in life came to him, and still less the conception of a purpose in his own life. He knew no other influence beyond that of the sense affecting; the thought of greater beauty being revealed in other spheres, was one of impossibility to him, and he possessed nothing of hope or faith.

He was as many, a child in darkness, he struggled, he prayed for light, he faintly imagined that his life was held in control by a force unknown to him, he stretched out a grasping hand to draw near that unseen power, but was not satisfied. As one who reaches out indefinately, beyond his grasp, tries to discern the meaning or attach a meaning to some predominating feeling in his life, so Phillip sought to discover the power, the control, which he had felt since that August evening long ago, and which always held him in utter subjection. He longed eagerly to know the cause of his entrancement, his ectasy, when he beheld the color of the amethyst in the western sky, or even upon women on the crowded city streets. That the power did exist and that he wreathed fancies and memories around it, he knew well. At times he strove to unite this merely sensual influence with his feeble consciousness of a greater and more supreme power.

And the child Phillip grew, and the sensuality of the world found an increasing echo within him; wondered if his way would be long or short, and he prayed that he might forsee the way, for he felt his destiny secure. Could he have found another path away from the conflicting emotions of his soul! He had desired that opportunities might come to him, that he might for himself discover his dormant powers; the time had come when he might prove himself to be worthy, and the time passed on, leaving with Phillip naught but undried tears. He sank, but he arose, and into the heights where spirits fear to dwell; he fell. Has not every soul its own Gethsemane, and can we understand the working out of man?

Now, in this time of greatest temptation, he clung more closely to what he considered his saving strength. For years he had worn his mother's amethyst ring, and for years its power had never once diminished. In moments of weakness he fancied himself the stone coming in contact with fire and losing its hue, and truly his thought did not err far, for had he not lost will amid conflict, and did he not give himself to grosser passions of the yearning and yielding spirit, and no longer to the beauty of his own imagination or the loveliness of his world?

Phillip prayed that he might drink once more his cup of exquisite joy, without the after consciousness of dark remorse, he could not pray for power to stand, he only longed that he might take his cup and drink. He drank and the night followed. He had reached that place in life's forest where the ways parted, one showing the path of weariness and thorns, the other disclosing the clear and crystal stream of joy, whose source Phillip imagined sprung from ineffable Beauty, the creator of all divine loveliness. Like wondering music made lonely by the absence of words, he lay down by the rivulet to interpret its song as a peace unto his soul.

Rest an unknown angel fell upon him, and sleep received the stricken, wayward child. The fluctuating amethystine glow was dead, and in its place a pure white flame crept up—incense to bear his soul afar.

THE FORGETTING AND THE REMEMBERING.

THE labor of fitting up the room was almost completed. Out in the corridor were scattered wads of excelsior and wrapping paper and loose boards bristling with nails. Several boxes testified in bold black letters that the pretty girl bustling about was

Mary E. Hart,
Bucknell College,
Lewisburg, Pa.

The furniture was all in place, the many knicknacks and reminders of home so much cherished by the "coed" were arranged satisfactorily at last and the two empty hungry-looking trunks had been converted by a little work and a number of cushions into a serviceable cozy-corner. True, it was not very springy but it was a cozy-corner.

Every nook and niche of the room seemed filled except that a space had been left in the very center of the mantel-piece. From a suit-case the maiden produced something square and well-wrapped which she undid and put in the reserved place. It was a photograph of a young man. His full-length pose was rather awkward and the retoucher had not pencilled away the roughness of the hands, but the picture was that of a thorough gentleman. The eyes alone told that.

Reverently and lovingly the tired girl looked at the picture and involuntarily twisted a stray lock of her crinkly yellow hair into place behind a dainty ear as if he could see her. Then she looked on the back of the photograph and saw in familiar bold writing the words, "Your friend, John Stuart." For a long time the girl sat looking at the writing and the pictured figure, then down on the cozy-corner couch she flung herself and cried softly at the remembrance of the last walk and talk. In another state a stalwart young farmer was thinking of that same talk and his gray eyes clouded with moisture. Parting gives pain, indeed, but one can comfort the other then. 'Tis more painful when the farewells are said and miles stretch between.

The autumn passed rapidly. Mary wrote home that she enjoyed college very much. Of course, she did not specify just what part of college she liked. That was unnecessary, she told herself. Very useful word sometimes, that "unnecessary." One December Tuesday the weekly letter from Lewisburg addressed to Mr. John Stuart failed to come. Not until the next Tuesday did an anxious big hand tear open the envelope and sober eyes note that there was but one sheet of paper instead of two or three. But she was "so busy at college" that she "didn't have the time to write before." That explained it then and he whistled at his work. But it was a meditative whistle. His next letter from the college town was also late and short. The third one, still tardier, was signed Marie instead of Mary and contained the request that he spell her last name "Hart*e*."

His whistle became more meditative than ever, but he never failed to answer promptly, telling her all the news of the little town and trying to tell her how he missed her. Poor girl, he thought as he labored steadily in the fields, she must be hard worked with her studies aud yet it seems as if she might write oftener. She used to. But what am I thinking of? I'm not worthy of her anyway. And then the doubt would creep in again. When I asked her, though, that last day, she said she cared for me. But if she forgets me altogether I can't help loving her.

The postmaster one Tuesday jokingly spoke about the growing infrequency of the letters from Lewisburg. He was never known to speak on that topic afterward. Five months had passed since the college room was first arranged. The room seemed different somehow. Brilliant posters were tacked here and there. Souvenirs were plentiful. Napkins, a dance order or two and a string of red pasteboard hearts were pinned to the window curtains. Two or three half empty bonbon boxes were on a table. A bunch of roses with a white card tucked among them occupied the center of the mantel and almost hid a certain photograph. The flowers showed off very well there. One of the girls had said that it was because of the rustic back ground. And Marie had laughed with the rest of them.

Don't blame her too much. At a coeducational college the fellows outnumber the girls, and even an ordinary girl receives much attention. The admiration of the fellows must be expended in some way. And when a real beauty appears, well, you can imagine how things go. And Mary Hart was a real beauty. Don't blame her too much.

Miss Marie was not in on that February afternoon. She was at the post office for her mail. She couldn't miss the walk even if it was zero weather. Her furs were very becoming. There were for her several perfumed notes not very much travel stained, and a black-bordered letter from her home town.

They had found him frozen to death in the snow. The horses had become frightened in some way. He had been thrown under their feet and injured so as to be unable to reach shelter before the cold overcame him. It had happened on his way home from the post office where he had sought vainly for a letter from her. There had been several receptions and musicals at the college the fortnight before.

From the post office to the school and her room the awakening girl walked blindly and then locked herself in. Reverently and lovingly again she looked at his picture and his autograph. Again she lay upon the cozy-corner couch and cried. She wept long and bitterly this time. She would no longer have the bother of writing to him.

Bucknell Mirror.

June, 1904.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

☞ Communications solicited from all students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITORIALS.

With this issue the present staff of the MIRROR will have finished its labors. We use the latter word advisedly. We have no doubt but that the newly elected staff will prove most efficient and one that will be satisfactory to the powers that be. We wish it all possible success and hope that next year's MIRROR will far surpass its predecessors. We have had some excitement, some amusement and somewhat of work during our editorial year but on the whole the experience has not been without profit. To the new staff we would say that there *is* literary talent in the college and that if proper means are used—an axe is a very efficient article—the possessions of the aforesaid talent may be induced to shed the brilliancy of their light over the pages of the Mirror. We wish the new staff success.

The prize offered by the Mirror at the beginning of the year has been awarded to Potter, '07. The prize story entitled "Forgetting and the Remembering" appears in this issue. The judges were all chosen from our alumni and were well fitted to pass judgment on the various articles submitted. We congratulate the winner on his success and hope that if the same prize is given next year there will be many competitors and that as a result the Mirror will have a large supply of manuscript to draw from.

We have been forced to give up reluctantly the idea of making this issue a Senior number. It seems that the Senior class is in no mood for writing—they are busy either with the Commencement orations or with the Class Play. Although we have had to give up the idea this year, yet we think it would be a good idea to have the final issue end the year as a Senior issue. Some very interesting stories could be told by the Seniors concerning the things that happened to them during their college course.

It is surely a great source of gratification to know that the prospects for a big attendance at Bucknell, next year, are exceedingly bright. Already a large number of students have registered and engaged rooms for next year, and there is every indication that the present large enrollment will not only be maintained, but surpassed. It is the duty of every Alumnus and student to help to contribute to this success by directing young people to Bucknell.

L'Agenda for the year is out and is now on sale. To those who have not read it we would say that it contains many illustrations mostly good. Some very interesting articles on athletics in the past at Bucknell and that it is void of the roasts which usually characterize *L'Agenda*. This may please some, but we prefer the roasts. On the whole it is a creditable *L'Agenda*.

The Department of Agriculture has just issued Bulletin No. 120 on "The Apple-Tree Tent Caterpillar and its Life History," by Nelson Fithian Davis, Sc. D., Professor of Biology. It is illustrated by 28 original photographs which give the complete life history of the insect.

The need of a new athletic field is apparent for two reasons:

First: To make profitable our athletic games.

Second: To afford sufficient space for all forms of athletics, and for those who do not wish to engage in athletics for the sake of the sport, but for exercise, which it is obvious every student needs.

The University is growing in every direction and the constantly increasing attendance makes imperative the need of larger facilities for the development of athletics and all forms of exercise.

The Bucknell Mirror hereby offers a prize of $5 in cash for a design for its front cover. The contest is open to all. The only stipulations are that in the opinion of the Mirror the design shall be suitable, and that some portion of some college building shall be included, preferably the entrance to Main College. Let any one desiring to compete, hand in his name before the close of the college year, to

U. N. Robbins, Editor, or
Horace J. Sheppard, Bus. Man.

ATHLETICS.

In reviewing the track season for the year we may say that it has been fairly successful. We won the relay meet at Pennsylvania and that was really our best achievement. Thanks to Pearse's ability to run a fast quarter after having been severely spiked at the start and Marsh's strong quarter immediately afterward, Bucknell was able to win her sixth victory in the relay meets of the last nine years. That truly is a record to be proud of. Then we managed to tie Dickinson in the dual meet, although deprived of the services of one of our best athletes. We lost the meet with the Indians, 62–42, although some of our men, Marsh especially, made a very creditable showing. We may say concerning the year's track record that Coach Hoskins made the best out of a rather weak team and that on the whole the track team excelled expectations.

In base ball our team has been most erratic. With good pitchers and a comparatively strong nine we have lost to inferior teams, mainly through inability to bat. It seems a pity that we cannot have the services of a good coach, professional or graduate, for the entire season. It is to be hoped that when the new athletic field is secured, arrangements will also be made to secure a capable coach for the entire season.

There remains now only the Commencement games to be pleyed and the 'Varsity should secure at least two out of the four scheduled games.

One feature of this year's base ball work has been the inter-fraternity games. These games have proved very exciting and in the main, extremely well played. Phi Kappa Psi has won the championship for this year, after a series of exciting games. The fraternity games are of interest to the student-body and seem to have become an annual affair.

A YANKEE STUDENT'S REVENGE.

JACK Bryson was born in England and he was proud of the fact. Somehow every man in the University knew Jack was born in England; he was religiously loyal to his parental country, perhaps that will account for it.

The very day he arrived, the first meal he ate at the club, the fellows knew that Jack was a stickler for Great Britain and everything British.

Some one asked him what he thought of the fine large potatoes we were having for dinner.

"The're nothing to what we 'ave in England," was his brazen reply.

At first we pitied him and thought that a good hazing or two would cure him. He got the hazing, a half dozen of them, still he persisred in floating the Union Jack above the Stars and Stripes.

One day Bert Hawley took him down to the market (Bert was caterer for our club) to show him some American products.

"Look at those fine big apples, Jack," said Bert with animation;" they're grown up in New York, my state."

"Ah, they're nothing to what we 'ave in England," drawled he.

That made Bert mad but he said nothing.

By and by Bert spied an extraordinary large pumpkin in one of the stalls and called his companion's attention to it.

"Look at it, Jack, isn't it a dandy; have you anything in England to beat that?" said Bert triumphantly.

"We 'ave them twice as big" was his audacious reply.

Bert's yankee blood fairly boiled but he held his tongue and vowed inwardly to get even.

"What do you call that thing in America? asked Jack, pointing to a handsome family carriage drawn by two glossy, prancing chestnut horses, the property of a multi-millionaire resident of the city.

"That!" said Bert proudly, "Why, that is Honoroble James Bennington Browning's family carriage; isn't it sporty? I suppose you have better in England? though?" "Yes, very much better!"

"Well, good-bye, Jack. I must leave you. Take these things back to the club, and I'll show you the rest of the market some other time." Bert made his way to the fish stall.

"Got any live crabs?" said he to the man in the stall.

"A fine lot of 'em; just in."

"Give me a dozen."

* * * * * * * * *

It was 10:30 p. m. in West Dormitory when a knock came at Jack Bryson's door.

"Smith wants to see you 'fore you go to bed," yelled Spike.

"Now, Bert, get it done, quick!" urged Spike as Jack's form disappeared down the hall.

In a few moments Jack, his tall, thin figure clad only in a night gown! came tramping back; having failed to find Smith in his room and entered his own room to retire. Two figures crept noiselessly to his door and waited. They heard the springs of his bed squeak and the next moment a howl, almost unearthly in sound, rang through the dormitory.

"What are they? Take 'em off!" Take 'em off!"

Out of bed the Britton sprang, and out of his door into the hall he ran with a half dozen dark objects clinging to different parts of his body. Bert and Spike roared in laughter and soon every inmate of West Dormitory was out of bed and to his door; no sooner did they behold the prancing, terrified Englishman than they too burst into a fit of laughter.

"What are they? What are they? Take 'em off!" he continued to yell.

Bert ran out before him in the hall.

"Oh, Bert, what are they? Take 'em off!" he entreated pityingly. They're American bed bugs, you British fool; have you anything in *all Great Britain to beat them*?

"Pat."

POE: AN APPRECIATION.

OF all the lives of American men of letters none is sadder nor more worthy of compassionate criticism than that of Edgar Allen Poe. Born and reared amid surroundings that would seem to have fostered the worst rather than the best qualities that were in him, Poe was, if ever man has been, the creature of *unfortuitous* circumstances. A slave in his early years to a perverse disposition andan over-brilliant, insufficiently hard-plodding intellect. Poe's *later* years saw but a change of servitude and the poet was latterly as completely enthralled by those hard masters, poverty and drink. But the world has long been fully acquainted with the facts of Poe's life; the purpose of our essay is not condemnation or extenuation of his life, but to present with all possible conciseness an appreciation of Poe's work.

Poe was master alike in poetry and in prose. Though it is likely his poetry will endure far longer and attain to an ever-increasing prominence, some of Poe's prose tales are of highest rank. His prose may be divided, somewhat arbitrarily, into five divisions, namely: (1) His tales of analysis. (2) His pseudo-scientific tales. (3) Tales of conscience. (4) Essays. (5) Literary criticism.

Poe's tales of analysis, or perhaps better called of ratiocination, rank high among their kind. Undoubtedly our great tale-writer of to-day, Dr. Conan Doyle, is indebted to Poe for the creation of the prototype of Sherlock Holmes', and Holmes' theory of deduction but copied after, while improving upon the analytical methods of Poe's Dupin. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and the "Mystery of Marie Roget" have not ceased to have an interest for readers of our own day.

Of Poe's pseudo-scientific tales we have the "Balloon-Hoax" and the "Descent into a Maelstrom" as notable examples. It was Poe's custom in writing tales of this kind to make use of some scientific fact as a starting-point from which to elaborate astounding, though seemingly plausible, theories. His productions of this character were much after the fashion of those of Jules Verne of latter times.

The "Dead Heart" and the "Black Cat" are representative of what may be called the tales of conscience. The working out of the criminal's detection by supernatural means was one of the favorite themes of Poe. The "Black Cat's" hideous, malevolent eye continues to haunt the mind of the reader long after the reading of the tale.

Perhaps the most noted of Poe's essays and the most valuable in affording an insight into Poe's poetic tastes, is the "Poetic Principle." Poe held that a poem should be short, should have beauty as its fetich and musical quality should be an essential element.

Poe's criticisms of his contemporaries on literature were often most better and unjust in tone and did much to render Poe unpopular with writers of his day. But undoubtedly Poe did a service to readers of his time in exposing many men of mediocre ability and false literary pretensions.

It was in the realm of poetry that Poe excelled. Whatever fault has been found with his prose work, Poe has long been awarded a peculiar place of his own among the writers of poetry. Many would consider Poe's poetry as of a far higher grade than that of Longfellow or Bryant. Certainly Poe's poetry treats of subjects that would never have furnished occasion for poetical treatment to either of the before-mentioned American poets. What Poe's poetry lacked were qualities that have since grown to be regarded as non-essential, even detrimental to true poetry, that is, moral qualities, didacticism, preaching in short. What Poe's poetry has is a radiance of truly poetic fervor, a wreath of musical qualities, a haunting suggestiveness of sound that creates the impression where words fail.

Poe will always occupy to himself a little niche in the world's temple of literature. None can gainsay the peculiar beauty of his poetic work nor the terse, trenchant qualities of his prose style. It would seem that with the years, Poe's literary reputation increases, while the unpleasant circumstances of his life are lost sight of or are accorded their proper place. In Poe, America had one of her true sons of genius, well worthy to stand in comparison with writers of foreign soil.

THE STEPS.

Note—This year's Senior Class having decided to give to the University as a class memorial, steps leading up to Main College, it was suggested that a poem be written commemorating the event. Everybody passed up the task, but finally one Senior perpetrated the following lines, with foot-notes. We are undecided which to call poetry.

They're made from granite grim and strong
    Did some one say they ain't?
Well then perhaps they're made of boards
    All shrouded o'er with paint.
They may be built of chocolate-cake
    A choice brown amber shade

But anyway we know they're steps
Our reputation's made. (1)

These steps a mission have in life (2)
You wonder what it's like
We think the ancient window-seat
Is going on a strike.
It has been sat upon so much
By Juniors and by Preps (3)
That '04 takes the case in hand (4)
And substitutes the steps.

They are a very proper place
On which to sit and—study
To watch the setting of the sun
And rising of the moon. (5)
And so we beg of you *who* get
The good of our bequest
Just utilize the steps and give
The window-seat a rest. (6).

Foot Notes:
(1) There is a subtle joke here—a prize offered to the winner,
(2) This is some more of the poem
(3) The Faculty will please not read this.
(4) A sure-enough-joke! Giggle; Gardner, giggle!
(5) The rhyme of "moon" and "study" is poetic license,
(6) The faculty had better not read this at all.

ALUMNI REUNION AND DINNER.

Among the delightful features of the National Baptist Anniversaries, at Cleveland, O., May 16-24, an enjoyable one was the Bucknell Alumni Dinner at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, on Friday, May 20th. Twenty-seven were present with old-time enthusiasm for Bucknell. A telegram of congratulation on the magnificent progress of our *Alma Mater* was sent to President Harris. Dr. Geo. Whitman, '72, acted as toastmaster and felicitously introduced the following after dinner speakers: H. F. Stilwell, '81; W. M. Courson, '90; A. R. E. Wyant, '92; T. M. Shanafelt, '61; and E. B. Hubler (LL. D., '98). Then each one present gave his name, class and address. Others not already present at the anniversaries, were: R. R. Snow, '94; G. H. Waid, '94; B. H. Thomas, '78, and wife, R. B. McDanel, '88; W. J. Coulson, '83; P. F. De Lancey, ex-88; J. M. Paterson, '92; A. L. Moore, 91; D. E. Lewis, '96; E. M. Lake, ex-'87; H. B. Rankin, '89; E. H. Dutton, '98; J. H. Haslam, '90, and wife; C. A. Gardener, '84; G. T. Ellis, ex-'74, and wife; B. MacMackin, '74; F. H. Cooper, '80; A. J. Rowland, '62; and J. G. Walker, '62. H. F. Stilwell, of the First Baptist Church, of Cleveland, was chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

Rev. J. H. Haslam gave an eloquent address on behalf of the Publication Society. Wyant conducted one of the public devotional services. MacMachin, Shanafelt, Dutton, Walker, Rowland and others were heard from during the progress of the meetings. We missed the presence of President Harris, but know that he was busy with the great work of the school we all love so well. The spirit of the Alumni at the Anniversaries shows that he may count on their active co-operation in every forward movement undertaken in behalf of the University.

A. R. E. WYANT.

The following telegram to President Harris, was received May 19, from Cleveland, Ohio, during the National meetings of the Baptist denomination:

"The Loyal Sons of Bucknell in attendance at the National meeting of our great denomination join in extending to President, Faculty and students of our Alma Mater congratulations in the great and ever increasing prosperity of the University and pledge anew our love and sympathy, loyalty and prayers.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN MOORE."

ALUMNAE CLUB MEETING.

The "Bucknell Alumnae Club of Philadelphia and vicinity" was entertained by Mrs. H. S. Hopper, at her delightful home "Pennhurst," near Narborth, on May 26th. In the absence of Mrs. Joseph R. Wood, the President, Mrs. Margaret Tustin O'Harra presided. It being the annual meeting the following officers were elected:

Mrs. Ira T. Leedom, President.

Mrs. Daniel Luter, Mrs. M. T. O'Harra Vice Presidents.

Mrs. Amos Wakelin, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. John W. Lynch, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Dewey A. Cobb, Treasurer.

Mrs. O'Harra gave an interesting account of the presentation of the Scholarship to the "Girls of the High School," and the pleasure with which they received it. The only conditions imposed in this Scholarship by the Club, were that the recipient be a young woman of high moral character, fine scholorship and in good physical health. The committee appointed to select the young woman consisted of Mrs. Margaret O'Harra, Mrs. M. E. R. Cobb and Mrs. A. J. Rowland. After an elaborate luncheon served on the spacious porches of Mrs. Hopper's home, Mrs. A. J. Rowland thanked our hostess in most fitting words for her cordial hospitality, after which the President requested the Club to give Mrs. Hopper "the Chatauqua Salute."

PERSONALS.

'72. Rev. J. H. Chambers, D. D., pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, West Chester, Penna., was suddenly taken ill while in Philadelphia May 5, and was taken to the Hahnemann Hospital, and subsequently to his home. He has just become able to resume his pulpit duties.

'83. Rev. S. B. Meeser, D. D., of Detroit, Mich., was the preacher of the missionary sermon before the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at its recent Commencement.

'85. Chaplain Madison Hare, Third Reg't, N. J. N. G., has been appointed one of three instructors of Rifle practice, at Sea Girt, this summer.

Ex-'95. Rev. C. F. Hall removes from Moores, Penna., to Tuckahoe, N. J., where he accepts the pastorate of the Baptist Church.

'97. Rev. A. S. Barner, of Utica, N. Y., is the newly elected pastor of the Prospect St. Baptist Church, East Orange, N. J.

'97. Rev. Frank Hollinshead, a member of the graduating class of Colgate Theological Seminary, becomes pastor at Stillwater, N. Y.

'01. Rev. Chas. W. Wagner, graduating this year at Newton Theological Institution, locates at Willington, Conn., as pastor of the Baptist Church.

'01. Geo. W. Alexander, a member of the Crozer class of 1904, takes up the full pastorate of the newly constituted Baptist Church, at Glenside, Penna. He was ordained to the ministry, June 16.

'00. Prof. Edgar Reed resigned his position in the Puclic Schools of Milton to accept the Supervising Principalship of the Public Schools at Scottdale, Pa.

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XXIV. I. October 1904.

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Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XXIV Lewisburg, Pa., October, 1904 No 1

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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Terms:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞ In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, The Mirror will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

☞ Communications solicited from all students and friends of the University. Address Bucknell Mirror, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

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EDITORIAL

Our readers will please pardon the late appearance of this issue of the Mirror. Our business manager, Mr. Sheppard, was called home on account of the severe illness of his father, hence, the delay.

OUR POLICY A clear conception of the ultimate object and purpose of an undertaking is of the utmost importance to the success of that undertaking. Our prime object as publishers of the Mirror is that this publication shall be a truly helpful factor in our university life. To be such the magazine needs to be representative of every legitimate interest of Bucknell, spiritual, mental, social, physical. This ideal is approached just in proportion to the effort which the staff and our readers put forth. Notice that this should be a *joint* endeavor! The duty of the staff is mostly editorial, the duty of our readers, comprising students, alumni, faculty, and friends, is to supply the subject matter, such as, literary matter of general interest to college men and women, news of the university life, opinion and comment. This seems to be the division of labor most desirable and most beneficial to all, when we bear in mind that the Mirror is the publication of Bucknell, not of any particular body of the University, such as the staff. As to our policy toward moral questions we trust there is no doubt. The Mirror heartily approves and seeks the furtherance of all that is commendable in our university life, but denounces and seeks the removal of everything objectionable.

CHANGES Several changes are noticeable about the University this Fall both in the personnel of the faculty and in the appearance of campus and buildings. Expressions of regret are heard on every side at the absence of our much respected and much beloved Dr. Hulley. Bucknell's heartiest wishes for success follow him to his new field of labor. Dr. Hulley becomes president of Stetson University, at Deland, Florida. To the new members of the faculty, the Mirror takes pleasure in extending a hearty welcome to Bucknell. May their years here be among the most useful and most happy of their lives! Bucknell is looking well materially these days with its improved campus, electric lights and fresh coats of paint. The busy spot on the south side of the campus, where many men are busily engaged in transforming Mr. Carnegie's dollars into a beautiful library building, is an inspiration in itself and a promise of a great future. Too much cannot be said in extending our thanks to the men who make these improvements possible. And yet, you know, deeds are better than words any day. The proper treatment of our opportunities whether those opportunities are in the form of men or things, speaks a thanksgiving greater than words.

AN ABUSE A college town has problems peculiar to itself arising from the relations between the town people and the students. For the lack of harmony, which sometimes amounts to enmity, no doubt both parties are in a measure to blame. Still one side can do much to change such a condition. "It takes two to make a quarrel," is well said. Just as true is it that one can do much to put an end to a quarrel. The present difficulty is the posting of posters on private property to such an extent as to have become an abuse. The town people are indignant, and rightly so, as the students will see if they will put themselves in the place of the town-people in considering this matter. The business men are threatening to withdraw their advertisements from the college publications, and the athletic association may be obliged to forego canvassing the merchants subscriptions for the support of the foot-ball team. This is certainly a most deplorable state of affairs, and one of vital interest to the University. The remedy for this condition, as suggested before, is in the hands of the students. It is for them to decide whether an abuse has been committed or not, and it is for them to bring about a change in the future.

GOING TO COLLEGE

Dr. Goodchild, '84, contributes this month the first of a series of articles by representative alumni. It is fitting that he should write this paper; for he was the first business manager of the MIRROR, and after the expiration of his term as business manager he became editor-in-chief. Besides he is the kind of man we are willing to listen to. As a student he lived up to the ideal which he suggests, and at the same time he was an essential part of the life of our Institution. To-day he sticks to his preaching, but he also grapples with some of the social problems of New York City.

OUR ADVERTISERS

As the MIRROR is not depending upon benevolence in order to pay its bills, the advertisements of many business houses are needed. Merchants will advertise in the MIRROR when as a result they find that our readers are buying their goods. Men invest when they are reasonably sure of a fair return. Readers, patronize our advertisers and tell them that you are pleased to see their advertisements in the MIRROR!"

As a voice of the University the MIRROR takes this opportunity of extending a word of sympathy to the members of the faculty into whose hearts and homes sorrow has recently come. May they find comfort from the only source whence perfect comfort comes.

NOVEMBER MIRROR Besides the usual features our next issue will contain articles on the following organizations of the University: Fraternities, Literary Societies, and Young Men's Christian Association. An article entitled "College Politics" will also be of interest to a large number of our readers. All of these articles are being prepared by men who are able writers and especially interested in that phase of college life upon which they are writing.

GOING TO COLLEGE.

FRANK M. GOODCHILD, D. D.

GOING to college has a very different look to a man twenty years after graduation from what it had back there in his youth at the close of his first day in the college class rooms. He sees better then what the college course is for; how many things he did that he might better not have done; and what things he omitted that he might better have busied himself with. While no man whose life is worth while would wish to go back and take his course over again, yet most men would greatly like to revise the past a bit, to put a little less emphasis than they did on some things and a little more on others. To be sure not even the wisest man could lay down rules that would be of much use to a young man or woman of any quality. To impose a long set of rules on students would be to make them all alike. That would not do. Nature abhors a duplicate as much as she does a vacuum. Emerson once said "Cannot we let people be themselves? You are trying to make that man another *you*. One's enough." But a man who has gone through the course already may say something that will inspire a right spirit in those who are beginning the course, and if a man's spirit is right the mechanical details of his school life will take care of themselves.

First of all in going to college I should wish to remember that the college course is preparatory to something else. When I was in college a fellow student said to me that he would like always to go to school. He had no notion of the purpose of schooling, or the purpose of life for that matter. I do not know what has become of the young man. I am satisfied that he has achieved nothing in the world. A man who aims at nothing is apt to hit it. A gun may hurl a shot five miles, but where the shot will strike is decided before it leaves the gun barrel. So the direction of a man's life is usually fixed during the period of his preparation. The habits he forms during his college course stick. One of my class mates had the inquiry "Dic cur hic?" written over his study door. With that challenge as to why he was there constantly before him, he was not likely to go far aside from the aim of his life.

To be always conscious of what one is to be and do in the world will inevitably affect one's habits of study and reading. But care should be taken to secure a good, general culture. The college course is arranged with this in view. In the professional school a man pursues his specialty. In college it is expected that a broad foundation of culture should be laid. A man should bear this in mind in his reading. History and biography should have the right of way. All that the world has done up to his time he is to inform himself about. When school life is over current events will absorb his time. Just now current literature, especially current fiction, might well be given a slight place. One can well afford to wait for the latest news from the "Cabbage Patch," and may even forego the latest piece of worldly wisdom from old "Gorgon Graham" until he has gotten all he can from Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Hawthorne, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and "Holmes, sweet Holmes" as the English students called the genial Autocrat. If one does not read the great classics of literature during his school days he is not likely to find time for it thereafter.

And then on the other hand if I were going to college I should wish to give as exclusive attention to my studies as I would if they were the only things in the world I had to live for. In a sense a college student should forget that what he is doing is simply preparatory. Students for the ministry are particularly liable to be diverted from their studies by other things that seem more important. Nothing can possibly be so important then as a mastery of the studies of the course.

I remember when I went to the prayer meeting of the Christian Association in College, and it was just so also in the Theological Seminary, that I used to listen to some of the men exhort one another and pray. Nothing could be more impressive than their religious devotion. I used to come away greatly humbled that my own spiritual attainments were so meagre, but when I met those same men in the class room the next day and saw them utterly unprepared for the recitation, I felt more ashamed of them than I had been of myself. It was not that those men lacked ability. That was the shame of it. They were not stupid. They were simply indolent. The reason for their failure in the class room was simply neglect to study their lessons. Their fervent religious devotion, that should have helped them to do their school work well, hissed itself off as a sort of escape steam in their pious talk in the meeting. And as those men were in school so they have been ever since. They have done abundance of talking while they have shirked the hard work of the study, and they are wondering why it is that they have not risen to any high place. Years ago I felt and I still feel that a Christian student can best show his piety by the diligence and faithfulness with which he does his routine school work.

I know how apt students are to pursue a policy of waiting while they are in school, thinking that by and by the time will come for them to work. To use George

Eliot's phrase, it is the "meanness of opportunity" that prevents them doing anything now. But a young man ought to feel that he is as truly working while he pursues his preparatory studies as he will be when he has gone out into the world and is preaching the gospel or conducting some business or presiding over a class room or a household. The purpose of work anywhere in the world is to develop character, and character is developed in the student and his associates while they are at school as surely as it will be when they are doing the work they aspire to do out in the world. Paul said to Timothy "Let no man despise thy youth." We may change it a little and say "Do not despise your own youth. But in God's name so use it that a good character shall be developed that will abide with you when school days are over."

"NOT IN THE CURRICULUM."

A SECOND edition of the book entitled "Not in the Curriculum" has recently been published. It is a small volume, containing only a hundred pages, and could be read through easily in an hour or two; but its effect upon the mind of the reader will last probably not only during his college course, but for many years afterwards.

The book is intended primarily for those who are just entering college. The student, during the four years course, learns many lessons which are often acquired by hard knocks and painful experiences; yet it is possible to profit by another's experience, and a kindly word of advice given by one who "has been through the mill" may make many a rough place smoother. It was for this purpcse that the book was offered to the public. In his introduction to it Henry VanDyke says:

"It seems to me that the book must do good to other young men because it is genuine. It has grown out of real experience and good work. This is what students need and like."

The "two recent college graduates" who wrote the book have not forgotten their college life with its difficulties and problems, they have not grown out of sympathy with the student. Hence the advice they offer comes; not as from a preacher, but as from an older to a younger brother. As an illustration of its simple pithy style, to the man just entering college they say,

"There is much in college life for you to learn: Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

Do not overthrow all existing college standards until the college has had time to find out that you are in it."

In a chapter entitled "Ideals" we read,

"Have at least one worthy ideal.
Place it as high as you can.
Go after it in dead earnest.
You may never reach it.
Again, you may. What matters it?

It has served its purpose if it has spurred you on and on, if it has kept you progressing steadily."

The chapter on "How to be popular" can be summed up in the sentence,

"It is better to be right than popular,—but unpopularity is far from a sure sign of being right."

The following selections, the first from the chapter called "Friends," the second, from the one called "Study" are characteristics of the book:

"Be sincere.

Surround yourself with true friends by being a true friend.

The highest friendship can exist only in an unselfish heart.

Be true to your friends in thought, word and action.

You do not need to agree with them on all subjects.

Follow suit on their good leads—throw off on the bad ones.

Help them to be *worthy* of positions of influence and honor—whether they occupy the positions or not is a minor matter.

The idea which some college men get that study is a disgrace and a nuisance is not only idiotic but also most dangerous. Don't be ashamed to be caught in the act. Study regularly and you can study less. It is better to study one hour before an examination than two after it.

Find some subject or subjects which you can study because you like them. The best results come from voluntary work.

You may think it is better to know your associates than your books. There is no law against knowing both.

Learn how to study and that will teach you some other things.

Study to master your subject rather than to pass an examination and the examination will lose much of its terror."

The chapters mentioned are only a few of the nineteen contained in the book, and each chapter touches the heart of some problem common in college life. How to find your place among your fellows, how to divide your interests between work and play, how to live, if necessary, on small means without losing caste, how to make your influence count for purity and honor, how to "fight the good fight" in college—these are some of the problems very simply dealt with in this book. It should commend itself not only to every college student, but to every one interested in college life as being readable, sincere and helpful.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS.

The opening of the present football season presented a poor outlook for the development of a team which could represent the Orange and Blue successfully. The material at hand was for the most part light and inexperienced; promising men who had been expected to enter college, failed to come. Even the most optimistic of our enthusiasts lost heart, for the team appeared hardly strong enough to win the practice games with Lebanon Valley and Villa Nova, to say nothing of the hard games which were to follow with the Indians, Cornell, Colgate, and Georgetown. The prospect was indeed discouraging.

But brighter days were coming. Several late arrivals, together with substitutes of last year who only needed coaching to develop into first class players, filled the vacancies made by those of last year's team who did not return. The work of the eleven in the two practice games showed such marked improvement, that it was confidently expected that we would defeat the Indians. Our team was lighter then than usual, but promised to be very fast—just such a team as could best cope with the Indians. Nor is it likely that our hopes for victory would have gone unfulfilled, had it not been for a series of misfortunes which made it necessary for a crippled and weakened team to line up against the Indians on the day of the game. As it was our crippled eleven made such a magnificent showing, that we need not be at all disheartened concerning the remaining games of the season. Defeat by the Indians by a score of only 10 to 4 is really encouraging. Cornell appears to have a team not much stronger than the Indians, and we can look for a very creditable showing at Ithaca on Oct. 15th. Colgate and Georgetown are more in our own class, and therefore opponents which we should especially endeavor to defeat.

The Colgate game can be placed on a par with the annual Bucknell-Indian game at Williamsport. It will be particularly interesting, because Colgate and Bucknell are great rivals in affairs non-athletic, and because Colgate is the first team of our own rank to play on our field in many years. In fact, it is doubtful if we can defeat them even on our own grounds except by the greatest efforts of our players and by the loyal support of all the students on the side lines. Outside of the Indian game, the Colgate game will be the best of the season for us.

The schedule of games, so far as it goes, is an ideal one. Two good practice games have led up to the hard game with Carlisle. Then follow three games with teams which, although fully our equals, there is some hope of defeating. Players cannot go into a contest with the spirit to win, when they know beforehand that defeat is almost certain, as was the case when we met Yale and Princeton. Unquestionably it would be a wiser policy to secure more games which we have a reasonable chance of winning, rather than to attempt to force our way into the ranks of the "Big Four," and to follow a pace that is too fast for us.

One of the most gratifying characteristics of those who are upholding the honor of the Orange and Blue on the gridiron this season is that they are representative college men. Not a man on the team, who is not in the collegiate department! Such a state of affairs cannot be but extremely pleasing to all who have cleanness and purity in athletics at heart and should make us all more loyal than ever in the support of our fellow students on the field.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Letters upon topics of interest to University folk are gladly received and published when practicable. The writers name must be signed to the letter, but will not be printed upon request not to do so.

ATTITUDE OF WILLIAMSPORT.

EDITOR OF THE MIRROR:—

It is a regretable fact that the attitude of the majority of Williamsport people is hostile towards Bucknell. While it would be fruitless to discuss the propriety of our team leaving the field in the last Bucknell-State game, yet the present seems to be an opportune time to raise a protest against the action of the people of Williamsport for harboring a chronic resentment towards us. Such a protest is due now, if ever, because of prejudiced statements in Williamsport papers that our team alone was responsible for all the slugging in the Indian game.

That Bucknell players slugged, no one of us will deny. But we cannot receive in silence the statement that our team was the sole offender in that respect. Time and again Indian players were seen—not by some Williamsport people, of course—openly slugging our men. The slugging by our players alone was seen by the Indian sympathizers, for some people looked for just that very thing and of course saw it. If some person had attended the game with the expectation of seeing the Indians do all the slugging, he would no doubt have seen them do it and regarded the Bucknell players as free from blame. The appearance of things depends a great deal upon the point of view. Let us hope that many of the people who attended the game were fair-minded and broad-minded enough to see the game from an impartial standpoint, to place credit or blame where it belonged, and not to be blinded in their judgment by prejudice. All we ask is justice; and we think that some Williamsport people and some Williamsport papers do not give us justice.

Athletic sports are kept up for the sport that is in them. It is consistent with true sportsmanship for spectators to encourage their favorite team with applause and cheers. However, true lovers of sport do not fail to see the good points of the opponents, as well as of their favorites; nor do they swarm down over the field in a cowardly attack upon a player who has transgressed a rule of the game. It is in the hands of the official to expel from the game a player who slugs. We do not ask that the spectators cheer for us, although we are glad for such support; it is their privilege to support whomsoever they please. But we do ask that the newspapers and the people give us jusitce and fair play. We are sure that the better class of people did not participate in, or sympathize with, the attack upon our players, even though those people were Indian supporters. Such occurrences as that small sized riot tend to make athletics unpopular and to discourage peacable people from supporting them.

It was with pleasure that we noticed more Williamsport people wearing Bucknell colors at the Indian game than at any time since Bucknell has been playing the Indians at Williamsport. A PROTEST-ANT.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

MR. EDITOR:—

Last year considerable comment was made upon the college spirit or rather the lack of it manifested by the student body and a word now along this line may not be out of place. The rooting at the Indian game showed a willingness on the part of the majority of the students, especially the underclassmen, to do their best on the side lines. To be sure there are many improvements that might, and with time can be made but I can see no justification for censure for the success already achieved.

The Colgate game will give us an opportunity to correct some of the deficiencies if every one will make a resolve to do his part. All class and organization lines should be forgotten when a matter which concerns the whole student body needs our attention. Our class, our fraternity, or any other organization to which we may belong, deserves our support and devotion, but often there are calls upon us from larger spheres and to these demands our duty is just as plain. At the annual parade at Princeton last Saturday the seniors had their place in the line. Are we better than they? It is my opinion that this question is answered by determining whether we show more or less devotion to our college than they do to theirs.

There is considerable rivalry between Colgate and Bucknell and since these colleges have about the same number of students and teams of similar caliber, there is no reason why the game here Oct. 22, will not compensate very largely for the loss of the great State game of past generations. AN UPPERCLASSMAN.

FOOT-BALL.

MR. EDITOR:

All candidates for a foot-ball team, or persons interested in the game of foot-ball, should read the rules, and should, if possible, watch the practice. Also they should go and see other college teams play the game to see the different systems both of offense and defense, and watch the men on these teams play their positions, also the team work of the different college teams. All students should go and see all games played on the college campus, not only to watch the team play the game, but to help them on to victory by giving the college cheers, and to help the team in every way.

I would like to see Bucknell have enclosed grounds as the University is getting larger each year. And if the University had enclosed grounds, we could get games here with other colleges, like F. & M., Gettysburg, University of West Virginia, Allegheny, University of Maryland, Lebanon Valley, Villa Nova, Bloomsburg, and Mansfield Normal School. By having enclosed grounds Bucknell could give these teams enough money to play here. Just at the present time—and for the last four or five years—the Bucknell team must play away from the University campus, which is hard work for the team—to win games away from the University where the officials, the crowd, and the newspapers are against the team. At the present time very few students at the University can see any of the games away from the campus without taking a large part of their time from their studies. Bucknell University is large enough to have enclosed grounds like Lehigh and Swarthmore colleges where the students of these colleges can have grounds for all athletic games and exercise like the U. of Pa., Cornell and Princeton. GEO. W. HOSKINS.

◆

SOCIAL.

The usual "At Home" will be held in the Institute parlors this year. The first one of the season will occur on the afternoon of November 1st. Let us all unite to make it a brilliant success.

The MIRROR takes pleasure in extending to the following couples who were married this summer its most hearty congratulations:

Pauline Griggs to V. N. Robbins, '05, on June 23rd; Evelyn Judith Stanton to Dr. C. A. Gundy, '93, on July 18th; Grace Newton Winters to Prof. F. G. Ballentine, '99, on Aug. 31st; Lucretia Snyder, ex-'06, to Sam J. Black, ex-'06, in August; Maud E. Hanna to David A.

Pitt, ex-'02, and Caroline Kelly to O. S. V. Martz, '02, on Sept. 1st.

On the evening of Sept. 24th the annual reception to the new students given by the various Christian Associations were held. Both the one for the young men given in the Y. M. C. A. Hall and the one for the young women given in the Institute parlors were well attended and much enjoyed.

Although given by the Christian Endeavor Society of the Baptist church, the social held Oct. 1st, was largely a student affair.

As there were nearly three hundred and fifty present the chapel was almost over-crowded, but all who were present spent an enjoyable evening. A pleasant device for becoming acquainted with strangers was that of trying to obtain as many autographs as possible, and the one who at the close of the evening could count the greatest number of names on his card was awarded a prize. Following a brief but entertaining program in which Miss Schillinger, Miss Blackmer and Mr. Powell participated, refreshments were served, after which the guests departed.

On Friday evening, Oct. 7th, the Pi Beta Phi fraternity gave the annual reception to their patronesses and the new college girls. The first part of the evening was spent in answering questions found on cards which had been distributed. After the lapse of half an hour the most successful contestant, Miss Bower, was awarded the prize. After refreshments had been served, the remainder of the evening was spent in singing.

ALUMNI.

Dr. J. K. Weaver, '61, has been promoted to the position of surgeon-general of the N. G. P., and also he has been appointed to the board of directors of the Montgomery county prison.

Dr. David Spencer, ex-63, was tendered an extensive recognition service upon taking the pastorate of the Chelton Avenue Baptist church, Philadelphia.

W. B. Ridenour, '73, is professor of Pedagogy in the Scranton Correspondence School. The professor has two sons at Bucknell this year, one in the Academy, the other in the freshman class of the college.

Mrs. Orlando Spratt, '78, Institute, with her daughter Carol, and the two children of E. A. Watrous, '87, has moved to Lewisburg. The young people have entered Bucknell.

H. W. Kirkendall, '91, is teaching at Riverside, Washington.

Mary B. Harris, '94, directed the production of a Latin play "The Flight of Aeneas" given by the graduating girls of Dearborn Seminary in the University of Chicago theatre, Mandel Hall. The play was the only Latin one given by a Chicago school and on that account was made much of by the Chicago press.

Prof. Bromley Smith, '95, is the new instructor in Rhetoric and Elocution at Bucknell. Prof. Smith has been connected with Keystone Academy and Courtland Normal School since his graduation.

Rev. B. B. Ware, '96, former pastor of the 1st Baptist church at Merchantville, N. J., died in a New York consumptive sanitarium on Sept. 30.

John V. Lesher, 97, is candidate for state senator on the democratic ticket.

George Tilley, '99, is instructor in chemistry at Bucknell, having completed a three year course in chemistry at Harvard.

Rev. S. J. Cleeland, ex-'99, of Clayton, will accept a new charge at Chester, Penna.

Alicia M. Zierden, 1900, is assistant director of the educational exhibit of the St. Louis Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Edgar Reed, 1900, is principal of the High School at Scotdale, Pa.

Maude Goddard, '01, is instructress in Leland University, New Orleans.

J. W. McCracken, '02, has been admitted to the Union county bar.

E. L. Taylor, 03, is Principal of the High School at Blossburg, Pa.

J. A. Young, '03, is principal of Kane High School.

Reese Harris, '03, is instructor in History at Mansfield Normal School.

The engagement of Goul Carrier, '04, to Miss Halfpenny is announced.

Rev. Wm. M. Warren, a graduate of Bucknell, and a well known Baptist clergyman of Germantown died on August 21.

Hon. John B. Cook, has had printed at his own expense and sent to the alumni, a pamphlet containing last spring's Commencement exercises.

The alumni will be interested in the following: Prof. Thos. A. Edwards, former Principal of the Academy, is Dean of the new Department for Women. W. C. Keogh, Harvard, is instructor in the college. Miss Emma Bush, Vassar, is preceptress of the Department for Women.

Dr. Aviragnet has four new instructors on his force: Misses Blackmer, Carlton, Metcalf and Bottorf.

B. F. Thomas, '98, "Spanish War Class," who since graduation has been professor at Keystone Academy and Vice-Principal of Peddie Institute, is the new Principal of Bucknell Academy,

Prof. H. T. Colestock, Ph. D., '96, succeeds Dr. Hulley as the head of Bucknell's Department of History. Dr. Colestock was also elected to an important position in the Harrisburg public schools, but preferred Bucknell.

The class of 1904 is scattered as follows: Carol Caruthers, Law School, U. of Mich.; H. M. Christ, Instructor in Latin and Military Science, South Jersey Institute; T. E. Cule, Emerson School of Oratory, Boston; R. S. Edwards, Civil Engineer with the Wabash Ry., headquarters, Pittsburg; Fetzer, Principal of Milton High School; Margaret Groff, post graduate, Bucknell University; Velola E. Hall, teacher, Hall Institute; J. E. Hunsberger, Crozer Seminary; J. C. Johnson, Engineering Course, Bucknell; R. I. Knapp Principal Ridgeway High School; U. M. Martz, reading law; Chas. Myers, Principal, Pottsgrove Academy; H. M. Perrine, with a commercial house, Philadelphia; C. B. Renn, teaching; Wm. Roberts, Principal Frackville High School; L. W. Robey, instructor Bucknell Academy; D. W. Robinson, teaching, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.; Olive Schillinger, teaching; H. A. Spotts, Principal Mnncy Normal School; E. T. Stevenson, the Franklin Burean of the Oil City "Derrick"; Alif Stephens, teaching, Centre Hall, Pa.; C. M. Teufel, Theological Course at Susquehanna University—also director of athletics; R. W. Thompson, teaching near Irwin, Pa.; Ben White, Hahneman Medical College; C. D. Wolfe law school, University of Michigan; G. M. Deats, law Deparment, Columbia University; E. F. Gilbert teaching at Berwick, Pa.; P. D. Browning, mining engineering.

(An attempt will be made to locate the remaining members of '04 next month.—Ed.)

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VOL. XXIV LEWISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER, 1904 NO 2

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

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BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

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EDITORIAL

OUR SYMPATHY The deep sympathy of fellow-students and other friends goes out to Mr. Horace Sheppard in his recent great sorrow. Only a year ago the beloved mother of the earthly home was called to her heavenly home, and now the father has gone to join her.

MATRICULATION Before the next issue of the MIRROR is in the hands of our readers the Freshmen will have been matriculated. What is meant by matriculation? Or rather what *is* the act of matriculating? An incident may help us to perceive its significance. An eminent professor at one of our old institutions of learning observed that a student on entering the recitation room forgot to take off his hat. The great scholar looked at the young man; but he could not catch his attention. At last he said: "If you do not respect me enough to remove your hat, you should respect the memory of the men who have gone in and out of this room." To take this positive attitude of the professor is to matriculate in truth. Even so in our college, matriculation is the act of assuming a position, respectful attitude toward the buildings, the campus and the life of the Institution because these are sacred by the memory of those who have gone up and down our hill.

BASKET-BALL The basket-ball season will soon be here, and basket-ball talk is in order again. From the point of view of enjoyable exercise, the game of basket-ball is one of the most commendable of athletic sports, a game in which both skill and endurance with a minimum of bodily danger may be exercised, also a game in which the weak as well as the strong may participate. Just now, while the foot-ball men are still out of doors and the weather is a little too cool for enjoyable tennis, is a good opportunity for the inexperienced and less skillful to learn the game. To this end, what is needed at the gymnasium, is a man in charge of the floor while Mr. Hoskins is busy with the foot-ball team, a basket-ball enthusiast who would have an eye both to the physical development of the students and to the development of basket-ball material for the 'Varsity team. As we have only one floor, some one to take charge of the games and see to it that all have an opportunity to play would be most desirable and conducive to basket-ball interests. As to Bucknell's prospects this year, there is promise for a successful season. All of last year's team, except Roberts, are back, besides several strong second team men, and some promising new material. All that is needed to make an excellent team is strong honest rivalry. Development of material can begin now, not hard training of course, but regular moderate practice. We want the best team of players the University can furnish to represent Bucknell in the basket-ball world this winter. We have the material; the spirit will come.

SHORT STORIES Without doubt there is literary talent in Bucknell, latent, perhaps, but surely here. What is needed is an opportunity for expression. The MIRROR is that opportunity; we want to see this latent talent developed; we want to help in its development by giving to those possessing some degree of literary ability an opportunity to see their effort in print. We believe that publication is no small incentive to further effort. Articles upon subjects of interest to college people are always gladly received, but, just now, we want several short stories. All such stories will be judged by competent disinterested critics, who have no thought in the matter other than helpfulness. A word of advice! Don't give up if your M S is returned. If our great literary men had done that, the world would not have so many masterpieces for its enjoyment and profit.

THIS ISSUE The leading articles of this issue were contributed by request of the editor; none of the writers *sought* to express their opinions. All of our readers may not agree with everything said. If not, the MIRROR is an opportunity for the expression of contrary opinion if suitably prepared for publication.

LECTURE COURSE The MIRROR takes pleasure in recommending the Y. M. C. A. lecture course of this winter. The course, which is an excellent one by the way, is conducted for two undeniably good objects; the enjoyment and profit of the people of the University and town, and the acquirement of means to carry on the work of the Association. We all certainly want to have a part in furthering such a good cause which can be done by patronizing the course ourselves, and by inducing others to do so also.

DECEMBER MIRROR Our leading features for next month will be: an article by one of the faculty on an important event of the college course; an article on observations in the coal regions and some interesting fiction by good writers. Also we hope that several letters from the students will be sent in for publication in this issue.

SUBSCRIPTIONS Our business manager is ready to take up the work of the MIRROR again. May the students assist him by sending in their subscriptions; do not wait to be asked. The support of the student body is needed financially as well as otherwise.

THE PURPOSES OF A COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

If in the criticism on literary societies, I seem to infer that many of the conditions and method which I condemn and that the defects which I describe really do exist in some societies, I hope no one will be so bold as to assume that the writer knows of any such intimately. I do, however, desire to express a few ideas of what a college literary society ought to be.

Such an organization ought to be preeminently literary. What is it to be literary? I think it is to read and discuss what men and women of letters have written, and in this discussion or reading to use the very best English possible. Surely it is not becoming a *college* society to have on its programme a reading, "The Baby with the Membranous Croup;" or "How Pa and Ma Fight." Not only should a reading like that not have a place on the regular programme, but a member coming unprepared should not be permitted to evade the demands made upon him by rendering from the rostrum an article so disgusting, so absolutely worthless as these named. Some may think a light, frivolous story amusing and diverting to the mind. Can anything be humorous to a college man that is so deplorably inconsistent with the place and the occasion? What is needed is a society from which the members can obtain something worth while, and if there is not a large regular attendance, it is the fault of the society, and is not due to outside attractions. A man with any strength of character will not waste an hour a week listening to trash that renders him no lasting good. If he wants humor he will pick up some book whose humor is real and which will make him laugh heartily and not disgust him; or, if he desire diversion he will go to the theater or comic opera and thoroughly enjoy the evening, and *will not feel* as if the time were *wasted.*

Let me say again that if the attendance is small and composed of Freshmen who have no other place to go, it is due to the weakness and worthlessness of the society, and such lack of attendance is proof that the program is not *literary.* "Do not think I mean long biographical articles or dry criticism on Milton's Paradise Lost," or Bacon's Essays are what is needed. Such a programme would drive any one "to the woods." Most of us, I think, do not know how to give an interesting biography. To say that Bacon was born in 1492 and died in 1607, and attended Cambridge, and soon after obtaining his A. B. he married Susan Jones, is of no earthly value whatever, and should be forgotten as soon as possible. The important thing is what was there in Bacon that distinguished him from all other great writers. What was it that *made* him great? What did he stand for in the world of thought, and what principles did he advance that were new to his age? What were the conditions of life in general at the time when he lived? What were the conditions of science and education and the attitude of the people toward them? If a man would produce a paper of such a nature, well prepared and thoroughly intelligent, he would have a great many hearers, and the time of others that he has used would be well spent. He would induce the most *of* those who heard him, to go and *read* Bacon and find out for themselves the truth of these assertions. Is not such an incentive to the study of literature the great purpose of a *college* library society? It has other minor purposes, but the chief purpose, is it not to create a taste for literature? Interesting criticisms on well known poems, essays and books are highly desirable. Be sure, however, that such a criticism is interesting. For it to be of interest, the reader must know something of the back ground of the production—the occasion of its being written; the conditions under which it was written, and above all its purpose and what makes it worth while among the vast amount of literature which floods the earth. One way of arousing a great deal of interest is to have some one who has visited Concord, Massachusetts, or the Roy Croft Chapel, at East Aurora, N. Y., or the home of Mark Twain, or who is acquainted with the country made famous by the poems of James Whitcomb Riley, give a series of short talks describing in a vital manner these most interesting places. There are many such people available in all colleges, and let the literary societies make use of them.

The debate really belongs to the debate society, but if it does become a part of the literary society, do not let it be the leading feature. The questions should be ones that are new and have a value besides that which is derived from participating therein. The debators shall be well prepared, and what they say they should consider worth saying. I think this suggestion not to be without reason, for often men go to the rostrum and talk for five minutes saying nothing. They spared themselves the trouble of preparing anything definitely upon the question, and then they spend ten minutes talking in a general way, so that what is said might apply to any subject whatever. Of course such delinquents consider themselves pardonable when they state they did not have the time to prepare "very much on the question." Nonsense! If the members have not time to do their duty toward it, they have not time for the literary society itself. If you do not join with an earnest purpose in demanding satisfactory results, do not connect yourself with the society at all. Such absolute indifference to our duties is so demoralizing, that it were better to have none.

It seems to me that the most important office in a literary society is that of critic. The president and secretary *could* be dispensed with, but a critic there must be, and he should be a man well enough informed to do able criticism. He must be like the pawn broker, absolutely without pity or mercy. A reading or a story that is beneath what should be expected in a college society, he should condemn, gently but positively so that the patience of the audience will not again be abused in like manner. Another duty of the critic is that of criticising closely the English of every speaker. The second great purpose of the literary society is to develop among its members a taste for good English and none but the best should be tolerated from the rostrum. The degree of excellency in English is not a high one—a deplorable fact—with the average college man and if the literary societies can raise the standard of the "every day" language of the college fellows, its work is a great one and well worth while.

R. P. B. EX-'05.

◆

FRATERNITIES.

WHEN a man is entering college, there is one phase of college life in which he may or may not have a part, but which will attract his attention more or less whether he has a part in it or not. The fraternity and the fraternity man cannot be matters of entire indifference to any college man who is awake to the life about him. And indeed these things call for notice on the part of the governing body in a college, whether the notice is given in the form of approval or condemnation.

The college fraternity is mainly social in its object. It owes its inception to the fact that the college, as such, is occupied in looking after a man's intellectual life and usually has no time nor opportunity to look after the social side of a student's college residence. It recognizes that the truest intellectual development goes hand in hand with spiritual, physical and moral improvement. It also acknowledges the fact that congeniality will draw to every man in any position a circle of particular friends. A fraternity should aim at the pleasure of its members. It should also aim at their mutual advancement along other than strictly social lines. The weaknesses of some should be supplied by the strength of others. The fraternity should teach a man to know his faults and should assist him, by means of his fellow members, in correcting those faults. It should strive to be as cosmopolitan as possible, that those who join it may be broadened in their college life and college activities rather than narrowed. And it should above all else develop in each of its members a true gentlemanly spirit. No fraternity and no chapter measures up to the ideal in any of these respects, but no human agency is faultless.

All that can be said in regard to fraternities cannot be in recommendation of them. It cannot be denied that it is harder for a fraternity man to apply himself to the work of the class room than it is for the man who has no fraternity interests. It is a fact that fraternities often carry the social idea to excess. As fraternities are now constituted, there is no doubt that a man having a moral weakness and a will none too strong had better not join a fraternity. For temptations are by no means removed from a fraternity man's path. But it must not be forgotten that if a man has the right material in him he can keep within bounds within as well as without a fraternity. And the mistake of thinking that the loafer or the "sport" is the ideal fraternity man should not be made. A loafer will loaf outside of a fraternity as well as in it.

Fraternity rivalry will exist, at least to a moderate degree, in spite of anything that can be done to eradicate it. It is a natural concomitant of fraternity existence. Caesar was announcing no new principle of human mental action when he said, in the first book of his commentaries, that it is easy for men to believe that which they wish to believe. It is natural and easy for each to believe that the fraternity to which he belongs is the best one. For a large number of the men who are members of fraternities, this belief governed their joining. But even were it otherwise, close association with the members of his own fraternity soon leads a man to think that "his men" are very good. It will of necessity happen many times that a man, desirable to one fraternity, is wanted by others. The rivalry must then come to a point and too often it becomes bitter. Friendly rivalry is all right but no man is so good as to cause a fraternity man to forget that he is a gentleman. Any other conduct—by deed or word—than that of a gentleman is unwarranted by any situation.

No man is justified in saying that the best men in college join fraternities. However, it is without doubt true that some of the best men do join them. For when any one selects some men as good and classes other men as not so good, he must be sure of two things. He must be sure he has the right standard by which to judge. And he must also be sure that he knows the men. And who can be sure of either of these things? Human nature is too complex for an adequate knowledge of it on the part of any human judge. It then behooves the fraternity man to remember that all men require of him gentlemanly treatment and that nothing is a more unfailing sign of littleness than a well developed idea of personal merit. But, at the same time, the man who does not belong to a fraternity should not make up his mind that all fraternity men consider themselves to be of the "upper ten" and are waiting for an opportunity to slight him. The man who goes around looking for an insult will soon find what he is looking for. Fraternity men and non-fraternity men are not two different kinds or classes of men. There is no caste system in the American college.

It is the duty of a fraternity to foster in each of its members respect for the college rules and obedience to them. The student body cannot gain anything in the final analysis by resistance to the college authorities. What is true of the student body is true of the individual student whether he be a fraternity man or not. That national fraternity only can prosper which advises its chapters to abide by the college regulations. And in turn it becomes the duty of the chapter to discourage in its men, conduct which could not meet with the approval of those in charge of the college. A man's allegiance to his state does not interfere with his allegiance to the federal government. No more should his fraternity ties interfere with his loyalty to his college. When one does interfere with the other, then they should not coexist.

R. G. B. '05.

COLLEGE POLITICS

THE excitement and political enthusiasm incident to a great national election have hardly subsided. The newspapers and reviews of the month contain exhaustive articles on campaign methods, tariff reform, imperalism and the multitudinous subjects constituting "campaign literature," while the commercial world has scarcely recovered from the temporary business depression and the reaction so characteristic of political crisis in general. It is particularly opportune in this connection to discuss the various phases of college politics which engross the attention of college men and constitute a vital and permanent feature of college life.

The word politics is not intended to convey partisanshipas marked by adherence to republican or democratic principles; for every college or university has its quota of voters who zealously organize into college republican and democratic clubs and vote the straight ticket. But we use the word in its limited sense which applies to the local conditions which mark college elections.

Every reader knows that the managers and captains of the various college organizations and athletic teams are elected by student ballot. Every college man enjoys the right of franchise usually with some condition attached, by the payment of an athletic or registration fee. Thus the election of men to offices of prominence in college circles is vested in the student body—independent usually of faculty supervision. This is an excellent arrangement for the reason that it impresses the student with his responsibility and gives him an active interest in the athletics of the university. It likewise introduces the element of partisanship and good-natured rivalry which invariably results in the election of good men for the respective offices and serves to break the monotony and ennui of college life. Factional lines, it is true, are often quite pronounced and wire pulling and machine methods are sometimes employed to capture elections; but in this sense the schemes of college politicians do not suffer from comparison with those in vogue in larger political circles.

In most colleges and universities the elections are controlled largely by fraternities which represent the aggregate of eligible leaders, who cööperate with the non-fraternity men in all elections upon terms of equality. Thus the fraternities form the nucleus of political activity and furnish the energy and the enthusiasm which render college elections so characteristic. There is only one danger in this arrangement. One fraternity or clique of affiliated fraternities may presume to dictate politically and elect their candidate by false methods and intimidation of the non-fraternity vote. Such a condition is deplorable, to say the least and defeats the true end of college politics When this occurs the faculty and authority should interfere and restore the political equilibrium by some stringent regulation.

Local conditions must largely determine the nature of elections. In no case should one clique or body, fraternity or non-fraternity control the situation. The non-fraternity men should share the privilege of office on an equal footing with the fraternity men; the question of ability alone should determine the election to office. Besides, the entire student body should be eligible to vote, and constitute our association, if possible without the payment of dues or other condition other than matriculation, It is understood that every college man will loyally support athletics and pay his athletic fee or subscription as a matter of course.

The scenes and incidents attendant upon a college election are interesting to the observer. The circumstances differ in the different colleges but in the main they are the same. For weeks prior to an election the various candidates and their adherents may be seen "buttonholing" Freshmen and expounding at length the various issues of the campaign. For weeks vigilant committees visit the men in their rooms and waste the precious hours of study; no sooner is one delegation gone until another files into the room and the poor, dazed and bewildered Freshman goes to bed with his head in a whirl and a vision of "flunks" on the morrow. But all in all, the fever of excitement and the tension of factional lines sharply drawn, together with the prevalent good spirit and fellowship and the uniform fairness of the methods employed, recommend rather than condemn politics in college. N. E. H. '05.

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THE PLACE OF THE Y. M. C. A. IN COLLEGE.

AN article on the position of the Y. M. C. A. in college naturally calls for more or less criticism and I wish to be understood at the outset that in so far as attention is called to what I believe to be faults or merits either in the Y. M. C. A. or with the students outside of the association, it will be done with the hope of improvement. There are already too many forces pulling in the same direction as gravity and too few helping us upward towards a truer, purer manhood.

Man is so fashioned and the laws governing the sphere in which he lives and moves are so well known that it is unnecessary to state that a person can not live without food nor develop without exercise. And yet while we accept this fact regarding mental and physical life and development, we some times fail to see the application of the law to our spiritual life and progress.

Our college was founded primarily, for the development of the mental faculties of its students; but in the broader sense, education means more than the work of the class room. Mental power to be most effective must be accompanied with a strong, vigorous body and as a consequence our athletics have grown up. But if I mistake not, the purpose of education is neither to develop the mind for its own sake, nor to invigorate the body for the sake of physical strength; but the two are trained so that by having both, we may be the more men. And it is for this ultimate purpose in education that the Y. M. C. A. stands. Its motto: "Body, mind and spirit" expresses the object. The three are inseparable and should be developed, enriched and unified in a perfected manhood.

The question then arises, does the association meet the demands made upon it? If it does, reason would seem to dictate that there should be more members. If it is inefficient something is wrong and its defects should be remedied. Extreme opinions are heard on both sides but we can concern ourselves only with the more moderate positions. Every representative Y. M. C. A. member recognizes many imperfections and all honest students acknowledge some of its benefits, not the least of which is the assistance rendered incoming Freshmen and the yearly lecture course. But still my eyes are not closed to the actions nor my ears deaf to the accusations of some in college who look upon the members of the organization as weak men. But I think a little observation will prove this to be an extreme view. For example we frequently hear our foot-ball team criticised, and I believe, unjustly. The backs don't get off on the plays quick enough; the line is weak; the ends don't tackle the runner for a loss often enough. Now this kind of talk means that the critic has forgotten that these men are the best in our school for their respective places and is comparing them with better players in the institutions; or it implies that the censor would be a better player than some of the men on the team. The first instance is simply lack of foresight—an error we are all too prone to make; but if the latter be true it evinces a neglect of duty on the part of the critic. The same rule holds good in the Y. M. C. A. Coach Hoskins can pick men for the 'varsity from none except those who report for practice. The Y. M. C. A. can not pick men to carry on the work of the association outside of those who affiliate themselves with the organization. If a person condemns the members of the Y. M. C. A. he must either place a higher moral standard for men than we have reached at Bucknell, or he must start with the assumption that he is better fitted for the duties of that organization than those now undertaking the task. There is error here also in the first instance, because we can build a Y. M. C. A. of the men now in college and from no other. And in the latter case such a person is withholding from the association the very thing that it needs to make it what it ought to be.

Under the present state of affairs, then, we must conclude, that the men carrying on the Y. M. C. A. work are those of our number best fitted to do so just as truly as the members of our football team are the best fitted for their respective positions. When better players than those now defending the Orange and Blue enter the practice they will be placed on the team; and when stronger men than those now doing Y. M. C. A. work enter the ranks our organization will be stronger.

If education consists in more than class room work and athletics, it also includes more than Y. M. C. A. work. And we might inquire if Christian work here interferes with our other duties. If a person withdraws his interest in, and support to athletics, celebrations or anything else that goes to make up true college life it is by no means the fault of the Y. M. C. A., but quite antagonistic to the aim of the association. Such an attitude manifests a narrowness on the part of the individual regardless of the organization to which he belongs. The purpose of our Christian organization is to hold up an ideal. That ideal is character. And character never unfits a man for duty, whether it is in the class room, or the athletic field or anywhere else.

It might not be out of place here to look for a moment at our ideal. Why are some men counted great? Not because of a masterly intellect nor because of wealth or social position simply, but because they possess character. Different men have manifested character in different forms. Decision was the dominating element in the character of Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon. At a crisis in the life of the great Roman he plunged into the Rubicon and the history of Europe was changed. Martin Luther reformed Christendom because he decided to do it. Napoleon failed at last because his power of decision had failed. Oscilate between opinions, fail to decide and we ourselves are failures.

Strength of character is not a gift as some imagine and consequently put forth no effort to attain it, but it is a growth. Every decision adds new strength to the one who decides. Who is more worthy of plaudits than the one who dares to do his duty however lowly it may be. It takes no energy to drift. A log can do that, but it takes courage to be a man.

But since we are at liberty to decide wrongly and pervert our strength, it is necessary that we have a moral balance wheel and nothing is more certain to keep us pursuing, steadily, the right course than purity of character. We all remember the incident in General Grant's tent during the civil war when a young officer entered to relate a new story and said, "I hope there are no ladies present?" To which Grant replied, "There are no ladies; but there are gentlemen here!" We may count that great General a weak man but the confederates held a different opinion. We expect our sisters and sweethearts to be pure and clean and count it no more than their duty. Do we owe them less?

This is an age asking for authority and it is well that we accept only that which is trustworthy and ask others to accept no more from us. But if we wish to be recognized as an authority the vast library of the science in which we wish to excell and the brains of a great man are indispensable, but they are out of reach of most of us. A nation produces but one John Marshall in a generation. But, "Authority of character," says Dr. Hulley, "is the greatest of all authority," and this is within the reach of all.

A character such as I have tried to show in this rough outline is what I understand to be the aim of the Y. M. C. A. Its purpose is not to create an isolated body in our student community, but to bring this ideal to be the ideal of all. And in order to secure the desired end the association needs the cooperation of every student who believes college life an opportunity to improve all his powers. F. L. M. '05.

* * *

ALUMNI.

The families of Dr. Harris and Mr. D. B. Miller have the heartfelt sympathy of their many friends in their recent great losses. Mrs. Harriet T. Bailey, Mrs. Harris' mother, passed away at the home of Dr. Harris on Oct. 29. Mrs. Miller lost her life in a railroad wreck in Missouri on Oct. 30, while on her way to visit her son in New Mexico. Mrs. Miller was a member of the Institute class of '61.

C. W. Allen, '92, is located in Rock, Mass.

G. C. Horter, ex-94, once a 'varsity full-back, is now a preacher at Wilkensburg, Penna.

Rev. S. R. Wood, '96, is at Carlsbad, New Mexico.

The present address of Rev. Chas. Firth, '96, is Luverne, Minn.

Rev. F. H. Hollinshead, '97, is practicing in Stillwater, N. Y.

Rev. E. C. Kunkle, '97, has changed pastorates from Kenosla, Ill., to Scottdale, Pa.

Hiram Purdy, '98, left the engineering department of the P. Ry. to become a member of a burial supply company of Sunbury, Pa.

Rev. John A. Cutler, '99, is located at Raton, New Mexico, to which place he went in search of health.

R. F. Koons, M. D., '99, is practicing medicine in El Reno, Okla.

S. G. Williams, ex-'99, is teaching in the Seminary at Greensburg, Pa.

T. M. Shorkley, M. D., 1900, is practicing at Camden, Me., having taken the practice of Dr. Geo. Shorkley, '92, who is with the Ziegler Polar Expedition.

Rev. Thos. H. Sprague, '01, and Miss Jessie Barton Lovell were married at Philadelphia, Nov. 10.

Rev. J. H. Haslam, '01, has recently organized a Bible Institute in Philadelphia in which H. K. Williams, '03, is an instructor.

Miss Minnie G. Eckels, '01, who has been preceptress at Edinboro for three years enters the Univ. of Penn. this fall, to pursue a course in English.

G. L. Freudenberger, '01, is the proprietor of a successful shirt factory at Tamaqua, Pa.

T. P. Kyle, '02, is Principal of Benedict College, Columbia, S. C. He was married recently to Miss Mary Edna Thatcher, Class of 1902.

J. Robt. Hayes, '04, is teaching chemistry at Perkiomen Seminary this fall.

Thomas J. Morris has charge of the Latin Department of the Shattuck Military School, Faribault, Minn.

SOCIAL.

On November 5, Mrs. Thomas A. Edwards held a reception in the Institute parlors for the new members of the faculty, Miss Bush, Miss Blackmer, Mrs. Carleton and Miss Metcalf. Over three hundred guests were present, which number included the alumni, friends of the school and the college and the seminary girls.

Refreshments were served in the school-room which had been decorated for the occasion. During the entire afternoon, music was furnished by some of the girls.

The first At Home of the year was held November 7, from four until six in the Institute parlors. The number of guests was smaller than usual on account of many of the college men having gone home to vote, and the Sophomores having issued a decree against the Freshmen coming to the Sem. When the time for the next At Home arrives, the Freshmen, will, no doubt, have an opportunity to see what the Seminary really is like inside.

The Pi Phi girls entertained the girls of the Institute in the Institute parlors on the evening of Oct. 21st. The evening was spent in playing progressive violets, and singing. The most successful players were Miss Hastings and Miss Bates, who were awarded a bunch of violets. Refreshments were served, after several solos were sung.

On Friday evening, October 28, the Beta Delta Pi girls entertained their friends in the Institute. The early part of the evening was spent in a guessing contest. Miss Elsie Seiler, the most successful guesser, was awarded a hat pin. Refreshments, in which Beta Delta Pi colors, green and pink, prevailed, were served, after which the girls spent the rest of the evening dancing in the school room.

On the same evening, October 28, the S. G. C's entertained their friends and patronesses in the seminary gymnasium, which was decorated in yellow and white, the colors of S. G. C. This color scheme was carried out in everything, even in the prize which was yellow and white roses. This prize was won by the girl who was most successful in the magazine-guessing contest. Another feature of the evening was a peanut hunt, after which refreshments were served.

The Hallow ee'n party which was given in the gymnasium, on the evening of the thirty-first was a great success. All sorts of characters, from Japs, who were most numerous, to a wild girl from Borneo. All these wierd costumes with the still wierder faces of the Jack o' lanterns, made quite a picture. All sorts of Hallow e'en tricks and games were tried; cider, doughnuts, apples and peanuts were eaten, until ten o'clock came, when the party ended with a grand march and all went home or to some other party which lasted until Hallow e'en was gone.

On Friday evening, Oct. 14th, the Delta Delta Delta fraternity entertained its patronesses and the new college girls in the Institute parlors. The evening was passed pleasantly with a game called the "Hidden Faculty" in which Miss Ruth Jones, of Milton, showing herself best acquainted with our faculty received the prize. After music and the serving of refreshments the guests departed with most pleasant memories of the occasion.

Tuesday evening, Oct. 25th, the Alpha Phi Chapter of Kappa Sigma held a dance in the Lewisburg Armory. The patronesses were Mrs. William Forster, Mrs. A. A. Leiser, Mrs. A. R. Trexler, Mrs. Thomas C. Thornton and Mrs. Robert Halfpenny. The other fraternities of Bucknell were well represented.

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XXIV Lewisburg, Pa., December, 1904 No 3

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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Terms :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, The Mirror will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

☞Communications solicited from all students and friends of the University. Address Bucknell Mirror, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

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MATRICULATION ADDRESS.

PROFESSOR LLEWELLYN PHILLIPS.

A YOUTH who has drifted into college or one who has been sent to college or one who has come of his own choice, absorbed in routine and details, can not see the real value of his work. But a graduate, who sees his college humdrum in its perspective, knows that in no manner can he get away from the haunting presence of his old teachers and of his fellow students. This abiding association makes us feel that college is more than mere routine, that it stands for that unique combination of qualities called character.

"Open-mindedness," surely a part of a well-rounded character, a modern college cultivates by its spirit in and out of the class-room. The language professors, as they did three or four generations ago urge a student to make a perfect union of thought and word, and to have proper words in proper places. Besides the professors of mathematical, physical, and natural sciences, unlike their predecessors, require that a student verify the laws of science, that he accept no dictum in preference to the result of his own experiment and observation, that he be always ready to revise this result, that he rest not until he sees things just as they are. This openness in mind must make openness in disposition.

Whatever the work in the class-room may accomplish, neither students nor teachers can ignore the other side of college life described by Cardinal Newman in these words: "When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn one from another even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting day by day." Toward these conversations, ideas and principles we should always take the attitude which Socrates expressed to Crito in these words: "The principles which I have honored and revered I still honor and revere, and unless we can find other and better principles, I am certain not to agree with you."

The college has received this spirit of "open-mindedness" from science, and to science the college also owes the principle, life is a unit. Modern thought as represented in the studies of the college is based on this principle. Science, history, philosophy, and even literature, as studied and understood to-day, are guided by the conception of the unity of life as it was set forth by Charles Darwin. Mr. Darwin's reign in the realm of thought was established by the enthronement of this principle in his life. At one time he was speaking with some friends about scenes that had moved him. Soon after he had said that he had felt most of the sublime on the top of Cordillera, he retired for the night. Late in the night he returned to the room where the friends were still talking. Entering the room he said: "I was wrong in telling you that I felt most of the sublime on the top of Cordillera. I am quite sure that I felt it even more when in the forests of Brazil. I thought it best to come and tell you this at once in case I should be putting you in the wrong." He knew that truth in thought exists by truth in word, that truth in word exists by truth in act, that truth in one thing is conditioned on truth in all things.

Then what a mistake we make when we use the words: double standard, business honesty, college honor; just as if there were a standard for woman and a standard for man, just as if a man could be honest at home and dupe his neighbor under the guise of legality, just as if a college student can wink at evil in his own crowd or clique and not do wrong in all his relations. As in a game often a weak team wins from a strong one because the weak team sticks to its training, while one or two or all of the strong team break training the night before the game, so often a student with limited advantages does more good than a student with many advantages because the man with many advantages under the excuse, "nobody will know it" temporarily indulges in wrong, while the fellow with limited advantages, on the street and in the class-room, among his fellows and in his secret chamber, always stands four square.

A student, no matter what he intends to do after he leaves college, should have a sufficient knowledge of science to feel the spirit of "open-minded-ness" and to recognize the principle of the unity of life. But he should also get a sense of the communism of life, of the brotherhood of man, from the liberal studies; history, literature, philosophy, and even mathematics. These studies "express what is common to the race of men." The axioms of mathematics are the signals without which we can have in life no team work. History is a manifestation of the common life beneath all human life Literature is such an exaltation and transfiguration of the common life that we all say truly and thoughtfully, that which is common to us all is good. An illustration will show what is meant by the communism of life. A few years ago a father sent his son to a New England college. When the boy came home, he remarked that a young man from his own neighborhood was one of the best and most popular fellows in the college. His father asked: "How do you account for it? Is it his money?" "No." "Is it his social position?" "No." "Is it his scholarship?" "No." At last the boy answered: "He is a man, a gentleman." He had money, social position, and scholarship, but these made him not a snob, but a gentleman. His advantages and acquirements awakened in him a sense of fellowship, awakened the democratic spirit, the true spirit of an American college.

This democratic spirit, fostered by letters and learning, when they are rightly understood, is the true college spirit of our Institution. Here to use Lowell's words, "We weigh a man without throwing in the bones of his ancestors." Here we regard the man and not the clique to which he belongs. Here we do not ask, where he comes from, but what is in him. Let us base our friendships and societies on realities, on the man, and then we shall not have a sad experience that often comes after school days, the breaking up of friendships and their disappointments.

To begin the infinite work of building character by getting through study and learning, an open mind, a sense of the essential unity of life, a sense of fellowship, is to attain unto culture, which is, in Matthew Arnold's words, "knowing ourselves and the world by knowing the best which has been thought and said in the world." Behind all plans, ambitions and desires lies this knowledge of self and the world which gives stability to character. To an Indian guide who had lost the trail a white man said: "Johnny, you're lost." "No" replied the Indian, "trail lost, Indian here." So the man who knows himself and the world, may not see his path, may have his plans, his work, his calling, suddenly taken from him, but he can always say, "Plan lost, I am here."

COLLEGE SPIRIT! What is it? Which of the four classes gave an example of true college spirit on the occasion of the Sophomore–Freshman foot-ball game? Carefully consider the Sophomores' attitude before you decide.

SKATING It is opportune in this issue to discuss some feasible method of popularizing mid-winter sports. Much interest is manifested each year in skating. The gymnasium classes during the second term show a marked decrease in attendance, owing to the large number of students who prefer this healthful, exhilarating out-door sport. Deep snows, however, often cover the clear, smooth ice on Buffalo Creek and the river for weeks at a time during the skating season. Owing to the lack of concerted effort on the part of townspeople and students, the snow is allowed to remain on the ice.

It has been proposed by ardent lovers of skating to bring the matter formally before the athletic committee of the University. Such procedure would doubtless meet with approval but we beg to suggest a more direct, if not more effective way. Let each student contribute the insignificent sum of ten cents, which will furnish a working fund of seventy-five dollars. A committee appointed for the purpose will then be enabled to employ the services of men who will remove the snow on the river after each snow fall. This proposal should meet with approval. We hope that definite action will be taken at the opening of the second term.

FACULTY PRODUCTIONS We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the proceedings of the Wyoming Commemorative Association containing the address of Dr. George G. Groff delivered on

July 4, 1904. The address shows most careful and exhaustive research on the part of its author, and is a production of which Bucknell may well be proud. We also notice with pleasure the work of Prof. Nelson F. Davis on "Chestnut Culture in Pennsylvania," the result of a request made by the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. The careful treatment and numerous illustrations make this a valuable contribution to practical literature.

VACATION

The falling snow, the fast whitening world all about, the younger boys and girls with their sleds, the older ones with their skates, all remind me that winter is here, and vacation, only a little way off. The thought comes, "How shall I spend my vacation?" I remember that there is a certain old truth, too often forgotten, something like this: The student is not made for vacation, but vacation for the student. In the light of this truth I decide that, to work, unless absolutely necessary, is a big mistake, and to spend my vacation in visiting and society "doings" is worse. No, the best way to pass the few short days of the holiday time is at home with loved ones and kind friends, in quiet joys, and helpful rest. The blessed Yule tide thus spent, will be blessed indeed, a season of refreshing from which one will return to his college duties with renewed interest and increased determination.

FOR THE NEW YORK SUN.

PRETTY little Mrs. Carpenter followed her husband out into the hall, and the frown that drew together her brows betokened a much-perturbed mind.

"Richard," she began, hesitatingly, "I've something to tell you, and I don't know just where to begin. You see—" she stopped and bit her lip.

Mr. Carpenter, his overcoat on and his gloves in hand, sat down on the arm of the hat rack and drew her down in the seat beside him.

"Out with it, Madge," he said lightly. "Cook delinquent? Dressmaker's bill? Mission furniture for the hall?"

His wife settled herself cosily in the narrow seat, and the frown relaxed somewhat.

"No, its this," she said. "You know Anna sent me from Rome that old bronze lamp that caused so much international excitement a few months ago. Some French diplomat wanted it, and Anna's husband—he's in the government service at Rome—got it, and the papers were full of the affair. Well, Anna grew so tired of hearing it all discussed and of seeing the lamp around that she sent it to me, asking me to keep it until her brother Donald comes for it. I haven't seen him for years, but yesterday I had a telegram saying he'd landed and would call to-day. He's engaged to Kitty Kennedy, and of course he went there first. But this is the trouble. Somehow the papers have found out that the lamp is here, and all day yesterday—I didn't tell you last night, for you seemed so worried over that endless Watt-Davis case—all day yesterday the house was besieged by reporters. I saw the first one—after that I wasn't at home—but their cards are all on the table, and I was actually afraid to go out of the house for fear some note-book and pencil would arise and demand sight of that bothersome old lamp. What did Anna send it to me for, anyway? *I* don't go into artistic spasms of joy every time I see a rickety superannuated chair or a faded bit of tapestry bearing the classic outlines of a consumptive-looking girl holding aloft three stiff lilies. Anna does. She nearly died of grief when she missed the Anthony sale of William the Conqueror hangings."

Mrs. Carpenter paused for breath. Her husband grinned unsympathetically. His devotion to his wife was measured only by his pride in her, yet he did not seem unduly alarmed over the tale of woe compounded of lamp and reporters.

"Where did you put the thing?" he asked.

"In the cabinet, at the head of the stairs. Oh, it's safe enough. But Anna's had so much trouble over it that I want to save her all I can; and Don will be equal to a legion of reporters. He's such a nice boy—only twenty-two," and Mrs. Carpenter, from the advanced age of twenty-four, endeavored to look matronly, "and he has *such* good prospects, and Kitty's a dear, and—"

But her husband, who had been casting furtive glances at the accusing face of the hall clock, cut her short in a manner peculiar to young benedicts. She stood looking at the front door several minutes after it had closed behind his broad-shouldered figure. Then she glanced in the hat-rack mirror and straightened her hair, with a reminiscent smile.

No reporters appeared that morning. And it was growing toward twilight when the maid came into the drawing-room and spoke somewhat nervously.

"There's a young man in the hall, Mrs. Carpenter. He won't give any name, and says he must see you. He—"

She gasped and drew back as a big young fellow pushed past her into the dimly-lighted, rose-scented room.

"Mrs. Carpenter, I believe?"

That lady, after one astonished look, ran to him with both hands outstretched.

"O Don, you rascal!" she cried gladly. "You gave me such a surprise! But I might have known it was you. Come over here to the davenport and sit down. How you've changed! If it hadn't been for your eyes I'd never have known you. But you've got Anna's eyes. How is she? That wretched lamp has been worrying her into an early grave. But its safe—and not a single reporter has had a peep at it. And how is Kitty? Of course you saw her yesterday. But there," she stopped contritely, I haven't even given you a chance to say you're glad to see me. I never did have any tact. So just answer my questions one at a time. How is Anna?"

The young man had obediently followed her over to the davenport, and now was watching her with a very curious expression on his face. He was good to look at, clean and big, with lines around a mouth that needed only a shade more of firmness to make it dogged. He looked around the room—at the furnishings expressing an individuality at once genial and aesthetic—at the long-stemmed pink roses in slim quaint vases—at the pictures, few and good—and then, lastly, at the woman who sat on the davenport with him. When he spoke, it was with a deliberate slowness that seemed more the effect of his surroundings than a direct outgrowth of his own personality. Obviously he was trying to adjust his temperament to environment.

"I left her very well."

"You *left* her? But I thought you were at Nice, and surely she wasn't there. Nothing would tear her from her beloved Rome at this season of the year." Mrs. Carpenter looked up inquiringly.

"I had intended to say that she was well when I last heard from her. Yes, I have just come from Nice.

From Nice,” he repeated, as if to emphasize his statement. “And as for the lamp——”

“Oh, tell me about Kitty first. Is she just the same as ever?”

The man straightened up suddenly. The adjustment was complete, and the quick smile he threw Mrs. Carpenter was dazzling in its brilliancy. All the lines faded from his mouth; for the moment he looked utterly care-free and buoyant. There was something almost primeval in this swift expression of responsive feeling, and Mrs. Carpenter felt suddenly thrilled.

“Kitty?” His voice was deep and vibrant. “Oh yes, she's always the same and always new. The same dark hair, the same brown eyes, the same—”

“Donald Wilson, are you *crazy*?” Mrs. Carpenter sat bolt upright and stared, her gray eyes growing wider and wider. “Kitty Kennedy's hair is as yellow as your own, and her eyes—well, no one but a color-blind person would call them anything but blue. Everyone thought it so strange that two people so alike in coloring should love each other. That old bronze lamp has worried you as much as it has Anna. Kitty's hair is *yellow*.”

“Of course,” the young man's laugh was infectious, and Mrs. Carpenter felt herself smiling before she realized it. “But confess. You expected a rhapsody on Kitty's sunbeam hair and violet eyes—and the charm of the unexpected is, generally, only that it *is* unexpected. Therefore, my dear Mrs. Carpenter, Kitty's hair is dark, and her eyes brown. ‘Not but what they might be blue in some lichts,’” he added, quoting mischievously.

“I fail to see the charm you mention,” declared Mrs. Carpenter, rising and going toward the stairs, “and I'll get that lamp at once. Also, if you don't talk like a rational being I'll—I'll throw it down and break it.”

As she mounted the stairs she meditated “Don is certainly nicer than ever. He has the best smile.”

When she returned she carried an odd little lamp, such as are used to guide tourists through the Catacombs. It was flat and oval, with one hole for the oil and another for the wick. The man turned it over in his hands for some time, examining with care the curious carving.

“Thank you,” he said finally. “So this is the lamp.”

He was still looking at it, and Mrs. Carpenter was showing him the inscription that ran around the edge, when the maid appeared with a card. With a murmured apology Mrs. Carpenter took it. Then she uttered a cry.

“Why--”

Turning quickly to the maid.

“Tell the gentleman I will be disengaged in a few moments,” she said. Then she turned to the man, who still held the lamp in his hand.

“Perhaps,” she said, and her voice was very cold and distant. “You may be able to explain this.”

The young man took the card, and read it. Then he laughed—a short, bitter laugh that carried no mirth.

“‘Mr. Donald Wilson,’” he said. “Ah, well, I might have known. Allow me.”

He put the lamp on a table nearby and held out his own card. Mrs. Carpenter read aloud the few words on the bit of white pasteboard.

“Mr. Charles G. Hoyt,”
“New York Sun”

For a moment they faced each other. The room was very quiet. The clock struck the half-hour, and the perfume of the roses seemed to grow heavier. Then the man spoke. There was no accent of self-justification in his tone, rather a mere statement of fact. And he did not take his eyes from Mrs. Carpenter's face.

“When I came here,” he said evenly, “I was honored, for this is my first week in the business, and the Head sent me out ‘to prove my mettle,” he said. “And I vowed I would see that lamp. You made it so easy, so easy! I did not send in a card, so as to forestall any chance of a rebuff, and when you called me 'Don' I knew that it was a case of mistaken identity. And then when I saw the lamp--oh, the whole thing shaped itself! This means so much to me—more than you can understand. But now—''

He stopped. Again there was silence. When he continued, it was in a detached, impersonal sort of way that gave one the impression that he was speaking of a third person.

''I don't ask you to believe it, of course, but I think, even if the real Mr. Wilson had not appeared, I would have told you the truth before I left. You cannot appreciate that, I know—especially since I have seen the lamp. I can make the statement that this interview will not appear in the ''Sun,'' and the ''Sun'' itself will be the only proof that I have kept my word. Also, while I was waiting in the hall I took some notes of your house-furnishings. They are here.''

He took a note-book from his pocket, tore out a few leaves, and handed them to the woman who stood before him. Then he laughed again—this time a trifle wearily.

''They sent me out to prove my mettle,'' he said. ''I guess I've proved it.''

Mrs. Carpenter took the sheets from the note-book. Then she turned and called.

''Don, Don! Come in here!'' Her voice rang clear and high. The reporter flushed a dull red.

''I deserve it,'' he said quietly.

The curtains parted and a tall, fair-haired young man entered, stopping short at sight of the stranger. There was really a slight similarity between the two—and seen in the dim light they did not look unlike.

Mrs. Carpenter turned to the new-comer.

''I'm glad to see you, Don. And I want you to meet—"she glanced at the card on the table—"Mr. Hoyt. I've just been showing him Anna's lamp."

Then, as the man gravely shook hands, she went on.

"I'm sorry you must go, Mr. Hoyt. I shall look to-morrow for that article you spoke of in the "Sun." And here," she held out the detached leaves from the note-book, "are the—the documents you asked for. You won't forget the article? Good afternoon."

She smiled brightly as she bowed her farewell. The reporter, suddenly comprehending, took the proffered hand, and then, with face quite white and the old lines around his mouth, left the room. Mrs. Carpenter gazed meditatively after him.

"This afternoon, Don," she said impressively, "I have sacrificed some principle, much dignity, and also, I fear, a portion of Anna's peace of mind. And now—how is Anna?" B. A. BANE, '04.

"GOD OF THE OPEN AIR."

The *Century* for October contains a recent production from the pen of Henry VanDyke entitled "God of the Open Air," the conclusion of which is given below:

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of woods and comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,—
And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth.

So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owning them by love;
And when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely, but must part
From the green fields and from the waters clear,
Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright and dear:
But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light;
And while I clasp a well-beloved hand,
Let me once more have sight
Of the deep sky and the far smiling land,—
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breathe my body back to Nature's care,
My spirit out to thee, God of the open air.

BEFORE.

There are meters of accent and meters of tone,
But the best of all meters is to meet her alone.

AFTER.

There are letters of accent and letters of tone,
But the best of all letters is to let her alone.—Ex.

SOME ASPECTS OF ANTHRACITE MINING.

THE novelty of a mining country, its characteristic surroundings, affording unique sights and excellent opportunities for studying natural phenomena, the character of the people and the interesting social conditions involved, all appeal strongly to the stranger unacquainted with mining life. The anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania is the greatest in the world. No part of the state possesses more interest for the student and repays him more richly for the time spent in its study. Mahanoy Valley from Broad Mountain—what a magnificent view it is! Amid precipitous depths, mountains of coal and rugged landscape, dotted here and there with columns of smoke and steam until it fades away in the distance, lies before you the most wonderful anthracite region in the world. Far down in the valley below can be heard and seen the hum and bustle of mining towns. The puffing of engines, the hissing of steam, the rumble of trains as they thread a perfect system of railroads can be distinctly heard, while "in the distance on every slope may be seen the omni-present, ever-smoking collieries."

The average student has a multitude of preconceived ideas gleaned from newspaper accounts of riots and strikes which are discarded at once when he studies the mining problem at first hand. He has been too prone to exaggerate the reported hardships of the mining classes, the apparent inconsistencies of the wage scale and above all, the imperious attitude of the mine owners toward the mining classes. It is true that gross irregularities have existed in the past but the present equitable balance maintained between capital and labor, insured by the latent yet menacing power of the unions, and the tendency of the mine owners and the employees to submit all disputes in the future to boards of arbitration, tend to change the whole aspect of the mining problem. The recent strike in the anthracite coal field has benefited the mining classes directly and adjusted any irregularities which demanded immediate reform.

The average wage of the average miner compares very favorably with the average earnings of the men in the trades and crafts where union labor is employed. The miners are not a poverty stricken class; on the contrary, the average miner can easily earn one hundred dollars a month and many exceed that amount. Nor, are the miners, comparatively speaking, an ignorant class. The English speaking miner is intelligent, industrious and law-abiding and represents the best society in his community where honest labor and industry are respected and rewarded. The foreign element presents the only dark side of the picture, still conditions are far more hopeful than they seem at first sight. The mining companies are rapidly abandoning the old time system of "company houses" by which many families were crowded, tenement fashion, under one roof. More substantial dwellings with modern comforts are erected for the men and more attention paid to their sanitary welfare. Besides, these children receive superior educational facilities and are surrounded with helpful influences which tend to make them good citizens and efficient workmen.

The casual observer, however, is more interested in mining life as he sees it than in the study of well wrought social theories which find expression in the evolution of the mining classes. He is more interested on the other hand, in the people themselves. At any time in the day one may see men returning from the mines, with their faces blackened, their mining lamps upon their hats and oil cans strapped upon their backs containing an ever-ready supply for use and emergency for their lamps must be trimmed and burning. Death may overtake them at any hour, deadly sulphurous gases overcome them or drift filling the shaft make them prisoners beyond hope of escape. Mining life thus has its sad phase. There are doubtless few homes that have not been visited with death—a sturdy son or loving father, the bread-winner of the family, fallen in some mine disaster. Yet perhaps we are not warranted in thus noting the mortality of mining life; on the whole, statistics show that fatalities occur with as great frequency in railroading and other branches of labor where there is a corresponding element of danger. The introduction of signal and safety appliances and the enforced system of mine inspection minimize the likelihood of accident.

N. E. H., '05.

A PICTURE: SKIPPING SCHOOL.

Painter, now take up thy brush.
Paint a picture. Paint it thus:
Bright sun. Balmy air.
Nervy boy. Maiden fair.
Here a touch of winsome smiles.
There a dash of artful wiles.
For a background, visions bright
Of the river to the right;
Of the boating on the stream;
Of the floating like a dream;
Visions causing her to sigh;
Visions causing him to cry:
"Let us take a row."
Fill it in with expectation
Blurred a bit with hesitation.
Add a dab of recklessness,—
Just a little; no excess.
Next acceptance, realization.
Followed both by exultation.
For a finish, paint the pleasure
That they reap in bounteous measure;
Jolly folly, lazy joy,
Pleasure pure without alloy.

E. H. '07.

TARRYTOWN-ON-THE-HUDSON.

A FEW months ago I had the privilege of visiting Tarrytown-on-the Hudson, famous for its historical and literary associations, its beautiful scenery and its magnificent residences. Situated twenty-five miles north of New York City, it is easily reached by trolley or by the New York Central Railroad. Each method has its advantages, the former taking you through the most picturesque section of Westchester County, the "neutral ground" of the Revolution and through White Plains where on October 28, 1776, a stubborn but indecisive battle was fought between the armies of General Washington and General Howe; but the trip by railroad is more rapid and takes you along the banks of the beautiful Hudson across which rise the famous Palisades, more beautiful and majestic than ever pictured or described, though now crumbled in places through the agency of a destructive quarry.

Having arrived at the station the visitor is accosted by half a dozen hack drivers offering to take you to the places of interest. But in Tarrytown one's interest is centered above all things in the home and haunts of Washington Irving, whom Thackeray graciously called "the first Ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old."

A ten minutes drive takes you right into the heart of the Sleepy Hollow country and your mind instinctively reverts to the scenes and times described in the Legend. Though time has wrought many changes in the appearance of this "by-place of nature" in which Ichabod Crane once ruled as preceptor, still "a drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land and to pervade the very atmosphere." Going down the Broadway road instead of seeing the "great tree where the unfortunate Major Andre was taken" you see a tapering monument of dolornite crowned by a bronze figure of John C.

Paulding, one of Andre's captors. It was near this tree that Ichabod Crane, returning from the "quilting frolic" at Mynheer Van Tassel's in "the very witching time of night" discovered to his horror that he was being followed by the Galloping Hessian, "gigantic in height, muffled in a cloak and headless." A quarter of a mile further on the road crosses Pocantico Creek when Ichabod, turning "saw the goblin rising in the stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him." On a little knoll just beyond the bridge stands the famous old Dutch church in which on Sundays the school-master's "voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation." The church is constructed of gneiss and granite and has a seating capacity of about two hundred; the pulpit is quaint and high; and above the front door is a marble tablet on which is inscribed "Erected and Built by Frederick Philips and Catherine Van Cortlandt, his wife in 1699." In the belfry hangs a small, odd bell cast in Amsterdam in 1685. Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where the Headless Horseman "tethered his horse nightly among the graves" lies to the north of the church. It is an ideal location for a cemetery, the land on the eastern side falling precipitately to the Pocantico and then rising abruptly to Tarrytown Heights; toward the west glimpses of the Hudson may be caught through the trees. One portion of the cemetery is called Battle Hill from the fact that during the Revolution the Continental army had a redoubt there to command the Albany post road. Underneath Battle Hill, toward the church is a square lot surrounded by a box hedge. It is the Irving family lot, in the midst of which Washington Irving is buried. His plain tombstone bears the simple inscription,

WASHINGTON IRVING
BORN
APRIL 3, 1783,
DIED
NOVEMBER 28, 1859.

Nearer the church is the grave of General Adam Badean, who served on the staff of General Sherman and was Military Secretary to General Grant.

Across the road from the church and near the mouth of the creek stands the old Philipse Manor house and mill, built about two hundred and twenty years ago. Both are built of oak and the house is still in a good state of preservation though the mill is badly decayed and the roof fallen in. The old mill pond about which on Sundays Ichabod was wont to saunter "with a whole bevy" of "country damsels, while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back" is now dry. This old colonial country seat, once the center of the social life of the colony, though now neglected and deserted, has an air about it which tells of its former glories. The estate was forfeited to the colonies during the Revolution because the Philipses were Tories.

Returning through Tarrytown, passing Andre's Monument and Christ Episcopal Church, of which Irving was a warden and from which he was buried, the visitor passes some of the most magnificent and costly residences in America. Immense lawns and beautiful flower beds have replaced the "fat meadow lands," "the great fields of Indian corn holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding" and "the fragrant buckwheat fields breathing the odor of the bee hive." Helen Gould, William H. and John D. Rockefeller, Charles L. Tiffany, Edwin and George Gould, John Brisben Walker, the owner of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of the Review of Reviews, all have residences within a few miles of here.

After driving out the Broadway road for several miles, we turn into a lane, which leads us to Sunnyside, Irving's home. The house has been described as a "little, old fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable-ends." It was an old Dutch country seat, situated on a bluff above the Hudson, of which it commands a splendid view. It was once the home of Herr Van Tassel, the father of Katrina, "the country coquette, beset with a labrynth of whims and caprices" who spurned the hand of the unfortunate school master for that "rantipole hero" Brom Bones. The house is now covered with ivy, grown from a slip that had been brought from Melrose Abbey. Over the small front porch is inscribed,

Erected
Anno 1650
Rebuilt By
Washington Irving
Anno 1835.

It is now owned and occupied by a grand nephew of the author who has made some repairs and changes without altering the quaint architecture. The library, which is open at times to visitors, is kept just as when Irving lived there.

Retracing your way through Tarrytown to the station, where a bronze tablet commemorating the action of Tarrytown Heights has been placed by the Sons of the Revolution, you feel that your half day has been well spent and that a few hours amid these historic surroundings has made you appreciate to a greater extent the efforts of those who have contributed so much to America's greatness and goodness.

W. G. M. Ex-'04.

COLLEGE SINGING.

AT some time or other in your college course you have been sitting in your room all alone some evening, completely disgusted with study and college in general. Perhaps you are sufficiently disgruntled to wish you were at home with “ma,” or even at work, instead of sitting here with that black, monotonous lesson always sapping your very last drop of pleasure. Thoroughly disgusted, you slap the book on the table and try to let Lady Nicotine smooth the wrinkles from your cerebellum with her seductive caresses. She often succeeds, but when you fail in this you are truly “up against it.”

About this time a door bangs out in the hall and some fellow comes shuffling along in slippers and singing—oh just anything—with a blissful abandon that makes you envious at once. Perhaps his voice is cracked and perhaps he misses a note now and then, but you cannot help admiring his careless happiness. He enters some other fellow's room away down the hall and you do not hear his manly voice any more.

After a while, however, you hear a quartette of voices at the end of the hall and the sweet little minor chords and melodies slip through your door and lead you from the room. You say, “No use,” and draw yourself stiffly from the mire of books in which you are stuck. Pulling on your slippers you tramp down the hall and hunt up the room where the “session” is going on.

You find four or five other worthless rascals like yourself there and a room filled with a medly of melodious loudness and violent puffs of sweet tobacco smoke. Of course the music has lost some of its sweetness at such close range, but did you ever see a fellow more blissfully unconscious of all worldly troubles than that big fellow dangling his legs from the table and singing riotously as he welcomes you in with a friendly nod? Just see the rest of the good fellows all enjoying the best cure for blues God ever gave to man. Why its enough to kill any wretched, abbreviated little "blue devil" to see and hear that fellow on the cozy corner as he bellows out great mouthfuls of smoke and song, gravely beating time with a smoking old corncob pipe. Perhaps you can't sing the song they're singing, but when they strike up "Bingo," or "There Were Three Crows Sat on a Tree," you instantly become one of the boys and are soon singing in your loudest voice.

And it is just this kind of songs which should be sung more at Bucknell, for these are the songs which a college man never forgets and which take him back to college days even if he hears them years after he has said farewell to old Alma Mater. If more of the boys had a good collection of college songs, more of these good old songs would be sung here, and also there would be more of that healthy spirit which makes the college man the friendliest and most good-natured fellow on earth.

R. W. H. '06.

Just such a collection of songs as suggested above has come to the editor's desk. "The Most Popular College Songs," Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York City—.50.

EDITOR.

HAPPENINGS.

Thanksgiving vacation is over now, and the Christmas recess is eagerly awaited.

To a great many students who live far from Bucknell, Thanksgiving vacation meant only a rest here in Lewisburg, but for the people in the Seminary, these holidays are by no means dull. Boxes galore arrived from the different girls' homes. These boxes were the cause of many midnight feasts.

On Wednesday evening a baby party was given in the Gym., where all girls appeared as children.

At noon Thursday, the Thanksgiving dinner was served. The dining-room, which ordinarily accommodates ninety people, was arranged with screens, so that, instead of being big and empty was comfortable for forty people. The tables, which were arranged in the form of the letter "H" were decorated with chrysanthemums and smilax, with an immense bowl of fruit in the centre of each table. After dinner the girls sang and told stories until late in the afternoon, when they all went for a walk on the campus.

In the evening Miss Bush gave a party, in the parlor for the girls. A programme, in which Miss Blackmer assisted, was carried out

On Friday evening the shades of the Sem-dwellers appeared in the Gym., where they told their experiences.

This year, as usual, the first skating ice of Buffalo Creek froze shortly after Thanksgiving. On Thursday, December 1st, the ice was about an inch thick, which was not thick enough as several people can very well say. Fortunately the water was low, and so there was no danger.

During the past month, two alumnae meetings have been held in the Seminary parlor. The first was on November 8th. The following programme was rendered: Duett, Misses Lawshe and Thornton; Holbein, Mrs. Weber Gearhart; Albert Durer, Mrs. C. A. Gundy; Angelica Kauffman, Miss Scott; Vocal Solo, Miss Halfpenny. The second meeting was held December 6.

On Monday, Dec. 12th, from 4 to 6 p. m. the College Y. M. C. A. held a reception in the Association rooms, in honor of the University foot-ball team. After refreshments were served, the remainder of the hour was spent in renewing old, and making new acquaintances.

ALUMNI NEWS.

Through the kindness of Rev. R. B. McDanel, we are able to give the following information concerning the class of 1888. Ten of the seventeen living members of the class are ministers. Their names and addresses are as follows: A. B. Bowser, Pittsburg; J. S. Braker, Waltham, Mass.; W. H. Clipman, Yearden, Pa.; G. W. Hatch, Edinboro, Pa.; J. W. Griffith, Buffalo, N. Y.; Dr. Lincoln Hulley, Deland, Fla. (Dr. Hulley is also president of Stetson University;) D. M. Jones, Treverton, Pa.; R. B. McDanel, Clarksburg, W. Va.; F. H. Senft, Philadelphia; and C. A. Soars, Philadelphia. W. V. Hayes is prominent in medical circles in New York City, and P. J. Pontius equally so in Philadelphia. H. M. Kelly is professor of biology in Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. J. D. Minick is president of Davenport College, Lenoir, N. C. O. K. Pellman, and J. Y. Schreyer, merchant, are located at Mifflinburg and Milton respectively; W. M. Woodward is a leading physician in McKeesport, Pa. From a different source, we learn that Rev. McDanel has built a new parsonage, paid over $3000.00 of debt, spent $1,000.00 on improvements, started two missions, added 254 new members, raised $1400.00 for all church expenses, and contributed over $400.00 for benevolence.

O. E. Abraham, Esq., '89, of New York City and U. Rose Schwaab were married at East Orange, N. J., Nov. 24. Mr. Abraham is a member of the New York bar and is associated with the law firm of Porter and Aaron, 52 Broadway, New York City.

R. F. Trainer, M. D. '96, of Williamsport, has been promoted from hospital steward to assistant surgeon of the Twelfth Regiment, N. G. P., with the rank of First Lieutenant.

Rev. A. Lincoln Moore, D. D., '91, has been elected president of the Baptist Ministers Conference of New York City. Dr. Moore is the successful pastor of the Riverside Baptist Church, Amsterdam Ave., & 92d St., New York. Two of the active members of this church are A. J. Hyatt, Esq., ex-'93, and F. W. Jackson, '95. The former, who is one of the ablest members of the New York bar. has just returned from London where he was engaged on a most important case. The latter, who was formerly U. S. Consul at Petras, Greece, is now the U. S. manager of the Greek Currant Company, with headquarters in New York City.

Miss Julia M. Reese, Ex-'07, is spending the winter in Paris, France.

EXCHANGES.

Imagine the shock that the MIRROR experienced when she read in the Lafayette *Touchstone* for October the following obituary of herself:

"After several feeble gasps for breath, the BUCKNELL MIRROR expires in its May number. Our sympathy, Bucknell; it was a good magazine while the literary side was alive. Bury it with Christian honors."

The fact of her decease was news to the MIRROR and she hopes during the present year to prove to the *Touchstone* that she is not only alive, but also thoroughly awake to all the interests of the University.

From north, south, east and west the Exchanges have come in, each magazine giving us a glimpse of the literary, athletic and social life of some wide-awake, flourishing college. To all the MIRROR extends her heartiest greetings.

In reading the Exchanges we find most of the essays uninteresting. While of course, there are exceptions to this statement, the majority savour too strongly of the class-room, and have a sort of "warmed-over" flavor when they appear in print.

Can any one trace the connection between foot-ball and poetry? Yet the gentle Muse and the rough but merry little God of the Gridiron have conspired to furnish many interesting college magazines for November. Side by side with reviews of the foot-ball season are verses to the *Passing of Summer*, and following brisk foot-ball stories are slumber-songs or love-lyrics. Whether or not there is any connection between these two apparently opposing elements, the effect is very pleasing. The *Phoenix* and the *Touchstone* contain good stories, the *Madisonesis* has a page devoted to poetry, while the *Red and Blue* and the *Mount Holyoke* combine the two. Just to prove that the spirit of poetry has not died out of our colleges, we quote from the *Red and Blue*:

INDIAN SUMMER.

It is a wraith of those dear summer days,
When all the woods were garbed in beauty rare;
When odorous breezes trickled through the air
In currents cool, and in the woodland ways
Fair windlings burgeoned through the long, sweet days,
When feathered poets from some leafy lair
Poured forth their souls in lyrics; now this bare,
Bare apparition draped in shining haze!
It is a wraith, and in a ghastly way,
Haze-draped, silent and pale it stalks along:
Dead are its wreaths and lost its jewels of song,
As it moves o'er the spent earth, winter-grey,
Late birds fly upward from the flowerless path
And insects murmur in the aftermath.

William Robert Murphy.

1905

Bucknell Mirror.

VOL. XXIV LEWISBURG, PA., JANUARY, 1905, NO 4.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

☞Communications solicited from all students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer 1, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

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EDITORIAL

Our readers will notice that all contributions for this issue are from undergraduates. We hope this is a sign of renewed interest in the MIRROR. The Alumni have responded splendidly to requests for contributions, for which we are very grateful. The February number will be edited by the ladies. We are sure the university will do what it can to make the effort a success. Bucknell women have an opportunity now to show their ability, and their loyalty to the interests of the institution.

On Saturday, December 24, at Philadelphia, Dr. Enoch Perrine and Miss Grace Roberts, '03, were married. Dr. and Mrs. Perrine have the best wishes of a host of friends for a long and happy life together.

At a recent meeting of the Lycoming County Normal School alumni, Dr. Heim read an interesting paper setting forth the purpose and results of the school. Dr. Heim sees a need for such an institution, especially for country boys and girls; it opens up to them a higher and broader life, and often is the stepping stone to what otherwise would be an impossibility to many, a full college course.

CLASS BANQUETS.

Among the most memorable events of a college course are the banquets of the Freshman and Sophomore years. And this is as it should be, there is a legitimate place for the banquet in the college life. These events mean much more than the eating of a good dinner; according to Dr. Harris, at our stage of civilization eating has become something more than feeding, it is a social function. In this truth is found the reason for the banquets of the lower classes. The release from thoughts of study, although for a short time, the mild excitement, the pleasant hour around the well spread board, all these are of value to a college student. That these banquets, however, are not always as benefical as they might be, is true simply because not wisely conducted. The banqueters of the present year will pardon the MIRROR for making a suggestion right here. It has become quite noticeable of late years that a good many students are seen about the university while their class mates are having a good time at the annual banquet. Now this condition must be accounted for by something else than lack of class spirit. The jubilant faces and actions of these less fortunate ones after their class has got safely away is evidence of some other reason for their being left behind. No, the true reason is that they can't *afford* it. In view of this fact the MIRROR feels justified in suggesting that next year the committees consider whether or not a good and memorable banquet cannot be held nearer Lewisburg, at less expense and thus within the means of all, as well as at some distant place at great expense.

WHY?

HE was a strange father—an unnatural parent. At first when his son was young—a mere baby—his love for the child was or seemed to be pure, deep and unselfish. The boy was a pretty, bright little fellow. His love for his father was wonderful and beautiful. He showed his affection in many quaint little ways. For instance when he would see his father's coat, gloves or hat in the hall he would kiss them murmuring, "Father" in a pretty lisping accent,

When nearly four years old the child became very ill, growing worse each day, each hour, until all hope for his recovery were gone. The father hung above the little bed; he suffered all that the child suffered. Each cry, each moan, each restless movement of the little head, each twitching of the little hand sent pain and anguish through the father's heart. At last the sufferer lay quiet except when the breath came in little gasps and then went again. The father each time bent and kissed the half-closed eyes and again the little one would stir, the eye-lids quiver, the labored breath come back. It seemed as though the father's kiss brought back the soul struggling to be free.

Soon the physician came. He worked tirelessly, apparently oblivious of all except the little figure lying before him. While watching the effects of a remedy given as a last resource, his attention was attracted by the father, who at this moment approached the bed. The doctor turned to him, took him from the room, forced him out of doors and bade him walk far and fast. "The child must be quiet and undisturbed," the doctor said.

After hours of weary walking, the father returned to his home. He was calm; he could hear and bear the news he felt was awaiting him. But when the doctor told him that his boy would not die but live, he did not wonder. He seemed to have become indifferent. He did not even glance at his child.

This indifference, this coldness of the father never left him. He was exceedingly strict, stern and at times harsh with the boy, forcing him to give up all his boyish ventures. The son soon came to relie on himself to do things without asking his father's consent. He became older than his years. At sixteen he graduated from High School. A few weeks before graduation he told his father he wished to go to college. His father refused to send him, saying he intended that the boy should be a machinist and that he had already arranged for his apprenticeship.

The lad worked all summer. But when the second week in September came, he went to his father and told him that through the efforts of some friends arrangements had been made for his entrance to college. He intended to work his way through college and needed only his father's consent. There was a stormy scene but consent was finally given.

The boy went to college; worked with unceasing energy and was graduated with honors. To-day he is making a name for himself. But the father still receives him coldly, scarcely noticing him when he comes home on brief visits. The strange part of it is that, on the other children in the home, the father lavished a wealth of affection. N. T. '05.

SHALL WE STUDY GREEK?

THIS is a commercial age. The omnipotent dollar reigns supreme. The mania has even attacked college curricula until now learning and earning are seemingly convertible terms. The liberal courses of study are neglected for the pursuit of the so-called practical subjects which equip the student at once for the stern business of life. The result is shown in the increased number of technical schools and the rapid introduction of professional and technical courses in all higher institutions of learning. It is not intended, however, to express a word of disparagement or to oppose with a single pessimistic voice the new regime which promises to correct whatever in so-called higher education tended to become scholasticism or barren fetichism. On the other hand, the eminently practical spirit which now controls higher education is characteristic and commendable. Applied knowledge, the co-education of the mind and hand, appeals to a constantly increasing number of students who desire a special rather than a liberal college course. It is our purpose, however, to defend the place of liberal or humanitarian courses of study under the present elective system of our colleges; and, above all, to determine, if possible, the relative claims of Greek to a place in the curriculum.

It is first interesting to note a few of the reasons why Greek is not more generally studied. The alphabet presents a seeming difficulty at the outset; but after all, this is merely superficial and affords no reason at all. The German characters are fully as formidable to the eye. Then, too, in the prevailing rage for technical studies, emphasis is placed upon the so-called practical subjects and Greek is neglected on the ground of utility, although its cultural value is generally admitted. Besides, the modern languages are given the preference because of their evidently practical value as a commercial medium. Another cogent reason is due to a false idea that Latin is superior in every way to the Greek, whereas in truth nearly all Roman thought, literature and art are thoroughly permeated with the Hellenistic genius. The Romans were at best only third rate imitators of the Greeks in everything, with the possible exception of law, which likewise shows Grecian influence.

The above are a few of the many reasons why Greek is *not* studied. It remains to cite a few reasons why Greek *should* be studied.

The formal and grammatical study of Greek affords discipline which is not acquired in scientific studies. It gives a training in words, their relative values, functions and shades of meaning, which is not possible in the less inflected modern languages nor attainable in the study of Latin, which approaches Greek most nearly in cultural value. A knowledge of the Greek enables us to revivify our own vocabulary. Every derivative possesses new interest for us in the light of its root meaning and history; the dull nomenclature of science possesses a new significance, the former unpronouncable, incomprehensible terms explain themselves. Then, too, the Greek language is the greatest language in the world. It was spoken and written by the world's greatest masters in poetry, art and philosophy. We cannot appreciate their work unless we expand our intellectual and moral sympathies so as to embrace their cosmos of thought and feeling. This alone is possible by a close study of the Greek language; for it has been rightly said that language is the way a people look at things.

President Merrill, of Colgate, has declared himself in favor of liberal training even for the technical student. The following are excerpts from his recent convocation address:

Princeton has emphasized the older view, that most of all the classics, with mathematics and the subjects of a distinctly philosophical faculty, are the media of the broadest and best mental culture, and the truest preparation for the work of life.

* * * * * *

This is what the college says through its system of a broad education, and it is for this greatness of culture that she stands against any and all attempts to do in the earliest years of the educational life, what the graduate school of the University alone should attempt. Even in the application of science in the mechanic arts we believe that specialization should have its broad basis in a general education.

There is a sufficient warrant to justify the prediction that Greek will soon regain its former place in the curricula of our universities.

A Hellenistic Renaissance is at hand. The recent revival in Greek art and the extensive archaeological discoveries in Greece and Asia Minor under the supervision of American and English universities have created a reaction in favor of classical and liberal study. Homer is a new book since Dr. Schliemann of the University of Pennsylvania has unearthed the walls of Troy. The annual production of Greek plays in the original, which forms a permanent feature in some of our larger universities, is another proof that Greek is not a "dead letter" language. After all, no language is dead because it is no longer spoken: its influence may still live in the living English of our speech, our thought, our institutions and our very life. N. E. H. '05.

A DAY DREAM.

OF the many historic places in our land there is none more pregnant with Indian lore and tradition than the beautiful Mohawk Valley. One summer, while staying in the Valley, I became interested in the old Indian tales and took great delight in visiting the sites of Indian villages, camps and burying grounds. I often took long walks to places unfamiliar to me seeking Indian signs and relics.

On one occasion I strolled along a small stream enjoying the sweet air and new surroundings until I came to a little vale through which the creek flowed. The banks were covered with soft grass, and trees cast a grateful shade. It was such a charming place that I lay down on the grass and folding my hands beneath my head gazed through the branches and leaves at the clouds floating lazily above.

All at once a deeper shadow came over me and I saw with a curious feeling of astonishment the dusky face of an Indian, whose eyes stared fixedly into mine. I raised myself to a sitting posture and beheld with consternation that the vale was full of Indians, men, women and children. I looked at the one who stood near me. In his hand was a huge club, at his back quiver and arrows, a hatchet was stuck in his belt, and through the folds of his blanket I saw the totem of the Mohawks.

As I turned with mingled surprise and fear to view the others, a loud shout arose from the assembled tribe and all eyes were turned toward the upper end of the vale. There came a small party of swarthy warriors half dragging, half carrying three miserable captives, one white and two red. By the tonsured head and

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As I turned with mingled surprise and fear to view the others, a loud shout arose from the assembled tribe and all eyes were turned toward the upper end of the vale. There came a small party of swarthy warriors half dragging, half carrying three miserable captives, one white and two red. By the tonsured head and shaven face of the white man I saw that he was a priest. The clothing of the captives was torn to shreds, their faces and bodies covered with bruises, and by the blood dripping from their hands I concluded that the nails had been torn from their fingers.

The little company of guards with their captives advanced to the middle of the vale where lay a large flat stone. The other Indians suddenly becoming quiet, surrounded the group at the rock. One of the captive red men was firmly bound and laid face upward on the stone, a tall warrior armed with a huge knotted war club approached the doomed man. Whirling his club aloft he brought it down with tremendous force on the head of the victim, dashing out his life in the twinkling of an eye. The other red man soon suffered the same fate and then it became the white man's turn. The priest made no resistance but quietly allowed himself to be placed on the fatal rock and with smiling face and moving lips awaited the death blow. Like a flash the war club descended and with a sickening thud his brains were scattered about.

Terrified at the sight I turned to flee but the hand of the chief was on my shoulder and before I could take a step the Indians, thirsting for more blood, had surrounded me. Their flashing eyes looked angrily into mine, I could feel their hot breath on my face. Unable to flee I struggled, fought, and kicked but was overcome and, still resisting, was dragged to the middle of the vale. Here I was bound and laid on the bloody rock.

The executioner approached. Fascinated, I watched him raise his great club and saw it poised in air before beginning its dreadful descent. As the club was falling I summoned every effort, I put forth all my strength in one desperate leap—the bonds broke and I —awoke.

In that little vale, two hundred and fifty years ago, Father Jogues, a French missionary, and two faithful attendants, Rene Goupil and Guillaume Conture, were put to death by the infuriated Mohawks. Could I, in my vision, have witnessed this scene of olden time?

D. E. W. '06.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CUBA AND THE CUBANS.

CUBA is a land of sunshine, filled with fruits and flowers; and what makes it more delightful is the fact that there are ripening fruits and blooming flowers throughout the entire year. Tne rainy season, during the time of our winter, makes the hills and valleys especially green and beautiful; but there is also sufficient rain during the summer, or what they call the dry season, to keep everything fresh. The soil also adds much to the luxuriant growth on the island, for it is both rich and deep. In some places its depth is almost, if not quite, four feet. As mud this same soil has a sticking quality that is scarcely surpassed by glue. But this does not bother the farmer for he goes barefooted and the mud will wear off in time. Almost all kinds of tropical trees, fruits and plants that are known to the world grow in Cuba. But the wonderful opportunities the Cubans have are only partially improved, for they have taken on but few modern ideas. I was somewhat surprised to see them using the forked stick and oxen familiar to Bible times for plowing their ground. The worst part of it all is that there are so many who refuse to accept any modern improvements, saying that what they have is better. If they wish to drive two horses in a wagon they do not put in a tongue as one would naturally suppose, but instead they hitch one horse to the shafts then hitch or tie the other on one side. It is worse than a waste of breath to try to tell them better, for they will only shrug their shoulders in a suggestive way as if to say, "You are an ignorant American so I will just overlook your weakness." There is a fine quality of grass growing in a semi-wild state on many of the hills and mountains in such abundance that it costs almost nothing to keep stock there. The Americans were quick to observe this and many of the other advantages and are profiting by them.

There is a wide difference between the country and the city homes of Cuba; or perhaps better between the homes of the poor and the homes of the wealthy. The best houses are of brick, plastered over with cement, not plain uncolored cement but ornamental pilasters and fancy moulding and cornice, painted in such contrasts as suit the Cuban taste. On the inside they form grand arches and ornamental figures that are indeed things of beauty. Another class of houses are built in the following manner; corner posts are set up and pieces nailed on the top to form the shape of the building, then other poles are set up around the sides, at regular or irregular spaces as the case may be, then small sticks and twigs are woven in and out all the way around the building. At this stage the house resembles a basket; but on top of this is placed, a heavy coat of cement or mud according to the wealth of the owner. This gives the building a very nice appearance if the work is well done. Still another kind of house is started in the same way but in this one they do not use so many upright pieces; and instead of weaving it basket fashion, they use the bark of the royal palm for siding, the leaves of the same tree for a roof and the ground for a floor. This style of house is not usually seen in the cities except in the poorer districts; in the country, however, one seldom sees any other kind. In many of the country houses pigs, chickens, dogs, cats and goats wander in and out at their own sweet will and in some of the houses a part of the live stock make their homes in the house with the people. The pasture as a rule is back of the house and the only way out is through the house, so they think nothing of driving the horse or cow through the parlor. The parlor of a country house is usually the kitchen, dining room and bed room all in one, so they are obliged to devise ways and means of utilizing every inch of the room to the very best advantage. One very neat arrangement along this line is a folding cot, which makes a very comfortable bed and can be folded and set against the wall during the day where it does not occupy more than five or six inches of space.

One would think that the Cuban girls would be slow to take up life's duties in such a home, but they seem not to know the word "no" when an offer of marriage comes to them. The following incident will illustrate this: A Cuban who is worth the next thing to nothing had been making eyes and saying soft words to a real nice "Senorita;" and the mother, not wishing her daughter to marry him, asked a friend of mine to talk to her and try and persuade her not to have anything to do with him. The friend undertook the job and after talking to her for some time, telling her that the man was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, he finally said, "Since your father is dead I have been asked to act in the place of a father to you, and as such I can never give my consent for you to marry that man." When he had finished she looked up at him as innocently as could be and said, "But he asked me!"

The manner of courtship there is far different from anything we have in the States. If one would follow the most polite method he must content himself for the first year with catching such glimpses of the lady fair as he may in passing the house. The second year he may call, but he must do all of his love making in the presence of the rest of the family. This does not trouble the average lovers, however, for they will sit and suck each other's thumbs by the hour,—this is not from personal experience but was given to me by one who had seen the process. At the end of the second year they may become engaged and at the end of the third year they may marry. Many of the Cubans do not go to all of this bother and yet live with four or five women. They are not Mormons, however, for they are not married to any of them. The laws governing marriage have been very loose in the past so that one finds many cases like the one just mentioned, and also many cases where they are living with but one woman and are keeping the relations just as sacred as the marriage relation is kept in the States.

Another Cuban peculiarity that appeals to the average American as rather ludicrous is their pride, and the many ways in which it will crop out. They think it a great disgrace for children to go barefooted, for it implies that they are poor; so they will put forth every effort to have shoes on their feet, even though they do not have another stitch on their entire body. Once I saw a boy of seven or eight years with a new pair of shoes and stockings on, but for the rest of his body he had on what I once heard an American call "a birthday suit." If a man had nothing to eat and you offered him a peck of potatoes, he would gladly take them—providing you also hired a boy to take them home for him—for some one who knew him might see him if he should carry them, and in that case they would think he was out of money and too poor to hire a boy. The people are very fond of carriage riding and if one should enter one of their large cities on a nice evening and did not know their customs he would think that the city was made up of wealthy people; for he would see fine carriages flying in all directions filled with people dressed in their best. One soon learns, however, that these are not people of wealth as was at first supposed; in fact, many of them have borrowed the clothes they wear and may not have enough money to buy food for the next day; it is simply an attempt to appear wealthy. They seem to be willing to do or sacrifice anything if they can only make people think they have plenty of money.

Cuba is a beautiful island; the soil is capable of caring for the inhabitants well and they have material at hand for good houses, but most of their ideas are a century behind the time and many seem not to care for advancement. Their customs are peculiar, and some times even childish, yet the island free and with their opportunity to come into contact with modern ideas we may expect great things from them in the future.

G. A. R., '07.

A BEND IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.

ABOUT a mile below Lewisburg there is a bend in the Susquehanna River. This plain statement probably seems flat to the reader, but to a person who has seen the bend as often as I have, and under as many different conditions, the remark would call up some beautiful pictures. It would be well to locate the bend now and give a few general facts about it.

The place lies about a mile below Lewisburg, and at this spot I should judge the river to be a quarter of a mile wide and waist deep in most places. On the left hand side Chillisquaque Creek comes in, and a little farther down stream there is a wooded island, Winfield Island. At this point both banks of the river are heavily wooded.

The first time I ever saw this place was in the fall term of my Freshman year. A friend and I were lazily paddling and drifting down stream one warm afternoon in late fall. The lifeless hush of the scented air seemed reflected in the flat, oily surface of the water. Gently and easily we slipped along to a place gorgeous in a wealth of trees painted in autumn's choicest reds and yellows. Opposite us a stream slowly added its lazily swirling bulk to the calm of the river, and now we came to a bend in the river.

Here was Winfield Island on our left, her wooded length blotted and splatched with flame colors where lately cool greens had invited birds and bees to rest from their voyages and hide from the sun's cruel state. Even the water about the island was fretted and inlaid with these delightful warm tones. A thin screen of blue wood smoke lurking about everywhere made this vivid contrast of color restful to the eye. Fardown the river old Shikilemy's Face on the great cliff seemed to blink sleepily through the aromatic smoke, and truly was the Great Spirit of this most beautiful season of the year, Indian Summer. Languidly closing my eyes now and then, I would doze over this dreamy creation of still water, pearly sky, gorgeous trees, and sweet smoky air.

Remembering this visit brought me back many times that fall to the quaint old bend in the river, until at last everything was frozen up and canoeing came to an end. One day after Christmas I was skating down the river all alone, listening to the ring of my skates and watching the ice feathers that form in very cold weather glittering in the sun. I kept on skating, so absorbed in my study of the ice that I did not notice myself nearing the haunt of my autumn days. Suddenly stopping for breath, I was surprised to find myself right opposite the old island.

Now all the warmth and confusion of colors was lost and the heavy air no longer spread its perfume over the liquid river. From bank to bank the river was one sheet of deep emerald ice, a forbidding river where once I could almost reach the little fishes below from my canoe. The gaudy island had become a dead expanse of bleak grey and white. The air that had trickled through the trees in autumn had changed into a biting ice-edged air that made my ears tingle and that ran in my veins like old wine.

What a strange old witch Nature is! In the fall when she had touched me with her wand filled with the living essence of glowing trees and spicy air, I sank back and loved her languidly while life moved slowly through my slackened limbs; now that she touched me with the dead chill of deep winter, my body glowed and the little streams of life ran swiftly through me.

It is several years now since I have seen this place which I once frequented so much, but every time I look at the Susquehanna river or at any wooded river on a quiet day in fall or on a cold winter's afternoon, I cannot help thinking of this quaint old bend in the river with its island set in still water and its fringe of woods, and unconsciously I begin dreaming of my old skating and canoeing days down the Susquehanna.

R. W. H. '06.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Through the aid of several Alumni friends the Mirror is enabled to present in this issue information concerning the members of the classes of '93, '94, and '99.

Class of '93 :—J. B. Cressinger, physician, has recently opened an office in Sunbury; J. H. Foresman, lumber merchant, Williamsport; A. F. Gardner, teacher in the Troy High School; Miss C. L. Geary, Carbondale; Dr. C. A. Gundy, Lewisburg; E. M. Heim, Professor at Bucknell; Miss C. V. Lloyd has become Mrs. Horter and resides at McKeesport; E. Maxey is teaching law in the Univ. of West Virginia; E. C. Pawling is a pastor at Marblehead, Mass.; E. K. Thomas is pastor at Montrose; W. C. Weber is practicing medicine in Denver, Colorado.

Class of '94 :—Fourteen of the class are pastors: A. F. Anderson, Harrisburg, First Baptist Church; P. S. Calvin, Smethport, Pa.; R. B. Davidson, Detroit, Mich.; R. J. Davies, Williams Bridge, N. Y.; A. E. Finn, Plainfield, N. J.; T. A. Fretz, Centralia, Washington; A. C. Lathrop, Milesburg, Pa.; C. F. McMann, Concordia, Kan.; F. O. Schub; R. R. Snow, Cleveland, O.; G. H. Waid, Detroit, Mich.; C. W. Williams, Warren, Mass.; J. R. Wood, 1121 Fillmore St., Philadelphia, North Frankford Baptist Church, Sec'y Phila. Alumni Club; A. H. Wynkoop, Morganton, N. C. Several members of the class are teaching: H. L. Fassett, Ossining, N. Y.; Miss G. Guthrie, preparatory school, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Mary B. Harris, Dearborn Seminary, Chicago; J. R. Hughes, instructor in Scranton High School; J. M. Kendall, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.; W. Marts, principal South Jersey Institute, Bridgeton, N. J.; F. R. Strayer, High School in New York City, residence in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; George E. Deppen, Sunbury, and W. M. Vastine, Monroe Centre, Ill., are practicing law; L. L. Riggin and H. T. Smith are physicians, practicing in Port Norris, N. J., and Harrisburg, Pa., respectively; two of the "co-eds," Miss Bartol and Miss Bell have become Mrs. Theiss, of New York City, and Mrs. Wood, of Philadelphia; E. A. Bush is a successful lumber merchant in Scranton; H. P. Gundy is with C. Dreisbach's Sons, Lewisburg; G. F. Kendall is paying teller in the First National Bank, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Jessie J. Wheeler is at Erie, N. Y.

Class of '99 :—This class has twelve of its members teaching. Two of these, Professors Ballentine and Tilley, are at present teaching Latin and Chemistry, respectively, in Bucknell; J. R. Cattell is a successful teacher of Modern Languages in a school at Wissahickon, Pa.; E. W. Cober is a teacher in the Friend's

Central School, Phila.; Miss G. A. DeWolf, now in Newark, has been teaching in the High School at Carthage, N. J.; B. W. Griffith instructs in the Lock Haven Normal School; R. M. Ivins is carrying on the same line of work at Hendersonville, N. C.; D. H. Robbins teaches at Philipsburg, Pa.; W. C. Purdy is an instructor in the Slippery Rock Normal School; Miss Mary H. Sharpless and Miss Mary H. Stephens are training the "Young Idea" in the ways of the world at West Chester, Pa., and Pleasantville, N. J.; Miss Gertrude Stephens is the successful supervisor of Music and Drawing in the public schools at Brookville. The legal profession is being very ably sustained in this class by O. J. Decker, Williamsport; A. K. Deibler, Shamokin; M. H. Engle, Sunbury; L. McQuistion, Butler; L. R. Rentz, Williamsport; and C. F. Shipman, Sunbury. The business men of the class are E. A. Humeston, Meadville; and A. C. Mulford, Bridgeton, N. J. The following are ministers: G. L. Bayard, chaplain in the U. S. Navy; Rev. J. E. Calvin, Transfer, Pa.; Rev. E. C. Conover, Bridesburg; Rev. LeRoy Hall, Pendleton, Oregon; Rev. J. C. Hazen, Green Bay, Wis.; Charles S. Keen and F. R. Rawlinson, missionaries located at Kinwha and Shanghai, China; C. P. Meeker, who is doing evangelistic work in connection with Moody's Bible Institute, Chicago; Rev. H. C. Meserve, Milford, Conn.; Rev. Wm. M. Warren, West Conshohocken. The doctors in the class are: A. R. Garner, Norristown; A. Hutchinson, Gilbert Station, Iowa; E. L. Nesbit, a graduate of Hannemann Medical College, Phila.; and M. L. Ross, a graduate of U. P. E. Lehman and O. R. Levan are in Philadelphia connected with the Lippincott Publishing Co., and the Philadelphia *Ledger*, respectively. Miss M. Sprague has changed her name to Mrs. Dunklee, and Miss Bertha Watkins is now the wife of W. Bridge, a prominent civil engineer in Hammond, Ind. Other members of the class are I. H. Buckminster, Arkadelphia; H. F. and W. A. Cook, Forestville. N. Y.; J. A. Herman, South Williamsport; D. H. Krise, Galeton, Pa.; M. B. Mulford, Wayne; and W. Todd, Allegheny.

J. E. Glaspey, '03, is with an engineering firm in Pittsburg.

E. L. Taylor, '03, and Miss Sarah H. Ayres, '03, were married Dec. 28.

W. A. Kauffman, '95, writes to a friend: "I am teaching in the Boys' High School of Brooklyn. I am going, by special invitation, to hear my chum, Ex-Consul Frank W. Jackson, '95, lecture on Greece."

According to the Muncy *Normal*, the following Bucknell graduates are prominent in educational life: Supt. Fred W. Robbins, Bethlehem; Chester Renn, Montoursville; Chas. D. Koch, Philipsburg; E. F. Gilbert, Briar Creek; Edgar Reed, Scottdale.

In the December issue an error was made concern-the good work Rev. R. B. McDanel is doing in his church in Clarksburg, W. Va. Instead of $1400.00 he raised $14000.00 for improvements and $4000.00 for benevolence instead of $400.00. These figures are the record of work done in five years.

Miss Blanche Bane, '04, is assistant editor to C. R. Blackall, D.D., of the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. Miss Bane is well fitted for this work; during her college course she was for two years a reader in the department of Rhetoric and since her graduation has been engaged in magazine work. Her office is at 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa,

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XXIV Lewisburg, Pa., February, 1905, No 5.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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Terms :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, The Mirror will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid.

☞Communications solicited from all students and friends of the University. Address Bucknell Mirror, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

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Editorial

OUR BOW TO THE PUBLIC.

For the first time in the history of the MIRROR we offer to the public a Woman's number. No masculine mind has planned for the subject matter of this issue, no hand of man has desecrated its pages; we did it all our ourselves. Yet not with undue elation, nor with self-conceit do we come before the public; for we are well aware of the excellent work that our brothers have always put into the paper, and we have no wish to pose as their rivals. Still we are glad of the opportunity thus afforded us to prove that not only numerically do the young women of Bucknell play a large part in the life of the school, but that they take an active part in all the interests of the University. Whether or not this issue comes up to the standard set by our brothers, let the public determine; and to this very impartial judge we make our best bow.

FEBRUARY THE SOCIAL MONTH.

It is altogether fitting that the February number of the MIRROR should be the Woman's number, for thus far, at least, it is proving itself to be distinctively the social month. In February occurred the College Girls' Reception, Principal and Mrs. Edward's reception to the faculty, and various other more or less formal social functions. Besides, fortune has favored us by giving us very good sleighing, and sleighing parties seem in vogue. Not only did the Seniors enjoy a ride to New Berlin one bitter cold night when the thermometer hovered about zero—still it "was not so verra cold"—but many smaller private parties have risked freezing various parts of their anatomy just for the pleasure of the ride. Surely February is a month in which the College girl may enjoy herself to the full.

THE COLLEGE GIRLS' BUILDING.

In this number of the MIRROR we are giving our readers a brief history of the college girls at Bucknell. How pleased some of the first "girl graduates" would be to know that the long-talked of College Girls' Building is about to become a reality! Not so very many years ago the few poor college girls were regarded as a new and rather interesting species, but now this specie has become so common that it no longer excites curiosity when it appears in public. Well did the *Orange and Blue* say that this new building is being erected "to meet a pressing emergency," for at the opening of the fall term not only was the Seminary building crowded but a number of girls were obliged to find rooms in town. At the present rate of increase in the number of College girls, we are confident that it will not be long after the completion of the building before it also is filled to overflowing.

THE COMING OF THE COLLEGE WOMAN AT BUCKNELL.

WHILE it is wise to keep our eyes fixed steadfastly on the heights we wish to reach, it may be profitable sometimes to look back over the traveled ways behind us.

The problem of the education of women may be looked upon as only one phase of the great woman movement. Woman has asserted herself as an individual and her claim is finally for an equal selfhood with man. The past thirty years have brought great changes. There has been a period of rapid growth and as usual growth has been attended by self-consciousness. The endless hive of women's societies, women's buildings at our expositions, special editions of papers and magazines by women and devoted exclusively to women's interests—these are evidences of a phenomenal self-consciousness. We shall all be glad when this painful stage is over and we have attained to fullness of stature, when the interests peculiar to our sex may be lost sight of in the larger human interests which concern us all. When we can see that the "woman's cause is man's," that sex like occupation and social position is an element in the environment of life, like them it is not life.

In 1885, Bucknell first conferred the bachelor's degree upon a woman, Miss Chilla Scott. She had not taken the full college course with the class, however, having been admitted to college the autumn before her graduation.

The class graduated in 1887, during its four years history enrolled four women, Annie L. Hay, Lizzie Laning, Francis Rush and Mary Rebecca Schreyer.

Miss Rush and Miss Schreyer completed the course and were graduated.

In the autumn of 1887 three women were admitted, Eveline Stanton to the Sophomore class, Harriet Pitts and Ophelia Staufft to the Freshman class. Margaret Evans had entered before as a special student. She became identified with the class of 1891 and was graduated with it. Eveline Stanton completed the course and was graduated in 1890. Harriet Pitts dropped out of college at the end of her Junior year while Ophelia Staufft was out for a time, but returned and was graduated with the class of 1892.

From that time on co-education dared to be a question and became an established fact.

Women were never formally and officially admitted to Bucknell. If there was any official act on the part of the board of trustees the public never knew of it. The attitude of those in authority was not very encouraging, still it was not interpreted by the women themselves to be in opposition.

There may have been a suggestion now and then that the desire for the higher education on the part of woman was a whim, in which she was to be humored, rather than a real hunger and thirst which ought to be satisfied. Fortunately the women did not quibble about whether they were wanted or tolerated at Bucknell. They were getting what they wanted and little did they care whether the president and faculty welcomed them or not.

Of course, there was a good deal of opposition to co-education on the part of the students. Bitter abuse was sometimes indulged in. Some members of the faculty were wordy with their objections and the woman suffered the hardships which always attend pioneering in a cause, but the people who had any power over the issue were fair and even generous toward the women.

During the years when co-education was making a beginning at Bucknell, William Bucknell was president of the board of trustees. He was a man with strong opinions and his opinions went very far toward shaking the policy of the University during the time he held office. He warmly favored allowing the women to enter the college. Those who knew him well assert that he was influenced to this policy by his belief that a woman should have an education if she wanted it as well as a man, and that economic reasons led him to favor co-educational institutions rather than separate colleges for women. He had observed the western colleges where women were admitted and the growth and prosperity of these, particularly Northwestern, convinced him that co-education was not such a deadening influence.

Mrs. Larrison was at the head of the department for women. She read rightly the signs of the times in those first days of co-education and became its champion. Had she opposed it she might have delayed for several years the final outcome. Her advice was sought and followed when the problems incident to pioneering became too perplexing.

The praise or the blame of co-education at Bucknell cannot be placed upon any one person exclusively. Two presidents and our acting president were concerned in it, but to explain the forces which made co-education a fact at Bucknell, would be to explain the economic and industrial tendencies of our time, to explain that large drift of things which lies outside the human consciousness.

EVELINE STANTON GUNDY.

FOUR YEARS.

ONLY four years? Yes, that was all, counting the time, but when she thought of all she had felt, experienced and learned in the time, it seemed to represent a large portion of her life and by far the most important part too. As she now looked back over her college days how differently things appeared to her, because now she could see the whole plan, whereas then she saw only the isolated parts. In her mind's eye she pictured herself as a Freshman. What an innocent, trusting child she had been when she came from her home, where being an only child she had been protected by her parents from all the cruel things in life! How strange the school life was, with all the different girls she met! At first all her feelings were those of wonderment and pleasure. Then slowly and unconsciously a cloud began to dim her horizon. Day by day it grew larger and darker, until she could not help noticing it, but then she thought it would soon disappear and tried not to think much about it. At length, however, she had to admit it was growing higher and darker with each, mean, deceitful, hypocritical action or word of the girls about her. As the cloud grew she put all her trust in one of the girls she called her friend, (even now, after all these years she shuddered as she thought of that word friend) but this girl deserted her when the cloud was darkest. That was at the beginning of her Sophomore year. How she remembers even now the breaking of that terrible storm over her life! How it swept over her feelings and tore and twisted them in its dreadful grasp! She became sad, then satirical, next cynical and finally earned the name of pessimist. The girls began to stay away from her because she was "so queer." What a dreadful place the world appeared to her, with no one in its wide domain who was worthy of trust! Then it was she turned to Nature, the only one she felt she could trust her thoughts to, because she when she told her feelings to the birds and squirrels, the trees and flowers, they didn't think she was queer. Especially did she at that time love the storms in Nature, because there was a fellow feeling for them in her soul, but the calm, peaceful sunshiny days were the ones that did her the most good, by contrasting their joy and greatness with her sadness and unrest. Dear old campus, how great an influence you had over her life in those stormy days!

Next she saw herself as a Junior, the year in which the storm, that had such a sway over her life the former years, slowly abated and passed away. In this period of her life she had been very undecided, one day she was happy, the next sad; at one time she was interested in the school life and again was so tired of it all. At this time the days seemed to go by and to make no change whatever in her life or thoughts, but it is always in such quiet times that great events take place, and it was during these days that her philosophy of life was forming, as she knew now looking back over the intervening years. As a Senior her mind was at rest, and her attitude towards the world and life was determined. Some few, who did not understand, still called her a pessimist, but what she actually had become was a realist. She had learned by bitter experience to see things as they were. No longer, did she feel disappointed when one of the girls she liked, was found wanting in some respect, but she only smiled and said "It is quite natural it should be so." When anything was done or said, she first sought out the motive and then formed her opinion accordingly. She often found and rejoiced over, the good in the life and thoughts of her acquaintances and sometimes even in the great wide world she found many things worthy of the greatest praise. She was not always happy but she had learned to take the fact calmly, because it was natural that we should often be unhappy in this imperfect world.

Now as she looked back after several years upon those four years she had spent at college, how very unimportant appeared the things she had learned from the books which at the time seemed of such great value, and on the other hand how important was that philosophy of life which she had wrought out almost without her knowledge during those years. How much that philosophy had assisted her in her struggles with the world and the people since she had left school! What could she have accomplished in the past few years without the knowledge of life she had gained as a college girl? With a sign she closed the door of the hall of memory, but first she breathed a prayer of thanks for all she had experienced and learned in those four years at college.

'05.

THE hall is cold and dark and dreary;
  He waits and his heart is growing weary;
The maid still turns her face to the wall;
  With every sigh his heart doth fall;
And the hall is dark and dreary.

His life is cold and dark and dreary;
  She turns and her smile is very weary;
"My thoughts *will* turn, as the minutes pass,
  To the hours we spent in the 'English class,'
When the days were bright and cheery."

Beware, young man! and cease thy smiling;
  Upon the stair is the maid beguiling.
Thy fate is the common fate of all.
  From her dark eyes some light must fall.
Some girls must be sweet and dearie. '05.

A REMINISCENCE.

IN 1865, the girls who came to the "University Female Institute" at Lewisburg, Pa., found the campus, along St. George and Sixth streets, enclosed by a neat drab-colored paling fence, inside of which was a row of evergreens. Along Loomis street, large Arbor-vitae shrubs were set, with the expectation that they would soon grow into a fine hedge. But, Arbor-vitae did not take kindly to the soil or climate, and could not be coaxed into forming the thick leafy screen which makes the grounds at Vassar College so attractive. For a time, new shrubs were planted in the place of the weaklings, until the discouraged guardians of the grounds laid the axe and spade to the roots of the dwindling Arbor-vitae and it disappeared from the campus.

In order that the Grove should have some degree of seclusion, a high board fence was put up along Loomis street, and remained there until the last of the '80s; then, the destructive effects of time were aided by strong and reckless young hands, until not a vestige of the friendly screen remains. Gone too is the Institute garden, with its row of quince trees, under which, was an ancient Asparagus bed, whose fringy foliage, and bright red berries, made cheery decorations. No longer can some daring school-girl steal out to the garden, in the deepening twilight, and snatch from the onion bed a handful of juicy young bulbs, and rush back breathlessly, to join companions, who had foraged successfully for bread and butter. And, gone likewise are the old peach trees, which never bore any fruit, serving only as a support for a lusty grape vine, and some wild blackberry brushes. In this thicket was the home of a thriving family of cat birds, who sang bewitching rounde-lays in many keys, However, if the girls came peering among the bushes, to find the nest, Madame Catbird, unlike the "moping owl, did not merely complain of such as wandered near her secret bower," but sharply hissed such fierce threats of vengeance, that the bravest damsel hastily retreated. Gone also, from the Institute Campus, are the manifold varieties of wild flowers. The Hepatica and the Anemone—those harbingers of Spring—vied with numerous species of violets in colors soft, and odors sweet. The birds, on their northward journey, rested awhile in this favored spot, secure from shot guns and snares. But, one warm April morning, in the early '90s, a handsome Cardinal bird, alighted on the tallest oak in the grove, and began calling his mate; the bright red coat, and high clear notes, drew attention,—soon someone with a shot gun in his hand, (and, in his mind, a mistaken idea of the privileges of an ornithologist,) brought the gay young Cardinal to the ground, a fluttering bunch of brilliant plumage which was promptly carried to the taxidermist, and now adorns our natural history room. Rare birds never linger long in this vicinity now.

The hands of progress, in the shape of campus cleaners, and the Reading Railway, have done away with most of the wild flowers; the railroad cutting off portions of the campus where the meadow-sweet, and maiden-hair, grew in beauty side by side. And the vigorous rakings and leaf-burning destroying the roots of the flowers.

Gentle reader, think you we look back mournfully, feeling that the former days were better than the present? Not so! True, the fence, the Arbor-vitae, the garden, the choice wild-flowers and rare birds,—all are gone; but fine tennis courts, a well-kept campus, excellent walks, and unobstructed views have taken their places. The enlarged opportunities, and numerous comforts and conveniencies of Bucknell Institute today, are a gratifying advance, over the condition, at the University Female Institute forty years ago.

By One Who Knows.

BY MOONLIGHT.

FROM upstairs in the gymnasium floated the strain of a waltz, and Elizabeth knew the girls were dancing; down stairs in the hall a group of Seniors were eagerly discussing a little of everything. Elizabeth, on the landing, paused a moment, looking first down at the interesting group, then up towards the gymnasium.

"Come on, Elizabeth! Oh, Bess!" called half a dozen of the group below, but she smilingly shook her head.

"Not to-night; I'm too busy," she said, and slowly went to her room.

She went to her room, but in spite of her excuse, "too busy," she did not study; instead she settled herself on a low stool by the window and leaning her head on her hands gazed out over the campus. It was, in truth, a pretty sight, flooded with the pale, shimmering moonlight. The trees showed clear and naked, yet beautified and softened, their leafless twigs throwing lacy patterns on the snow-covered ground. Far out into the night she gazed, and everywhere were trees, tall straight oaks standing like an army to guard the great building. Mechanically she listened to the crunching of the snow on the path down the hill; softly and in perfect harmony drifted in the song of some boys returning to their rooms. Far away seemed the noise and clatter of the happy-go-lucky girls, rejoicing in the liberties of Saturday night.

How she loved it all—the campus, the trees, the school-life! How much her course had meant to her! Now she was a Senior, her work was nearly done. Well did she remember the day when, three years and a half ago, she, a timid little Freshman, had first come to Bucknell. Martha Allen, that big, kind-hearted Senior, had met her at the station, seized her suit-case and hurried her off to the Seminary, keeping up a merry chatter all the way, asking questions without waiting for an answer; and she, poor little Elizabeth, had been too dazed to take it in, or even to be decently polite. How plainly the home-sickness of that first week was stamped upon her memory! Not a night had passed but her pillow had been wet with tears. Still, it was not long before she formed many friendships, and now, after three years and a half of the storm and stress of college life, she could pick out a few whom she loved more than her own life. There were Ruth and Alice and Margaret; they would be her friends forever.

So had passed the first three years. Though each vacation had found her eager to go home, yet at the beginning of the new term she was just as anxious to get back to the girls, the routine of work and play, and her own little room.

The moon had risen higher and in its light the whole room was illuminated. It was not a large room, in fact it had seemed very small to her when she first came, but now it was just small enough to be cozy. Elizabeth looked lovingly from one object to another. There was her book-case laboring under a Biology, several Histories, Greek and Latin texts, Stout's Psychology and proudly exhibiting Tennyson, Shakespeare, Browning and a few well-chosen novels; she had prided herself on her reading. There were her pictures, photographs of many friends, funny little flashlights that recalled many a good time. Yes, this little room was very dear to her. Here she had spent her happiest hours, here she had passed through the greatest trials that had yet come into her peaceful life—and now she must leave it all.

February, and she would have graduated in June! Four short months! But it could not be. She drew the letter out from the envelope. Though it was too dark to read, she knew just where the words were, for that passage had been roughened by many tears. No need was there of a light, for the words were burned into her memory:—

"Father is sorry to ask it of you, my daughter, but you must give up school for the present, at least. Mother's cough has grown so much worse that she has been ordered South at once; a week's delay may cost us her life. Of course, then, you will have to come home and play mother to the children. I wish you might graduate with your class, but I don't see how it is to be managed. Allowing you a day or two to pack, I shall look for you on Tuesday."

And it was now Saturday night! The girls did not know yet; it would only make it harder if they did. How could she leave it all, the work, the beautiful old campus, the dear girls! She had counted so much on that spring with its violets and arbutus, its long walks down the river, its last trip to Blue Hill. And now it must all be given up.

The moon passed under a cloud and a sudden darkness filled the room. Yet through the darkness picture after picture passed before her eyes. She saw the campus in all the glory of spring verdure, she saw the path to the Laboratory bordered with bluets. She saw the river flowing always peacefully on and ever reflecting in its glassy surface the beautiful mountains on the other side. She could almost hear the songs of the robins and orioles and song-sparrows—dear little feathered friends. The scene shifted; it was Commencement Day, and she saw the long black-gowned procession, headed by the President, slowly winding up the hill. Now they had entered the hall, and one after another of her classmates, the chosen few, walked to the front of the platform, delivered his oration and was received with bursts of applause,—but she was not among them. Then she saw the class, one by one, step up and receive their diplomas, and caught herself listening for her name to be called. In the audience she knew were many admiring friends and fond parents, but not hers.

Suddenly, at the thought of her parents, the pictures of school-life faded away, and in their stead arose the face of her mother. It was not a beautiful face; the lines of suffering were plainly drawn, the mouth drooped as in patient resignation, but the deep, dark eyes looked at her very tenderly. At that look, all her selfish desires vanished. Could it be possible that God would take away her mother? She must hurry, she must get home at once. To wait till Tuesday seemed intolerable, and she might be too late! Before this great sorrow, the loss of a few months at school, the loss of a diploma, faded into insignificance, and with aching throat she bowed her head on the window-sill and sobbed long, tearless sobs.

The moon crept out from its hiding and before it sank behind the bank of clouds in the west it lingered a moment with caressing touch upon the bowed head on the window-sill.

"FREEQUE."

A MOOD.

Into the unrecallable, effaceless Past
  The day with all its care has almost flown,
Its transient joys have lightly breathed their last,—
  My heart and I with Nature are alone.

Twilight and thought and golden sunset haze,
  Ah, could I now this vastness penetrate !
Through fulness hot of unshed tears I gaze,
  And as so oft before in silence wait.

The trees their great arms cast in wild appeal,
  As if to stay the sun's departing light,
Compassionate Sun ! he gives one smile,—they feel,
  And in memory they wave their colors bright.

List ! through the gloaming tenderly there falls
  A rhapsody of plaintive minor strain,
In bird-notes soft and sweet it calls, it calls,
  "My love, come back and heal this aching pain."

Onward the river e'er in deep unrest
  Flows with a ceaseless monotone,
Reflecting images beloved in her breast,
  That let her into distance weep alone.

Flashes her arms of flame the lingering day,
  The cloudlets warm in fond embrace to take,
Enticing clouds ! in mist they float away,
  The rosy glow of hope dies in their wake.

A tremor through the hush, of ecstasy,
  The evening bells are pealing far and wide,
Sad Echo sobs and as in sympathy.
  The air itself is like a sigh unsighed.

Oh longing unappeased ! impassioned yearning !
  Mysterious depth that all the air pervades,

Into a prayer thine own self melting, burning,
Whispers a-down the melancholy glades.

God ! Incomprehensible Infinity !
Whose heartbeats of unutterable love
Send planets whirling through immensity,
Whose voice as music pulsing from above,

In echoes faint of blissful ravishment
We sometimes hear,—this beauty all around
We know, our Father, when the veil is rent,
We shall behold in Thee combined and crowned.

Oh touch this longing, thou knowest its restless whole,
That throbs and quivers on the evening breeze;
This wild imagery that shakes the soul,
Ah soothe it with thy rhythmic symphonies.

Clear through the stillness dim the answer thrilled,
"Ah, 'tis in this thou dost His finger feel,
Live true to it, O longing one,—fulfilled
Shall be thy prayers and dreams of thine Ideal."

A lullaby in which e'en Silence seeks repose,
The gentle folding of Day's garments bright;
I felt sweet Nature's eyelids trembling close,
Then upward looked into the eyes of Night.

Into those luminous orbs that tranquil shine
With the noble thoughts of souls within their spheres,
With deeds seen only by the Eye Divine,—
To us revealed within the future years.

"Live that thou may'st one twinkle flash through space,"—
The song of stars seems ever to increase,
And in those night-shown worlds beyond, His face
Casts over all a tender smile of Peace.

'08.

THE LATEST AT BUCKNELL.

IT is highly fitting, we suppose, that in the woman's number of the "Mirror" there should be a fashion department. Ergo, hence, and therefore. At this neither-hay-nor-grass season we note little that is striking or varied in the dress of the students. We do mark among the gentlemen's styles, however, considerable flatness as to hats and quite a degree of breadth as to trousers. We also notice that the corduroy of last winter's vogue still holds a popular place.

Among the ladies there is not much wider range of styles. The correct thing in head-wear is the standard "Tam-O' Shanter"in any of the national shades. The Bucknell girl this season is accused of wearing her brother's cast-off last year's rain coat, but we wish to contradict this statement.

In general we note an increasing decrease, so to speak, in the number of army shirts worn, and a proportionally greater number of linen collars. Doubtless March will develop some new and pretty fashions, both for men and for the "co-eds."

Perhaps this scarcity of dress items is not entirely due to the "mid-season!" but exist partly because the fads of Bucknell students are not confined to the wardrobe. We find Bucknell quite *a-la-mode* in other matters. We observe that the students are quite up-to-date in their indifference to chapel attendance. We find them perfectly familiar with the latest and choicest college idioms afloat in other university circles. We find that they have even established a code for Bucknell,and we understand that to be classed among the *very* "swell" one's vocabulary must contain the nonchalant "Not so ver-ra bad" or "Not so ver-ra good." To be strictly in the swim one must frequently make use of the phrase “very, very true,” and by no means fail to say occasionally “alright-maybe,” and “I bet you some.” “Voila!” is perhaps the most popular expression, as it saves so much thought and can be used in almost any connection.

We feel that Bucknell is, as a whole, very stylish, and up-to-date in every respect. '07.

Happenings

One of the most pleasing social functions of the year was the reception given to the members of the Faculty and the Senior College Girls, on Friday evening, February 3, in the Institute parlors. The guests, who numbered more than thirty, were received by Prof. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Bush, Mrs. Larrison and Mrs. C. A. Gundy. Refreshments were served in the dining room, which was decorated with carnations, as were the other rooms.

The Senior sleigh-ride is now a thing of the past. On Thursday evening, February 2, about 4.30 o'clock, two sleighs, holding about thirty-five people who were chaperoned by Miss Bush started for New Berlin, where a chicken and waffle supper was served at the Bingaman House. After supper, the remainder of the evening was spent in singing and playing games, the departure for the Seminary being made about eleven o'clock. On the way back, the first sleigh was overturned, spilling all its occupants, who fortunately were not injured.

The party given by Miss Schillinger in the Institute on the evening of the 13th of February was a very delightful affair. Because it was a valentine party, hearts were in evidence everywhere, in the games and in the refreshments, which were served on immense hearts. The games were "anograms" and "hearts," in which the two most successful players were awarded, the first an opera bag, and the second a photograph holder.

Once more the college girls have given their annual reception. The event of February 10th, 1905, lacked none of the enthusiasm and whole-hearted fun of its predecessors. The decorations, while simplified in the parlors, were as attractive as in former years, the gowns were as pretty as usual, the music as delightful, the supper as delicious.

A novel feature provided by the entertainment committee was a series of pictures illustrating the names of guests, the guessing of which caused considerable amusement. We doubt whether the Gibson Corner was distinguished from the Dutch or Oriental, but we feel that the Bucknell corner received all due respect.

The two hundred guests were received in the lower halls by their old friends Venus and Psyche, and in the upper rooms by Professor Edwards, Miss Wolfe, Miss Bush, Mrs. Larrison, Miss McCaskie, Miss Sill and Miss Kalp.

The Alumni

J. S. Davis, '02, is teaching in the Nanticoke High School.

Rev. D. A. Pitt, '02, is pastor of the church at Cuba, N. Y.

C. K. Newell, '91, is pastor of the Baptist church at Coudersport, Pa.

J. W. McCracken, '02, has begun the practice of law in Clearfield, Pa.

Miss Elvie Coleman, '03, has been teaching in the Reynoldsville High School.

R. W. Mulkie, '98, now a resident of Youngstown, Ohio, was visiting in town the first week of this month.

F. H. Shermer, '81, of Bridgeton, N. J., has accepted a call to the pastorate at Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

A. K. Deibler, '99, will be one of the delegates of Northumberland county to the Republican State Convention.

Ezra Allen, A. M., '95, has been promoted to the position of Professor of Biology at Montana Normal College, Dillon, Montana.

The announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Greene, of Lewistown, of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Ida Gertrude, Institute, class of '95, to Mr. Gouverneur Kemble Watson, on January 25.

On Tuesday evening, February 14, the alumnae held their second meeting of the New Year. The subject for discussion was the Italian School, on which the following program was rendered:

Music—Miss Aiken.
Fra Angelica—Miss Katherine Johnson.
Michael Angelo—Mrs. Van Valzah.
Raphael—Mrs. Loomis.
Original Poem—Mrs. Spratt.
Address—The effect of pluck and joyousness in making one's character helpful to others.—Mrs. Larrison.
Vocal Duet.

Exchanges

ODE TO THE PONY.

Friend of our fathers, known of old,
Steed of Student of every clime,
We fain would have thy praises told,
Thy hoof prints left in sands of time.
Friend of our fathers, bear us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The college halls grow gray with age,
The president and profs depart;
Few still live on, save thou and Page—
Thou idol of the freshman's heart,
Pride of our course, trot with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The cribber bold, that puts his trust
In printed cuff, or pony's word—
No tough exam. by him is cussed,
No vain regret from him is heard;
And ages still to come, you bet,
Will ride on thee, lest we forget.

—*Knox College Annual*, "*The Gale.*"

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE.

They say that opposites should wed;
Too much alike you'll clash;
And so I'm looking for a girl
Possessed of lots of cash!

—*Lippincott's.*

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
"Maketh all mankind our kin;
There's no chance at all about it,
Tails we lose and heads we win."
—*Ex.*

The boy sat on the burning deck,
His head was in a whirl;
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
His arms were full of girl.
—*Princeton Tiger.*

METAMOPHASIS.

In ancient times Italian youths
On hillside verdant piped their lays;
But now they're doomed in city streets,
To laying pipe their live-long days.

"Lovely maiden! Flowers, verses,
Candy, trinkets, empty purses;
'Nother fellow! Quarrels, curses,
Solar plexus, nurses, hearses!
—*Yale Record.*

A man with a Humbert mustache
While eating a bowl full of hashe,
Got burnt very bad,
And said what I had
Best supply with simply a ———.
—*Washington Collegian.*

THE SENIOR.

I'd like to be a senior,
And with the seniors stand;
A fountain pen behind my ear,
A note-book in my hand.
I would not write in it at all,
But keep it clean all day,
For I would be a senior,
And with the seniors stay.
I would not be a president,
'Tis hard to be a king,
I would not be an emperor,
For all the wealth 'twould bring;
I would not be an angel,
For angel's have to sing
For I would be a senior,
And never do a thing. —*Ex.*

Exigency is the mother of concentration.
Too many cooks spoil the fudge.
The early girl serves the breakfast
Make observations while the moon shines.
Our steeds determine us.
A pin in time saves nine.
Better mate than sever.
Flunk in haste, but repent at leisure.
—*Culled from Mount Holyoke Proverb.*

Bucknell Mirror.

Vol. XXIV. Lewisburg, Pa., March, 1905, No. 6.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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Terms :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, The Mirror will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

☞Communications solicited from all students and friends of the University. Address Bucknell Mirror, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

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MILITARY EDUCATION IN COLLEGES.

BY PROF. JOSEPH M. WOLFE.

THE many improvements in the art of war, and in weapons of warfare, that have taken place in the century just past, have made the profession of arms worthy of a place among the learned professions. No one is any more fit to take his place today as a leader of armies, without the necessary technical education and training, than he would be to take his place at the head of some great engineering enterprise without having gone through a thorough course in one of our technical schools or colleges. The nations of Europe, at great expense, maintain large standing armies, not only to be prepared for any sudden and unexpected war, but also to train a large number of soldiers for the service. They have their technical schools for the education of officers, but the training of the soldiers who are to act as the reserve, and who are to be used, in case of war, to increase the army, is brought about by actual service in the army. From three to eight years of service is required of nearly every able-bodied male citizen of most of the European nations.

The military system of the United States is strikingly different from that of all other nations, in that we do not maintain a large standing army, but in case of war, rely for our soldiers upon those of our citizens who may volunteer for such service, when an emergency arises demanding the use of an unusually large military force. This system is a direct outcome of the circumstances which have attended the growth and development of our country. In the early colonial days when the white settlements were confined to a few small villages along the sea coast, and these were open to attack from the Redmen at any time, it was necessary for every man, and in many instances for the women also, to act the part of a warrior. As the number of white settlers increased, and the rapidly growing population pressed inland, driving the Redmen before them, this necessity was removed from those who dwelt in the coast region, and was confined to the inhabitants of that variable locality called the "Frontier." This was the condition when we were plunged into a war with Great Britain and it became necessary to fight, not against untrained savages, but against armies trained in the art of war. Men accustomed to the arts of peace were called upon to lay aside their business or profession and respond to the call to arms in defense of their liberty; and they responded nobly, though few of them had any knowledge of military science, either practical or theoretical. What they lacked in knowledge and experience, however, they more than made up in the excess of their zeal and patriotism, to the end that the armies of King George were defeated by these amateur soldiers. When the war was finished the question of maintaining a large standing army, as a defense against the Indians and a protection from attack on the part of some foreign nation, was very thoroughly discussed, and the result of the discussion was the establishment of a very small "regular" army, as it was called, and the passage of the Militia Bill of May 8, 1792. This act provides that "every male citizen of the respective states, resident therein, who is of the age of eighteen years and under the age of forty-five years shall be enrolled in the Militia and under certain conditions may be called upon for military service. On account of the fact that nearly every boy was accustomed to the use of fire arms, it was thought that by the enrollment of the militia into companies and regiments, and the meeting of the various organizations for a day or two each summer for muster and training, a sufficiently efficient army could be gathered together on short notice to meet any emergency that might arise. The second war with Great Britain, and the war with

Mexico were carried on with such armies, the regular army being used as a nucleus about which a larger volunteer army was built up, and though the United States was victorious in each of these wars, they were really only little wars, and scarcely a fair test of the existing military system.

At the time of the attempted secession of the South, the regular army was as small, or smaller in proportion to the total population then it had been at any time since the War of 1812. Our Military Academy at West Point had been turning out a goodly number of officers, thoroughly educated in military science and most of these had been through a severe practical school, in the many combats with the Indians on our western frontier. A majority of these officers, and among them some of the very best, at once resigned from the service of the United States and took up the cause of the South. It was at this time, when the attempt was made to quickly form a large army out of the raw material, that those in control of the government realized the magnitude of the task of organizing and bringing to a condition of efficiency, an army consisting largely of men who had no theoretical knowledge of military affairs, to say nothing of their lack of practical experience. As an outcome of this, an act was passed by Congress, July 2, 1862, granting to each state a portion of the public lands to the amount of thirty thousand acres, for each senator and representative in Congress, for the purpose of establishing in each state, a college, or university, which, not excluding other arts and sciences, should have for its leading object the teaching of military science, agriculture, and the mechanic arts. As a result of this act we now have our state colleges and universities, in each of which the course in military science is a prominent feature. After the close of the Civil War, an officer of the army was detailed to act, in each of these institutions, as Professor of Military Science, and so the matter of the military education of the college students was placed under the control of the army.

It did not seem necessary to maintain a large standing army in time of peace, as it was not only very expensive, but also contrary to the ideas of a large number of our citizens. The feeling was that a small, but very highly efficient army would answer the purposes of our government, so far as internal troubles were concerned, and in case of a foreign war it would be possible to form, from the militia or National Guard, as it had come to be called, an army of sufficient proportions and capabilities to meet any emergency, and that, meantime, an army of volunteers could be organized and equipped to take their place when required. It would be necessary to provide a great many officers for such an army, who must be men of education, and of ability as leaders, and this need was to be supplied from those who had been educated in the colleges where military science was taught. Such was the general idea involved in the system and the Spanish War presented an opportunity to put the matter to test. The plan was carried through almost exactly as presented here and with a greater or less degree of success. Though it was found to have many points to be praised, there were also many to be condemned, but one thing was shown beyond a doubt; that it was necessary for the United States to have ready at all times, a large number of young men with a sufficient amount of military education to take positions as officers of a volunteer army when the necessity should again arise, and they would, of necessity, be selected from the graduates of the colleges teaching military science. The Military Academy was fully capable of educating the officers for our regular army, but it was upon the colleges that the government must depend for the men who should be needed to fill the positions occasioned by the raising of a large volunteer army, such as would be needed to carry on war with any of the more formidable nations, and also to provide a sufficient number of properly educated men for the rank and file of such an army.

Any school or college having the capacity for educating one hundred and fifty or more male students, may by the request of those in control, have detailed as Professor of Military Science, an officer of the army and, when an officer is so detailed, will be supplied by the government with arms and equipment for all of its students, and all the necessary supplies for carrying on the course, at no expense to the institution except the payment of freight on the equipment and supplies, and the providing of quarters for the officer. The institution is also expected to provide a suitable building for military drill. The officer has entire charge of the organization and discipline of his department, subject to the approval of the head of the institution. Each officer is detailed for a period of four years, at the end of which, he is replaced by another, and he is allowed by special arrangement with the institution, to give instruction in other subjects than those connected with the Military Department. The students are organized into companies, and where the number of students is sufficient, into battalions and regiments, patterned exactly after the organization of the army. Instruction, both theoretical and practical is given in all branches of the science, and the course is required of all students, though in many of the larger institutions it is confined to the Freshman and Sophomore years. In many schools the course is patterned as nearly as possible after the course at West Point, and when the students graduate they have almost as much military education as is received by the graduates of the Military Academy. No obligations to the government in the way of military service is involved in the taking of these courses, but the advantage to the government, in the establishment of such courses of military instruction, is easily seen, in that it produces a large supply of young men having military knowledge and training, who would be available for duty in time of need.

Let us consider the advantages to be derived from such a source by the students and also by the college. Probably the greatest benefit to the student is physical, for military training, with the marching and manual of arms, and the accompanying setting up exercises, teaches him to carry himself properly when he stands or walks, to move with ease and grace all parts of his body, and tends to give an opportunity for proper development, to all his muscles and organs. If the only result of such training was a good carriage, and a general symmetrical development of the body, it would be effort well spent. It teaches him to be neat, clean and careful with his clothing and person, and to be prompt, regular and systematic in whatever he has to do. By placing him in command of some of his fellow students, after having been in subordination to others, it teaches him to be self reliant, and to control others, at the same time teaching him not to be unduly self-conceited, and to control himself. It also makes him understand that to properly command one must know how to obey. It teaches him, by means of the various reports, books and papers involved, to be careful in accounts and business transactions, and also teaches him the responsibility of the individual in the community for any and all public property. All these benefits and many others, come to the young man who takes a course in military science, and in case his services are required at any time in the army, either as a volunteer or a conscript, he is fitted to fill a place of authority and power, when, lacking such knowledge, he would be likely to be placed in a subordinate position.

Among the benefits to the college incident to a course in military science, we may count the much greater ease with which discipline is maintained among those accustomed to military regulations and the increased efficiency of the class room, due to the superior physical condition of the students, and the habits of regularity formed as a result of military training.

It offers to young men, what is, to many, a very attractive course of instruction, at an expense to the institution that is practically nothing.

When we consider the benefits that have accrued to the students, the colleges and the nation as a result of the Morrell Land Grant Act, we neglect our duty if we fail to praise the name of the late Senator Morrell of Vermont, with whom this act originated, and by whom it was carried through. He is certainly worthy of anything that can be said in commendation of the man who thus made possible the establishment of so many of our great institutions of learning.

❧

"God, give us peace! not such as lulls to sleep,
  But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
  Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"

Lowell.

Editorial

Our readers will pardon the omission of social news and alumni notes this month. We feel that the carefully prepared articles from the pens of two of our alumni much more than make up the omission.

The MIRROR is pleased to note the improved appearance of our esteemed contemporary, the *Orange and Blue*. The use of better paper is to be commended; the reading matter also shows careful thought in preparation. Congratulations, our brothers!

THE BASKETBALL FLOOR.

Apropos of the Lebanon Valley game, we may discuss the necessity for some intercollegiate ruling with reference to uniformity in the size of basket ball floors. Not only is such action necessary but it is entirely feasible. It is furthermore expected that an attempt will be made to enforce something like uniformity in this very important matter.

Every floor should contain a fixed number of square feet, observing the proper dimensions authorized by an intercollegiate committee, with the boundaries consistently marked; likewise, uniformity as far as possible in the placing of the baskets with proper attention to their backing and distance from the floor. Until such a regulation is enforced intercollegiate basket ball must be seriously handicapped. The larger universities and colleges have endeavored to secure uniformity in the size of basket ball floors but many of the smaller colleges and schools have utterly ignored the exigency and the justice of such regulation.

SPECIALIZATION,

Specialization is a characteristic feature of our age. To specialize is well, but in this as an exclusive course, lies a danger, the danger of one-sided development. The world, the college is in need of men of a different type from the pure specialist. Why belittle a man by leading him to believe that he can hope to do only one thing well ? Such a course is an affront to manhood. Far from advocating a "Jack-of-all-trades" development is it to claim that it is possible and reasonable for a normal, healthy man to learn to do well more than one thing, and to be intently interested in more than one thing. Too full already is the world of men and women who can intelligently talk nothing but "shop" because they know nothing but "shop." Other than this should be the ideal of the college man. The world needs all round developed men, men who while following their chosen profession, still are able to turn mind and hand to other things if occasion arises. The government must not be left to professional politicians alone; other men must know and do. The education of the young must not be left to the professional pedagogue alone. The commercial world must not be left to the control of self interested business men alone. In the knowledge of, and the participation in, to a certain extent, all the complex interests of the people, by the college man, lies the safety and development of the people and of the nation. How necessary is it then for the college professor and the college student to shape the college course and college life, and to direct individual choice so that the result shall be the development, not of an over-specialized man, but one with a broad knowledge and with a capacity to do well not one, but many things.

BASKETBALL.

BY GEORGE W. COCKILL, '05.

DURING the last two years, basket ball has come into remarkable prominence as an intercollegiate sport. At the present time it is the leading winter sport in many of the colleges and universities throughout the country. A few years ago it looked as though the game would be entirely dropped but since then its steady and continuous advancement along with its popularity assures us of its permanency.

To Dr. James Naismith must be given the credit for the invention of basket ball. Luther Halsey Gulick, while he was the first to see the great opportunity for a game to fill in the gap between the foot ball of the Fall and the base ball of the Spring, has been incorrectly given the credit of inventing the game of basket ball. It was through suggestions of Mr. Gulick that Dr. Naismith worked out his plans for the game, and in 1892, Dr. Naismith wrote the first article on basket ball which appeared in the January number of "The Triangle." In this article illustrations of a gymnasium floor were drawn, with peach baskets for goals.

The honor of having the first college basket ball team must be given to Yale. As early as 1894 the "dark blue" was represented by a strong and speedy aggregation of players. College athletic directors soon began to see the advantages of the game as the ideal winter sport, and its popularity increased so rapidly that by 1900 all the leading colleges and universities were represented by teams. The popularity of basket ball can be readily understood. When well played, it is an exciting and spectacular game.

Basket ball requires more endurance and staying power than the majority of sports. With comparatively no rest during the entire forty minutes of play, the players are continually “on the go.” It can be easily seen that it is no game for the physically undeveloped or the poorly trained athlete. In order to play the game and keep in the game at all stages, it is necessary for the contestants to take the best possible care of themselves. The condition of a player can easily be seen on the basket ball floor, more easily in fact than on the cinder path, foot ball field or diamond. It is a significant fact that this game usually attracts men who have become prominent in other branches of collegiate sport. Statistics show that, of the ten men representing Columbia during the past two seasons, nine were members of at least one other Varsity team, and of these, six had won the coveted “C” in one of the four major sports.

The “Big Six” have formed an intercollegiate basket ball league of their own and the winner in the league is regarded as having the best team in the East. This is an injustice to the smaller colleges, as it has been proved on numerous occasions that the smaller colleges have better teams than those that are represented in the “Intercollegiate League.” Just within the last few weeks both State and Lehigh administered crushing defeats to members of this league. The only way for the collegiate championship to be decided is for the smaller colleges to get together and form a league of their own, then the champion team of this league arrange a series of five games with the champion team of the “Big Six.” If the fifth game had to be played the game should be played on a neutral floor. This is the only way any championship can be decided in which all concerned are given justice. Besides, these contests would stir up a keen rivalry and would do much to put basket ball on a par with the other great American sports.

WAS EMERSON A CHRISTIAN?

BY VELOLA E. HALL, '04.

OFTENTIMES the self-satisfied world seems unconscious of the steps by which it has risen. It forgets to honor the men who have laboriously removed the unstable earth and placed for its ascent the firm rocks. But now and then some special occasion arouses the slow memory, and once more for the length of a time garlands are placed at the feet of some great one. Thus a centennial celebration recently guided our thoughts to a man whose calm life has stirred many to vigorous action—Ralph Waldo Emerson. Now, one incident in that man's life arrests our attention. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the daughter of an eminent theological professor, recalls his visit to their "Calvinistic" home in "orthodox" Andover, and says: "He was in a much muddled state of his distinguished mind." Then she almost calls him a pagan.* Does the man deserve so harsh a name? Let us see.

This word has had a history. Through "rustic" it came to mean one not yet reached by Christianity, so that now the Standard Dictionary defines it as "one who is not Christian." Now it is clear that one might be Christian and not a Christian—that is, one might believe and live according to the principles of Christianity, without accepting its founder as Lord and Master. When we take these definitions and proceed to judge a man, we need the calm impartiality of the scholar. Therefore, throwing prejudice aside, forgetting what we consider orthodox, let us decide from what the man has thought, from what he has done, whether or not he is Christian.

As Emerson's belief is in "the superiority of the

*"Chapters from a Life," McClures Mag., Vol, 6, p. 293

spontaneous or intuitive principle over the arithmetical and logical”[*] we cannot expect to find much of the philosopher's spirit in him, nor any attempt at consistency. His statements are oracular. For instance, he believes in Idealism, and still he does not believe in idealism. “Idealism sees the world in God,”[†] but this alone cannot satisfy for “it leaves God out of me.”[‡] He also believes in immortality, “Death pours finite into infinite.”[‖] He declares plainly: “I believe in Eternity.”[¶] Still it is not the future that we should be concerned about, “Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.”[§]

Evidence of a strong faith in God is found everywhere on the pages of Emerson. Hear him as he speaks forth, “O my brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the center of the universe and over the will of every man,” and again: “I am constrained every moment to acknowledge a higher origin for events than the will I call mine.” This “higher origin” according to his own words is “the ever blessed One,” the Maker of all things and persons yet Himself unmade. He is everywhere present, indeed “in every moss and cob web,” he is omniscient, he is Infinite. Justice, power, freedom, over-flowing love, beauty, truth, and goodness characterize him,—the “Supreme Being,” “The First Cause.” He is not intelligent, but intelligence. He is a spirit and “man in all ages and countries embodies this spirit in his language as the Father.” Theologians could not wrangle with him here; devout souls could meet him and together they could bow the knee to the Father.

He differs from theists, however, in the use of the word, “personality.” “I deny personality to God, be-

[*] Intellect, p. 207, Cambridge Edition.

[†] Nature, Addresses & Lectures, Pop. Ed. Idealism p. 64

[‡] Nature Addresses & Lectures, Pop. Ed. Spirit pp. 66, 67

[‖] Threnody, Poems, Household Ed. p. 137

[¶] History, Cambridge Ed. p. 15

[§] Conduct of Life, New and revised Ed. Worship, p. 227

cause it is too little, not too much," he is reported to have said when criticised. He speaks of God as impersonal sometimes, of the "super-human Heart," and again as "not personal nor impersonal." When the devout motions of the soul come he tells us to yield to them, "though they clothe God with shape and color." May not this be a difference in the use of terms? Certainly the idea of God is not lowered?

But what? Was not God's omnipresence said to be "in every moss and cobweb?" Does he not make nature and the Creator one and the same when he speaks of heaven as "house at once and architect," of "God's delegating His divinity to every particle." Is not Emerson a pantheist at least? A superficial view of poetic utterances might lead one to this conclusion. But hush! Do not too quickly ascribe to this earnest soul so cold a creed as pantheism. Let his own words judge him, rather: the world is an "incarnation of God," nature withdraws at times reverentially before its God. These are not the words of a pantheist. A distinction is ever drawn between God and Nature, and it is the identification only that is pantheism. He did not consider God as far away in the heavens, a mighty power that had set the world in motion and now watched its revolutions. To him God was an enveloping presence. Is this pantheism? Not unless our belief in a God who is ever with us and whom we can love is pantheism.

The relation of man to God is a very close one. Emerson has very little to say about sin, although he mentions it in two or three places. While "man is made of the same atoms that the world is,"[*] still, "every man is a channel through which heaven floweth"[†] "As a plant upon the earth so a man rests upon the bosom of God. . . . . . Who can set bounds to the possibilities of man? Once inhale the upper air, being admitted

[*] Conduct of Life, New and revised Ed. Worship, p. 229

[†] Nominalist & Realist, C. Ed. 2nd Series. p. 230

Neither did Emerson accept the special revelation of God in the flesh, the "deity" of Christ. Throughout his entire writings, one can scarcely find Jesus spoken of by any titles or words that give Him any significance to the world beyond that which comes from His own manhood. More than this, again and again we do find Him mentioned as one with other men—distinguished men indeed but still nothing more than men,—and not often does he give Him even the climax position, as "Giordano Bruno, Vanini, Huss, Paul, Jesus and Socrates." [*] Still he makes him to be a man of power and one who had a great influence: "A man Caesar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man." [†] He, himself, places Jesus the highest of any who have yet lived, for "He alone has realized to the full what man can be." "He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his World. He said in this jubilee of sublime emotion, "I am divine, through me God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me; or see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think." [‡]

And the teachings of this One, "whose name is not as much written as pluoghed into the history of the world," [||] are found again and again throughout the works of Emerson. For example, he says that if man would know what the great God speaketh, he must, as Jesus said, "go into his closet and shut the door." Jesus teaches the worth of man above the sparrows, to behold the absolute natures of justice and truth, and we learn that man has access to the entire mind of the Creator, is himself the Creator in the finite."[*] Just here it is clearly recognized that tnere are different gradations of men, and this difference is because of their relation to God. There is an "upper air" not inhaled by all. Pleasant changes are made in the life because of the closer relation, but "this energy does not descend into individual life on any other condition than entire possession;"[†] it "comes forth to the poor and hungry and such as are of simple taste."[‡] More than this, some "rare, extravagant spirits" come at times who are "nearer to the secret of God than others." Still most of his words are for the common and humble followers. The need of submission to a higher will than our own, of a readiness to have our plans thwarted, of a great faith that the One who leads through sorrows loves and leads to better things, the possibility of communication with the infinite, these are his teachings and the attitude he urges upon us.

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[*] Society & Solitude, New and revised Ed. Courage p. 258

[‡] Self-Reliance, Camb. Ed. p. 62

[†] Nature, Addresses & Lectures, Pop. Ed. Address before Divinity School, p. 127

[||] Nature, Addresses & Lectures, Pop. Ed. Address before Divinity School, p. 126

His stand on the Bible is influenced by his belief concerning the relation of man to his Creator. The soul should go directly to God. "If, therefore, a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation in another country, believe him not."[||] "If we leave our own sentiment and take secondary knowledge, we get wide from God." [¶] Still he has a reverence for the Scriptures and thinks that they are for the intervals of darkness, "when the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining."[§]

[*] Nature, Addresses & Lectures, Popular Ed. p. 64

[†] The Over-Soul, Cambridge Ed. pp. 271, 272

[‡] The Poet, Cambridge Ed. 2nd Series, p. 32

[||] Self Reliance, Cambridge Ed. p. 66

[¶] Nature, Addresses & Lectures, Pop. Ed. Addresses before Divinity School, pp. 142, 143

[§] Nature, Addressss & Lectures, Pop. Ed. The American Scholar, p. 92

above the Sabbath, above all created things; Emerson writes: “The world exists for the education of each man.” Jesus teaches of the kingdom of God, where men are “brothers because they are sons of God.”[*] Emerson ever points to the worth of each man and his close relation to God.

Our seer felt bound by no church creed, and no “infirmity of faith,” feared no skepticism. He said: “I dip my pen in the blackest ink because I am not afraid of falling into my ink-pot.” [†] He seeks to see things as they are. His firm wish and teaching was that men should come directly to God. Instead, he saw a church gone over to formalism, a church believing that the “age of inspiration is past” and that we degrade Jesus by making Him a man, that “the whiteness of the ritual covers scarlet indulgences.” These conditions and the extravagances that follow the turning away of mature minds, disgusted Emerson. So from unsatisfying forms of religion, from a period of transition, he called us to behold God again “face to face.” Amid such surroundings he proclaimed the true, though lost, Christianity, “a faith like Christ in the infinitude of man,” and he called this “the pure and awful form of religion in the world.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[*] Burton & Matthews: “Constructive Studies in the Life of Christ.” 3rd Ed., p. 121

[†] Conduct of Life, New & Revised Ed. Worship p. 193

Bucknell Mirror.

VOL. XXIV. LEWISBURG, PA., APRIL, 1905, NO. 7.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

☞Communications solicited from all students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

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Editorial

"SNIT."

ANY one who stood near the bulletin-board while students were selecting their subjects for this term, heard such expressions as the following: "I want a 'snit'" or "I want two 'snits'" or "I want three 'snits', for it is the spring term." If any one of these speakers were asked what he meant, he would say frankly that he did not want to work hard during the spring term. If he were asked to define the word "snit," he would say: "A subject in which you work the professor although the professor thinks he is working you."

In reply to a student holding such a view we assert: there are no "snits" in the Freshman year; there are not many, if any, in the Sophomore year; there are some subjects that cannot be taught as mathematics are taught; there are some professors who do not believe that a college course is a daily entering of accounts; there are students who for the sake of their development need freedom from rigidity; there is in college provision for all kinds of men. Then we define a "snit" as a subject in which a student is given free play, a subject in which he is put on his honor as in his deportment; a professor becomes the student's adviser, overseer, and guide, not his master and monitor. In such a course a fellow may not need to work in the same way as he does in other courses; but if he is a student, he will work. He may not be driven to books; but if he is a student, he will take time to think, to ruminate. A man who elects a "snit" to work a professor, has his reward.

WAS EMERSON A CHRISTIAN?

SECOND PART.

VELOLA E. HALL, '04.

IN spite, however, of Emerson's inability to accept all that the church taught—such as miracles other than “the blowing clover and the falling rain,” he does not despair. Still “all thoughtful and just men in all ages and conditions” recognize “a simple, quiet, undescribed, undescribable presence, dwelling very peacefully in us, our rightful Lord,” and in sublime faith he says, “You say there is no religion now. Tis like saying in rainy weather, ‘There is no sun’. ” He looks for something greater to come and satisfy, for “the new Teacher” in the West, and for our use during this period of transition before the glorious events to come, he gives instruction, “Let a man learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting; let him learn to bear the disappearance of things he was wont to reverence; let him learn that—all are at last contained in the Eternal Cause. If my bark sink, ‘tis to another sea!” *

We have then before us the stand of Emerson on different questions. Choosing from these we find that the fundamental beliefs coming from the depths of his earnest soul, are in God whose spirit lives in closest relations to his creatures and his creation, and in the great dignity of man who can commune with his Maker without mediator or veil, who can rise to the height where the mark of divinity in his own soul will enable him to say with Jesus, the only one who has yet realized the full worth and possibilities of man : “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.”

When examining his various utterances, we decided that Emerson was not a pantheist. More exact definitions have been made as years have passed and what

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* Representative Men, Montaigne or the Skeptic, p.177

might once have been called pantheism is free from that charge. The belief in the abiding presence draws us close to the heart of the Creator of the Universe; it brings Him very near to us. The scientist Le Conte (Professor of geology and history in the University of California) in his book, “Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought,” gives utterance to this view as the one to which we have progressed, the reconciliation of the “two apparently antagonistic and mutually excluding views of direct agency and natural law.”[*] He speaks of this belief as “the continual realized presence of the Infinite” and says: “He is again brought very near to every one of us and restored to our love, for in Him we live and move and have our being.”[†]

Let us now judge Emerson's views of man, of Christ, and of God, in the light of the most recent interpretation of Christianity made by the great German scholar, Harnack. To do this is difficult, for Harnack is scientific and investigates carefully before speaking, while Emerson works intuitively. Then Harnack is clear; Emerson is often vague. Between Father and Son, Harnack recognizes a unique relation, but undefinable—, its nature not even revealed by Jesus, Himself. His meaning, however, is stronger than Emerson's, for Emerson believed that men, if they would, could rise to he peculiar relation that Jesus had to God. At this point, Emerson leaves the path the others have trodden; just here he ceases in thought to be called “a Christian” with any deeper significance than he might be called a Platonist. But if we believe with Harnack that the important thing in Christianity is “God and the soul, the soul and its God” if we lay the emphasis that Christ Himself did on the Father, we can still apply to Emerson's theoretical beliefs the adjective, “Christian.”

More conservative thinkers than Harnack define carefully. They are fully conscious of a world lost in

[†] p. 253

[*] Second Edition, Revised, p. 300

sin, of the call back to the Father by One who was willing to suffer that his great love might be known and that the lost might be saved, One who was a man tempted as we are and still something far above what man is or ever will be—God Himself revealed in flesh. With these Emerson could never be entirely in accord, for his own purity and inborn tendencies toward right, made him unconscious of the full strength of the struggle against sin in other lives, his belief in the greatness of man led him to underestimate the greatness of the God-man. But we have seen that the teachings of Christ are found throughout his works. Far grander, indeed, are the teachings of the Master than the most inspiring words from the pen of Emerson. Far more inclusive are they; far deeper in their understanding of the needs of men; far higher in the aims and ideals they give. But Emerson's teaching is still in accord with that which is greater; it is noble and uplifting; the ideals are set high.

In judging Emerson's thought as seen in his writings we must remember that his mission was not to give philosophical views or exact definitions. In a generation when men had turned from God and set up creeds and dogmas for worship in the high places; in a time when many believers had lost the stirrings of love, had forgotten the great meanings underneath symbols, and had sunk into mere formality, the voice of Emerson was heard on the hills and in the valleys, calling everywhere to newness of life, to a closer relationship to the Father. His trumpet-call of warning sounded forth: "The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe?" This call was heard throughout his earthly life, and it still does ring forth from his written words. His work was like that of John the Baptist, of Martin Luther, yea, of the Christ Himself. The world has need of a soul like his at stages in its progress to call it back, to give it inspiration, to make it feel.

Emerson thought and wrote, but above all he lived, and that life both public and private inspires all beholders of its beauty. Purity is there and sweetness, and gentleness, and light. The blood of a long line of ministers flowed in his veins, and was the basis for such a character that his college class-mate and life-long friend pronounces his conduct “absolutely faultless” and says: “All that was wanting to render him an almost perfect character were a few harsher traits and perhaps more masculine vigor.” If we pause to judge him by the perfect life, we must feel that he was very much like the Master. Holmes writes: “If he did not worship the ‘man Christ Jesus’ as the Churches of Christendom have done, he followed his footsteps so nearly that our good Methodist, Father Taylor, speaks of him as more like Christ than any man he had known.”

A sweet, a beautiful, an almost perfect life! A heart that beat earnestly and loved all that was good, all that was pure, all that was true! An intellect that gave forth its treasures to bless and uplift humanity! A man, heart and intellect and life, looking up to the Maker in profoundest love! Listen to the words that echo down through the centuries: “Ye shall know them by their fruits.” It is the Master who speaks, and do we dare to contradict? Can we venture to condemn hastily a noble soul? Let Him judge who alone is capable of righteous judgment. We cannot do it. We dare not do it. From our tribunal of justice the man passes forth uncondemned. We wish, oh yes, we strongly wish that he had added the crowning feature to his teaching, that he had humbly obeyed the command; “Ye believe in God; believe also in me,” that he had exclaimed with doubting Thomas, “My Lord and my God!” But while enemies may hurl at him the name of pantheist, while sectarians may condemn because he did not recognize in the Christ of history something more than man, justice to him who believed in man's great worth, who looked above the annoyance of life to

One who guideth all things well, compels us to give honor to the seer of Concord, whose words have been an incentive to many a noble action, whose life has inspired many a noble soul. Instead of shrinking from him with looks of scorn; instead of taunting him with such terms as heretic, pantheist, pagan, we go forth to meet him with smiles of greeting; we welcome him to a high place in our houses of worship; to-gether we bow the knee to the same Father; to-gether we seek the guidance of the same divine Spirit. While we cannot call him "a Christian," the name the church guards carefully, the name he himself would not care to accept, we still pronounce his words and life like those of Christ,—not pagan, but Christian.

O-NEE-TAH.

BY W. E. D. '06,

FAR away among the mountains of the North there lies a beautiful Valley and through it a noble river flows toward the rising sun. Once the Red man roamed through the forests of the Valley and paddled his swift canoe over the dark waters of the noble river; but now the White man dwells there and the shrill cry of the Indian is heard no more. Those who live there love the beautiful Valley and are proud of the tales that are told of its pioneers and of their wild and crafty neighbors. There is a story of a beautiful Indian maiden, named in the Mohawk language O-nee-tah, who dwelt in the Valley even after the White man had come.

In a little grove on a pleasant hillside overlooking the great river there gushes forth a little stream of water which is known to this day as the Caughnawaga Spring. Near this spring was the home of O-nee-tah, the beautiful Indian maiden; while farther down the Valley and across the river were the dwellings of the White people.

To this spring in the early evening when the stars were first peeping out and the chirp of the cricket could be heard from the river bank, at the signal of the Night Hawk's cry, came O-nee-tah to meet her lover, Ka-hon-ji. He was first among the forest runners of the Iroquois, strong in courage, mighty in valor, and cunning at the council fire. He was of the tribe of the Wolf, while O-nee-tah was of the tribe of the Beaver.

One evening in early summer when O-nee-tah came to the Spring she found Ka-hon-ji, dressed in his runner's garb, his face smeared with war-paint, awaiting her. "O-nee-tah", said he, "to-night we must part, for when the young moon rises in the West the lodges of my people will be empty; the trail leads to the Long House and to the lodges of our brothers. The people of the Valley have dug up the hatchet against their brothers across the great water but we have smoked the pipe of peace with the far away people. For the present we must go, but soon, O-nee-tah, will we return with many more and then we will possess the Valley and live here in peace forever. Until then, O-nee-tah, come every evening, when the west wind blows, to the Spring, and when you hear the cry of the Night Hawk be sure I am near."

So they parted, he to the westward swiftly, she homeward slowly and silently. Every evening when the west wind was blowing softly down the river, just as the stars were peeping out overhead, and while the cricket was sounding his notes from the river bank came O-nee-tah to the Spring. Eagerly she listened, patiently she waited evening after evening for the cry of the Night Hawk, but the faint shrill call came not to her ears, her patience was not rewarded.

But far away in the forests which lie toward the land of the setting sun there was a great gathering of swarthy warriors: the tall, lithe bucks of the Antelope and of the Eel, the grim visaged braves of the Plover and of the Turtle, and among them men whose skins were white but whose coats were red. Around their council fires passionate speeches had aroused grave Sachem and warlike Sagamore; the black belt of peace had been dashed to the ground and the red belt of war had been lifted up; and with terror and death marking their footsteps they were coming to possess the hunting grounds of their fathers. But when the people of the Valley heard that the enemy was coming, that the Chief was returning to claim his own, they marched out to meet him. There in the swampy woodland, behind tree and bush and stone, waiting in ambush for the men of the Valley, crouched the dusky warriors. Ka-hon-ji was among them.

Now, when the sun had gone down behind the western hills and night had covered the battle ground with her mantle of darkness, when the noise of conflict had ceased and the silence was unbroken save for the distant howl of wolf or the mournful hoot of owl, one of the seemingly lifeless forms stirred, the lips moved, the eyes opened and looked at the scattered stars showing dimly through the foliage above. It was Ka-hon-ji. Slowly he raised himself on his elbow and striving to pierce the thick gloom of the forest gazed about. Gradually the events of the day came back to him: the coming of the men of the Valley, the conflict, the sharp pain, and then—darkness. Now he thought only of O-nee-tah and longed only to return to her as he had promised. Painfully he dragged himself toward the river; through thick bushes, over rough stones, through pools of blood where the dead lay thick, around great trees whose huge roots hindered him. At last he reached the bank and helplessly rolled down to the water. Among the reeds he had hidden his canoe; he found it, and after great exertion lay extended in the bottom of his light craft drifting down the stream towards O-nee-tah.

All night long he drifted seeing only the clear blue heaven above now thickly studded with stars, hearing only the soft murmer of the water and the rustling branches of the trees along the bank as they brushed against his light canoe. When morning threw her first beams of light across the Valley, he reached out his hand, caught hold of a projecting limb, and drew his canoe into a leafy hiding place. For three nights and days, eating only of the dried flesh at his girdle and drinking only of the water of the river he pursued his lonely voyage toward O-nee-tah. Then he saw on his left the rocky hill which he knew was the "nose" and he rejoiced for the Spring was but a few miles below and there O-nee-tah waited for him. But his strength was failing fast and he no longer could even draw his canoe into concealment. All day long he drifted and just as the stars were coming out and the cricket was beginning its song he approached the Spring. In vain he tried to turn his craft toward the shore, his strength was gone; he could only drift past while O-nee-tah waited. Yet he remembered the signal and as the canoe drifted by the pleasant hillside in the deepening dusk of evening he uttered the cry of the Night Hawk; once more it escaped his lips when his canoe, drawn into the rift, passed rapidly onward. The Great Falls, the lurking place of Death, toward which his bark was hastening, was just below.

That evening when the west wind was blowing and the cricket's chirp sounded clear from the thicket, O-nee-tah, her chin in her palm, sat by the Spring listening, waiting. Many and many an evening had come and gone, many and many a time had she been disappointed, yet her faith did not fail, she was sure he would come. Suddenly she started. Hark! What was that? Faintly but clearly from the dark river below had come the cry of the Night Hawk. She waited. Yet once more but fainter and farther away came the cry, then all was silent save the trickling of water below and the rustle of leaves overhead. Rising, she waited eagerly for the coming of Ka-hon-ji, but he came not. All her longings were in vain, all her hopes deferred.

Many a summer evening sat O-nee-tah by the Spring waiting for him who did not come. Many an autumn, winter, spring, and summer followed in quick succession until O-nee-tah's raven hair was sprinkled with the snows of the Winter of Life. But one day in early summer when the west wind was blowing, when the stars were just appearing from their hiding places in the heavens, and when the crickets were chirping cheerily, they found O-nee-tah sitting by the Spring, her chin in her hand, her sightless eyes turned toward the river. Ka-hon-ji had come.

A FEW HARVARD IMPRESSIONS.

RAY PRESTON BOWEN.

I WAS first impressed by the great size of Harvard and by the feeling of utter loneliness that came over me. Life became very monotonous, for I would go over to the "yard" every morning and mingle with those thousands, and yet I would not speak to a soul. I felt as if I would be happy forever if I could meet one person to whom I might at least say, "hello." Imagine my delight when one day in the line at the library—Harvard men have a mania for forming in line—I recognized an old Bucknell friend. I am sure I smiled for the next week without cessation. The men here are very conservative, and it is impossible to know even a few intimately, unless you have come in contact with them for two or three years. A former Bucknell man who has been here for some time said to me that he knew a great many fellows here, but that they were mere acqaintances, while those he knew at Bucknell were his friends. This suggests how much better men can know each other, even in a short time, at a small school than they can in two or three years at a university where they come in contact with so many men daily. Harvard is very cosmopolitan and so one comes in touch with the thought of various peoples. This privilege is a very valuable training, broadening a man's view of the world.

I was much impressed with the opportunity to hear great men lecture. It gave me a peculiar delight to feel at last that certain names which I had seen so often on the title page of books really did refer to persons having genuine human bodies. I considered it a pleasure to hear James K. Bryce, Henry Van Dyke, Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Harnack, Lyman Abbott and Booker Washington, not because what they said in any way surpassed the excellent lectures I have heard in Bucknell Hall, but because what these men have written will now appeal to me more strongly, for I know something of the personality of each.

Harvard is not a school for rich sports, nor a place to wile away four weary years. The young fellow sipping his beer in some club, spending his evenings at cards or dances, and his days in automobiling, attending lectures once a week, and yet receiving his degree at the end of the course, is but the subject of college romance which seems possible when one is many miles from Cambridge. The vast majority of men are students, and are here doing consistent work. All are pedantic enough to carry green book bags, and they hurry from one lecture hall to another with an earnestness and determination that is really startling.

I think Harvard is surrounded by a religious and moral atmosphere, to be sure liberal, but sincerely religious. I was a little surprised when I saw announcements of class "beers" in all the college papers, and large posters on every bulletin board proclaiming them. The fault was with myself, for my previous training had led me to suppose such occasions highly immoral. They do not prove to be so here. I have not seen one Harvard man intoxicated, I have heard but little profanity, and no vulgar stories or even hints of such, have come to my ears.

Harvard's great charm, however, is her culture and refinement, her breadth of thought, her *liberalism*. Here are centered all sorts of religious convictions, varying from the view that God is not perfect and that His perfection depends upon us, each helping toward His progress, to the strict orthodoxy of the church of the Advent. Some find the truth in Fichte's idealism, others in Schelling's philosophy of identity, and still others find that which most strongly appeals to them as the truth in Spinoza's pantheism. But all are sincere in their convictions. The seal of the University is much in evidence everywhere, not only is it carved in stone on many of the buildings, but is on all the publications of the University. Thus the word, *veritas*, is indellibly impressed on the minds of the students. Its influence is felt at once, and the new comer cannot help feeling that these thousands of men are gathered here to learn the truth, as near as may be, about *all* things. To try to know the truth, and to act accordingly is the whole life of man, and that fact is well impressed upon every one who has had a Harvard training.

IN A RUT.

BY R. W. H. '06.

"YES, Frank, I'd like very much to stay in town a while longer, but I don't see how I can do it."

The better dressed of two middle aged men made this remark. They had stopped almost in front of me as I was standing in the big, vaulted, terminal station, watching the strangers around me and listening to the steady shuffle of their feet on the hard floor. These two men were both strangers to me, so I stood still and listened to what they said.

The other man was tall, with just a suspicion of seediness about his clothes. I somehow felt that he had been handsome when young. Poking a rusty covered umbrella at the floor he said,

"Well, John, I know those two big hotels keep you pretty busy, but I wish you could stay a day longer. Do you know, it's over twenty years since I saw you last. That was when I bid you good bye at the station at commencement. I intended to run over and see you that summer but never did. And it's funny how easily old chums can lose each other after they get out of school. I was certainly glad to run into you here to-night."

"By the way, you never married did you, Frank?" asked the hotel man, resting a well shined shoe on his suitcase.

"No, you see I've always been so busy down at old Gage's office that I never had a chance," answered he of the umbrella.

The other man looked at the clock and then said,

"Why I always thought you would marry some of the girls out there at school. You always made such a hit with the women, anyhow,—Gertrude, for instance. She certainly was a fine girl in those days. Suppose you know she's been married for the last fifteen years to—I can't think of his name, the fellow who used to—Garmley, yes that's it. He didn't amount to much and I imagine poor Gertrude has not seen many pleasant times since the old school days."

The tall man studied the other's shoe for some time and when he spoke again I thought I caught a change in his voice.

"Yes," he said at last, "I used to be with Gertie almost all the time. And we thought lots of each other too. She was the finest woman I ever met, John."

He coughed a little uneasily and went on.

"John, I don't suppose you knew it, but we were engaged. But you know how 'distance lends enchantment' nowadays. We just drifted apart as you and I have."

He stopped, and they both stood silent. The man with the suitcase shot a sly glance at the clock again and then slowly picked up his suitcase. As he hung his great coat over his arm he turned toward his friend.

"I'm sorry, Frank," he said as they both fell in with the crowd that surged to the now open gate, "but I'll have to go. I'll try and run down and see you sometime soon. You'll have to come up and see us, too."

I did not catch what the other man said but stood there for some time after the train had pulled out.

As the incoming crowd went past me, I again saw my friend with the umbrella. He kept clear of the crowd and walked slowly past me, biting the end of his umbrella handle and looking along the floor.

SOCIAL.

SUNSHINE and showers, and sunshine again and we know spring has come. No outsider can understand how much spring means to us, here at Bucknell, no one uninitiated can appreciate how eagerly we watch for the first green grass on the campus and the first buds on the trees. Then, one bright day some one announces that the crocuses on Mr. Judd's terrace are in bloom and every one walks around the "horn" to see them. Surely, spring is here. A few days later some one appears with a spray of arbutus in his button-hole, and at that a fever of unrest seizes the student-body. They want to be off, away out in the woods, searching among the damp, dead leaves for the tiny fragrant blossom. To skip classes becomes a great temptation, and to study hard becomes impossible. We have been working hard all winter, now we want to see nature work.

However, nature is not tne only toiler this spring, for we notice with pleasure that the new buildings are rapidly nearing completion. The men are hard at work and day by day the building for the college girls takes on a more definite shape. Alas for the girls of 1905, who will not have an opportunity to taste of life beneath its roof.

New buildings are not the only improvements to be seen on the campus. Please notice we have been provided with some superior new walks, rather unformed yet, and hard on shoe leather and skirt bindings, but doubtless destined to be very fine when once trodden into shape.

But life within the college walls has been as busy as without. The only "At Home" given during the winter term was the one on Washington's birthday. To further add to the affair, the senior girls went in caps and gowns. This custom of wearing caps and gowns at the first February "At Home" was established some years ago and is the first appearance of each class in these dignified robes.

The school room was decorated with flags, and red, white, and blue trimming. The spirit of the day was carried out in the refreshments, which consisted of orange ice with candied cherries and hatchet cakes.

Following this "At Home," were numerous "doings" among the girls, and the Senior Seminary reception, which was held March tenth. The guests were received by Dean and Mrs. Edwards, Misses Bush, Jeanette Wolfe, Margaret Stoughton, Julia Brown and Elizabeth Baker.

The rooms were decorated in the class colors, red and green. This color scheme was carried out downstairs as well as in the parlors. The refreshments were served in the dining-room by the Fourth Form girls. In the school room, one corner of which the orchestra occupied was screened by palms. Anothsr was arranged for the punch-bowl, while in the remainder were cosy corners.

Occasionally the round of receptions and At Homes is broken by some social event of a different order. On March seventeeth in the Seminary Chapel the Girls Dramatic club gave "Marie Stuart." The room of course was crowded and many there were who envied those so favored as to be invited. From the beginning to the end the play was a marked success, and several of the actresses displayed decided talent. Miss Kelley, as Marie Stuart, Miss Nesbit as Elizabeth and Miss Braddock as Lord Burleigh deserve special mention, though all the parts were well taken. The success of the performance reflects great credit, not only on the actors, but also on the faithful training ahd supervision of Miss Schillinger.

The last social event was the Faculty reception held in the Institute on Friday evening, April seventh. All the faculty, the college girls and the Senior college men were present.

The seniors wore their caps and gowns, giving one a glimpse of commencement. The reception was held in the parlors and the schoolroom, which was changed from its every day appearance by rugs, chairs and pillows. Refreshments were served in the schoolroom by the seminary girls.

On the whole the winter has been a successful and enjoyable one socially, many events having occurred which will long be pleasantly recalled.

ALUMNI.

F. M. Kelly '75, is engaged in the newspaper business at Altoona. Pa.

Hon. J. B. Cook '73, president of the alumni association, is temporarily located ot Middletown, Del.

Rev. A. W. Hand '85, is located at Burleigh, N. J.

John D. Minnick '88, is conducting a lumber business at Mt. Airy, N. C.

H. C. Donat '91, is now located at Medford, N. J.

L. L. Riggins M. D. '94, has a thriving medical practice at Oakland, Cal.

Paul Tustin '91, is also in California, at Stonewall, where he is engaged in mining.

Rev. A. Lincoln Moore, D. D., 1891, pastor of the Riverside church of New York City, has been elected a member of the executive and Budget Committees of the New York City Baptist Mission Society, to fill the vacancies caused by the death of the late lamented Dr. George C. Lorimer.

Miss Harriet O. Staufft '92, M. D. has a prosperous practice at Elkhart, Ind.

G. F. Kendall '94, has removed to 469 South Eleventh Street, Newark, N. J.

Miss Jessie Wheeler '94 is in the Erie High School, teaching.

The class of 1895 is arranging to hold its 10th anniversary next Commencement. W. B. Sheddan, 5 Linden Lane, Princeton, N. J., is promulgating the affair.

Mr. Frank W. Jackson 1895, has been elected Superintendent of the Riverside Baptist Bible School of New York City. Mr. Jackson is the Manager of the Greek Currant Company.

W. H. Rodgers '97, is at present managing a slate quarry at Slatington.

J. C. Fetzer, '97, is engaged as a civil engineer at Beckley, W. Va.

M. L. Ross and D. E. Hottenstein, two physicians, both of the class of '99, are practicing at Dillworth Town, Pa. and Millersburg, Pa., respectively.

Three Bucknell men, J. W. Snyder, I. A. De Witt, and W. W. Fetzer '04, are contesting for the position of county superintendent of schools in Northumberland county.

Bucknell Mirror.

VOL. XXIV. LEWISBURG, PA., MAY, 1905, NO. 8.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

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TERMS:—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

☞Communications solicited from all students and friends of the University. Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Drawer I, Lewisburg, Pa.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

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Editorial

CORNELL CONGRESS—BUCKNELL DEBATE.

A debate between representatives of Cornell Congress of Cornell University and representatives of Bucknell University was held in Bucknell Hall Friday evening, May 5. The question was: Resolved, that the Inter-State Commerce Act should be amended to legalize pooling and rate agreements among railroads. The Bucknell representatives, Bostwick, Ausherman, and Morton supported the affirmative. Although Bucknell did not win, yet the large representative audience, the good work of our men, and the cordiality of the Cornell men assure further intercollegiate debating by representatives of our Institution.

To make a place for ourselves in intercollegiate debating we must have worthy rivals, and we must give attention to the art of debating. The worthy rivals we shall find in Cornell; for already the Cornell representatives have expressed a desire to meet us next year. But attention to the art of debating does not mean merely taking courses in argumentation, debating and public speaking. Attention to the art of debating means constant voluntary debating in the literary societies and other speaking clubs. To this end the Professor of Political Science and the Professor of Rhetoric are now forming a plan to make the voluntary work more effective.

J. S. AUSHERMAN, '05.

E. A. MORTON, '05.

R. G. BOSTWICK, '05.

BUCKNELL DEBATING TEAM.

THE NORTHFIELD STUDENT CONFERENCE.

The student Conference of the Y. M. C. A. held annually at Northfield, Mass. is now of much interest to the men of the eastern colleges. Men of distinction in business and professional life, as well as world famous Christian leaders, will be there to impart their experience and insight to these promising young men of the day—the delegates. Among others, Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross, and G. Campbell Morgan, of England, and Robert E. Speer, and John R. Mott will be present, the coming in contact with whom is of untold value. Organized classes in Bible study, in Missions, in social and religious conditions, in personal work, and in problems of college life are held throughout the conference.

Although the life at Northfield is strenuous, filled to the full with inspiration and purpose, it is not without recreation. Natural resources, all kinds of athletic sports, and the social intermingling make Northfield an ideal place for profitable pleasure. Indeed so great are the advantages of Northfield in developing the higher traits of character, that the symmetrical man, wideawake to the needs of his spiritual nature, considers whether as a part of his college course he can afford to miss this conference. No college can afford to be without representatives. Accordingly Bucknell expects to send a larger delegation to Northfield this year than ever before.

UNPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

This is the last issue of the "Mirror" for this year. Now our obligations must be met. Will our subscribers please remember, and remit at their earliest convenience. H. J. SHEPPARD, Bus. Mgr.

COLLEGE TRAINING AND BUSINESS.

RECENTLY some material has come to the Editor's desk which is very appropriate to this period of the college senior's career. For those preparing for professional life, and expecting to continue their course elsewhere, the last term of college life does not mean so much; but it is quite different with the men who see their school days nearly over, and the world just outside waiting eagerly for the fight. These are the men who are wondering, today, of what value their college training is going to be in the contest. The time was, and is not far distant yet, when the idea of a college training as a preliminary to a business career was ridiculed. But, as some one has recently said, the age of the "self-made" man is past. This is no disparagement of the self-made man, but a recognition of the fac that the college man is the successful business man of the present, and more so, of the future. With the advance of civilization in other lines, business is keeping apace, and demanding, more and more, brain and that training of the brain which the college alone gives. This is not the opinion of the mere theorist who loves the college, but the testimony of scores of successful business men. In a recent article in the "Saturday Evening Post," H. J. Hapgood, president of HAPGOODS, himself a Dartmouth graduate, estimates that over sixty per cent. of the college graduates enter business every year. He says that the college man is no longer sneered at or merely tolerated, but actually sought, and that employees who close the door to him attract attention because they are so few. In another place, Mr. Hapgood says that about 90 per cent. of the college men who enter business succeed. While only about 25 per cent. of non-college men do so. Courage, fellow seniors! Your college training, coupled with an unyielding determination, will make you invincible to the world's attack.

THE CALL OF THE WEST.

RAYMOND M. WEST, 89.

THE call of America's western territory has been to the world. The answering migrations from Northern Europe, the dreamy East and the indolent South have mingled their streams upon the vast prairies, among the foot-hills and on the slopes which make the geography of the west. Fortunately for these elements and for American institutions the call of the west has been heard in places less remote. New England and Central and other states have contributed a wealth of youth to direct and Americanize the empire and its summoned hordes.

After so many thousands have responded the call of the West might presumably cease. Actually her call is more insistent to-day than ever. She still needs men and continues still to trample the unworthy into the dust and lift the worthy upon her shoulders. The West is just the place where with least resistance the wrong man goes to the bottom and the right man to the top. The call of the West is not now, if it ever was, to "whosoever will." The true call is to the masterful. Nature and man alike here still reveal their rugged, chaotic front and the right of dominion is only to him who can subdue. For the young man who enjoys struggle, who can face difficulties with a smile, who would rather chase the wild than be crowded by the tame, there is an empire waiting in the West.

The call is also to the creative. The West is piled high with material which has been wrested from prairie and woodland and mountain, not raw material but wrought material waiting to be constructed into the most splendid civilization the world has ever seen.

Much has been done, but the best is yet to be done. The call is urgent for men of creative genius who will produce the details which shall cover with beauty the outlines of heroic proportion which in their prophecy and revelation awe the beholder. The foundations of the West are not the foundations of a second East, and while the East may supply suggestions the final form of the West awaits creation. Let the creators come!

The call is to the progressive. The West is neither conservative nor iconoclastic, but she is bound to be new. She believes that the forces which build civilization are vital and evolutionary, that they are always true to themselves and still may be at any time truant to their past form. The West wants every man who reverently believes in constant progress from the good to the better, but the new thing must be a true progress. The West has made the graves of thousands who called anything good that was new and for such who answer her call today she will provide a grave.

The call has been answered by the speculative. Multitudes with an itching palm have sought the West only for plunder. They have pushed and inflated and boomed to exhaustion and the receding billows have swept them and their devotees to destruction. Marks of the deluge are still visible about the unmoved structures built by saner men. The West has no need and no welcome for the man who comes in selfish greed. When she discovers him she bans him. The exploiter is as little loved in the West as was the carpet-bagger in the South, There is a line beyond which speculation becomes peculation, and those of the best blood in the West have discovered that line and refuse to pass it. There are still great rewards for great efforts, but the opportunity to plunder a fortune from your neighbor's toil is diminishing. Such opportunities are greater in the East.

There is a call for the redemptive. Multitudes are drunk with the wine of success. The god of hustle claims all times and places for his own. Evil is void of shame. It can be seen and fought in the open. The secret evils of the old civilization have cast their spume, teeming with germs, upon the new West and there has been no time to cover the offspring with respectability's garb. The devil, uncloaked, nurses his imps in the open. The redemptive forces, however, are at work. Though outnumbered at present they are not overmatched. The movement of the West is towards better morals. The struggle is fierce and all that is best in the West, irrespective of creed, calls for the presence of redemptive forces. Whoever believes in truth and its ultimate victory, in purity and its worth, in righteousness and its prosperity, the West calls him. She calls him to a fierce fight for a peerless booty, to give this physical Samson the morals of Elijah. Then shall the West yield her increase and men shall build within her social and economic institutions which shall bring to earth her long-held hope for a land where sorrow and sighing shall give place to joy and song for all.

This far-sounding call is not in the tones of a suppliant but of a sovereign conscious of empire. From whatever source her subjects come they must be naturalized before they can truly co-operate. None are truly her sons until they are re-made They must revere the future rather than the past. They must hold truth and justice above precedent, and sacrifice convention to conviction. Such a type of man America beholds and loves in President Roosevelt whose straight lines to the truth and prompt, bold words for justice are distinctively Western. Justice without convention, truth without curves, these characterize the method of the West and cause her at times to appear almost brutal. While reconstructing all types into this type she ruins some of her subjects. Some men have no conception of truth or justice. The only conservative forces they know are precedent and conventions. When these are broken the inherent crudeness and evil of such men produce a wild and wicked state of affairs. There are other men who believe in truth and perceive justice. When the shackles of precedent and convention are struck from these they act like new men. In them truth and justice combine into new forms.

The West does not call to an empty store-house or to an exhausted economy. Her material resources are unknown. The vast wealth which she pours yearly into the lap of the nation is produced by methods marked by an astounding waste and improvidence. Great as is the present product of her prairies, they can be increased to a degree unknown. To-day men feel that there is enough and to spare, consequently they waste. Her system of economy absorbs ravenously every young man who manifests a masterly and creative genius, a progressive and true spirit, but the young man with small capacities and these untrained finds less opportunity, if that be possible, than in the East.

The period of the adventurous West is almost gone. Remnants of it can be found in isolated districts. The palpable thing about the West is the better spirit of conscious power dominated by a heroic purpose to master the tasks conditional to the perfect and wonderful West that is to be.

THE FUNGUS WOMAN.

BY ROY W. HOON, '06.

"NOW, Conroy, I think I can give you an example of what we have just been talking about." I was having a pleasant little furlough from my downtown office,—spending the evening at Brandon's colonial home, smoking with him in the front of the open woodfire and toasting my shins most luxuriously. It was so aristocratic to sit there and smoke by the firelight in the very same room where old colonial dames had spun while the men talked Washington and Congress across generous bumpers of rare "old country stuff."

Brandon and I had been sitting there by ourselves late into the night, talking and amusing ourselves, as we always did, by all sorts of odd fancies and whims. We had just been engaged in a rather warm argument as to whether or not a body that has been secretly buried or hidden underground can give any clue as to its being there. Brandon claimed that such a phenomenon was possible if not probable, and true to my tendency to argue, I stoutly denied the possibility of such a thing. But when Brandon offered to prove his point by practical demonstration I was somewhat taken aback. For Brandon seldom made a statement without having the best of backing for it.

So I threw my cigar stump at the fire and turning to him I said, Well, Brandy, old boy, I don't believe that I ever saw a body raise much of a kick after it's buried, but if you have an animated corpse about the house I wouldn't mind having a look at him before we turn in —pleasant dreams, you know."

Brandon put on a look of mock terror and denied keeping a stock of corpses in the house. He had risen by this time and was hunting about on the wide stone mantlepiece. Presently he produced a large candle and when he had lighted it with a stick from the hearth he said,

"Now, if you're ready, I'll show you this pet of mine. Right over this way," he added, walking toward a little door in the paneled wall near the fireplace. Shielding his candle from the dank air with one hand, Brandon led me down some stone steps into a stuffy old cellar. "This is its loafing place," he smiled at me, placing the candlestick on the floor so that it threw a yellow glare on the earth at our feet, "Now we had better sit down on the step and wait "for it."

"Wait for what, you fraud? I asked. "If you have a 'stiff' down here would it be asking too much of you to have you trot him out for a handshake? This cellar makes my skin feel cold.”

“Brandon laughed.

No, I haven't got this wraith trained yet to come out for strangers, but she will be due in a short time.”

“Oh, you have her running on schedule time, and a woman too!” I chirped in, but as Brandon said no more we both fell into a stillness that was broken only by the sputter of the candle now and then.

I glanced slyly at the corners of the dark cellar—mere curiosity.

I started up. It was only a half burnt log sinking down in the embers overhead. I looked guiltily at Brandon but he was intently watching the floor at our feet. The candle sputtered out sickly blots of yellow light and I could hear my watch tick.

I was relieved when Brandon looked at his watch and whispered,

“Here she comes.”

A change was taking place in the earth near the candle. In the dampness a spot was shaping itself--a long, oblong spot. As I watched, a greenish tinge crept and flickered over the whole thing and soon I saw that I was looking at a fuzzy growth of some kind of fungus or mould. In shape the spot was like an ordinary coffin. I knelt down and was about to examine the fungus closer when something queer happened.

The dampness of the cellar affected me, undoubtedly, for as I crouched over the musty spot I felt a woman's face near mine—a lovely young face.

Brandon and his candle were gone. A slender young girl dressed in colonial style was sitting all alone before the old open fireplace upstairs,—crying. A torn letter lay on the floor beside her.

Someone knocked on the door outside and next I saw her pleading with a young horseman who stood directly in the light of the fire. His spattered boots and reeking military cloak told of the storm he had ridden through. I saw him reading the letter and then something unpleasant happened.

As the girl lay there he raised her lifeless young face in his hands and kissed her again and again. He stroked the hair back from her face. He stumbled to the window and looked out. Then he wrapped her limp form in the wet military cloak and carried her through the little doorway.

"Well, Conroy, I'll take this floor up stairs for you if you wish to look any longer. I'm cold," broke in Brandon.

I stood up and we went upstairs together. Sitting in a deep chair I watched my host put out the candle and place it on the mantle.

The fire chirped and sung as little jets of flame shot out of the dry logs and glinted on the polished parts of the furniture. "Well, old man, what makes you so quiet," he asked, looking at me as I stared deep into the grate.

"The dampness of the cellar," was all I said.

He went to the back part of the room and got a book from a case there. When he came back he opened it at a certain place and handed it to me. I found the book to be the annals of the old family which had occupied the house long ago. Then I read a marked passage.

"Miss Anna Bryce, however, disappeared on the night of March 23, 1777 in a strange manner. No trace could ever be found of her. Her fiance, Captain McKenzie of the 23rd New York, was heartbroken and sailed for the continent shortly after the strange disappearance of his intended bride."

I read no farther and heard Brandon say,

"Well, how about that?"

I studied the fire for some time and then answered,

"The dampness, you know———."

"Let's go to bed," Brandon yawned.

A GLIMPSE AT MEXICO.

W. G. MURDOCK, ex '04.

To the average American Mexico seems almost as far away as the Philippine Islands or the blood-stained hills of Manchuria. Our neighbor on the south is today less understood and underestimated than conditions warrant or justify. We are accustomed to regard her with a supercilious air, forgetting that it is fifty-seven years since '48 and tnat the country has advanced more in the last twenty years than it did in all the years preceding, and while it would require years of study and of personal contact with her various classes of citizens, a perfect familiarity with her language, and a keen insight into her economic and sociologic conditions to do her justice, yet even a week well spent and backed up by a study of her past and a meagre knowledge of her hopes will serve to dispel the idea that the United States of Mexico is not one of the great nations of the world. We seem to forget that when Captain John Smith planted his little colony at Jamestown almost three hundred years ago, Mexico had been the seat of an extravagant and careless Spanish empire for more than three quarters of a century and that her cities and towns abounded in schools, hospitals and churches. It would be well for us, who have regarded the Spaniard and the Inquisition as one, to contrast his policy in dealing with the natives with our own. Today there are in Mexico more Indians than when Cortez landed at Vera Cruz in 1519. They have become Christianized and civilized, they are citizens and have their voice in the affairs of the government. President Jaurez was a full-blood Indian and a man whom every Mexican, be he Spaniard, Mestizo or Indian, regards with feelings of patriotic reverence. But it is not my purpose to enter into an elaborate disquisition upon the various political, religious and social stages through which this people, overfed on cruel revolutions, have passed but to briefly describe some things which impress themselves on the hurried and critical tourist.

Your first impression of Mexico, on entering from the north, is not the best. The northern part of the country is a vast arid region covered with cactus and bushes, but as you proceed southward the country gradually becomes better, the mountains which first appeared like dark blue clouds in the far distance loom up before you in fantastic shapes, the adobe built villages become more frequent, the haciendas are more fertile and valuable and you begin to realize that you are in the most wonderful of tropical countries. The peculiar dress of the Indian with his sandals, his tight fitting trousers, his loose blouse, his ever present zarape or blanket, and his high sombrero; the primitive methods of cultivating and of irrigating the land; the many shrines and crosses which crown almost every hill; the Eastern like appearance of distant towns and cities; all these tend to persuade you that Mexico is as different from our country as black is from white. But the difference is more apparent than real. Old customs are being gradually supplanted by modern ones and in the cities you cannot fail to recognize the influence of the foreigner. In Mexico City, I am told, there are about ten thousand Americans and their hand is seen everywhere.

Mexico City is the center, the heart, the life of the nation, and its palaces, its cathedrals, plazas, stores, people, everything about it, has a peculiar fascination for the visitor.

The National Palace, with its six hundred and seventy-five feet of frontage, facing on the Zocalo or principal plaza, is one of the most imposing buildings in the city. In it President Diaz and the various public officials have their offices. It is also the home of the National Observatory. Near the Palace and also facing the Zocalo is the famous old Cathedral built by the Spaniards on the site of the Aztec temple. No description of this Cathedral, elaborately carved without and beautifully frescoed and decorated within, can convey an adequate idea of its vastness, with its high towers of over two hundred feet, its immense pillars, its naves, its chapels and its altars. Other prominent places which can merely be touched upon are Chapultepec, Guadalupe, the Thieves Market, the Flower Market, LaViga Canal, the Paseo, National Museum and Library.

Chapultepec, the Hill of the Grasshopper, the scene of Worth's victory and Santa Anna's defeat, and back of which lies Molino del Rey, has perhaps more interest to the American than any other place in the city. It is the fabled favorite resort of Montezuma. The high rocky hill, rising abruptly from the beautiful park surrounding it, is crowned with the Executive Mansion and National Military Academy. From the side of the Academy, far off across the plains can be seen thé two grandest mountains in America, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, which, with their tops covered with eternal snows, glittering under the rays of a tropical sun, appear like silvery clouds resting upon the blue beneath. Towards the south can be seen the battlefields of Cherubusco and Contreras. The magnificent park surrounding the hill contains some of the mightiest cypresses in America, one of which is one hundred and seventy feet high and forty-six feet in circumference.

At Gaudalupe, on the outskirts of the city, is the shrine of the patron saint of Mexico. The huge cathedral with its solid silver railing of twenty-six tons surrounding the altar; the devout peon muttering his prayers; the beautiful cemetery in which Santa Anna is buried; the Stone Sails; the Chapel; the Spring of the Virgin; the ever present beggar; all have a strange influence over the visitor.

The Thieves' Market, to which stolen articles are taken by the thief and sold to the dealers and by them offered for sale to the public is of unusual interest; the Flower Market where on Sunday mornings the most exquisite flowers are sold; the La Viga Canal down which the truckers bring their produce in barges and gondolas; the paseo, the fashionable drive and handsomest street in the city, with its magnificent statues of men noted in Mexican history; the Museum, where are kept the Calendar and Sacrificial stones of the Aztecs, the relics of the Empire and almost every article of interest to the Republic; the Library with its two hundred thousand volumes; these are places which every visitor should see.

But it would be impossible in this brief space to elucidate on all matters of interest in the city. Suffice it to say that Mexico City is as thoroughly modern in respect to many conveniences as any city in our own country and will in a few years under the wide awake administration of the most paternal government in the world be equal to any of them.

Every city in Mexico has something peculiar to itself which makes it of unusual Interest. Whether it is the gardens of Texcoco or of Monterey, the Sacred Mountain of Amecameca, the mines of Pachuca or of Guanajuato, the ruins of Tula or of Mitla, the house of Diaz at Oaxaca, the coffee and pulque plantations of Orizaba, the fortifications and wharves of Vera Cruz, the opals of Queretaro, or the picturesque streets of San Luis Potosi; every place has its own peculiarities the importance of which it insists on impressing upon the stranger.

Just a word in conclusion in regard to the people of Mexico. The higher classes are just as intelligent as those of any other country, and while the proportion of illiterates among the lower classes is very great, the defect is being overcome by the compulsory school system in which English is one of the required studies. It is surprising to find the large number of Mexicans who, if they cannot speak, can at least understand a certain amount of English. The greatest handicap of the Mexicans is their laziness which however may be overcome under the stress of modern customs and manners.

TREASURE.

IN the vicinity of Highland Lake, a picturesque summer resort nestled high up in the cooling ozone of the mountains of Sullivan and Lycoming counties, this state, an old Indian burying ground may yet be seen somewhat removed from the fashionable hotels and nestled in the midst of "Comanche Grove," as some guest has curiously named it. This was a spot sacred in the memory of the Monsey tribe. Not far away on the face of the mountain which you ascend to reach the lake is a curious series of stone heaps of unknown use which some antiquaries associate with the period of the burying ground and the Monsey dominion in the valley which now bears the modernized and anglicized name of Muncy. Whether the stone heaps, numbering three score or more, formed a landmark for the burying ground will perhaps never be known; it has been suggested that they were connected in some mystic way with the worship of the Manitou or Great Spirit.

We merely mention these aboriginal remains as necessary adjuncts to the story, for we incline to the view of some country folks of the neighborhood that these said stone heaps were nothing more than primitive ovens—probably smelting furnaces, and are associated in some manner (unfortunately yet to be learned) with unknown mineral wealth in the vicinity. Within the memory of my grandfather who told the story, an old Indian came to the village blacksmith shop and calmly told the astonished smith that if he only knew it, he could shoe his horses with silver as easily as with iron!

"Peter Nash," said my grandfather "was an inveterate hunter in these parts. That was sixty years ago. The mountains were a dense wilderness and you could hunt for days and not see a human habitation. Nash was always hunting and was an accomplished woodsman; but one day he ventured farther than usual into the mountains in quest of deer and night came upon him before he was aware. He had crossed several ridges and tramped many a weary mile through undergrowth and forest since sun up. He had lost all knowledge of the distance covered; in plain English—he was lost. The next day he spent likewise in aimless wandering, scaling ridge after ridge in his endeavor to find a familiar landmark or peak which would reveal his position. At last, weak with hunger and thirst, he sought a spring nearby. While resting at its brink, his attention was attracted by the glitter of something in the rock ledge above him. No, it was not mica—nothing micaceous about it. He chipped off several pieces of the stuff and placed them in his hunting bag. He must have had some thought that he had found silver, for he blazed several trees in the vicinity in order to mark the place.

"He resumed his weary tramp and finally after hours of climbing and tramping through unknown stretches of dense mountain forest, he reached civilization and his friends. He carefully concealed the story of his 'find,' but secretly sent specimens to a Philadelphia assayer, I believe. It proved to be genuine stuff. Nash spent days in the mountains after that, trying to find that spring but died not many months afterward without finding the silver-bearing rock. His secret perished with him. Many men spent days in fruitless search upon the mountains but nothing was found. Much shoe leather was wasted and days which should have been spent upon the needy farms. This is the story as I know it. I truly believe that Nash found silver and feel that some day the place will be rediscovered. There is coal, and iron and copper have been found. Why not silver?"

I have quoted my grandfather's story *verbatim* for the reason that I wish to remind my readers this is merely heresay, yet there is enough evidence to warrant partial credence, at least. Peter Nash is no fictitious character; he was known as a thoroughly reliable man and his story must therefore receive some measure of belief. The Indians had traditions of silver in the vicinity. The mountains in that part of Lycoming county doubtless contain mineral wealth. The new Binghamton and Williamsport railroad company is rapidly buying up unoccupied mountain lands, now stripped of timber, reserving all mineral rights. Who knows: some geologist may soon rediscover the outcropping ledge of silver-bearing rock and vindicate the story of Peter Nash. We trust at least that the statement of the old Indian may be verified and that luck may come with the silver horse shoes! '05.

ALUMNI

J. A. Koonce '99, is one of the foremost business men at Flintstone, Md.

E. C. Switzer '00, is engaged as a civil engineer in New Castle, Pa. His address is, 142 Division Street.

The address of E. A. Weymouth '00, is Garden City, N. Y.

C. E. Harding '01, is principal of the high school at Clarion, Pa.

Miss Elsie Bentz '01. is doing city missionary work in Philadelphia.

O. R. Barrett '02, who earned quite a reputation here as a foot ball blayer, now has a position with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in Philadelphia.

VOLUME XXV NUMBER ONE

THE BUCKNELL MIRROR

NOVEMBER
1905

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY
LEWISBURG, PENNA.

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Vol. XXV. Lewisburg, Pa., November, 1905. No. 1.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

TERMS :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Lewisburg, Pa.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

Business Manager: Elkanah B. Hulley, '07.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

THE MIRROR presents to its readers as the leading article, the admirable address delivered before the World's Congress in London, England, by MILTON G. EVANS, D. D., Dean of the Crozer Theological Seminary. The second article, is "The Definition of Man," is by ROY GRIER BOSTWICK, A. B., of the Class of 1905, Bucknell.

In the next issue will appear an article by PROFESSOR HEIM, on Some Points in International Law involved in the recent War in the East.

MODERN CRITICISM IN RELATION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY MILTON G. EVANS, D. D., BUCKNELL, CLASS OF 1882.

THE new divine force in human history is Christianity. This new force created a new literature when oral proclamation of facts became stereotyped in written narratives and when pastoral instruction was made permanent in epistle and apocalypse. That is, the New Testament, whether conceived as a unit or as an aggregate of units, is the effect of a cause or series of causes. It is the task of criticism to photograph the effect in its various stages, and to estimate the intensity and direction of personal and impersonal forces that made the effect what it was at any given period of development. The camera that focuses the light are the literary remains of the first three Christian centuries; the light that the photographic critic adjusts to give shading and outline is the history conditioning the literature. The sole qualification of a critic is that he be skilled in use of camera and experienced in adjustment of light. The modern critic then simply thinks the thoughts of the earliest critics. He must be as insistently objective as the geologist or chemist; he must understand history, not reconstruct it. His problem is the same as that of Irenæus, Tertullian and Origen; for one of the permanent queries in history is: By what processes did the New Testament pass from mental impressions into objective forms of speech and literature? Under what conditions and by what right did this literature come to be regarded as the norm of faith and conduct of Christian people? So the present generation is asking: What does the name New Testament signify? Is it to be understood as a group of books used in liturgical worship? A body of literature produced by apostolic men? An instructor of the conscience in practical ethics? A system of ennobling doctrines in religion? The historical means whereby Jesus Christ and His message are made the world's permanent possession? If it is a body of literature coming from the apostles, what is its character as literature? How do we know that apostolic men wrote it? Has it come down to us unaltered in phraseology or in form? If a guide in conduct and authority in religion, why is it accepted as such? What are the marks of its authority? How differentiated from books of other religions that make similar claims? Can the authority justify itself to the student of anthropology and of comparative religion? If the New Testament books are, each in its way, historical attestations to the words and deeds of Jesus, can they stand the tests of the canons of historical criticism? Were the alleged facts in themselves possible? Were they possible under the circumstances alleged? Were the writers able to get at the facts? Were they honest in making their reports? If honest, is there nevertheless recognisable subjectivity in the report, and can subjective elements be eliminated so that objective facts may be ascertained with historical certainty?

"MODERN CRITICISM" OLD AS THE RECORDS.

These are the questions that modern criticism is asking concerning our sacred books; and it asks them in the interests of Christian faith. For belief is as imperious as unbelief in its demands for truth and fact. The human mind, whether sweetened by feeling of trust or soured by suspicion, insists that objective realities shall be the measure of its convictions. Hence, modern criticism is not modern either in purpose or nature. It is as old as the superscriptions in our New Testament books; it is as new as the lectures on Biblical Introduction delivered weekly in our great universities. Harnack's cry, Back to tradition, simply repeats the demand of Papias, Irenæus, Tertullian and Eusebius. In modern criticism of the New Testament the twentieth century clasps hands with the third, and both seek the content of the earliest Gospel message rather than its identical words and phrases. Christian students of the first three centuries knew that back of the collection of books called the New Testament was the origin of each book in time, and place, and person, but for well-known reasons this obvious fact came to be overlooked. After a lapse of fourteen centuries it was Semler's privilege to call attention anew to the origin of each document, and thus divert emphasis from the entire collection conceived as a canon equally valuable in all parts for doctrine and conduct. Because of Semler's work apologists were compelled to study each book in detail, and they conceived their work finished when they had proved genuineness of authorship. But Ferdinand Christian Baur's epoch-making reconstruction of early Christian history called attention again to the New Testament as a group of documents, not, indeed, as a canonical unity, but the unity of organism in different stages of growth. Apologetics now had a graver problem than to prove apostolicity; it must assign each document its place in the development of Christianity. Neander, keeping open the question of a documents apostolicity and its relative value in history and doctrine, both simplified and complicated the problem when he took into account the experiences and idiosyncracies of the several writers. To Neander the unity of Scripture was the unity of truth apprehended by men of varied emotional and intellectual characteristics, but modified in statement and form by the circumstances of the persons addressed. This unifying truth was that word of Jesus which established the Kingdom of God. Historically, the earliest disciples first experienced the new life that sprang from the ideals of Christ, but God designed that others should have like experiences. Hence, the permanent working of this means of grace must be secured. By close association with the Founder of the kingdom apostles were prepared to perpetuate their impression of His Person and their recollection of his words; and those that heard the Apostles narrate their impressions and repeat their recollections were in turn sure that the preached word was a life-giving word. (Heb. iv. 17.) And Paul, who had gotten his facts second-hand, so to speak, preached a message that was the power of God unto salvation. Those who turned from idols to serve the living and true God were so dependent upon him for their Christian experiences that he could write, "For in Christ Jesus it was through the Gospel that I begat you." (1 Cor. iv. 15.) That is, historically, it mattered little whether the second and third generations of Christians thought of themselves as begotten of God through the truth or begotten of evangelists through the Gospel. The difference, philosophically viewed, is simply the difference between efficient and instrumental causes. In experience, then, the apostolic word was as effective as the words of Jesus Himself, and in some respects more effective, for their word was a word about Jesus. It was Jesus enshrined in the message who saved. Hence it is that in admittedly early New Testament books God and Christ and historical facts are objects of faith. For trust follows hard upon acknowledgment, and acknowledgment is conditioned upon conviction, and conviction arises from knowledge of facts. Accordingly, in earliest Christian literature the word faith covered a wide range of meaning, from the primary signification of trust to an objective body of doctrine. By this body of doctrine hearers of the apostolic message and readers of their writings were brought into relation with Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah of God. In this way, by vivid imagination, they loved and trusted and rejoiced in One whom they had not seen. (1 Pet. i. 8.)

Whatever differences in emphasis, and however varied the modes of presentation, James's "word of truth," Peter's "imperishable seed," Paul's "word of faith" or "word of reconciliation," and John's testimonial of Jesus" are each and all the Gospel message which sets forth divine requirements and divine assurance of saving grace in Christ.

THE MESSAGE OLDER THAN THE RECORD.

This message is older than the written record, but perpetuated by it. At first the permanency of Christ's words and of the apostolic impression of His person was secured by the living voice, later it was secured by documents. For a time living voice and written record were complementary and supplementary means of information, but as living voice became silenced in the death of those competent to testify, records became the sole means of transmitting fact and doctrine. How far the documents perpetuated the primitive tradition and kept later oral tradition from going too far astray from fact and truth is the problem of historical criticism. The problem arose early. The text-criticism of Origen and Jerome, and the literary and historical criticism of Tertullian and Eusebius, show that the scholars of the second and third centuries were alert to the situation, and they show also that they were more concerned with facts and doctrines than with the precise language in which these were stated. True, in subsequent centuries attention became more and more centered in the mould in which truth was cast. Exaggerated value was placed upon the form in which Scripture was circulated. The over-emphasis is explicable. It is the outward form, the visible and tangible embodiment, with which men come in contact. They read a book that gives inspiring ideals. By long association of ideas a particular reading becomes identified with the truth it expresses. The hallowing influence of suggested thoughts is attributed to words and phrases. This is the real secret of opposition to Bible revision, whether in the days of Jerome or in the time of the Canterbury revisers.

But the Christian Church could not always remain a slave to non-essentials. When the revival of learning called attention anew to ancient writings the nature of the New Testament as a product of history again became apparent. Fortunately, however, for modern civilization, the religious interests of the Protestant Reformation obscured the purely literary and historical interests of the Humanists. It was this religious interest that emphasised the content of the New Testament to the disparagement of the question of authorship, as illustrated in the oft-quoted words of Luther: "There, too, is the true touch-stone for testing all these books, when it is apparent whether or not they insist on what concerns Christ, since all Scriptures ought to show Christ. That which does not teach Christ is not apostolic, though Peter or Paul should have written it; on the contrary, that which preaches Christ is apostolic, even if it should come from Judas, Annas, Herod and Pilate." When, however, the religious and political problems of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had been largely solved, technical questions in literature and philosophy and history pressed for solution. Accordingly, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries continued the work of Erasmus, which had been eclipsed by the more important work of Luther and Calvin. And to-day Erasmus is coming to his own. His eloquent words "I wish that even the weakest woman might read the gospels and epistles of St. Paul. I wish that they were translated into all languages, so as to be read and understood not only by Scots and Irishmen, but even by Saracens and Turks. But the first step to their being read is to make them intelligible to the reader. I long for the day when the husbandman shall sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, when the weaver shall hum them to the tune of his shuttle, when the traveler shall while away by their stories the weariness of his journey," find echo in every Protestant heart; and his Greek test of the New Testament has found fruitage in the text-criticism of Nestle, Scrivener, Westcott and Hort. Modern textual criticism is the child of the Renaissance and of the Reformation. It combines zeal for learning with zeal for Christian living. It has freed the conscience from bondage to words and phrases, for it has shown that our present New Testament text cannot be traced further back than to the close of the second century, and that in one line of descent only. It will be the task of some future Hort to determine the ancestry of the so-called Syrian and Western texts, and trace all types of readings back to their parentage; and in this most delicate investigation it will be found that text-criticism must enter the domain of literary criticism in its study of the synoptic problem.

This line of research will be continued, for normal human demand for accuracy requires that we ever seek the original words of Jesus and His apostles. Men are not content unless standards of weights and measurements are as accurate as possible, although they may know theoretically that absolute accuracy is impossible. Because absolute straight lines belong only to pure geometry engineers do not therefore hesitate to construct railroads with all their equipments on measurements mathematically inexact; nor are they careless in applying such measurements as are obtainable by the best instruments. Likewise, in the study of ancient documents, critics endeavor to secure the readings of autographic copies, although they may be quite certain of the hopelessness of their quest.

Again, desire for exactness has conserving power. It not only eliminates known errors, but also tends to conserve present readings, and so secures a stereotyped text. The only safeguard against error is the attempt to be accurate. This is the aim and result of modern study of the New Testament text.

THE PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM.

Modern Higher Criticism is also a product of the Renaissance and of the Reformation, and it is likewise a return to the aims and methods of the critical scholars of Antioch, of Alexandria, and of Northern Africa. Higher Criticism is not modern in spirit. For example, Origen wrote concerning the Epistle to the Hebrews: "If I give my opinion, I should say that the thoughts are those of the apostle, but the diction and phraseology are those of some one who remembered the apostolic teaching and wrote down at leisure what had been said by his teacher. Therefore, if any Church holds that this epistle is by Paul let it be commended for this. For not without reason have the ancients handed it down as Paul's. But who wrote the epistle, in truth, God knows." (Eus. H. E VI. 25.) Speaking of the same letter Amphilochius of Iconium remarked that "Some maintained that the Epistle to the Hebrews was spurious, not speaking well, for the grace was genuine." Dionysius of Alexandria said of the author of John's Apocalypse, "Therefore, that he was called John I do not deny. And I agree also that it is the work of a holy and inspired man. But I cannot readily admit that he was the apostle, the son of Zebedee, the brother of James, by whom the Gospel of John and Catholic epistles were written. For I judge from the character of both, and the forms of expression and the entire execution of the book, that it is not his." (Eus. H. E. 25.) These three early critics, then, used the modern arguments based on vocabulary, style, and doctrinal contents.

Again, the principles underlying historical criticism are older than the New Testament. Demosthenes had familiarised jurists with the distinction between direct testimony, circumstantial evidence, and mere probability; Aristotle had formulated the principles governing rational belief; and Polybius had called attention to the relative value of tradition and contemporary evidence, and insisted upon the necessity of critical judgment of sources. The historical portions of the New Testament were tested by all these canons, and, because tested, they came to occupy the position accorded them by Justin the philosopher, Origen the erudite, Tertullian the advocate, Eusebius the historian, Jerome the linguist, and Augustine the theologian. The age that witnessed the origin and growth of the New Testament was capable of applying these tests. Pliny the Younger, Epictetus,Tacitus, Suetonius, Marcus Aurelius, Celsus and Lucian show what culture existed in the Roman world and the "True History" of Lucian, and the "True Word" of Celsus illustrate how this culture was brought to bear against Christianity. Early Christian apologists who perceived that facts and doctrines had to bear the scrutiny of historical research, held no sentimental views of the apostles as such, but valued them as fitted to state the truth. The historicity of the gospels was of more consequence than their apostolicity or inspiration. Tertullian, for example, was as eager as any modern scholar to employ the historical method. In his controversy with Marcion concerning the priority of that Gospel which each claimed to be Luke's Tertullian writes:—"I say that my gospel is the true one; Marcion that *his* is. I affirm that Marcion's gospel is adulterated; Marcion that mine is. Now, what is to settle the point for us, except it be the principle of time, which rules that the authority lies with that which shall be found to be more ancient, and assumes as an elemental truth that corruption belongs to the side which shall be convicted of comparative lateness of origin." He then proceeds to show by literary and historical criticism that Marcion's gospel is the more recent, and therefore a falsification of the more original. Heretics compelled Christian scholars to investigate records and traditions that purported to come from apostolic times; and apologists were competent to expose forgeries. So insistent on truth were early historians that a presbyterian was removed from office for forging Paul's name, although he confessed that he did it out of love for the apostle.

THE SERVICE OF MODERN CRITICISM.

The spirit of ancient criticism, then, is the spirit of modern criticism, both Catholic and Protestant. The aim is the same; the method is practically the same. The difference lies in the multitude of facts only recently recognised and in a better conception of God's method of work, both in the physical universe and in human society. Since there are no universally recognised canons of literary criticism, and since historical canons are applied with varying degrees of exactness, there must be differences in results of the application of critical principles to the New Testament. There cannot be unanimity of opinion on details. Thus Cheyne writes:—"Much which passes as the established result of criticism, both textual and analytic, is in a high degree defective, and it might be better to pass a 'self-denying ordinance' and decline the honour of print for some years than to go on drifting without any certainty that we are right, and with the importunate suspicion that, after all, we may be wrong. It is this uncertainty that brings modern criticism into disrepute. It ought not to be so. The aim, spirit, and method are one thing, "assured results" another. The assured results in Marcion's time were ten letters of Paul; assured results in Baur's day were four; assured results to-day are whatever expert scholarship is a variable quantity. This matters little, for the New Testament in its origin, essence, and power is not dependent on the conclusions of either Zahn or Van Manen. Protestantism demands that the most revolutionary critic be heard, and that he be called "hypercritical" only when facts warrant. Van Manen, for example, has as much liberty to sneer at the traditions established by Baur, as Baur had to denounce the tradition crystallised by Eusebius, provided he can justify his sneer in the province of history. All that can be said is that it is not historically certain that we have thirteen letters, for example, from Paul's hands, nor is it demonstrable that we have none penned by him. Within the extremes there is of necessity every variety of opinion, and this is the glory of Protestantism. Protestant Christianity must take modern criticism seriously and joyously, both for what it is in itself and for what it has done. It has given us a better interpretation, a better appreciation of early Christianity, a better apologetic. It has rendered signal service by insisting that Scriptures must be judged by their purpose to disclose God's redemptive plan. This has eliminated some problems and simplified others. Apologetic has been strengthened by narrowing its sphere. The net result of modern criticism is that the Bible is conceived to be a truly human book, and therefore intelligible. As in the second and third centuries, so now again, through criticism God is commending Himself to the human intellect and conscience. As modern historical inquiry more vividly presents to the imagination the truly human nature of the incarnate Word of God without shaking confidence in His true Deity, so modern Higher and Lower Criticism make the written Work of God truly human literature without destroying its inspirational character. Research has not destroyed a single fact upon which Christian faith rests; it has only demonstrated the error of conjectures concerning the method of our Father in giving us the Bible, and has modified methods of interpretation. And this is not a new experience in the history of the Church. But the human character of the Bible does not make it necessary that we have a docetic view of its inspiration. In our thought of Scripture, as in our thought of Jesus Christ, both docetic and ebronitic views are possible, because facts seem to warrant each. The Bible came into the world in human language, amid human surroundings, to a people influenced by Egyptian, Persian, Babylonian, and Grecian modes of thought. Likewise, Jesus came into a world, born of a woman, born under the law, educated in home and synagogue, and influenced by contact with associates. He was so much man that His contemporaries could not believe that He was anything more. However, there were facts in His life that stimulated thought and provoked queries. Eventually they had to ask, Whence has this Man this wisdom and the miracles? Is not this the carpenter's Son? Is not His mother called Mary, and His brothers James and Joseph and Simon and Judas? And His sisters, are not they all with us? Whence then has this Man all these things? That is, the human conditions could be so emphasized as to blind to the truth involved in His teaching and miracle working. So with the New Testament. Men may ask, Is not this Greek unclassic in style? Is not the vocabulary limited? Is not the connection obscure? Is not the logic defective? Does it not incorporate fables, myths? Do not the religious conceptions have homologues in other religions of that day? Are there not error in statement of facts? Whence, then, has it had this power in the world? Why has it transformed peoples? Why has it become embedded in the classic literatures of France, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, England, and America? Whence has this book this teaching and these mighty works? Untouched by its power, one critic may say, Is not this the carpenter's Son? Feeling the thrill of a new life begotten by contact with it another cries, To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.

Looked at from without the New Testament is a literary organism of words and sentences, containing marks of the age in which it grew; looked at from within, it throbs with spiritual power. These are not contradictory, they are complemental. How each fact can be adjusted to the other so as to furnish a true philosophy is the permanent problem; and the permanency of this problem is guarantee of the permanency of the Christian faith. The human race cannot become intellectually stagnant nor morally indifferent as long as our sacred books circulate. These books are a constant challenge, criticism accepts the challenge, and the issue is that the New Testament has a surer hold on thoughtful men today than ever before. It is the grip gotten by the Christ portrayed therein; the grip of undeniable moral and spiritual supremacy.

THE DEFINITION OF MAN.

ROY GRIER BOSTWICK, CLASS OF 1905.

WE are standing before the labyrinth of history, searching for the thread which will resolve its devious paths into a purposeful gallery. That thread is the definition of man. History yields a progressive definition, wherein the centuries have enlarged the concept with each new epoch until now man begins to look directly upon himself, with a true understanding of his being and of his position in the universe.

The tribe lies back of all history. Upon this foundation, the first states were built. To the tribe, then, we must look for the first definition of man. As yet there was but a mass of humanity, having no experience except that of the whole. It had no organic union of developed individuals. Its historical significance is that of man's first fighting machine. Plainly, here there was no manhood.

Nor can Egypt with her boasted learning claim the honor of giving the world a definition of man. Egypt studied the heavens—not Egypt, but her priests. Egypt built mighty monuments—not Egypt, but her hierarchy. Egypt conquered her cowering neighbors, but it was not Egypt—it was her king and his counsellors, the priesthood. Her gods, the deified forces of nature, had the form of beasts. As for the common man, what odds if a million perish provided the pyramid rise? But there was advance for the priest as an individual.

India failed of the great definition by her devotion to the manhood destroying institution, caste. China permitted the light to pass by her when she perpetuated the patriarchal system. Chaldea and Assyria sunk the idea of man in the eminence of the ruler. Not even the religions of these people, sculptured upon their palaces and temples, could broaden their national citizenship. For it was busy with the deification of the king upon the mountains, rocky face and the shaft in the sandy plain. For these nations, all but the class were slaves.

Turn next to Greece. Here is an immense advance. For the central idea of the Greeks is the measure of man.

With it came the idea of the golden mean. Both the "measure" and the "mean" were universal. As a result of their intellectual freedom, the Greeks first came upon the glowing idea of immortality and their philosophers organized it into a creed. Man has now begun to count for one and the philosophical explanation of the state plainly ineicates that reason has cut the tap root of the caste system.

The sum of the Grecian definition was the cosmopolitanism of the Stoics. This removes the distinction between nation and nation; between class and class. Beneath them all is man as man. Humanity, written large and taken largely, is now the trustee of the Creator's values.

In the religion of the Grecian philosophy, monotheism appears in due time. For the unity of God is necessary to the unity of man. But even before the birth of monotheism, the beastly bodies had dropped away from the gods and Appollo, Venus, Diana, and Zeus stood forth in human shape.

But Greece, by its very geography, was local. Her state was the city state Her citizen resisted fusion into any empire. His definition of man was the local man, except when he rose to the definition of the philosopher. Yet the Greek lacked power to clinch his advance because his system of philosophy did not become a religion with the will to carry the definition into effect. As a result, the philosopher became the man of Greece and the country was burdened, effeminated, destroyed by her body of slaves.

Rome cannot be separated from Greece from the view point of sociology, for while Rome conquered the territory of Greece, Greece conquered the mind of Rome.

But though Rome adopted the religion and philosophy of Greece, she enriched both and gave a deeper meaning to the universal man by breaking down state divisions in welding an empire. To the Roman, universal conquest was the empire; to the Greek, the city state. Greece had spent herself in abstractions; Rome gave to the world, law, wherein universalism and individualism join hands. The publication of the TWELVE TABLES made the law the property of every man, and justice became in the words of Ulpian, "The study and abiding will to give to each man what belongs to him."

Yet Rome, with all her greatness, could not outgrow the tribal principle. The apotheosis of the emperors—a reversion to the tribal religion; the idealization of suicide; the horrors of the circus; the sixty millions of slaves; show the circumscribed character of the Roman definition of man.

Upon this back-ground of the centuries, the Christian definition burst with all its splendor. What a full and forceful definition for the individual, universal, every-day man! What are men, but brothers, when God is the father? Who is higher than another, when all alike are sinners? We are lost. But by the efficiency of the Intercessor all may have hope. With the Intercessor there is no favoritism. Not the worldly situation nor the circumstance of birth makes the man. There is no peerage but the peerage of the soul, and into this every man is admitted by his inherent constitution. Do as you would be done by must henceforth be the rule of duty, and the Good Samaritan its exemplar.

But the human mind was not ready for this definition. The Christian religion must find a working method. It turned to the magnificent organization of the Roman state; for how else could it have reached Goths, Vandals, Scythians? Constantine, in the emergency of the Roman state, turned to Christianity. The definition had come too late to save the Roman state. But the church preserved the organization, galvanized with new life.

To the realization of the definition, the monastery was necessary as a nursery, wherein the germ could expand in intellectual soil. But the monastery was limited. With the deepening of the perception of man as man, the walls were strained till they crumbled in the political and religious upheaval of the Reformation. Then the laymen as well as the churchmen could attain to the spiritual peerage of the common man.

With the Eighteenth Century, a seeming reaction took place. The conception of man had been as a definite, efficient part of the universe only in connection with the Divinity. Now, the reference was made to nature, to the ego, to reason. But the nature, the ego, the reason were human. People thought this idea to be contrary to the Christian definition, but it was only the grasping of a part of the definition not before understood. The doctrine was the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people —the infinite worth of every man and the unity of all in the spirit. Rousseau, Kant, Spinoza, Locke, joined in announcing it. Voltaire taught it in France, where the depressed minds of men took fire with it. Fichte well expressed it when he said, "Man is every one who can say to me, 'I am.' Thou who carryst but a human face; whether thou plantest sugar under a rod of an overseer, or art the most miserable and degraded villain, thou art nevertheless what I am; for thou canst say to me; 'I am.' Thou art my comrade, my brother."

Through all history, there has been movement and counter-movement. Learning follows darkness; debate and unanswered questions follow learning. Religion, Philosophy; Papacy, Protestantism; agnosticism, rationalism; crowd one another. Whither are we led? Is there any goal but confusion?—Yes! The pendulum swings back and forth, but its swinging is within limits. With our eye on the pendulum, we get no knowledge. But let one eye rest upon the dial, and the ever-forward-moving hands point unmistakably to progress.

With the continuous unfolding of man, must go the extension of the definition to Russia and to South America, to Asia and to Africa. The Anglo Saxon took the lead in this extension some centuries ago, and he is still in the van of the forward movement. Of this extension, Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address is sublimely prophetic. Its momentous burden, "government of the people, by the people, for the people"—comprehends the justice of the Code, the benevolence of the Gospel, the liberty of the Revolution. Such government endows the nation with the highest ideals of the individual. In the light of such a destiny, our problems of the home and the shop, of the vagrant and the stranger, of the city and the colony, will find their solution; and the definition of man will be realized.

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—The—

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXV. Lewisburg, Pa., December, 1905. No. 2.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

TERMS :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Lewisburg, Pa.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

Business Manager: Elkanah B. Hulley, '07.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

SOME UNSETTLED QUESTIONS IN INTERNATIONAL LAW.

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ONE of the subjects postponed by the first Hague Conference for further consideration is that of the relation between belligerents and neutrals. The last war emphasized the inadequacy of the rules regulating this matter. From the beginning of the nineteenth century, the development of international law took the direction of defining neutral rights. After a period of peace lasting nearly half a century, during which commercial interests largely increased, we find neutral rights so firmly established, that, beginning with our Civil War, the chief points of dispute were concerned with the proper performance of neutral duties, rather than the vindication of neutral rights. The last war was no exception in this respect.

A state at war may insist that the subjects of neutral states shall not give the enemy certain aid. On the other hand, neutral governments can not be expected to disarrange the whole commercial life of its people in the interest of the conflict. Neutral states, therefore, have no duties to perform in this respect, except to acquiesce in the measures taken by the belligerent against certain neutral trade; nor have they any rights to vindicate, except to insist that the measures taken by the belligerents shall be in accordance with international law. The belligerent state herself enforces her regulations directly against the neutral individual by capturing his property. In general, we may say that the rules governing this neutral commerce are prescribed by the Declaration of Paris of 1856, which contains (though not in the words of the Declaration), the following provisions: (a) Captures cannot be made by privateers; (b) neutral vessels and neutral goods, not contraband, are exempt from capture; (c) contraband of war, regardless of vessel or ownership, may be captured; (d) all commerce may be prevented at certain ports by an effective blockade. This also leaves in force the liability to capture of enemy goods on enemy vessels, and of vessels guilty of unneutral service, such as carrying despatches, officers, etc. Most of these provisions have come into operation in the recent war, and the forms of controversy have emphasized the points where they are weak or incomplete. Among the questions that arose the most important are the following: 1. Are ships of a volunteer navy or subsidized liners to to be considered as privateers or public war vessels?

2. At what time and place may these subsidized liners exchange the mercantile for a naval character? 3. At what distance from the scene of conflict may the right of search be exercised? 4. How is the doctrine of unneutral service to be applied to modern methods of communication and publication of information? 5. What constitutes a proper prize court? 6. When, if at all, may a neutral prize be destroyed at sea? 7. Where is the line to be drawn between lawful neutral commerce and contraband of war?

A VOLUNTEER NAVY.

Several of these questions arose in July, 1904, when the *St. Petersburg* and the *Smolensk*, of the Russian Volunteer fleet, passed through the Dardanelles, flying a mercantile flag, and after passing through the Suez Canal, converted themselves into war vessels and cruised against neutral merchantmen. The question of their status was brought up by Great Britain in a protest against the seizure of the steamer *Malacca*. If they were war vessels, then, under the treaties of 1856 and 1871, they had no right to pass the Dardanelles, or rather, Turkey was bound to prevent their passage. This would merely have opened the Eastern Question, which is an international political question and not one concerning the law of neutrality. England, however, did not choose to open this question, and hence could only question the status of the vessels, and enter a general protest against their right to exercise the right of search as lawful ships of war. The Russian government finally consented to release the *Malacca* and further agreed to instruct the officers of the Volunteer Navy not to intercept neutral vessels in the future, since "the status of the volunteer fleet was not sufficiently well defined, according to international law, to render further seizures advisable."

It is hardly probable that the protest, and more especially Russia's reply, would have taken this form if the political question had not been involved. The real question, which was thus left in abeyance, was as to the legality of acting as public vessels on the part of the volunteer navy and as to the time when they are permitted to assume this character. Before 1856 any vessel could make seizures if duly authorized thereto by the belligerent government. The question then arises as to what vessels were put under the ban by the treaty of 1856, in abolishing privateering. There can be little doubt as to modern volunteer vessels. Aside from gift or purchase, a government can secure the services for war of purely private vessels only by offering a sufficient chance of gain in the form of prize money, an element which was objectionable in privateering. But volunteer navies at present are built according to government specifications and, in consideration of subsidies, the government has a right to their use in war, and in exercising this right, the vessels are incorporated among the public armed vessels of the state. The Russian vessels appeared to belong to the latter class, and we must regard the pretence of being merchant vessels as an evasion of treaty restrictions. Nevertheless states should come to some agreement as to a more accurate definition of privateers, and also as to the method by which a privately owned vessel is taken over by the state. If a merchant vessel commits violence on the sea, its acts are piratical and a neutral vessel may resist; but if the latter resist the search of a public vessel, it makes itself liable to confiscation. It should not be left to the vessel herself to determine at what point of time her character shall change.

SUBMARINE CABLES.

While the principle is clearly established that a belligerent may prevent his enemy from using neutral means of communication between enemy forces and their government, the applications of modern science to means of communication make it more and more difficult to apply the rule. A vessel carrying military orders may be confiscated; but how about a submarine cable when one of its termini is in a neutral country? If an adequate censorship can not be secured, it is no doubt liable to interruption outside neutral territory in order to prevent it becoming an organ of unneutral service. Present usage accords with Art. 5 of the United States Naval War Code, which provides:

(a). Submarine cables between points in the territory of an enemy, or between the territory of the United States and that of an enemy, are subject to such treatment as the necessities of war may require.

(b). Submarine cables between the territory of an enemy and neutral territory may be interrupted within the territorial jurisdiction of the enemy.

(c). Submarine cables between two neutral territories shall be held inviolable and free from interruption.

The question assumes a different aspect when an attempt is made by a belligerent to land a cable at a neutral point from territory under its control. Great Britain refused to allow the United States to lay a cable from Manila to Hong Kong in 1898, on the ground that it would be a breach of neutrality. Again in the last war Russia gave notice that she would look in the same light upon a proposed cable from Japan to Guam and threatened to treat it is contraband. The question also came up in another form in the last war, inasmuch as Russia established a wireless telegraph station at the neutral port of Che-Foo, from which point communication was kept up with the garrison at Port Arthur. This was undoubtedly making use of neutral territory for belligerent purposes, which the neutral had both the right and the duty to prevent.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

There is nothing in the nature of the work of neutral newspaper reporters which would constitute them a class to be treated differently from other non-combatants within the lines of military occupation. They are, of course, subject to military regulations and their despatches subject to censorship, and they may be ordered beyond the lines. It is somewhat surprising to find in the American Instructions a provision, adopted by the Brussels Conference, making them subject to capture as prisoners of war. The basic principle taken to determine who may be prisoners of war is that the person in question is attached to a hostile army for active aid. It is difficult to see how this can be applied to a correspondent as such, who are quite as often a hindrance as an aid to an army. They may be, of course, detained under military necessity, or may be made prisoner if actively aiding the enemy in carrying despatches or otherwise. But in this sense, all persons are liable to be taken prisoners.

In the recent war the London *Times* fitted out a steamer with apparatus for wireless telegraphy, from which messages were sent by way of a neutral port and a neutral cable. In consequence, Admiral Alexieff issued the following order: "In case neutral vessels having on board correspondents who may communicate news to the enemy by means of improved apparatus not yet provided for by existing conventions, should be arrested within the zone of operations of the Russian fleet, such correspondents shall be arrested as spies, and the vessels provided with such apparatus shall be seized as lawful prizes." Now, a correspondent, openly gathering information for his paper, in no respect answers to the uniformly accepted definition of a spy. He would not be a spy, even if he sent the information to the enemy. It would at the most be a case of unneutral service, making the vessel liable to seizure. Even this element of guilt would be absent in case the information were sent only to a neutral country. There is no doubt that a vessel chartered by a newspaper may become both a nuisance and an element of danger to a belligerent fleet, for, unlike other correspondents, they are not subject to the control and censorship of military commanders. There are no precedents reaching the case. The vessel can be searched as any other neutral vessel. It is more open to question whether it could be seized for persistent espionage on the operations of a fleet. Still more doubtful is it, whether an agreement can be reached so as to exclude neutral correspondents from the zone of operations, or to place them under military control when they are not within the lines of the army.

PRIZES AND PRIZE COURTS.

Another question which, it is claimed, demands an authoritative settlement by agreement, is as to what constitutes a lawful prize court. The prize court at Vladivostok was said to be improperly constituted in that it consisted of a commission of naval officers, and their procedure was also said to be defective. We are likely to be misled here by comparison with the judiciary of English speaking people. Originally the question of what is a lawful seizure was decided by an administrative officer, the Admiral, who could exercise his jurisdiction on the sea. Separate commissions on prizes were instituted in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, because of the many commissions issued to make reprisals and to privateers. They were instituted not for the benefit of the enemy or neutral, but to guard the state from responsibility in case of abuses by privateers. To-day states still differ in the formation of prize courts. Some confer this jurisdiction upon the ordinary tribunals, while others create special commissions at the beginning of each war. They decide according to international law, as is usually said, only in the sense that international law is part of the municipal law, and where the law of the state is in conflict with the accepted rules of the law of nations, they must enforce the law of the state. In other words, they are purely municipal bodies, and the state is responsible for their decisions. In fact, they are not courts at all in the true sense. The procedure before them is not a criminal trial, nor a suit at law, but is in the nature of an inquest to ascertain a given state of facts. Now, the ascertainment of fact may very properly be entrusted, as very often in our country, to the ordinary courts, since they are well adapted for this purpose. But it is quite unnecessary. It is an administrative and not a judicial function, even though it be judicial in form, and consequently may be handed over to any administrative body a state sees fit. So long as states differ in their internal administrative and judicial organization, no agreement looking to uniformity of procedure is possible; and when they cease to differ an agreement is wholly unnecessary. If only enemy property on enemy vessels were to be considered, prize courts would be entirely unnecessary and would disappear, since the property is vested in the state making the capture by the mere fact of seizure. The only reason why these vessels have hitherto been brought into port for adjudication is that both the captors and their state were interested in the distribution of the proceeds. But this is an internal matter and disappears with the discontinuance of awarding prize money. So far as the enemy state or owner is concerned, it is immaterial whether the vessel be brought in or sunk.

Where neutral property is concerned, however, a different question is presented. The Russian cruisers acted under prize rules formulated by the Russian government in 1895, one paragraph of which reads: "In extreme cases, when the retention of ships is impossible owing to their bad condition, when they are of small value or in danger of recapture by the enemy, when at a great distance from a home port, or when there is danger for the ship which has taken the prize, the commander upon his personal responsibility, may burn or sink the captured vessel after having previously taken off her crew and as far as possible her cargo." Under this rule they captured and destroyed on the sea the German ship *Thea* and the British vessel, the *Knight Commander*, on the ground that these vessels were guilty of carrying contraband, a procedure which met with emphatic protests. On this subject, only a few comments are necessary. Whether or not a neutral vessel is subject to confiscation depends upon its degree of guilt, that is, upon its acts; consequently, the title of the owner is not divested by the mere fact of seizure, but only after an adjudication by some competent authority of the state which makes the capture. If authority is given to the commanders of war vessels both to make this decision and to execute it on the high seas, the procedure practically nullifies the most important provisions of the Treaty of Paris, adopted in the interest of neutral states.

BELLIGERENT WAR VESSELS IN NEUTRAL PORTS.

Another set of questions arising in the last war concerned the relation between belligerent and neutral states, and none was of more importance than the one relating to the position of belligerent war vessels in neutral ports.

The principle, as hitherto recognized, is that a warship enters a neutral port on the implied consent of the neutral government and under such conditions as the neutral nation may see fit to prescribe. These conditions are conceived to be formulated entirely with reference to the safety and peace of the neutral port and the performance of neutral obligations. In stating the law, Mr. Hall, an English authority, adds that "in the treatment of ships, as in all other matters in which the neutral holds his delicate scale between the two belligerents, a tendency towards the enforcement of a harsher rule becomes more defined with each successive war." The last war furnished instances of this tendency and also brought out new aspects of the whole question.

The first great distinction lies between measures taken by a neutral government to protect its own territorial security and those which it is obliged to take in order to preserve a real neutrality. The former are undertaken in the interest of self-preservation and will vary with the exigencies of the case. For its own protection, the neutral may make such port regulations as it may see fit, provided that they are enforced impartially.

But the more important rules relate to the obligations resting on a neutral state to prevent certain acts within its jurisdiction which might aid either of the belligerents. One fundamental rule is that expeditions of war shall not be fitted out or issue from neutral territory. A corollary to this rule is the requirement that a ship of war may not augment its fighting force or armament. She is not to leave the port a better fighting instrument than when she entered. The form which this question took in the recent war related chiefly to the amount of repairs to be permitted in neutral ports. During the last century the rule has been applied that a belligerent vessel had the right to enter a neutral port if driven thereto by stress of weather, and that she could make such repairs as were necessary to make her sea-worthy. Even when, in 1862, England first laid down twenty-four hours as the length of stay of war vessels, an exception was made in favor of vessels needing repairs necessary for navigation. But in case of the modern battleship, where is the line to be drawn between making the vessel seaworthy and converting a disabled machine into an instrument of war? The armed transport, *Lena*, in 1904, after an ordinary voyage, entered the harbor of San Francisco for repairs. But it was found that these repairs would have meant renewal of boilers and engines, or, in other words, a conversion of a vessel capable of making eight knots in fair weather into an efficient cruiser. Even if the rule brings no serious difficulty when applied to damages by stress of weather and accident, an entirely different aspect is presented when the vessels are disabled in naval operations against opposing vessels. Up to the time of the recent war, naval battles fought under modern conditions took place near belligerent territory and the question did not arise. In the last war, the vessels which took refuge in Chinese ports and at Manila, were disabled and defeated cruisers that had escaped from battle. Much may be said in favor not only of the Japanese contention that the refuge afforded to Russian disabled vessels deprived her of her legitimate prey, but especially in favor of her protest against allowing these vessels to repair the damage which she had inflicted upon them in battle. President Roosevelt took a step in advance in deciding that the Russian cruisers at Manila could not repair in the neutral harbor the damages received in battle, unless the ships were disarmed and interned during the war. This was without precedent, and was not international law, and is not now. Neither was it, as contended by the Russian press, in violation of international law. It was simply a municipal regulation, interpreting our neutrality laws in their application to an entirely new condition of things, and a wholly new rule was laid down to meet this one case, although in harmony with the spirit of neutrality.

This opens up a weak point in the law as now understood. The amount of repairs which can be made in a neutral port is a variable quantity, depending upon the predilection of the neutral government. Between the restrictions which must be adopted to meet the requirements of the letter of international law, and those regulations which have been, or may be, adopted by some neutral states, lies a broad field within which the neutral government decides whether the rules shall be made more or less stringent. Since these regulations, within the limits pointed out, are mere municipal regulations, they may be modified, abrogated, or extended at different times. Hence, neutral governments may, and probably will, make their regulations strict or liberal according as their sympathy prompts them to aid or hinder the belligerent affected by them; for, in the nature of the case, both belligerents can not be equally affected. It is therefore highly desirable that some action be taken by a future international congress. The recent rule promulgated by the United States is a good one; but whether this rule or some other be adopted, it is desirable that there be some rule which will restrict the discretion of neutral states. As it is, the motives of every neutral government may be questioned and its acts protested by one or the other party to the conflict.

Another obligation resting on neutral states is that of preventing its harbors from being used as a base of supplies or of hostile operations. This rule was clearly violated in the case of the Russian squadron which took up its position in Egyptian waters and used the place as a base from which to intercept neutral vessels. The really serious controversies in the last war, however, arose from a different aspect of the question, namely, the question as to the length of time a belligerent vessel may stay in a neutral port, and the supplies which may be obtained there. At different times, Japan made demands upon the United States and China that these countries should enforce the twenty-four hour rule as demanded by international law, and compel Russian war vessels to leave the neutral harbor. Similar demands and protests were directed toward France, especially in reference to the presence of the Baltic fleet in the French bays of Indo-China. The assumption of Japan was that the rule limiting the stay of war vessels in neutral ports to twenty-four hours, is a rule of international law.

What is known as the twenty-four hour rule is that a war vessel shall not depart from a neutral port until twenty-four hours after the departure of an opposing ship. This is clearly only a port regulation in order to prevent naval conflicts near the coast. During the Civil War, by keeping up steam and by going and returning, a United States vessel practically blockaded the Confederate cruiser *Nashville* in a British port. To prevent a recurrence, Great Britain, in 1862, issued a series of regulations which provided among other things, that "war vessels of either belligerent should be required to depart within twenty-four hours of their entry, unless they needed more time for effecting lawful repairs." This rule, which originated as a measure to enforce the twenty-four hour rule, is also a port regulation, to prevent a belligerent from making fraudulent use of its harbors. In considering its own interests, it is for a neutral state to say whether twenty-four hours or twenty-four days is the proper limit of time, always assuming that the rule is enforced impartially against both belligerents. It is not a rule of international law, and states, at various times, have laid down different rules. The twenty-four hour rule was adopted by the United States in 1870, and again in the recent war. All the important states except France adopted similar regulations in the Spanish-American war. In the last war, Germany simply prescribed that neutrality should be maintained, but in practice put in force the rule that belligerent vessels must depart in twenty-four hours. France, on the other hand, both in the recent war and in our war with Spain, expressly declared in her proclamation, that "the length of stay of belligerents in our ports, when not accompanied by prizes, is not to be limited by any special term;" while Sweden excluded belligerent war vessels altogether. The United States properly answered the demands of the Japanese consul, that the question was one that concerned only Russia and the United States; and the reply of France was that she was enforcing her own regulations and not those of Great Britain.

A similar question arises in regard to supplies which may be obtained in a neutral port. International law is clear in prohibiting the supply of munitions of war. It also prohibits a belligerent war ship from making a neutral port a base of operations. But these rules grew up during the period of sailing vessels, and do not cover all the questions arising under modern conditions of naval warfare. This is especially true in regard to coal. To-day a fleet would be useless without it, and since such great quantities are needed by battleships, the question of how to obtain it assumes more importance than that of ammunition. Again taking advantage of their power to regulate their own ports, neutral states have laid down various rules. The first instructions issued by England during our Civil War assumed that there was no ground for interference. But in 1862 the British government directed that belligerent war vessels should be supplied with "so much coal only as may be sufficient to carry such vessel to the nearest port of her own country or to some nearer destination." Similar regulations were made by England and the United States in subsequent wars. But the regulations of the recent war showed quite a divergence. France, on the one hand, does not adopt any specific regulation in her neutrality laws. The United States, in her proclamation of neutrality, adheres to the previous rule. England, however, took a long step in advance. In her instructions of Feb. 10, 1904, the previous rule was strengthened so as to read: "or to some nearer *named neutral* destination." A still stronger measure was adopted on Aug. 8, in view of the voyage of the Baltic fleet to the East, when instructions were issued that coal was not to be supplied to "a belligerent fleet proceeding either to the seat of war, or to any position on the line of route, with the object of intercepting neutral ships on suspicion of carrying contraband of war."

If we argue from the reason underlying the rules governing neutral duties it is difficult to see either why coal should be looked upon from the point of view of fifty years ago, or with reference solely to neutral rights. To furnish munitions of war is forbidden; but coal at present is quite as important. To be sure, it is an article of commerce; but delivered to a war vessel, it is always put to belligerent and not to commercial uses. There is little force in the contention that any stricter rule interferes with a legitimate trade of neutral subjects, since we are here speaking only of the sale of coal to the warships of two hostile nations, and war is not tolerated for the sake of profit to neutral merchants.

We have here a number of problems which correspond to the question of repairs considered above. The regulations are made by neutral states as though neutral interests and rights alone were involved, and they vary with the strictness or laxity of different neutral governments. The rule that a neutral state should aid neither belligerent is practically changed into a rule that they may aid both belligerents equally. In fact it is not even this. In any given war, the aid allowed by the regulations of any one state is, as a matter of fact, available to only one of the hostile countries, and if these are mere municipal regulations they may be changed to suit the circumstances and the parties to the conflict. If Germany and the United States were at war, and England should make her ports available to belligerent vessels to the extent now permitted by the strict letter of international law, it would be little satisfaction to the United States to be told that her own vessels may take on coal in British ports to the same extent as those of Germany. This is not mere theory. In the last war, Russia was able to send a fleet from the Baltic to Japan in fighting condition, with not a single colony or coaling station of her own on the route, through the operation of what is now called "benevolent" neutrality. And when these regulations were put in force, it was a foregone conclusion that the Japanese fleet would not go to the Baltic. If we regard war as a test and conflict between opposing organizations, institutions, or national aims, we must admit the principle that every nation should be made to fight with its own resources, and be ready to stand or fall with the success or failure of its economic or political organization. No doubt, absolute governments, with large armies and navies, prefer the uncertainty which offers a large field for national intrigue and partiality. While a stricter rule has become sufficiently customary to be crystallized into a rule of law by agreement, it is not likely to receive the assent of some of the nations of Europe. What will probably happen is that powerful neutrals will enforce a strict rule until some strong belligerent will insist on its enforcement as a matter of right. Japan has taken a step in this direction. At any rate, every neutral nation was put upon the defensive in reference to a matter which they considered subject to merely municipal regulation.

1906

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Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXV. Lewisburg, Pa., January, 1906. No. 3.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

TERMS :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

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Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Lewisburg, Pa.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

Business Manager: Elkanah B. Hulley, '07.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

EDUCATION AT GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

BY GUIDO CARL LEO RIEMER, PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES, BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE following facts about German universities were gathered by the writer during six semesters of study at Berlin and Leipzig. These two universities should give an approximately correct picture of such institutions in the German Empire, since they all differ very much less than the colleges or even universities on this side of the Atlantic. The difference is especially insignificant as to the entrance requirements, the methods of instruction and the courses of study.

ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS.

No native is admitted to the regular work of a university without a standing about equal to that of the end of the third year in our colleges. This preparation is acquired at a "Gymnasium" or a "Realschule" through the best exercises and severest tests on the part of very thorough and energetic teachers who make the period of real drill almost two years longer than many instructors are inclined to do in America.—The German "Gymnasium" has a course of nine years. The student enters it in the ninth or tenth year of his life and receives his certificate that admits him to the university without further examination, at the age of nineteen or twenty. About thirty hours of work a week are required during more than nine months of each year. Latin and Greek receive a great deal of attention. The "Realschule" is a similar institution with the exception only that very little time is spent on the ancient languages but more on the modern and the sciences. (The increase in numbers at the latter schools or the proportionate decrease at the former is a cause of alarm to many an old university professor).—Students from America are matriculated, who have taken a bachelor's degree at a college of good standing, and are then required to study at least six semesters for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Men from our Graduate Schools (women are matriculated only at a few places) receive credit at present for time spent at any of the fifteen or sixteen leading universities of the United States. They must, however, study at least three semesters in Germany for the degree, even if six or more semesters were already spent in America.

METHODS OF INSTRUCTION.

The instruction is imparted through lectures to which about one half of the time is devoted, through proseminars for which about one fourth of the time is set aside, and through seminars which also take about one fourth of the time.

(1). LECTURES.

The professors lecture as a rule six times a week, devoting four hours to one course and two to another. They decide upon their own lectures and have a cycle of either four or six semesters for the four-hour courses and about four different two-hour courses. The lectures are very seldom graded because intended for all the students of the particular department of the university, whether of the first, sixth or even tenth semester. On account of this fact they contain a great deal that is quite elementary and seem then to many foreigners who have not had time to learn to understand and appreciate the system, scarcely worth listening to and an excellent subject for hasty criticism. The lectures, for the most part, are carefully written. Although the style of composition on the part of some is dry and tiresome, it is very interesting and inspiring on the part of others in spite of the most unpromising subjects. The treatment in every case is comprehensive and complete. This thoroughness impresses the student especially when he has heard and studied the productions as a whole. He appreciates then the care with which the professor collected the material and introduced him to the entire subject and everything written upon it; for a German professor has learned during his student days how to use the excellent libraries at his command and how to become and remain master of his chosen field. The student values then the exact and complete bibliography, by means of which he is put in a position to verify and test the truth of his professor's statements and to continue the investigation of any question from the point of advancement reached by his predecessors. And he is grateful for the intensely watchful eye kept on all productions and the exactness with which the author, title, edition, date and place of publication of every treatment were given him. He admires no less the careful and detailed discussions to which various disputed points were subjected; for every professor takes a stand on such questions and establishes his position step by step before his hearers. On account of such perfect treatment the professor is often unable to carry out his plans. He has promised the whole subject but finds himself at the end of the semester only about four fifths of the way through—a weakness, but easily remedied with what the student has acquired. The lectures are divided as a book into chapters and paragraphs, carefully provided with headings and numbers. Some of the professors give with much care and exactness the number of each chapter and paragraph to facilitate the task of taking notes and of working them up. In manner of delivery the difference between the various professors is much more marked than in style of composition. The lectures are usually read and in many cases more or less slavishly. The lack of early training in speaking is frequently quite apparent. Some are unaccustomed, yes afraid to face auditors; others read their productions as if to themselves, without life, without spirit and with the greatest monotony and indifference. The delivery is usually quite rapid and proceeds straightway from the stopping point of the day before. There are of course no interruptions on the part of students for the sake of asking questions.

From the American standpoint the behavior of the German students at the lectures is quite interesting. Since all courses end at the stroke of the hour and do not begin until a quarter after, the students have between two succeeding lectures fifteen minutes for rest and refreshment and for gathering in the respective class-rooms. This so-called "academic quarter" is treasured very highly and it really has much in its favor; for at the large universities many valuable discussions are entered into and many friendships formed during these few moments. The conduct of the students during the intermission is very gentlemanly and wholly without any unnecessary noise whatsoever. As soon as the professor comes in sight, the students leave the corridors and hasten to their seats; for rarely does any one enter the room after him. At the appearance of the professor at the door they stamp their feet as a greeting and welcome. The instructor bows and proceeds with his lecture. At the ringing of the bell at the end of the hour the teacher stops reading and leaves the room amidst the thunder of stamping feet, expressions of gratitude and farewell. The more popular the professor the louder and more prolonged is the applause. During the hour the students are very attentive and punish the least disturbance by scraping their feet or even by hissing. Woe to the student who is late and makes the least noise while entering ! But students show themselves just as strict and exacting toward the professor. It is the custom for instance to write all uncommon names on the blackboard, and when the professor fails to do so, the students make their difficulty and displeasure known instantly by scraping their feet. The same thing is practised, should the professor read anything indistinctly or too rapidly. The students take very careful notes, most of them entirely too fully, for the use of shorthand is very widespread and has made them use absolutely no judgment as to what to take down. The thorough and regular study of the notes does not accompany the lectures very frequently, but is usually postponed. During the lower semesters about thirty hours a week are spent in the class-room. The students do very little collateral reading, since it is known that the notes of a professor will suffice to pass the examination on that subject under him. This short-coming often causes the student to confine himself very closely to his chosen professors and to spend his period of study entirely at one university.

(2). PROSEMINAR.

The proseminar corresponds somewhat to our class with recitations and makes an excellent complement to the lectures. No student is admitted to it, who has not had at least one semester of lectures along the line discussed therein. He must see the professor personally and ask his permission to attend, for, since the instruction is given gratis, the teacher has the power of choosing and rejecting. Very few with the proper preparation are ever refused admission, but the professor has thereby the reins in his own hands and becomes personally acquainted with his students. At the time of recitation the students rise to their feet and remain standing until the professor reaches his desk, greeting and showing their respect for him in this manner instead of stamping their feet. The student, who received notice some weeks in advance from the "Senior" or chairman of the proseminar, appointed by the professor, of the fact that he was to recite and of the part to be discussed by him, then begins his report or recitation. The participants are not always very well prepared and many of them, especially in the study of language, use their notes only too freely even for the interpretation of the text (interlining and seeking the meaning of new or unusual words from tablets or slips of paper are in the eyes of many students no longer sins). Five or six recite at one meeting and then, except in small classes, but once during the entire semester, the length of each assignment depending much on the size of the class. The advancement is very slow but exceedingly thorough. The real gain of the proseminar comes, however, from those professors who really know and appreciate this factor in the university instruction, using it to put in practice the principles propounded during their lectures,—some even giving quizzes, a custom not very common nor popular, judging from the answers. These men are sources of great inspiration to all their students. They possess almost unlimited knowledge and are masters in imparting it. Their aim is rather to teach the proper processes of obtaining certain definite results than to hear the quick answer itself. Often they are deaf to the correct answer for the sake of this very principle. Such good teachers are, however, only too few in number, since a great many very scholarly men evince no power, system or method of instruction. And the student, in such cases, is wholly lost, who does not possess an excellent capacity for work, acquired previous to his admission to the university. But just this acquisition is the good fortune of many, who thrive then in spite of lack of method on the part of their teachers. All students take from four to five semesters of the proseminar.

(3). SEMINAR.

The highest stage in the instruction of a German professor is reached in his seminar. To obtain admission to it the student must have done at least three semesters of university work and pass, in the case of some professors, a rigid oral examination. In this manner only the more advanced students are admitted, who are then sifted by the teacher, making of them regular and associate members. The former, usually eight in number, have been as a rule associate members from two to three semesters and may continue now as regular members for no more than three semesters, unless especially permitted by the seminar. At the larger institutions the whole number of members is from twenty to thirty. Again, as for the proseminar, the instruction is gratis, the personal conference required and the greeting done by standing. All but the last eight meetings of the semester are spent discussing some very special subject. Each member participates about as in the proseminar except that he works his part up more thoroughly, collecting and reading the literature on the point as well as arriving at conclusions of his own. It is here that the professor shows his breadth of learning, for not one of the articles escaped him; that he evinces his depth and originality by solving many difficult problems, that he criticises his students with emphasis and friendliness to teach them proper methods of investigation and presentation, and that he is most careful of his reputation and desirous of upholding the teachings of his chosen school or even of building up one of his own. The last eight meetings are set aside for the regular members, each one of whom has the privilege of reading during the two hours an article on some subject, chosen by himself or suggested by the professor. These papers are usually quite scholarly, treating something of importance and interest in an original manner and adding often to the store of human knowledge. This arrangement puts in the hands of the professor an excellent way of keeping in touch with the thoughts and feelings of the coming generation, for the self-chosen subjects, in the case of such men, are good indicators of the direction in which their energy is being turned—in the seminar it was noticed long ago, for instance, that grammatical studies were being crowded out by those in literature. It gives the teacher also the means of investigating any difficulty for which he fails to have the proper time, or something which may demand more time and energy, than one man may possess. He parcels out the work to several men at once and for succeeding semesters, if necessary. But the greatest gain falls to the student who has worked up the paper. One week before the article is read, it must be deposited in the seminar-library where the appointed opponent or opponents may study it and where any member, regular or associate, may do the same. Three days before the meeting set for the reading of the paper the thesis reaches the professor who studies and criticises it, making many marginal notes. At the meeting the student reads his production before the assembled seminar and faces all criticism and attacks from teacher, opponent and other students, nothing being left unturned, no ambiguous word or phrase passed over and no flaws in the argument escaping notice. After five or six semesters of seminar training the student finishes his Doctor's thesis and prepares himself for the oral examinations.

(4). DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION.

The examination for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy consists of the thesis and the oral tests. On the former the student spends three or more semesters, the latter include at most universities an examination of an hour on each of the three chosen fields that the student may have studied during his days at the university. The least number of semesters required to attain this height is six, but the average number is over nine. When the student has finished his written work, he gives it into the hands of the professor, filling for the period this administrative office, pays him the examination fee and waits for further orders. This professor appoints a committee of two from the proper department or departments to pass judgment on the document, notifies the student of the result at the expiration of about three weeks and sets a day for the oral examinations. In the meanwhile the thesis has made or makes the rounds of the faculty for approbation. The candidate, in frock or evening-dress, pays his respects a few days before the examination day to the three professors who are to examine him, tells them what attracted his attention most in their line of work (which is by no means always taken note of) and bows himself out. On the final day the student, again in evening-dress although in broad daylight, meets his examiners in a hall set aside for the purpose. At Leipzig the professor and candidate are generally alone during the examination. This arrangement (it is not so at all the universities) puts the student wholly at the mercy of the examining professor, and cases have occurred where he has suffered on account of it. Such unpleasant occurrences are, however, very rare, for the questions asked are usually very fair. Directly after the tests the student hears his fate. A few days later he again calls on his professors to say farewell and express his gratitude for all they did for him. The candidate now attends to the printing of his thesis, gives about two hundred copies to the university for the purpose of exchange with the other German universities, and receives his diploma and thereby the right of making use of the title. Since the Germans specialize a great deal and since so much is required of applicants for various positions in the professional line, there are many Doctors in Germany. But in spite of the fact that the degree is so common, everybody is painfully particular about using it in case of others or even about giving it to himself. The possessor of the degree, however, has to be very modest as to his claims, for he cannot apply for a position at a "Gymnasium" until he has passed a rigid "Staatsexamen," more difficult than the Doctor's examination, and he cannot aim at an instructorship at any university until he has studied at least two years longer, written another thesis and passed a very special examination. During the years that correspond to our college course, the German pupil meets therefore no teacher who has not had a training at least equal to that of the Doctor of Philosophy.

(5). LIBRARIES.

German universities have very good libraries. The general management, however, seems very poor to Americans who are accustomed to immediate delivery of books, admission to the stacks and the use of good catalogues. There are two catalogues: the "Hauptkatalog," accessible to any regular visitor, consists of books containing in alphabetic order the names of the books to be found in the library; the "Realkatalog" which corresponds to our subject-catalogue, is also made up of huge books that may be used without special permission only by the instructors of the institution. Practically only the teachers, and then not without cards of admission, have access to the stacks. They must then refrain from putting any book back on the shelf after using it, lest they misplace it. A book has to be ordered at least two hours in advance of its delivery. If the order slip is dropped by nine o'clock, the book may not be ready even by noon. The delivery department is open only about four hours in the middle of the day. In addition to this part of the library there is a reading-room, well provided with reference books, other books that are in general demand and the most important scholarly magazines. This room is well furnished and open from nine in the morning for about eight hours. There is also a separate room for the latest magazines, to which only instructors are admitted without special permission. The best work of the student is, however, done in the different departmental libraries which are very well equipped and to which he is admitted upon payment of a small fee, when he has attained the dignity of the proseminar. Here he has access to the shelves and finds about all the literature on his field well arranged according to subjects and any book of importance, that may be lacking, promptly supplied. No book may of course be taken from the rooms except for use at the meetings of the seminar. These libraries are open generally from eight in the morning till nine at night.

COURSES OF STUDY.

An idea of the different courses of study at a German university may be obtained quite well from the courses open to a candidate for the Doctor's degree in his three chosen departments during one semester and from all the courses offered by his principal professor during at least six semesters. A student intending to make German his so-called Major and English and French his so-called Minors, could choose at Leipzig during the winter-semester of 1903-4 from the courses enumerated below. The account has been made rather full to give an idea of the different courses, the amount of time devoted to each and the kind of work scheduled by the various teachers, whether instructor or professor.

A. German Department [7 teachers (2 Profs. and 5 Ass't.-Profs.) gave twenty-two courses fifty hours per week]: 1. Gothic, Grammar and Translation, 2 hrs., Ass't. Prof. Ht., 2. Old High German, Grammar and Translation, 2 hrs., Prof. S., 3. Middle High German, Grammar and Translation, 2 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. Hz., 4. Historical German Grammar, Part I., 6 hrs., Prof. S., 5. Germanic Mythology, 2 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. M., 6 Life and Works of Walther von der Vogelweide, 2 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. Hz., 7. History of Middle High German Literature, 4 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. von B., 8. History of German Literature of the 18th Century, 4 hrs., Prof. K., 9. Goethe's Poems, 3 hrs., Prof. K., 10. Goethe's Faust, 3 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. W., 11. Schiller's Dramas, 2 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. W., 12. Political and Social Forces in German Literature of the 18th Century, 2 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. W., 13. Pronunciation and Usage of New High German, 2 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. Ht., 14. Seminar, for students specializing on the German language and older German literature, 2 hrs., Prof. S., 15. Proseminar: Wolfram's von Eschenbach Parzival, 2 hrs., Prof. S., 16. Seminar, for students specializing on modern German literature, 2 hrs., Prof. K., 17. Proseminar: some phase of modern German literature, 1 hr., Prof. K., 18. Proseminar: Old High German Poetry, 2 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. von B., 19. Proseminar: Middle High German, Minnesangs Fruehling, 1 hr., Ass't.-Prof. Hz., 20. Proseminar: Old Norse Prose, 2 hrs., Ass't.-

Prof. M., 21. Proseminar: some phase of modern German literature, 1 hr., Ass't.-Prof. W., 22. German Composition for foreigners, 1 hr., Ass't.-Prof. Ht.

B. English Department [4 teachers (1 Prof., 1 Ass't.-Prof., 1 Instructor and 1 Lector (he alone is an Englishman and the only one to teach in English) offered nine courses eighteen hours per week]: 1. Historical English Grammar, Part I., 3 hrs., Prof. W., 2. English Metre, 2 hrs., Instructor D., 3. Introduction to the study of Shakespere, 2 hrs., Prof. W., 4. Beowulf, 2 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. H., 5. Life and Works of Burns, 1 hr., Lector W., 6. Hardy's West of England novels, 2 hrs., Lector W., 7. Seminar: Old English Readings, 2 hrs., Prof. W., 8. Proseminar: some phase of modern English literature, 3 hrs., Lector W., 9. Practice in speaking English, 1 hr., Lector W.

C. Romance Department [5 teachers (1 Prof., 3 Ass't.-Profs., and 1 Lector (he alone teaches in French) taught eleven courses twenty-four hours a week]: 1. Introduction to the Study of the Romance Languages, 3 hrs., Ass't.-Prof. W., 2. French Syntax, 4 hrs., Prof. B., 3. George Sand, 2 hrs., Lector B., 4. Provencal, Grammar and Translation, 2 hrs., Ass't.-Prof., S., 5. Italian Readings, 2 hrs., Ass't-Prof. S., 6. Translation of a Drama from French into Italian, 1 hr., Ass't.-Prof. S., 7. Introduction to Spanish, 2 hrs., Prof. B., 8. Interpretation of Cervantes' Don Quixote, 1 hr., Ass't.-Prof. W., 9. Seminar: Rabelais, 2 hrs., Prof. B., 10. Proseminar: some phase of modern French literature, 3 hrs., Lector B., 11. Practice in speaking and writing French, 2 hrs., Lector B.

The following courses form Prof. Sievers' three-year cycle and are elected by all students who emphasize the linguistic side of German more than the literary. The list has been treated somewhat fully and in detail to show besides the courses of study the manner in which the professor arranges his hours and how much the courses vary from semester to semester. It will be noticed that the courses are wholly different for two years except for Phonetics (this subject is so important and necessary for students of language that it is read every year before about two hundred students), and that the third year is quite full of repetitions (all but the four-hour lecture and the seminar,)

I. Year. A. Winter-semester: During this period the professor's schedule is fourteen hours a week, which does, however, not include the time spent on Doctor and State-board examinations. 1. Historical German Grammar, Part I., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 10-11; 2. Old High German Grammar and Prose, Mon. and Thurs. 9-10; 3. Proseminar: Wolfram's von Eschenbach Parzival, Sat. 11-1; 4. Seminar: some subject chosen each semester and the papers by the eight regular members, Wed. 11-1; 5. Office hours as director of the departmental library and as head professor of the Germanic Languages, Mon. and Thurs. 11-12 (for this the professor receives special compensation); 6. Doctor and State-board examinations (these duties for which the professor receives extra compensation require a great deal of time). B. Summer-semester. The hours are twelve instead of fourteen but otherwise the schedule is the same, as above. 1. Historical German Grammar, Part II., Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10-11; 2. Phonetics, Wed. and Sat. 10-11; 3. Proseminar: Old High German Prose, Sat. 11-1; 4, 5 and 6, as above.

II. Year. A. Winter-semester. The schedule is twelve hours a week, as above. Germanic Metre, Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10-11; 2. Middle High German Grammar and Translation, Wed. and Sat. 10-11; 3. Proseminar: Old High German Poetry, Sat. 11-1; 4, 5 and 6, as above. B. Summer-semester. Twelve-hour schedule, as above. 1. Life and Works of Wolfram von Eschenbach, Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10-11; 2.

Phonetics, as above; 3. Proseminar: Hartmann's von Aue Gregorius, Sat. 11-1; 4, 5 and 6, as above.

III. Year. A. Winter-semester. Twelve hours a week, as above. 1. History of German Literature up to about 1250, Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10-11; 2. Old High German Grammar and Translation, as above; 3. Proseminar: Parzival, as above; 4, 5 and 6, as above. B. Summer-semester. Twelve hours per week, as above. 1. History and Interpretation of the Nibilungenlied, Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10-11; 2. Phonetics, as above; 3. Proseminar: Old High German Prose, as above; 4, 5 and 6, as above.

In spite of the fact that the first year at the university is equal to the fourth year in our colleges, the number of students matriculated is very large. The records for 1898, the growth since then has been marvelous, show that Leipzig had 208 teachers [65 Profs. (ordinarii,) 70 Ass't.-Profs. (extra-ordinarii), 11 Associate-Profs. (Honorar), 62 Instructors (Privat-Docenten,) Assistants, etc.]; 3277 matriculated students (348 in Theology, 1032 in Law, 724 in Medicine, 1173 in Philosophy,) and 177 non-matriculated hearers (women, a few foreigners, etc). That makes the total population 3454. It is interesting and instructive to compare with these figures the total population (3768) for 1905 of the University of Pennsylvania (including also the first three classes in the College and the members of the Summer and Evening Schools): teachers 245, College 1632, Summer School 214, Evening School 303, Law 325, Medicine 1022 and Philosophy 297. It should be especially noticed that the University of Pennsylvania has in Medicine 1022 to Leipzig's 424, in Law 325 to Leipzig's 1032, in Philosophy 267 to Leipzig's 1173, in Theology none to Leipzig's 348. The population of the American university includes doubtless about 2000 persons who would not be counted, if the institution were put on the German basis. That would exclude all students who have never had the training equal to the "Gymnasium," and also the teachers doing work of that grade. The population would then be about 1700. Germany has over twenty universities and only one of them had in 1898 a population less than 469. The atmosphere about such advanced institutions is of course quite different from that about universities where the undergraduates make up the larger proportion of the students present. There are as at our Graduate and Professional Schools but few student-organizations, since students of that age and advancement have neither time nor inclination for such distractions. They are rather so many separate individuals, each one pursuing his chosen subjects with his own choice of method, studying hard or otherwise for eight, twelve or even more semesters, and attending only one or several universities to make his ideals real.

DEPARTMENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

GUIDO CARL LEO RIEMER, PROFESSOR.

ELYSEE AVIRAGNET, A. M., PROFESSOR OF THE ROMANCE LANGUAGES. PAUL EMIL WEITHAASE, A. M., ASSISTANT-PROFESSOR OF GERMAN. WILLIAM CULLEN KEOUGH, A. M., INSTRUCTOR IN FRENCH.

Courses offered 1905-1906. Each course meets five hours a week for a term of twelve weeks unless stated otherwise. Courses 5–12 are conducted mainly in German.

A. GERMAN.

1a. **Elementary Course.** Grammar; German prose. 2 terms. 1b. **Elementary Course.** Grammar; German prose. 2. **German Prose.** Grammar; practice in writing German. 3. **German Prose and Poetry.** Grammar; practice in writing German. 4. **Historical and Critical German Prose.** Practice in writing German. 5. **Lessing and Schiller.** Practice in writing German; lectures. 6. **Schiller.** Practice in writing German; lectures. 7. **Goethe.** Practice in writing German; lectures. 8. **Goethe.** Dichtung und Wahrheit, I. Faust; practice in writing German; lectures. 9. **Kleist and Grillparzer.** Practice in writing German; lectures. 10. **German Short-Story.** Practice in writing German; lectures; alternating with course 8. 11. **Ludwig and Hebbel.** Practice in writing German; lectures; alternating with course 9. 12. **Heine and Uhland.** Practice in writing German: lectures; alternating with course 10.

HONOR COURSES:

13. **History of German Literature.** From the beginning to the XVIII. Century. Two lectures in English

per week. Open to Sophmores, Juniors and Seniors. 14. **History of German Literature.** The XVIII. and XIX. Centuries. Two lectures in English per week. Open to Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. 15. **Gothic and Middle High German.** Open to Juniors and Seniors. 2 hour1s. 16. **History of German Language.** Open to Juniors and Seniors. 2 hours. 17. **Lotze.** Grundzuege der Psychologie. (Philosophy 3), 2 hours. 18. **Shakspere: Fuenf Vorloesungen.** (English 16), 2 hours. 19. **German Political Science.** (Economics 16), 1 hour. 20. **German Biological Science.** (Biology 21), three terms, 1 hour. 21. **German Chemical Science.** (Chemistry 16), three terms, 1 hour.

B. FRENCH.

1a. **Elementary Course.** Grammar; French prose. 1b. **Elementary Course.** Grammar; French prose. 2. **French Prose.** Grammar; practice in writing French. 3. **French Prose and Poetry.** Grammar; practice in writing French. 4. **Historical and Critical French Prose.** Practice in writing French. 5. **Corneille and Racine.** Practice in writing French; lectures. 6. **Moliere.** Practice in writing French; lectures. 7. **Authors of the XVIII. Century.** Practice in writing French; lectures. 8. **Authors of the XIX. Century.** Practice in writing French; lectures. 9. **A View of French Literature.** Reading; practice in writing French; lectures. 10. **Conversational French.** Prof. Aviragnet. 11. **French Prose Composition.** Prof. Aviragnet. 12. **Publique et les Hommes de Lettres, or Ecrivains Modernes de l'Angleterre.** (English 15), 1 hour.

C. SPANISH.

PROF. AVIRAGNET.

1. **Elementary Spanish.** Grammar, Conversation, Translation of easy prose. 2 and 3. **Spanish Prose.** Translation, Composition, Conversation.

—The—

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXV. Lewisburg, Pa., February, 1906. No. 4.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

TERMS :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Lewisburg, Pa.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

Business Manager: Elkanah B. Hulley, '07.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

[Delivered before the University on January 17, 190 , the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franklin.]

THE FAME OF FRANKLIN.

ENOCH PERRINE, PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE, BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY.

TIME, the nurse and breeder of all good, so said Shakspere, seldom fails to pronounce correct judgments upon men who have stood in the public eye. Contemporary repute may degenerate into notoriety or obscurity or even into mere oblivion when the relentless years have left their mark—but he who endures their impact is above all tongues of eulogy proclaiming in halls of fame his praise. Sometimes, though not often, the future sanctions the present—and such has been the fortune of Franklin. Frequently the distant has come nigh to join the chorus; still more rarely the hostile hastens to bow the knee—and all this has happened to the soap-boiler's son. True, a certain class of Pennsylvanians disliked him in his own day, and we hear very faint and ineffective echoes of that dislike in our time; true, John Adams was not always enthusiastic for him, and a lack of appreciation still runs in that blood. However, when a few months ago MacDonald, the English essayist, said that there is no name which can break the solitude of Washington were there no Franklin, none that can be set besides Franklin were there no Washington, we had a confirmation from an old-time enemy's land of what Washington himself had written to Franklin: "You are venerated for benevolence, admired for talents, esteemed for patriotism, beloved for philanthropy"; and what these two asserted Jefferson had stated so early as 1791 when he wrote: "I can only testify in general that there appeared to me more respect and veneration attached to the character of Dr. Franklin in France than to that of any other person in the same country—foreign or native". So the past, the distant, the hostile have conspired with the present, the near, the friendly to place Franklin among the world personages, and his fame is secure.

Secure—because it is based upon the only foundation that *will* stand: "Whosoever would be first among you, shall be *servant of all.*" Franklin seems to have been *born* a statesman—*a man of the state.* Possibly Poor Richard's eye was too exclusively upon his pocketbook and the main chance, but the true Franklin's gaze swept a far wider vision. From earliest days he loved to contemplate men in communities, he laid plans for institutions by which the communal life is guided, and he illustrated by shining example the duties such a life imposes. He cast his eye not alone on his immediate surroundings but upon the remotest period and made his impress upon it. To this hour the highest honor a Boston boy achieves is when he takes a Franklin medal left for this purpose to the schools of that city. By will he gave a fund to the cities of Philadelphia and Boston to be kept intact for a number of years and then expended in buildings and other agencies for the public benefit. Continuously engaged with public questions for more than fifty-one years, in the larger part of them he was a pioneer and in all of them many a day ahead of his generation. In him the social conscience was highly developed long before men thought other than that society is a mass of incoherent atoms held together by necessity and yet anxious to fly apart upon the least provocation. No matter what theory of the solidarity of society one entertains, one may find the germ of it in Franklin's thought and deed. When but a lad he formed the famous Junto, each member of which with an oath affirmed that he loved mankind, that he loved truth for its own sake, that he would seek it and when found make it known to others. For no narrow individualism did Franklin stand; but he always believed and taught that when one member suffers they all suffer and that the eye has great need of the hand—a doctrine older than either Paul or Menenius Agrippa but still unpractised by Anne and George, reigning when he was born and grew to manhood. 'Twas the real Franklin speaking when Father Abraham at the auction said to his astonished auditors: ‘‘Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, your king!’’

Many a young man starts self-centred. Impressed with his own personality he imagines that the universe was made solely for himself and that there were no heroes before Agamemnon. Study, observation, and experience teach him that such a notion is brother to the empty-wind and that he only finds his life who loses it in some fashion for the sake of others. Franklin knew this from *the beginning*. He had no purpose to climb the steeps of glory alone; he aimed to take others, all others if he could, along with him on the upward road to material comfort and intellectual delight. Before he had run away from his father's house, a boy of sixteen he had tucked under the door of his brother's newspaper office a series of essays in which he discussed—not nonsense, not trivialities, but a sober patriotism, the improvement of manners and customs, a more honorable dealing in business—matters of much import to the community at large. Fourteen of these papers, written by Silence Do Good, who had learned the trick from Jonathan Swift and Joseph Addison, may possibly mark the beginning of American literature. In a style smooth, clear and short they allure the reader from his own petty concerns and point him to the pleasure and the glory there are in helping to carry his neighbor's burden, whatever it may be. Small wonder, then, that at the beginning of the War of the Revolution a youth who had started out in this way and was now seventy years old should be the most prominent and influential man in the colonies, eager to do his greatest work and endure the severest hardships for the sake of Freedom at a time when the vast majority are making arrangements to slip quietly into the grave!

At the age of seventeen the homeless and wandering boy in search of a career reached Philadelphia where the same passion haunted him. He succeeded in business, to be sure; but he did so largely because he soon was recognized as a valuable *public* servant. His spirit, though utilitarian, was tempered with philanthropy. He established the first fire company in that city as well as the first fire insurance company; at his suggestion, Market street was partly paved; he employed the first street-sweeper and thus, by his example, showed what might be accomplished; he proposed that proper men should replace the improper police for the city watch and that police duty be their sole occupation, and not discouraged he kept on until in 1740 his suggestion became a law; he made a simple improvement in street lamps which permitted the smoke to escape and enabled the lamps to do the work for which they were intended; he was trustee of the society to aid German immigrants; he made a new fertilizer for the use of farmers; he invented the open "Franklin" stove that saved heat and drove the smoke up the chimney and not into the eyes of the inmates huddled around the blazing hearth of logs; he induced the Pennsylvanians to attempt the culture of the vine; he established the first public library on the continent, the mother of all North American subscription libraries, and with pardonable pride he saw how they had made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries and perhaps contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defense of their privileges; he published the first magazine in this country and may be said to be the father of our journalism; the club he formed of a few congenial spirits grew ultimately into the American Philosophical Society, and directly from his famous "Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvsnia" came the little academy that has developed into the University of Pennsylvania. In short, his municipal and other activities were so varied and so great that at twenty-two years of age he had begun to make his impress upon the city, while at forty-four, when Dr. Bond conceived the idea of establishing a hospital that later became the Pennsylvania Hospital he could get no support whatever until Franklin had approved the plan. The hard-fisted merchants had come to learn that they would do well to open their hands to Franklin who pursued their steps with a subscription paper for the common good. With him devotion to the general welfare, as Malesherbes said of Turgot, was "not merely a passion but a *rage*". If he made no attempt to save the souls of men, he was the most effective saver of their bodies and minds then known in this and perhaps any other country; if he did not point men to the skies, he did teach them how to get on with themselves and with each other, how good character pays, and what poor economy any form of vice is. In doing this he packed in small compass more worldly wisdom and good sense, which all should have, than can be found in any rival production of his century. Everybody knew, quoted, and took to heart all that Poor Richard in his Almanac told them concerning industry and economy, and because of Franklin they were the better prepared financially to stand the strain when they fought for weary years against King George. He taught them by his wit—e. g., "Fish and visitors smell in three days"; by antithesis—e. g., "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage and half-shut afterwards"; by epigram—e. g., "A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" by alliteration—e. g., "Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire"; by many of those literary devices that sharpen the arrow and send it quivering to the heart of its object. A noted man of letters said to his daughter: "I will disinherit you, if you do not admire everything written by Franklin".

None the less remarkable were the achievements of Franklin in the realm of natural philosophy—which he glorified by subjecting them to public purposes. There was no rival but Rittenhouse whose biographer puts him after Franklin as a Scientist. In hours stolen from daily toil he made experiments of all sorts—the most dramatic but by no means the most important of which was his successful attempt to snatch the lightning from heaven, a feat that more than anything else he had yet done made him famous in Europe. He was a forerunner, since there was nothing in his own country and but little in the world upon which he could build. Men of science tell us that the time was not ripe for systematic work after the manner of Darwin, and doubtless Franklin's mind was so actively engaged with many things of absorbing interest that he could not bend to the restraints of slow, plodding investigation. Inspiring suggestions, men of science tell us, were needed at that stage—and these he supplied in abundance. There is, however, little evidence that he was interested in scientific investigations merely for their own sake. He himself asks: "What signifies philosophy which does not apply to some use?" And he answered his own question by reducing his discoveries to useful inventions, as when his lightning rod pointed upward to nullify the effect of that electricity he had lured from the bosom of the storm cloud. In 1783 he originated the first Arctic expedition that left North America; but he had in mind the northwest passage with its possibilities for foreign trade and not the mere hope of being able to boast, after the spirit of your modern explorer, that his country had accomplished the impossible. True to his communal instinct, he would not take a patent or any personal advantage for himself nor accept copyrights for his publications: he said that "as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad to give the world the benefit of our own". By unremitting labor and by shrewd business methods, at the age of forty-two he had accumulated an income of four thousand dollars, and then, practical as he was and materialistic as he undoubtedly showed himself to be, he stopped piling dollar on dollar—he now had time to direct all his energies into those social channels so congenial to his tastes. No one in the colonies could have made money faster than he—he ceased to do so before the love of money had squeezed the life out of his heart. He built up no monopoly and crushed no rivals. Bradford the Postmaster General played him a mean business trick; soon after Franklin succeeded him and then he says: "I thought so meanly of him for it that when I afterward came into his situation, I took care never to imitate him". Nor did he ever crawl for business—he kept his independence unimpaired. Some patrons of his paper tried to stop his free comments of certain public officials. Franklin invited them to a dinner made of coarse meal and a jug of water. He ate heartily, but they could not swallow the stuff. Then he said quietly to them: "My friends, any man who can subsist on sawdust pudding, as I can, needs no man's patronage". Here again he is standing out for public righteousness regardless of the effect upon his private coffers—a practice he engaged in not only on the broad theatre of life but in the home circle. Every one of his father's family of ten children he relieved time and again from want or trouble, and he did it with loving kindness not with the charity of a miser. "How has my poor old sister gone through the winter?" he asks of her neighbor. "Tell me frankly whether she lives comfortably or is pinched. I am afraid she is too cautious of acquainting me of her difficulties, though I am always ready and willing to relieve her when I am acquainted with them." And this delightful little domestic touch from one of whom John Adams felt compelled to write: "His name was familiar to governments and people, to foreign countries, nobility, clergy, and philosophers, as well as plebeians to such a degree that there was scarcely a peasant, or a citizen, a valet de chambre, coachman or footman, a lady's chambermaid or a scullion in the kitchen, who was not familiar with it, and who did not consider him a friend of humankind"!

Had Franklin confined himself strictly to his business of printing which was the source of all his wealth—for he never made money in politics—and to scientific pursuits of which he was passionately fond, he would easily have reached a high degree of eminence both at home and abroad. Yale and Harvard did honor him with the master's degree, Edinburgh and Oxford and St. Andrews crowned him with the doctorate, while philosophic societies in many lands admitted him to their ranks. A far different call came to him not long after he first returned from England a young man of twenty, and largely because he obeyed that call the world still rings with his fame. Now in the interest of all he is to snatch the sceptre from tyrants. For ten years he sat in the Pennsylvania Assembly, part of the time as Speaker of the House; he became postmaster of Philadelphia and later on Postmaster General for the colonies—his experiences in these offices prompting the first act of the rebellious Congress when they placed him at the head of the post office department in 1775; after Braddock's defeat he raised a force, marched it to the frontier and constructed a line of forts to check the Indian raids, and when the notorious Paxton boys at the head of a mob reached Germantown from Lancaster he met them with the militia and averted the trouble; at Albany in 1754 the Convention adopted his "Plan of Union" for the colonies, in which one finds the beginning of the end of colonial subserviency; in England, where sixteen years of his life were spent as agent for his own and other colonies, he brought forward the one plan by which the authority of the Crown and the rights of the colonists could have been reconciled and the unity of the mighty empire preserved; driven home in 1775 by the coming storm of Revolution—he was on the ocean when Lexington was fought—he was immediately chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress, served on the ten most important committees, was one of five to draft the Declaration, and by the English was considered to be the arch-rebel of the growing Revolt. This he defended and developed both with his pen in all sorts of ways and by his wise guidance and ceaseless energy. No one who saw him looking quietly on while George III was crowned dreamed that in ten years he would be the sharpest thorn in the king's side and that in twenty-two years the king would be suing at his feet for peace on humiliating terms—an Empire lost! Doubtless in the evolution of Civil Liberty the colonies in some distant year would have thrown off the yoke, but it is quite impossible to see how at this time they could unaided have freed themselves. After struggling for a time they clearly saw the situation and then they turned to Franklin, electing him commissioner to France, the only place in the wide world from which substantial help might come. "I am old and good for nothing," he told Dr. Rush who sat near him; "I am but a fag end, and you may have me for what you please to give." Jefferson, only thirty-three years old, declined to accept a similar commission and go along with him; but Franklin, known and honored in Europe, the only man who could have done us the service, shoulders the burden of his seventy years, collects all the money he can command and loans it to the Congress, braves a seven weeks' voyage in a trembling ship on a wintry sea, runs the risk of capture, and reaches France to begin, for nine years, his mightiest work for his countrymen and through them for mankind.

That work was, first of all, *financial.* The Congress that conducted the war was bankrupt; its drafts, he said in humor, were on the Bank of Hope. France to whom he appealed was burdened with a heavy debt and was not clear of war herself; and yet—Franklin, and he alone, succeeded in borrowing in all 26,000,000 francs, an immense sum for those days, and with it relieved the situation at home times without number, besides keeping good the credit of the colonies in every capital in Europe where American representatives resided. Nominally, he was accredited to France; in fact, he was Ambassador to every court in Western Europe from which his countrymen, official and otherwise, constantly appealed to him for funds. Those who knew the facts declared at the time that, giving due credit to Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, he would have failed without the surpassing help of Franklin. The other part of his work abroad may be called *diplomatic*—and here he shines as the very first American. His clearness and simplicity of statement so like the best of French prose, his urbanity that corresponded so closely to French manners, his quick wit and humor that was racy of the unexhausted West, his temper never to be ruffled carried everything before him. Silas Deane and Arthur Lee who were for a time his colleagues gave little help and did much harm which Franklin's reputation with the French nullified; and when at a later day John Adams and John Jay, men of superior talents, came upon the scene in an official capacity, it was Franklin's hand that restrained the impetuosity of the one and made pliant the stiff legality of the other. Into almost every conceivable difficulty the foreign affairs of the colonies fell, from which Franklin rescued them with as much ability as he displayed when in a quite different field he helped Admiral Jones to fit out the "Bon Homme Richard" that spread terror in every English harbor. "C'Est vous, Monsieur, qui remplace le Docteur Franklin?" asked de Vergennes of Jefferson. "I come to succeed him," was the reply; "no one can take his place." How could he had spoken otherwise when perhaps Franklin's last official act in Europe, so characteristic of what he had constantly been doing, was to draw up a treaty with Prussia, in which he proposed to abolish privateering—in this he was seventy-five years ahead of his time—and to exempt in war private property at sea, a principle not yet but soon to be accepted by the conference of nations? No diplomat of modern times is supposed to have reached a higher plane than John Hay, and he was pleased to think, so he wrote, of those Franklin days in France—"the contrasted figure of the good, weak Louis and the great, wise Benjamin greeting so simply, where the Republican paid conventional homage to the King, but where in reality the dying Past stood in the large presence of the great free Future."

The war had dragged its slow length to a close and after repeated pleadings Congress consents that the old man may come home. So worn out with age and disease that he cannot walk, the royal litter carries him to the vessel at Havre—and the aged public servant crosses the ocean for the last time. At Portsmouth even the British government, so discourteous to Adams, exempted Franklin's effects from the usual examination at the custom house—a marvelous tribute from men he had recently brought down to the dust. Within a month of his arrival home, he was chosen a member of the Municipal Council of which he was immediately made chairman, then a member of the Executive Council, and then president of Pennsylvania. "I have not firmness enough," he said, "to resist the unanimous desire of my country-folks, and I find myself harnessed again to their service another year. They engrossed the prime of my life. They have eaten my flesh and now seem resolved to pick my bones." Again in 1786 and then in 1787 he was unanimously re-elected. Had he not by this time filled the cup of his devotion to the general welfare? It appears not; for now he who had signed the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace is summoned to the highest service of all. He is made a member of the National Convention and writes his name to the Constitution under which we live. Not another of the great group signed all these documents—the four everlasting pillars upon which our liberty rests. To Washington and Franklin are given the credit for the adoption of that Constitution. It was not altogether to Franklin's liking; but true to his primal instinct he said to his fellow members: "The opinions I have had of its errors, I sacrifice to the public good." Washington contributed not much in a constructive way; but Franklin saved the day at the most critical moment by proposing that the states be represented in the Senate and the people in the House; and both of them by force of character and skill in diplomacy united the warring elements. Washington, first in war, had already captured the imagination of the masses: when they beheld him with his martial cloak about him taking the icy winds as he stood in his boat on the rocking Delaware, when with bated breath they saw him emerge from a thick cloud of smoke that had surrounded him during the battle of Princeton they could easily conclude that the gods had come down in the likeness of men. They could not pierce the Atlantic mists and see all France at Franklin's feet; and because he was King in the realm of abstract ideas, even Jolly's canvas in which the superb diplomat stands surrounded by the fashion of the French court and gracefully bows to receive the laurel, means little to them since they do not perceive the significance of it all. The student of American history, however, does know; and he is sure that to the tallow-chandler's boy who fought our intellectual battles and to the planter's son who led our troops to fields of carnage equal honor is due, no mortal being able to determine, with the most sensitive of scales, whether of these twain contributed the more.

How many-sided he was! Social service, of which we hear so much,—in that he was a herald, with few helpers as he called men to hasten their progressive steps; a writer—he strove only to increase by wise words lighted up with humor the intelligence of his countrymen; an amateur in science—he made the most startling contribution then known to humanity, the Royal Society since it was so far from the beaten track Indulging in laughter when they first heard of it; a business man—he early struggled away from poverty and was ever after a strong tower for the defense of many others; a statesman—he never lived for an hour upon his country; a philosopher—his keen observations are still quoted in many languages; a diplomat—he thrust and parried with a blade finer than Saladin's; a conversationalist—he stood before kings with as much ease and charm as before the men of his shop; a friend—he forgot unkindness and misrepresentation, and drew his associates to him as with hooks of steel; superior to bitter disappointments and even to incurable disease he ranks to-day "among the greatest and rarest of men."

And yet—while like Bayard he was absolutely without fear from both physical and moral enemies, he was not without reproach. Of all men he would want the truth told, and he told some of it himself. Had he lived to complete the Autobiography, doubtless he would have told much more for there was more to tell. He broke away from the unbending Puritanism of his fathers—and in this he did well; but he was never quite rid of the coarseness that frequently attaches to the plebeian. This sometimes showed itself in what he said and wrote and did. However he made no attempt to play the hypocrite and when he had committed the wrong he did his best to atone. The poetic vision seems to have been denied him, for his thought is in no instance transfigured by the light that never was on sea or land. Grace would better be said over the entire barrel of pork than over each particular piece as it came upon the table—there would be a saving of time, in his opinion. He lived in no other life than the one that now is; apparently the white radiance of eternity did not once fall upon his path. Since he is old and broken he is willing to go because it is now time that he should be abed and asleep; but it is chiefly curiosity that sustains him, since having seen so much of this world he is anxious to find out what is in the next. He is not a weary soldier taking off his armor now that the good fight has been fought and the victory is won; he is not a penitent sinner forgiven by the Father to whom he hastens; he is the same intensely practical explorer plunging into the greatest mystery of which he knows. He believes that God—to him a far-off Infinite Majesty—rules in the affairs of men and should be asked for help in crises; and he believes that his body, like a reprinted book, will appear in a more beautiful edition corrected and amended by the Author. But of the Christ, whose image hanging upon a cross was the last object upon which his dying eyes rested, he appears to have taken, like so many others in that skeptical eighteenth century, and especially like so many honored patriots who with him achieved our Independence, very little account. Franklin was always searching diligently for reality, but he did not find out that, to quote Tennyson, "the spiritual is the real; it belongs to one more than the hand and the foot." They tell us that the windows of Titian's house looked out on the Tyrolean Alps but that in none of his pictures is the least evidence that he ever saw any of the glories all about him in the mountains. So Franklin looks downward and straightforward but not upward. Was he unable to do so, or like the monks of Chartreuse did he build his cloister a hollow square whose windows looked only on an inner court and none toward the immortal heights that surround us all on every side? One cannot answer the question; but one wishes that to his numberless possessions, native and acquired, Franklin had in some way added and developed the vision and the faculty divine, for then his reach would always have been greater than his grasp and with truth we could have said not only that he stands among the foremost in the files of time but that upon him *every* god had set his seal.

—The—

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXV. Lewisburg, Pa., March, 1906. No. 5.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

TERMS :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Lewisburg, Pa.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

Business Manager: Elkanah B. Hulley, '07.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

THE NYMPHS AS WATER-DEITIES AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

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IT seems to be generally believed to-day that the Greeks and Romans thought of the Nymphs as connected especially with springs, rivers, mountains, trees, and meadows, but as possessing little power, and that they did not honor them in any fixed cult as deities who aided men in certain definite ways. Bloch alone in Roscher, *Lexikon d. gr. und roem. Myth.* s.v. *Nymphen,* has shown to some extent that the nymphs presided over certain provinces, but he has said very little concerning their cult, and has scarcely attempted to show at what times the various forms of their worship existed.

Wissowa, in the preface of his *Religion und Kultus der Roemer*, rightly insists on the necessity, in the treatment of Greek and Roman religion, of first getting the facts in the religion of each people, and in doing so, of carefully distinguishing between the evidence which is Greek and that which is Roman, and of fixing the time during which the various cults or phases of the same cult existed. This I have attempted to do in this paper on the cult of the nymphs, in which I have endeavored to show that they were worshipped by both the Greeks and Romans as goddesses of water.

There is but little evidence that the nymphs were regarded as rain-deities among the Greeks. The first fact which deserves notice in this connection is that the Greeks believed, as is well known, that when the stars called Hyades rose or set, rain generally followed. Now the Hyades were from early times called nymphs. They are so called by one of the earliest Greek poets of whom we know—Hesiod, *Fr.* 181, and in Dodona especially they seem to have been considered nymphs from at least the fifth century B. C. Many other passages might be cited which show this identification of the nymphs and the Hyades, but there is no further evidence that the Hyades as nymphs were ever regarded as rain-deities. Since, however, the stars were commonly associated in this way with rain, it at least seems probable that the Greeks at some time believed that the Hyades were nymphs who were connected with the giving of rain.

In the next place, concerning the nymphs as rain-deities, should be mentioned an Attic inscription which was found on a well-curb before the Dipylon gate at Athens, (published in Daremburg et Saglio, *Dict. Ant. s. v. Eleusinia*, p. 573), the translation of which is as follows:

"O Pan, O Men. Hail yeNymphs. Send rain and make the soil very fertile."

The inscription belongs, roughly speaking, to the Roman period and seems to be an invocation to Pan, Men,and the nymphs, asking for rain and fertility of the soil.

Another inscription found on a small terra cotta figure from Cyprus is published by Cesnola in his book, *Salaminia* p. 199. The figure is that of a nymph reclining on a rock from which water is flowing. On the base is cut the inscription in Greek. "The rain-goddess." The date of this terra cotta Cesnola puts in the first century of our era. If it be genuine we have, then, certain proof that some nymph was worshipped in Cyprus in this century as a rain-deity. Unfortunately, in the opinion of specialists in terra cottas, this specimen seems to be a forgery. No other case is known of an ancient terra cotta figure with an inscription upon it which describes the figure. This inscription, therefore, cannot be used as a certain indication that the nymphs were ever rain-deitie

That it was the custom, however, in at least one Greek state to pray to a certain nymph for rain, we learn from Paus. 8. 38. 4, who says that in Arcadia at the spring of the nymph Hagno, in times of draught, the priest of Zeus offered a prayer and a sacrifice to the nymph and that soon afterwards the prayer was answered by rain. Yet there is no evidence that the custom existed in Arcadia in classical times or that anything of the sort was ever practiced outside of Arcadia.

This is all the evidence which I can find concerning the nymphs as rain-deities. One fact only seems to be certain, that Hagno was so worshipped in Arcadia at least in the second century of our era. If the Attic inscription has been rightly interpreted as an invocation to the nymphs in connection with a prayer for rain, it points a belief among the Athenians that the nymphs were goddesses of rain. If the inscription from Cyprus be genuine, which is doubtful, it shows that a similar worship of some nymph existed in that island. Since, however, the Greeks believed that the nymphs furnished water in other ways, and the Romans believed that they presided in general over the granting of water, as will be shown further on in this paper, it certainly seems probable, if we take into consideration what has been noted in regard to the Hyades, that the nymphs were at some time believed by the Greeks to be also rain-deities.

It was from springs, however, more than from any other source that the Greeks secured water. It is, therefore, not at all surprising to find that they believed that the nymphs of these springs provided their water, and that they honored them especially in this way as water-deities. The evidence for this statement I shall now proceed to give.

Already in the time of Homer it seems probable that the nymphs of springs were believed to provide water for them, and that vows and prayers were made to them to do so. In a certain cave from which came "everflowing water" (*Od.* 13, 109) were bowls and stone amphorae. That these were offerings made to the nymphs is the explanation of the scholiast and, I think, the correct one. They must have been given, moreover, because of the belief that the nymphs had provided this water. Porphyrius, *De Ant. Nymph.* 14, well shows that this is the true explanation: "Stone bowls and amphorae are most suitable offerings for the nymphs who preside over water flowing forth from caves." Homer tells us also that to these nymphs Odysseus sacrificed many oxen and made many other offerings.

Concerning this cult of the nymphs we find another passage in Homer, *Od.* 17, 205–211, where we learn that above a certain spring from which water was obtained was an altar of the nymphs at which travellers were accustomed to offer sacrifice. Now there can hardly be any doubt that the explanation of this custom lies in the fact that the nymphs were believed to provide and care for the water of the spring. This is indeed the explanation of the scholiast who connects the nymphs with water as he connects Dionysus with wine.

The Orphic Hymn 51, 17–18, if it may be placed at an early date, shows clearly that men at an early time believed that the nymphs furnished the water of springs: "Come, ye nymphs, in answer to our solemn sacrifices, with friendly feelings and pour forth a health-giving stream in the season which fosters growth."

I shall next simply refer to three epigrams which are perhaps to be ascribed to Plato, and which merely point to the belief that the water of springs belongs to the nymphs, Bergk, *P. L. Gr.* II. 306, *Ep. Plat.* 22, 23, and 5. In the last mentioned epigram since a frog, the servant of the nymphs, has shown some traveller by his croaking where he might find water, probably that of a spring, the poet seems to conceive of this water as belonging to the nymphs.

The next evidence which I find concerning this cult comes from writers of about the beginning of the third century B. C., and points to a custom at this time of asking the nymphs to give water through springs. Leonidas of Tarentum, who lived early in this century, calls upon the nymphs, in the *Anth. Pal.* 6. 154, as follows: "In return for this, O nymphs, make this old man's house abound in water, and thou, O Pan, in milk, and thou, O Bacchus, in wine." In this prayer to the nymphs for an abundance of water, a spring is probably meant. It is noteworthy that just as Pan is asked for milk, Bacchus for wine, so the nymphs are asked for water. Other similar passages from Leonidas might be quoted, but it will be sufficient to note that according to one of them (*Anth. Pal.* 9. 326) cups have been presented as gifts to the nymphs of the spring because of the water which they have provided. The fact that the gifts are cups increases the probability that in the passages from Homer already mentioned the cups were given to the nymphs of the spring out of gratitude for the water they have bestowed. From several other sources also we learn that the same gifts were presented to the nymphs, presumably because they were believed to provide the water of springs.

In still another epigram written early in the third century by Anyte of Tegea (*Anth. Pal.* 16.291), we find that a gift has been made to the nymphs because they have given water to some one through a spring.

In the latter part of this century we find evidence pointing to the same cult in Apollonius of Rhodes, 4.1411–1421, where the thirsty Orpheus implores the nymphs to show him a spring.

Coming now down to the second century B. C., we find in Nicander the tradition, which perhaps goes back to an ancient time, that the nymph Langia furnished Perseus with water through her spring, (*Alex.*104–105). Antipater of Sidon in the second half of this century ascribes to the nymphs the power of providing water through springs, *Anth. Pal.* 9 417.

In the first century B. C. the nymphs are found to possess the same power, according to Diodorus, 5, 3, 4. This writer also tells us that the spring Arethusa was given to men by the nymphs (5. 3. 5).

Again in the following century, Dio Chrysostomus, 286, shows that the nymphs were believed by the Greeks to preside over the water of springs just as Dionysus presided over wine. Somewhat later Aelian attributes the want of springs to the wrath of the nymphs (cf. *Frag.* 152), and Hesychius, in the fourth century of our era, styled Samos a "city of the nymphs" because Samos was believed to have been well provided by them with springs.

Finally, several passages may be mentioned concerning this phase of the cult of the nymphs which are of uncertain date. First to be noted is the information concerning the nymph Langia which Lactantius gives us in his comment on Statius, *Theb.* 4.717: *Langia fons est, qui postea vocatus est Archemorus. Et huic consecratus est fons et Nympha cuius famam postea Argivi accepto beneficio extulerunt, quia non perdiderat aquam. Iuxta hunc fontem agon celebratur in honorem Archemori consecratus et in Nymphae beneficium.* According to the story of Statius, *Theb.* 4.683 ff., when the Argives were making their expedition against Thebes, Bacchus besought the nymphs to dry up every source of water in the land, springs, rivers and pools, that the whole army might perish from thirst. Every source of water was then dried up by the nymphs except one spring, the water of which Langia, the nymph of the spring, preserved, and from this spring the Argives secured water through the kind assistance of Hypsipyle.

Lactantius shows in the passage just quoted, if he may be believed, that there was a tradition among the Greeks that the Nemean games had been established partly in honor of the nymph Langia because of her kindness in preserving the water of her spring. This same tradition is given also by Statius, *Theb.* 4.720–722.

These, however, are the only passages where this kind deed of the nymph Langia and her relation to the Nemean games are mentioned. Since Statius and Lactantius relate the story, it seems very probable that it was known among the Greeks also, especially since, as the testimony of Nicander has shown, there was a tradition in his century that this nymph had once shown Perseus the water of her spring. At what time, however, this tradition about Langia was current among the Greeks we do not know. The possibility that it went back to an early time is strengthened by the fact that

Aeschylus informs us that the Nemean games were established in honor of Archemorus; cf. Nauck, *Tr. Gr. Fr.* p. 49. The tradition, if it did exist among the Greeks, shows clearly that the nymphs were believed to preserve and care for the water of springs. Moreover, if the account given by Statius of the prayer of Bacchus is really a version of a Greek tradition, it points with equal clearness to a belief among the Greeks that the nymphs, since they provided the water of springs, rivers, and pools, could also take it away.

The other passages of uncertain authorship and date which I have gathered together I shall not cite here but merely remark that they contain either prayers or thank-offerings to the nymphs for springs.

This is all the evidence I have been able to gather concerning the cult of the nymphs as deities of springs. It is clear, I think, that at least from the beginning of the third century B. C. down to the third or fourth centuries of our era they were believed to give water through springs, and prayers and thank-offerings were made to them in this connection. From the Homeric passages it seems almost certain that the same cult existed at that time. If an early date may be ascribed to the passage from the Orphic Hymn we have still further evidence for the early existence of this cult. From the fifth century we have only the evidence of the uncertain Platonic epigrams, yet in the light of all the facts concerning the nymphs as water-deities, it seems safe to conclude that they were worshipped as deities of springs also in the fifth and fourth centuries.

That the nymphs were even associated with aqueducts in shown by two inscriptions, C. I. G. 1081 and C. I. G. 5649h, the former being a Megarian inscription of the fourth century B. C., the latter of uncertain date. In another interesting inscription of the third century A. D. from Rhodes (*In. Gr. Ins. Mar. Aeg.* I. 928) we are told that the nymphs "kindly made the land bloom by means of ever running ditches." Irrigating ditches are evidently referred to and the inscription makes still more certain a belief among the Greeks that the nymphs provided water.

The nymphs were often associated with bathing establishments and some evidence is found tending to show that they were believed not only to care for them but to be closely connected with providing water for them. Pindar, for example, *Ol.* 12.19, calls the baths of Himera the "warm baths of the nymphs," and in an epigram of uncertain date, (*Anth. Pal.*9.814), the poet ascribes to the nymphs the power of giving and taking away the water of baths.

Finally there are several passages which point to the belief that the nymphs presided in general over the granting of water. The first reference is of uncertain date, Orphic Hymns, *Fr.* 160.1–3: "Hermes the interpreter is the messenger concerning all things, the Nymphs are water, Hephaestus is fire, Demeter grain." Here, as will later be shown to hold true for the Romans, the nymphs are associated with water in precisely the same way in which Hephaestus is associated with fire and Demeter with grain. Again, near the middle of the third century, they are said by Porphyrius to preside over water, *De Ant. Nymph.* 10: "But the Nymphs we call Naids and the power which fittingly presides over water." Practically the same statement is made again, *ibid.* 12 and 17. Again, at a somewhat later time, Eusebius *Praep. Ev.* 3.111, declares that the nymphs have power over water just as Hephaestus has over fire. So also Photius calls the nymphs "goddesses of water."

This completes the evidence which I have been able to find concerning the cult of the nymphs as water-deities among the Greeks. There is no direct evidence that they were, during the best period of Greek civilization, the fifth and fourth centuries, prayed to for rain, but, as has already been stated, it seems very probable that during this and possibly an earlier period they were regarded as rain-deities. It is apparent, however, that from the time of Homer, possibly, down to the third or fourth centuries of our era the nymphs were believed to provide the water of springs and were worshipped accordingly. Some evidence has also been found pointing to the belief that they were connected with the water of aqueducts, irrigation ditches, and baths, and that they presided in general over water. Yet it was as the givers of the water of springs that they were especially worshipped. They were asked to provide water in this way,and offerings were made to them from gratitude for the water which they had bestowed.

That the Lymphae andNymphæ were water-deities among the Romans has been recognized by several scholars, for example, Bloch, in Rosch. Lex. s. v. *Nymphen* p. 540: *So sind den Roemern die Nymphen ausschliesslich Wassergottheiten gewesen,* and Wissowa, *ibid.* s. v. *Lymphae: Italischer Name von Wassergottheiten, nachher mit den griechischen* (*Nymphen*) *identificiert.* Few, however, seem to have perceived and no one heretofore, so far as I know, has shown that the Romans from a time before the classical period down to at least the third century of our era actually honored the Lymphae or Nymphae as goddesses who gave water to men through rain or springs or rivers. How little this has been understood may be well seen in the recent characterization of the nymphs by Wissowa in his *Rel.u.Kult.d.Roem.*,p. 182: *Die Verehrung gilt oft auch den‘fontes,“in den Mehrzahl oder den,‘Lymphae,” die als Gottheiten der befruchtenden und heilenden Kraft des Wassers verehrt wurden, und spaetter den griechischen Nymphen Platz machten.*

The earliest evidence that the Romans prayed to the Lymphae for water is found in Varro *R. R.* 1. 1. 6, where, at the beginning of his work, in invoking various deities, he says: “I also call upon Lympha and Good Success since without water all tilling of land is barren and unlucky, and without good success it is labor lost, not agriculture." Lympha, in this passage, seems certainly to be a goddess who bestows water for agriculture, and since in the word "water" the reference would most naturally be to rain, we have here pretty sure evidence that at least as early as the first half of the first century B. C. Lympha or the Lymphae were prayed to for rain. Still better proof that the Lymphae were regarded as rain-deities we obtain also from Varro, through St. Augustine, *De Civ. Dei* 4. 22, who says here that we ought to know what each god furnishes "for then, says Varro, we shall be able to know for what we ought to call upon each god, and we shall not make the mistake which the mimes do and ask Bacchus for water but the Lymphae for wine." So also *ibid.* 6. 1 and 4. 34, he clearly shows that Varro and those of his time held that just as Bacchus should be asked for wine, Ceres for bread, and Vulcan for fire, so the Lymphae should be asked for water. Vitruvius also, it should be noted, informs us (*De Arch.* 1. 2. 5) that in the first century temples were built for the worship of the Lymphae. It is evident, therefore, that already near the beginning of the first century B. C. Lympha and the Lymphae were honored by the Romans as water-deities.

The cult of the nymph Iuturna clearly shows that as early as the middle of the third century B. C. the nymphs were believed to provide water, and were worshipped especially as water-deities. The date of the public establishment of the cult of Iuturna we get with some certainty from Servius on Verg. *Aen.* 12. 139: *Iuturna fons est in Italia. Huic fonti propter aquarum inopiam sacrificari solet; cui Lutatius Catulus primum templum in Campo Martio fecit; nam et Iuturnas ferias celebrant qui artificium aqua exercent quem diem festum Iuturnalia dicunt.* This temple of Iuturna was vowed by Catulus in the naval battle at the Aegatian Islands in 241 B. C.

What, then, was the nature of this cult to which Servius refers? That the temple was built in honor of Iuturna as a water-goddess is clear, I think, from the fact that it was built in fulfillment of a vow made in a naval battle. Servius, moreover, informs us that one part of her cult was a festival celebrated in her honor as a water-goddess by those who used water in their business. Ovid, *Fasti* 1.463 ff., shows that this festival existed in his time and was celebrated on the eleventh of January. From this reference to the festival by Ovid, and from Servius, use of *nam*, it is almost certain that when the latter speaks of this festival he does not refer to his own but to an ancient time, probably that of the building of the temple by Catulus. The Iuturnalia, therefore, was celebrated probably from about the middle of the third century B. C. especially by those *qui artificium aqua exercent*,—that is Iuturna was honored in this festival as the goddess to whom men were indebted for the water which they used in their business.

The correctness of this interpretation is made the more certain by Servius' preceding remark: *Huic fonti propter aquarum inopiam sacrificari solet.* Servius here again, no doubt, is referring to that time when Catulus built the temple of Iuturna, or possibly to a still earlier time, and shows that in times of drought sacrifice was made to Iuturna, the nymph of the spring, for water. That the nymph is here a rain-goddess is hardly to be doubted.

Still further evidence that Iuturna was honored as a water-deity is found in her connection with the Vulcanalia, a festival which was celebrated each year to avert the danger of fire and to secure aid in case of fire. In the Fasti of the Arval Brothers for the twenty-third of August, the day of the Vulcanalia, we find concerning this festival an inscription, C. I. L. 6. 2295, the date of which falls between 11 B. C. and 16 A. D., and which has been restored by Mommsen as follows: [*Volcanalia*

Feriae] *Volcano* [*Volcanus in Circo Flam* (*inio*) *Iuturnae et Nymp*] *his in Campo. Opi Opifer* [*i*] *Quir* [*ino*]. In this restoration Mommsen, I believe, is right in connecting the expression [*Nymp*] *his in Campo* with the temple of Iuturna built by Catulus in the Campus Martius, a temple which is mentioned several times by Cicero.

What now was the way in which Iuturna and the nymphs were connected with this festival? Cicero affords us a partial answer in the information (*Har. Resp.* 57) that they gave help in time of fire. Since, therefore, it was the custom to sacrifice to Iuturna *propter aquarum inopiam*, and since those celebrated the Iuturnalia *qui artificium aqua exercent*, Iuturna and the nymphs were honored in this festival without doubt as the deities who gave the water to be used in extinguishing fires.

At how early a time Iuturna and the nymphs were connected with this festival is not known. It was at least before 56 B. C., the date of the *De Haruspicum Responso*, and probably at a very early period, since the Vulcanalia was an ancient festival and the temple of Iuturna dates back to nearly the middle of the third century B. C.

Two Inscriptions (*Notizie degli Scavi* for 1900, p. 292–293), which have lately been found in the Forum at Rome, afford still further proof of the worship of Iuturna as a goddess of water. That part of the Forum in which they were discovered seems to have been a regular precinct of Iuturna. A stone basin was found here fed by two springs which are to-day running freely. Near this basin were unearthed an altar, a well, and a shrine of the nymph on which were found these two inscriptions both of which mention offerings to Iuturna. One of the inscriptions belongs to the first century B. C., but most of the ruins go back only to the imperial period.

Finally, as to the cult of this nymph, it is perhaps significant that, according to Arnobius 3.29, she was the mother of Fons on the day of whose festival wells were crowned with chaplets to secure an abundant supply of water.

This evidence proves, I think, that Iuturna and the nymphs were worshipped by the Romans as water-deities from about the middle of the third century B. C. to at least the end of the first century B. C. The restoration of her temple in 2 B. C. marks the revival of the cult in the age of Augustus.

Passing now from Iuturna, I have next to cite concerning the nymphs as water-deities, Horace, *Serm.* 1. 5. 97–98: *dein Gnatia Lymphis iratis exstructa dedit risusque iocosque* explained as follows by Porphyrio: *Per haecquoque oppidulum significat penuria aquae laborare* By the words *Lymphis iratis* the poet seems to mean, as Porphyrio says, that the town was suffering from the want of water, that is, most probably of springs, because of the wrath of the Lymphae. If this is the real meaning of the passage, we have here further proof that Romans of the time of Horace believed that the Lymphae provided water. If it be purely a poetic creation, it is still evidence of an earlier belief and one probably common in his own day. The explanation of Porphyrio, at any rate, points to a belief in his time, perhaps the fourth century of our era, that the Lymphae or Nymphae provided water.

We next find in Ovid, *Fast.* 3.275, that the nymph *Egeria est quae praebet aquas, dea grata camenis.*

The passage in Statius, *Theb.* 4.683 ff., to which reference has already been made, p. 7, deserves to be recalled here since, if Statius and Lactantius are not using a Greek tradition in the story of the prayer of Bacchus and the kindness of Langia, this whole account is evidence, not of a Greek, but of a Roman belief in the power of the nymphs to bestow water. I am inclined, however, to think that the account was drawn from a Greek source.

Several inscriptions of the early empire show that it was customary when new springs were discovered to dedicate shrines and make offerings to the Nymphae or Nymphae Novae; cf. C. I. L. 10. 4734, 3. 3116. There can be little doubt that these shrines were dedicated and offerings made to the nymphs not merely because they dwelled in or near the springs, but because they provided them with water. This is made more certain by another inscription, C. I. L. 5. 3106, of uncertain date and found in Cis-Alpine Gaul: *Nymphis Lymphisq* (*ue*) *augustis ob reditum aquarum P. Pomponius Cornelianus ut vovit*, where Pomponius has asked the Nymphae and Lymphae to bring back some supply of water, in all probability that of a spring.

Next may be cited an inscription composed of five hexameters and dating probably from the first half of the third century A. D. from Lambaese, a city of Numidia, C. I. L. 8.2662: *hanc aram Nymphis exstruxi, nomine Laetus quod dives Lambaesem largo perfudit flumine Nympha.* Since no river is found near this city, nor any trace of an aqueduct to which this inscription may be referred, and since the words *largo perfudit flumine* cannot well refer to a spring, it seems practically certain that Laetus reared this altar to the nymphs for having caused a bountiful rain to fall upon the city. This inscription must, therefore, be added to the passage from Servius already quoted (p. 11) where we learn that it was the custom to sacrifice to Iuturna, the spring-nymph, for rain.

The nymphs seem also to have been associated, as among the Greeks, with aqueducts and their water, as is evident from several inscriptions which I shall not cite here. A comparison of these inscriptions, which do not seem to have been generally understood, makes it clear, I think, that the nymphs, to whom belonged the sources of water, were believed to aid men in obtaining water through aqueducts as well as in other ways, and that vows and offerings were made to them in this connection.

Finally as evidence that the nymphs were honored as water-deities, it is to be noted that *Nympha* is often explained by late writers and scholiasts as *dea aquarum*; cf. Corpus Glossarum Latinarum, 4.125. 1, 4. 264. 10, etc.

In the light of all this evidence, it is clear, I think, that the Lymphae were believed by the Romans to be water-deities and were honored as such from at least the beginning of the first century B. C.; that the nymph Iuturna held an especially prominent place as a water-deity from about the middle of the third century B. C.; and that the nymphs both in general and individually, as Iuturna, Egeria, or the nymph of some spring, from at least the middle of the third century B. C. to about the middle of the third century of our era, were believed to bestow water in various ways, and in the Roman religion of the time held the place of water-deities.

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Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXV. Lewisburg, Pa., April, 1906. No. 6

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

TERMS :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Lewisburg, Pa.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

Business Manager: Elkanah B. Hulley, '07.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

KALIDASA'S TREATMENT OF NATURE, AS INFLUENCED BY BRAHMANISM.

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Kalidasa's position in a comparative study of the nature feeling is a peculiar one. In his sensitiveness to impressions, and power to transmit them in vividly-suggestive word-pictures, he ranks with modern poets, even of the epoch of the conscious feeling for nature. If his descriptive ability alone were considered, we should agree with the Hindu editor who asserts that "nature was our poet's all-in-all," and that he "may justly be compared to the great poet Wordsworth."

But although Kalidasa's love of nature and power n description might annihilate the intervening centuries and place him in the circle of modern poets of nature, the thought and expression of such a circle would be incomprehensible to him. In perception and interpretation of the inter-relation of man and nature, Kalidasa is an ancient, with as objective a view of nature and its relation to humanity as the poets of an epic age.

In Kalidasa's view, man and nature are co-ordinate. External nature, is not unduly subordinated to man, but is an entity distinct from man's existence. Though distinct entities, however, man and nature are by no means disconnected. Kalidasa's descriptions of nature have a human interest; and humanity, represented in his poems, calls to its aid external nature whose influence it consciously admits. Humboldt says: "Kalidasa, the celebrated author of Sakuntala, has a masterly manner of representing the influence which the aspect of nature exercises on the minds and feelings of lovers. The forest scene which he has portrayed in the drama of Vikrama and Urvasi may rank among the finest poetic creations of any period." In the Seasons, most of the descriptions of nature are concluded with allusions to its influence upon human beings. The reddening shoots of the mango-tree and the call of the cuckoo pierce the minds of lovers; the winds, swaying the Asoka trees arouse longing in the lover's heart; the cloud, heralding the rainy season, brings joy or sorrow to the lover according as he is united with his loved one, or separated from her by the "cruel power of fate."

But notwithstanding the quickness of perception and sensitiveness to the beautiful in the world about him, which Kalidasa undoubtedly possessed, he was unresponsive to the more subtle appeals of Nature. Nature's spiritual influence was scarcely perceived by him. Twice, perhaps, there stirs a vague consciousness of some hidden meaning, but either the mood was a transient one, or unfitted, in his opinion, for further revelation. One of these occurrences is in the Malavika III 8. The King and his confidant have overheard Malavika say that the Asoka tree, awaiting the Dohada ceremony, resembles her in her state of longing expectation. The Vidusaka asks: "Did your Majesty hear? The lady yonder admits that she is in a state of longing expectation." The king replies;

"Even this does not make me think you a man of unerring insight. For this wind from the Ulalaya mountains, laden with the pollen of the kuravaka flowers, accompanied with drops of water issuing from the opening folds of the buds, produces longing in the mind even without definite cause."

The other instance is the expression of the king in the Sakuntala; "How can it be that this song has stirred in me a deep melancholy, as though I were separated from some beloved being? When a being in other respects happy becomes conscious of an ardent longing on seeing charming objects and hearing sweet sounds, in all probability, without being aware of it, he remembers with his mind the friendships of former births, firmly rooted in his heart."

This explanation, which the king gives for his unwonted emotion, is significant. It is Kalidasa's *intellectual* attitude toward nature that closes his soul to its subtle appeals. The modern spectator, for example, owes much of the sublime and awe-inspiring effect which the sunset produces upon him to his own mental attitude. It is the sense of human limitations, of inability to fathom the unknown and illimitable that subdues him to silence. It is not the grandeur of coloring alone nor even the greatness of phenomena that produces reverence; but it is the consciousness of minuteness before the unknowable power regulating the vast processes of nature. It is the same feeling that leads the Hebrew to exclaim; "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" All the problems of existence, the cause, the goal, come thronging in the silence, insinuating themselves into the impressions from the nature without.

With Kalidasa, on the contrary, there is little or none of this element of subjective analysis in his contemplation of nature. No sense of the unexplained disturbs him; he gives no evidence of a feeling of littleness in the presence of nature's grandest manifestations. When an emotion foreign to him stirs the depths of his nature, he ascribes it to some forgotten experience of a previous incarnation.

Le Prade, in comparing the nature feeling of different peoples, says; "Le sentiment de la nature chez les Grecs est beaucoup moins vaste, profond, passionne que chez les Indiens et les poetes penetres des idees Chretiennes. * * * Non, les anciens ne sont pas des poetes contemplaitifs, des poetes d'infini comme les Indiens, les Germains et nous—memes." On the contrary, we see that, however nature may have appealed to a "contemplating Brahmin", Kalidasa, the classical poet of India, was unable to catch "la musique interieuse des harmonies de la nature," and, far from being a "poet of the infinite", failed to respond to the more subtle appeals of the nature he loved.

This lack of inner sympathy between man and nature becomes more apparent when we consider more specifically what may be called "the sympathetic view of nature". Nature, in Kalidasa's poems, is, as we have said, a distinct existence. The Hindu does not impose his personality upon nature, nor interpret her manifestations in the light of his own moods. To a certain degree, a transfer of characteristics and emotions is common to all literatures; for all poets, under greater or less stress of emotion, attribute to inanimate nature qualities of the human personality. The German terms it the "Beseelung" of Nature and we have several phrases to denote the relationship: "Animism," "Vivification" or such as Ruskin's "Pathetic Fallacy." The Hindus also recognized this "vivification" but only as a rhetorical device.

The Sahitya Darpana, in the chapter on the "Declaration of Ornaments," defines it thus: "The *Modal Metaphor* is when the behaviour or character of another is ascribed to the subject of description, from a sameness of (1) Action, (2) Sex (or gender) or (3) Attribute." The Commentator gives us as an example of (2); "How can the lofty-minded man think of woman, when he has not satisfied his desire of victory? The Sun (ravih) woos not the Evening (Sandhya) without having careered in triumph over the whole world."

We shall not adopt for the present discussion the tripartite division of the Hindu rhetorician, who subdivides on a basis of form disregarding (as in this instance) the emotional element, but we shall recognize two clearly marked types of vivification. The first is that which is sometimes called "*animism*" (although not with its philosophical connotation);—the bestowing upon sentient and nonsentient concrete objects, human characteristics and emotions. In this case, the poet or writer is not transported with frenzy to the extent that he loses his power to discriminate between his own individuality and that of the object under consideration; the transfer of feeling is conscious and deliberate. It is here, for example, that we would class Kipling's wonderful ability to grasp the psychology of a situation,—whether the actors are horses or engines, tigers or bolts. Since this transfer of feeling is not a momentary impulse, the flight of fancy may be prolonged.

The second type is quite different. Here the poet under stress of emotion, fails to preserve distinct the two entities: that of the nature he is contemplating, and that of himself, the representative of human character. Biese terms this class "Poetische Beseelung," in opposition to the mythological, and says:

"Die poetische Beseelung unterscheidet sich von der mythologischen dadurch, dass sie bloss freier asthetischer Schein bleibt und dass in ihr die Phantasie des Dichters das in die Erscheinung uebertragene Ich mit dem Gegenstande selbst, die eigne Erregung mit der Erregungsursache vertauscht." This Beseelung is an impulse; a climax of feeling; a leap, not a sustained flight.

Ruskin also divides the "fallacy of pathos" into two principal classes: "Either the fallacy of wilful fancy which involves no real expectation that it will be believed; or else . . . the fallacy caused by an excited state of the feelings, making us for the time more or less irrational."

Kalidasa's poems are, for the most part, the expressions of the sentiments of others. "The Seasons" is an exception; for here the poet is describing, in his own character, the process of the year. The Cloud-messenger, on the other hand, emanates, ostensibly, from the mind of a Yaksa, separated from his wife by a curse. Desiring to send her a message to sustain her hope, he addresses this appeal to a newly-arisen cloud. Though the Yaksa may have failed to distinguish the animate from the inanimate, the poet himself retains possession of his differentiating power, and publishes the fact by saying, before withdrawing into the back-ground; "On the one hand, there was the cloud, a mere conglomeration of smoke, fire, water and wind. On the other, a message fit to be conveyed only by animate beings with able limbs. Yet the Yaksa made his request, not considering this incongruity; for those who are overcome by love are naturally incapable of discriminating between animate and inanimate objects."

With this quasi-apology, Kalidasa places before us one of the most perfect specimens of "vivification" found in literature. Though this poem is prolonged through two cantos, one hundred and eighteen four-line stanzas, there is never any lapse, any failure to preserve the illusion. Citations, showing the fullness and variety with which this “fallacy of fancy” has been elaborated, will perhaps give a more definite idea of its completeness.

The Yaksa begins his appeal; “I know thee, born of the world-renowned race of the Pushkaras and the Avarlakas, India's chief officer, wearing any shape at will; therefore I, separated from my wife by the power of fate, have become thy suppliant: better a request, though unsuccessful, to a worthy person, than one made to a base man and successful, “for thou, O Cloud, art the shelter of the afflicted.”

The Cloud is then fancied to be the friend of the mountain upon which it is resting, and of the other peaks along its path. “First let me describe the path of thy journey, resting thy feet for repose upon the mountains whenever completely exhausted, and drinking of the light water of rills, whenever exceedingly wasted away.” “Embrace and bid farewell to thy dear friend, this lofty mountain; which after uniting with thee from time to time manifests his affection for thee by dropping a hot tear, due to long separation.” “I foresee thy delay, my friend, on every mountain fragrant with Kutaja flowers, though thou desirest to go speedily for my sake.” “On the mountain Nichais, bristling, as it were, with full-blown Kodamba trees at thy approach, thou mayst rest also for repose.”

To the streams along the journey the cloud comes in the role of a lover. “The Vetravatis water, sweet, with trembling waves like frowning eyebrows, will refresh thee.” “Glide by the side of the sorrowing Sindhu; her slow waters are slender like the single braid of a woman who mourns the absence of a lover. Pour forth thy rain and fill her with gladness; for even now the gleam of her waters is paled by the strewn leaves of the forest trees.”

The Yaksa attributes the quality of reverence to the cloud, also.

"Though arriving at Mahakala, at any other time (than the evening) thou shouldst stay, O cloud, until the sun passes beyond the range of sight: performing the noble function of a drum at the evening worship of Siva thou will reap the full fruit of thy low thunderings."

Another duty of the cloud is also defined. "If the forest conflagration (which is caused by the mutual friction of the trunks of the Sarala trees whilst the wind is blowing, and which with its flames destroys the bushy tails of the Chamaris,) should injure the mountain, it behooves thee to completely extinguish it with thousands of water-showers; for the resources of the great have for their end the alleviation of the miseries of the distressed."

The Yaksa closes his appeal thus; "I hope, O Gentle One, that thou hast undertaken this business for me, thy friend. I do not at all suppose your gravity arises from a rejection of my suit. Though silent, thou when asked dost supply water to the Chataka birds. The performance of the desired object on the part of the noble is of itself an answer to the supplicants."

The picture of the cloud as a person involves, of course, the vivification of other inanimate objects interwoven with the main theme. The reciprocating affection of the mountains which the cloud meets has already been mentioned. When speaking of Mt. Amrakuta, the Yaksa says; "On its summit the mountain Amrakuta will bear thee overcome by the fatigue of thy journey, when thy showers have allayed its forest conflagrations. Even a low man, out of regard for former favours done, turns not his back on a friend coming for refuge: much less will one so exalted."

The streams, too, express their emotion at the cloud's approach. "The Nirvindya with its girdle-string of chattering birds, glides forward in a manner charming on account of its stumbling (against rocks): for coquettish movements are the first expressions of a woman's love.'' The gambols of the fish, white as lotuses, as they rise an instant above the waters of the Bambhira, are imagined to be the stream's amorous glances.

These quotations will give an idea of the Beseelung of the Meghaduta.

Similar instances of vivification occur in the other works of Kalidasa, though none so prolonged or complete as the Cloud Messenger. In this class we would place the personification of the seasons, where human qualities are assigned to abstract existences. Varsha—the rainy season—comes like a king; the lightning, his standard; and the resounding thunder, his drum. Sared (Autumn) seems to the poet's mind a bride, with her garments of red Kasa flowers; her anklets are the call of the maddened hausa; her girdle, the waving rice-fields; and her face, the full-opened lotus. Spring is a warrior forth for conquest; the mango-shoots are his keen arrows; and his bow-string the gleaming lines of bees supply.

The Urvasi contains only a few such fallacies. In the Sakuntala, however, there are several occurrences of vivification. Sakuntala says to her companions as they are walking in the hermitage confines; ''This Kesara tree with its fingers of young shoots set in motion by the wind, bids me hasten, as it were. I will just go and pay my respects to it.''

When Sakuntala is leaving her home one of her companions calls attention to the troubled condition of the penance-grove where ''the deer let fall the monthfuls of darbha grass; the peacocks cease dancing; the creepers as they cast their pale leaves appear to shed tears.''

One thing is to be observed in regard to the vivification in Kalidasa: he rarely omits the word which shows that the speaker retains his discrimination. The particle *iva*, whether it indicates comparison or is merely intensive, is almost always used. If absent, its place is filled by some such expression as "seems" or "I fancy." Consequently in Kalidasa's works only a few cases of the second kind of vivification occur; those introduced by *iva* must be classed as fallacies of fancy, whatever their import, or however closely they border upon the true emotional pathos.

In the Meghaduta, there are a few occasions where this particle denoting Kalidasa's balance of feeling does not creep in. The picture of the sun, the lover of the lotus, is one of these. Yaksa still addressing the cloud, says: "The tears of women angry with their lovers have at that time to be wiped away: therefore leave the path of the sun quickly. For he also having returned to remove the dew-tears from the lotus-face of the lotus plant, would be not a little incensed if thou shouldst obstruct his rays" (kara-hand or ray). And again the Yaksa, picturing his grief, imagines that the rain-drops are tokens of sympathy. "Upon the trees fall in abundance tear-drops as big as pearls, of the local Deities beholding me."

In the Sakuntala, there are several examples also of the second kind of vivification. The heroine is addressed by one of her maidens as they are watering the trees in the penance-grove; "Here is the young Malika-vine named by you 'The light of the grave' the *self elected* wife of the Sahakara tree." Later, when Sakuntala is leaving the hermitage, she says to the same vine; "O light of the grove, though united with the mango-tree, embrace me with thy arms of branches turned in this direction." Kasypa invokes the forest trees to bid farewell to his departing daughter; then, hearing the cuckoo's call, he says; "Sakuntala is permitted to depart by the trees, the forester's kinsfolk; since a song to this effect, warbled by the cuckoo, was employed as an answer by them." When the king is sorrowing for his lost Sakuntala, nature weeps with him. He has ordered that the spring festival be omitted, and the gardener, rebuking two uninitiated attendants for their mirth, says; “Even by the vernal shrubs and by the feathered tribes, their habitants, the mandates of the king are obeyed; for the bud of the mangoes, though long since protruded, does not form its pollen. The Kuravaka flower, though all ready to blossom, remains in its budding state. The note falters in the cuckoo's throat, though the cold dews are passed. I suspect that even Smara, (Cupid) daunted, arrests the shaft half-drawn from his quiver.” Sakuntala, too, presaging her future troubles, sees an image of her fate in that of the Sakravaka. Addressing her friend Amasuya she says; “Friend, see! the poor Sakravaka, not perceiving her dear mate hidden by the lotus-leaves, calls to him thus; Hard is the lot I suffer.'” There are eight other occurrences of the Pathetic Fallacy in the Urvasi and Malairka. They will not be quoted inasmuch as they add no new material.

Aside from the Meghaduta, then, which is a pure case of “animism,” Kalidasa makes comparatively little use of the “Model Metaphor” or “Expressed Poetical Fancy.” His vivification of nature does not encroach upon her personality. Nature weeps with man in his sorrow and rejoices in his happiness; but she is far from being a mere echo of man's voice or a reflection of his moods.

Of the deeper “sympathy” between man and nature, the more intense transfer of emotion, Kalidasa's poems know nothing. Kalidasa never expresses the “vast, profound, passionate feeling for nature” which as we have seen Le Prade attributes to the Indian race, as well as to nations imbued with Christian ideas. The nations under the influence of Christian ideas have, on the contrary, a distinctly *individualized, humanized view of nature* of which Hindu literature is almost totally ignorant. Kalidasa's sparing use of vivification and his inability to respond to the elevating in nature, as he does to its beautiful manifestations, are evidences of this difference in view.

That this limitation is racial and not peculiar to Kalidasa will be evident if we consider the characteristics of the Brahmanical faith.

The religion of a people with its emphasis or disregard of human personality is one of the most potent factors in determining that people's attitude toward nature. The nature literatures of different peoples and of different epochs of the same people, vary, on the interpretative side, chiefly in the degree in which they reflect an individualized nature. Whatever tends to emphasize the individualism of man, has a similar influence upon the nature reflected in man's creative literature.

The Brahmanical faith far from producing an individualized view of nature would naturally militate against it. For in the first place, Brahmanism takes no account of the individuality of man himself. The individual is nothing. All is Brahma, and man but one of the manifestations of the world soul. There is a portion of this soul—"the person (purusha) of the size of a thumb"—within "the middle of the Self"; nevertheless the Brahman's meditations are not directed to the part which composes his own soul, but to the greater, all-embracing soul of the world. The larger, comprehending the smaller, demands and absorbs his contemplation. The goal, also, toward which the individual strove, was to be merged into this world-soul. "As these flowing rivers that go towards the ocean, when they have reached the ocean, sink into it. Their name and form are broken, and people speak of the ocean only; exactly thus, these sixteen parts of the spectator that go towards *the person* (purusha) when they have reached the person, sink into him, their name and form are broken, and people speak of the person only, and he becomes without parts and immortal." How, then, could this philosophy, which disregards the individual development of man, lead man to individualize and humanize nature.

In the second place, the Brahman regarded nature as another form of the world-soul,—a lower revelation, it is true (as the round of re-births wonld imply); but still, like himself, a part of the one existence—the Brahma. The Svetas-votara—upanishad, again, gives an illustration;

"Thou art woman, thou art man; thou art youth thou art maiden; thou as an old man, totterest along on thy staff; thou art born with thy face turned everywhere. Thou art the dark-blue bee, thou art the dark-green parrot with red eyes, thou art the thunder-cloud, the seasons, the seas. Thou art without beginning, because thou art finite,—thou from whom all worlds are born." It is no doubt due to this belief that we do not find in Hindu poetry a strong feeling for the sublime in nature; nor the sense of inferiority and unimportance in the presence of its calm and vast phenomena.

Then, in the third place, the Brahman had a well-defined and satisfying theory of life and existence. His future was known to him; his destiny determined. The phenomena of nature, therefore, awakened no longing in him to pierce the veil and behold the unseeable; nor did he feel any dread of the unknown before him. "For him, the sun in its rising or setting brought no sensation deeper than sensuous joy in the beauty of the scene; for the sun to him was the home of the spirits, the immortal who had sought the Self by penance, abstinence, faith and knowledge." The moon, aside from the mystery of its setting which he might entirely fail to perceive, was the home of the virtuous who had failed to grasp the highest knowledge, and so were destined to rebirth when their deeds should be consumed. The conditions which give rise to the intense individualism of other literatures are lacking. There is no mystery; nature is revealed; man's destiny determined.

Another element which undoubtedly determines a nation's attitude toward nature is the economic conditions. Posnett, working on the hypothesis that the key of a nation's literary development lies in the economic environment, suggests the circumstances which conditioned the development of India's literature. He argues that "the system of caste with its corporate and impersonal conceptions of human being, could not humanize nature in at all the same manner as that strongly developed individualism which meets us in the city of Greece." Again he maintains, "Wherever the idea of personality as distinct from all social ties has been reached, the aspects of the physical world are and must be altered. Hence the great differences between the sentiment of Nature as manifested in The Graeco-Latin literature of Alexander and Rome, and the same sentiment as manifested in the literatures of India and China. In the latter no separate relation between each individual and the physical world is observed; all is social, and differences of human personality do not obtrude themselves between the world of man and the world of Nature."

Although we admit that the social organization of India influenced the Hindu view of nature, we must go farther back, and remember that the feature of this organization which more than anything else prevented an individualized humanity or nature,—namely, the caste system—is but another channel through which the Brahmanical religion exerted its influence;—the physical means by which it annihilated the individual.

One thing is to be observed, regarding the influence of Brahmanical philosophy upon Kalidasa,—the doctrine of the identity of nature and man, or rather of their coexistence in the absorbing world-soul, is never expressed nor alluded to in his works. This is an interesting contrast to the pantheistic nature-feeling of modern poetry, as voiced by Goethe and Byron. In the case of Kalidasa, Pantheism is the inherited faith, inculcated for centuries; with the modern poets, it is an intellectual conception grafted upon another well-established religion of diametrically opposite beliefs. Despite the teaching of the Upanishad, that Brahman is identical with "man, woman, youth, maiden, the dark-blue bee, the dark-green parrot; the seasons, rain-clouds, and seas," Kalidasa never identifies himself with the inanimate manifestations of the deity, but presents throughout an objective view of nature.

Goethe, on the other hand, exults in his inner relation with nature, and never wearies of meditating upon it. He asks; "Wer darf ihn nennen? Und wer bekennen: Ich glaub ihn . . . . Der Allumfasser, Der Allerhalter Passt und erhaelt er nicht Dich, mich, sich selbst? Waelbt sich der Himmel nicht dadrohen? Liegt die Erde nicht hier untem fest? Und steigen freundlich blickend
Ewige Sterne nicht herauf?"

Byron, also, hymns his joy in the spiritual union with nature:

"Are not the mountains, waves and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?"

And again he sings;

"All is concentred in a life intense
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defense."

It is possible here, however, only to suggest this contrast between the old-world Pantheism, and the modern Pantheism of "sympathy" as seen in its manifestations in the poetry of Kalidasa and in the modern Pantheistic poets. Pantheism in the form of Brahmanism, had for centuries been a working force in India, exerting a double influence to merge the individual; on the material side, Into a corporate society where individual eminence is impossible and effort useless; on the spiritual side, into the all-pervading, immanent world-soul. Through this influence was produced in the Hindu mind the objective unindividualized view of nature which Kalidasa represents.

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Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXV. Lewisburg, Pa., May, 1906. No. 7

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY AN ASSOCIATION OF STUDENTS OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
LEWISBURG, PA.

TERMS :—Subscription price $1.00 per year.

☞In accordance with the U. S. Postal Laws, THE MIRROR will be sent until ordered discontinued and all arrears paid,

Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Lewisburg, Pa.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

Business Manager: Elkanah B. Hulley, '07.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

STEPHEN WILLIAM TAYLOR.

AS the present year is the sixtieth since the founding of the Bucknell University, it is fitting to devote a number of the MIRROR to an account of the services rendered by the first acting President of the Institution, Stephen William Taylor, LL. D. If any one man is entitled to be called the founder of Bucknell University it is he. But there was in this case, also, an Andrew who preceded Simon Peter, and that Andrew was Eugenio Kincaid. It must be borne in mind that the Institution was already in the thought and heart of many throughout the Commonwealth. It was a question only as to where the Institution would crystallize, not as to the Institution itself. Rev. Eugenio Kincaid, born in 1797, came to Milton and founded that church in 1826, continuing in the pastorate till 1830, when he went as a missionary to Burma. A graduate of Colgate University, class of 1822, and imbued with the missionary spirit then in its early vigor, he filled with his own zeal for education and missions the men he gathered round him at Milton and Lewisburg, and so prepared the way for the coming Institution. After twelve years of work on the foreign field, he returned to the United States and bore an important part in the founding of the College. The Kincaid leaven had meanwhile been working, and in 1832, the Northumberland Association proposed to establish a "Manual Labor Academy." This project, however, was abandoned and in 1845 another effort was begun which resulted in Bucknell University. A Committee consisting of William H. Ludwig, M. D., Rev. Charles Tucker, Rev. Joel E. Bradley, Rev. J. G. Miles and James Moore, Sr. reported to the Association August 14, 1845 in favor of establishing "A High School for Males, another for Females, a College and a Theological Institute, in Central Pennsylvania. On December 8th Stephen William Taylor was appointed general agent.

Stephen W. Taylor was a native of Massachusetts, born Oct. 28, 1791. He graduated from Hamilton College in 1817 at the head of his class, and in the following year became principal of the Lowville Academy, which with characteristic energy he soon developed into one of the foremost in the state of New York. After sixteen years of service in this position he accepted the principalship of the Academic department of Madison University. Four years later, 1838, he was elected professor of Mathematics in that University, continuing in that work until he was invited to undertake the organization of the University at Lewisburg. Both by experience and by natural gifts he was well qualified for the task. Of him Dr. Geo. W. Eaton says in his historical discourse at the semi-centennial of Madison University: "He was a man of great elements of character. Originally endowed with a huge mass of brains and a corresponding breadth of intellectuality that would have insured distinction in whatever sphere of mental activity he might have engaged, he chose as his vocation the profession of educator. There is no more honorable and useful profession, and his conscientious purpose and indomitable will made everything subserve this end, and so he attained to the highest eminence in this line. He had, what few supposed from his singular mathematical and methodical mind, the gift and inspiration of poetry.......... He was not ambitious of public demonstrations, and spoke but seldom in public, but always with pith and pertinency when he did. His recitation and lecture room were the chosen fields of his power. Here was his 'throne and sceptre' and unrivalled dominion. In short, Dr. Taylor was the synonym of massive and unadorned power. His character was a Doric pillar of marble for solidity and simplicity. He might have made it Corinthian or Composite, but he deliberately preferred to be solid rather than brilliant, to be useful rather than ornamental, and trimmed away all superfluities of mere grace and decoration, and stood forth in the grandeur of simplicity and utility." Upon the recommendation of Dr. Kincaid, a Committee was appointed to invite Dr. Taylor to take full charge and leadership in the enterprise, his character, knowledge, and experience evidently indicating him as the man best fitted for the task. Dr. Taylor made full inquiry as to the feasibility of the undertaking and then accepted the responsibility.

THE LOCAL INTEREST.

When Dr. Taylor decided, after looking over the ground, that he would undertake the work, and had come to Lewisburg, he started in, first to enlighten, broaden, intensify and organize the local interest. Those in whose minds the good seed had been sown by Dr. Kincaid and who were to be the local nucleus, were, as the Minutes say, "Few and obscure": but they had one prime qualification not always found in such enterprises: "They were apprehensive that they might through inexperience commit such errors as on other like occasions had proved ruinous, not only to the public interest intended to be established, but to the private estates of the unwary patrons." Among the laymen interested, the first place was given by common consent to William H. Ludwig, M. D. He was the chairman of the Committee of the Northumberland Association which reported in favor of establishing the school; was president of the preliminary organization, and first chairman of the Board of Trustees. Of him, Dr. Taylor says in the official records: "If Providence employed one of our Brethren more than any other to give the incipient impetus to our University enterprise, that man was Dr. William H. Ludwig. To keep the enterprise in motion he hesitated not to encumber his private estate and he was its consistent, hearty and efficient friend to the close of his earthly career." As associates of Dr. Ludwig there should be mentioned James Moore, Sr., James Moore, Jr., Samuel Wolfe, Levi B. Christ, Joseph Meixell and Benjamin Bear. Among the the local clergy who aided in the formation of the Institution should be named Rev. Joel E. Bradley, Rev. Charles Tucker, and Rev. J. Green Miles. These gentlemen had very sanguine expectations in regard to the proposed Institution. They thought the College building could be erected and ready for use and the College under way by the fall of 1846. That there might be no misapprehension, Dr. Taylor outlined the plan he had in mind and which he expected to carry out. It involved first the raising of $100,000 for endowment and this should be required in the charter before the University should be empowered to enter upon its work; and second the erection of three buildings costing the same amount, and in addition a large library and extensive apparatus. The friends, we are told, were staggered at the greatness of the responsibility they were assuming. Dr. Taylor took the opportunity to impress upon the men present in the conference that the enterprise was far beyond their strength, and that therefore it must be broadened out so as to include in the enterprise a very wide constituency. To this end the proposed Institution while under the patronage of the Baptist denomination should receive on an equal footing students without regard to creed, and a large place in the Boards of Control should be given to friends from other parts of the state. When he had secured the assent of this conference to his propositions, Dr. Taylor called a meeting of the leading citizens of the place, to which he unfolded his plans and set forth the advantage such an Institution would be to the town, both educationally and financially. These plans having met the approval of those present, they joined in calling a mass meeting which was addressed by Dr. Taylor and leading citizens. A subscription was made and a guaranty given that as much as $20,000 of the $100,000 required for endowment would be raised in the bounds of the Association. More than one hundred of the citizens of Lewisburg became subscribers in varying amounts, the leading ones being William H. Ludwig, Samuel Wolfe, James Moore, Jr., and Joseph Meixell, each the sum of $1,000. In the Boards of Control during the Administration of Dr. Taylor we find the following citizens of Lewisburg in addition to some of those already mentioned:—Abbott Green, George F. Miller, John A. Gundy, John Walls, William Cameron, and James F. Linn. Thus by the wisdom and tact of Dr. Taylor was laid the basis for the good will of the whole town toward the College which has endured these sixty years.

THE CHARTER.

The plan of Dr. Taylor embraced a School of Theology, a College for men, and schools of lower grade for boys and girls. This had been the idea also of Dr. Kincaid and was embraced in the resolution adopted by the Northumberland Association. It was intended also to establish a Law School, but this intention was never carried into effect. A Theological department was established in 1855, but was discontinued in 1868 in favor of the Crozer Theological Seminary, started at Upland in that year. Accordingly Dr. Taylor prepared a charter for a University. The financial control and the election and removal of professors was vested in a board of trustees not exceeding twenty members. The scholastic management was vested in a board of curators not exceeding forty members of which the President of the University, the Governor and Secretary of the Commonwealth and the Justices of the Supreme Court were members *ex officio*. Both boards were self perpetuating.

Considerable opposition was met by Dr. Taylor when he appeared in Harrisburg with his charter, after having secured the endorsement of a meeting of the friends of the enterprise in Lewisburg, But after seventeen days in explaining the terms of the charter and the purpose of the University, the Legislature passed the charter in the exact form in which it had been drawn up by Dr. Taylor, and it was signed by the governor, Francis R, Shunk, on Feb. 6, 1846.

PHILADELPHIA AND THE STATE.

Obviously, however, the school could not hope to rise beyond the rank of an Academy, unless ampler resources than the town of Lewisburg could contribute, should come to the support of the new enterprise. The future of the effort depended on whether the people of Philadelphia would rally to its support. Philadelphia is now a near neighbor of Lewisburg reached by either of two roads in five hours; in 1846 it was still a distant city. Thither went Professor Taylor immediately after obtaining the charter armed with that document and a guarantee of twenty thousand dollars from the Northumberland Association, and there he spent three months in the interest of the proposed Institution. He first visited and secured the interest of prominent ministers and laymen, and then on the 13th of Feb. 1846, obtained the endorsement of the State Education Society. The Society appointed a Committee consisting of Thomas Wattson, James Flannegan and William Bucknell to call a meeting of the ministers and laymen of Philadelphia to discuss and consider the project. This meeting was held in the meeting house of the First Baptist Church, Feb. 26. Two of the pastors of the city, George B. Ide, D. D., and William Shadrach, D. D., visited Lewisburg to look over the ground and they reported favorably as to the location. The meeting accordingly endorsed the plan and thus was secured the cooperation of the metropolis of the state. A subscription was started to which were appended the names of David Jayne, M. D., for twelve thousand five hundred dollars, of John P. Crozer, seven thousand five hundred dollors, William Bucknell, five thousand dollars, Thomas Wattson, two thousand dollars, Washington Butcher, W. W. Keen, Israel James, and Rev. Samuel J. Cresswell each one thousand dollars. The friends in Philadelphia agreed to raise in that Association one third of the hundred thousand dollars required by the charter, and this pledge was more than redeemed.

Dr. Taylor also held meetings and conferred with leading men in other parts of Pennsylvania and in New Jersey, and laid a broad foundation for the new institution. The work of further interesting the state and securing funds was then committed to The Rev. Eugenio Kincaid and Rev. William Shadrach. Because of the impaired health of Dr. Kincaid most of the work devolved on Dr. Shadrach. He visited nearly every church in the state, and subscriptions were secured from some forty five hundred persons. The work done by Dr. Shadrach and Dr. Kincaid has been of incalculable value to the institution. The bonds between the school and the hearts of the people of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and New Jersey have never been broken and constitute the real foundation of the Institution, broad, deep, and enduring.

THE BUILDINGS.

When Dr. Taylor turned over the work of soliciting funds to Dr. Kincaid and Dr. Shadrach, it was in order that he might devote himself to the organization of the school. One of the duties devolved upon him was "To collect information relative to College buildings by means of correspondence and by visiting literary and scientific institutions and to project a general and consistent plan of the several edifices to be built for the University." Dr. Taylor drew up a general plan for the main College building and for the Academy and these plans were developed and wrought out in detail by Thomas U. Walter, of Philadelphia. Only the Academy and West Wing of the College were completed during Dr. Taylor's administration.

THE COURSE OF STUDY.

Dr. Taylor was also directed "To collect and fashion the materials necessary to be used in forming a code of laws for the regulation of the University in the matters of government and instruction, including the course of studies and list of text books."

The preparatory course of studies projected by Dr. Taylor required two years for its completion, each year being divided into three terms. The study of Latin extended through the two years and included Latin Grammar and Reader, Cicero and Vergil, to each of which two terms were given; four terms of Greek as given in Bullion's Grammar and Reader; three terms of Algebra, and English Grammar and Arithmetic.

The College course required four years for its completion. In pure mathematics there were required Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, and Analytical Geometry, five terms; in applied Mathematics, Surveying, Mechanics, Physics and Astronomy, four terms. To Chemistry one term was given, to Rhetoric, one term, to Intellectual Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Butler's Analagy and Natural Theology, four terms; to Logic, Political Economy and the Constitution of the United States, three terms; to Horace three terms, to Livy three terms; to Cicero de Officiis, two terms; and to Tacitus, one term; to the Anabasis, three terms, to Homer's Odyssey, two terms; to Demosthenes' Orations, two terms; to Greek Drama, two terms. It will thus be seen that there were required for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, nine units each of Greek, Latin and pure and applied Mathematics; in Philosophy including Economics, Civics and Logic, seven units; in English one unit, and in Chemistry one unit.

THE SCHOOL.

On the fifth of October 1846, Dr. Taylor started his University in the basement of the Baptist church, gathering pupils of both sexes and of all ages and conditions. In the fall of the next year a Freshman class was formed and carried forward to graduation in 1851. In that year, the last of Dr. Taylor's control, there were sixty-one students in the College, nine Seniors, eleven Juniors, thirteen Sophomores, twenty-three Freshmen and five specials. In the Senior class, Academy for males, were thirty students, in the Junior class twenty-two; in the English division, sixty-five; in the Academy for females, forty-nine; in the Primary department twenty, in all two hundred and forty-seven. The work done in the class room by Dr. Taylor, Dr. George R. Bliss, Dr. George W. Anderson and their assistants was such as to command the respect of the educational public.

In 1851 Dr. Taylor was called to the Presidency of Madison (now Colgate) University, where he labored till the close of his life, Jan. 6, 1856. At the time Dr. Taylor was called to the Presidency of Madison the fortunes of that University were at a low ebb. The removal controversy had taken more than half of the trustees and faculty and students to Rochester, and many believed the institution could not recover. But the election of Dr. Taylor inspired public confidence and his wonderful resources of mind and indomitable energy soon restored Madison University to its former strength so that in three years after his accession, its numbers equalled that of its palmiest days of prosperity, before it was almost destroyed by the removal storm. Dr. Taylor, alike by character and services is entitled to the first place among the founders of Bucknell University. While the Institution has been broadened and strengthened in many ways, by many men, its main lines continue as fixed by Dr. Taylor.

—The—

Bucknell Mirror

Vol. XXV. Lewisburg, Pa., June, 1906. No. 8

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
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Address BUCKNELL MIRROR, Lewisburg, Pa.

[Entered at the Post-Office at Lewisburg as second-class matter.]

Business Manager: Elkanah B. Hulley, '07.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewisburg, Pa.

THE FOREST TENT-CATERPILLAR AND NATURE'S MEANS OF CONTROLLING IT.

NELSON FITHIAN DAVIS, SC. D.

NATURE'S laws are so adjusted that we do not notice how delicately balanced everything is unless our attention is called to it. Animals and plants both require food, and either directly or indirectly animals are dependent upon plants. There is thus a cycle in the food-stuffs of animal and plant life. We can scarcely realize the value of the different links in nature's never-ending food-chain. Bacteriology has recently explained to us the part played by minute plants, and it has been shown that without bacteria man could not live. It is equally true that without birds the earth would soon be so over-run with insects that man could not exist. We are just beginning to know the relationship of birds to man, and the exact knowledge of the economic value of particular species is not known. We do know that birds are nature's check upon the increase of insect life. The economic value of the insects destroyed by birds is known only in a very general way. We cannot calculate in dollars and cents the value of birds, but we know it is great. The species of insects are more numerous than those of all other animals taken together. Insects are the greatest enemies of plant life and thus agriculture is largely dependent, for its success, upon the control of insect life by birds.

There are numerous examples that might be cited, but as the Forest Tent-caterpillar is one of the most common enemies to the trees of our campus, perhaps it would be most profitable to give in detail some interesting points in regard to its life history and the natural means of controlling it as well as other injurious insects.

The Forest Tent-caterpillar, (Clisiocampa disstria) is a common pest of the shade trees. It is closely allied to the Apple-tree Tent-caterpillar, (Clisiocampa americana) but can easily be distinguished by the fact that it does not spin a tent. The full grown caterpillars differ also in that the Forest Tent-caterpillar has a row of diamond shaped whitish dots down the middle of the back, while the Apple-tree Tent-caterpillar has a narrow whitish stripe in place of the dots.

As this insect is widely distributed over the Eastern United States, and as its depredations are largely confined to forest trees, we must depend upon its natural enemies to keep it in check. That it is thus kept in check is well attested by the fact that very little damage is done by it. In 1897, 1898 and 1899 serious injury was caused by the stripping of a large proportion of the foliage from forest trees in portions of New York State and Pennsylvania. Since then we have seldom heard that it has caused any injury. Occasionally a shade-tree will be stripped of its leaves, but when the insect appears in abundance then its natural enemies gather and keep it in check.

LIFE HISTORY.

The Forest Tent-caterpillars on our campus are just able to "hold their own," neither increasing nor decreasing. The significance of this will be better understood if we look at its life history. The eggs are laid in belts encircling the smallest branches of the tree and each belt contains from 150–250 eggs. They are laid during the months of June and July, and the well developed larva passes the winter within the egg-shell. As the leaves begin to unfold, in the spring, the young caterpillars emerge from the eggs and at once begin to feed upon the opening buds.

A cluster of eggs brought into the laboratory on April 4th, 1904, hatched on the 8th and 9th of the same month. The caterpillars were fed with leaves of the wild cherry, and as they were protected from their enemies every one developed.

The newly hatched caterpillars were nearly black with grey hairs, each segment being marked with orange-colored spots, and just posterior to the head there were four black spots along the mid-dorsal line. At this stage they remained clustered together around the empty egg-mass. When searching for food they left behind a silken thread attached to the surface over which they travelled. As they increased in size they became too large for their skins which were then cast off or "moulted," new skins having been formed beneath the old ones.

On April 18th, the first moult was completed. The period of moulting lasted nearly two days, and during this time the caterpillars remained perfectly quiet.

The second moult was completed April 29th, and the empty skins were left attached to the branches. The color pattern of the larvae now became well marked and as they increased in size the color became clearer and more distinct. The sides were colored in various shades of yellow and brown striped with grey, black and blue. On the mid-dorsal line on each segment there was a white spot on a dark background. The ventral surface was grey with small black dots. The legs on the thorax were grey and black with small brown claws, while the prolegs on the abdomen had large yellow tips. The hair on the body was yellow and white, and just after moulting, curly at the ends.

On May 3rd the average length of the caterpillars was one-half of an inch.

May 6th. Caterpillars moulted for the third time and grew rapidly while the skin was still soft. The large diamond-shaped white spots, so characteristic of the species, now became prominent for the first time, on the median dorsal line of the body.

May 9th. The average length of the caterpillars was nine-tenths of an inch.

May 13th. The fourth moult took place. After this the caterpillars attained their full development The color pattern had become more varied, some having a black background with light figures, others a brown or tan background with shades of blue. Ten days later. the caterpillars were full grown. Those which developed into male moths averaged one and three-fourths inches in length, while those which developed into female moths averaged two inches in length. On the next day, May 24th, the caterpillars began to spin their cocoons.

Out of doors the caterpillars spin their yellowish-white cocoons in sheltered places about the trees, sometimes in the leaves, which they double together, or in crevices under the bark, if the tree is rough, often crawling to the ground and finding a protected place under stones or dead leaves, or any convenient shelter. Within the cocoon the caterpillar moults again within two or three days and becomes a dark brown pupa.

From June 7th–12th, the moths emerged from their cocoons. They were light buff colored and medium sized with two transverse dark lines on the fore-wings. Occasionally the entire space between the dark lines was chocolate colored, making a bar instead of two dark lines. The moth had more yellow in the ground color than had the moth of the Apple-tree Tent-caterpillar. The male moth was smaller than the female and his antennae were more feathery in appearance. The moths soon perished, as their mouth-parts are so degenerate that they cannot feed. Some lived a week while others died in three days. Eggs were laid the second or third day after the moths emerged from their cocoons.

During the last five years I have been observing this insect on our campus and studying its habits and enemies. A little calculation will show that in a few years, were it not held in check by its natural enemies, this caterpillar would become so abundant that all our shade trees would be defoliated. One moth will lay 150 eggs. The second year (if one-half the eggs developed into female moths) would produce 7500, the third, 562,500, and the fourth, 42,187,500 moths. These are theoretical results, and yet the only thing that prevents this rapid multiplication from taking place is the fact that its natural enemies are constantly reducing its numbers.

The Forest Tent-caterpillars on our campus are apparently neither increasing nor decreasing. This means that each pair of moths leaves on the average one pair of descendants. The adult moths live less than one week and during this time the eggs are laid. Each moth lays one cluster averagingfrom 150–250 eggs. Now if this species is neither increasing nor decreasing, it means that out of every one hundred and fifty eggs only two caterpillars will reach maturity. What then becomes of the one hundred and forty-eight caterpillars that hatch from each cluster of eggs, but never reach maturity ?

NATURAL ENEMIES.

This species has a number of natural enemies. E. P. Felt, Sc. D., State Entomologist for New York, in the "Fourth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests," says: "A number of insects prey on this caterpillar. Several fierce ground beetles do valiant work in this way. The beautiful fiery ground beetle, calosoma calidum, Fabr., and C. scrutator, Fabr., are the two species specially known as enemies of the Forest Tent-caterpillar. Several parasitic flies attack this pest and a number of hymenopterous insects."

On our campus it seems that very few parasitic insects attack this caterpillar or any other species. When this was first observed I was almost at an entire loss for an explanation, but now believe it is on account of the many birds belonging to numerous species that are with us more or less permanently during a greater part of the year. The eggs of many parasitic insects are deposited in young caterpillars, and after developing, the parasites spin their cocoons either inside the caterpillar or attached to the outside of it. Of course this results in the death of the caterpillar, for the parasite uses its tissues for food. This is not always true, however, for other parasites do not complete their development until after the caterpillar has pupated, and so are to be found only in the cocoons of the species attacked. In either case the dead caterpillar, or pupa, with the cocoons of the parasite furnish food for birds. At various times I have observed the Baltimore oriole tear open the cocoons of the Apple-tree and Forest Tent-caterpillars, and devours the contained pupa. Frequently the nuthatches are seen feeding on the larvae, showing a particular fondness for them at the time when the caterpillars are moulting. As the larvae are soft and helpless at this time it not infrequently happens that whole colonies are destroyed. I have seen the yellow-billed cuckoo standing by a nest feeding on the caterpillars as fast as he could swallow them.

While it is comparatively easy to determine whether birds feed on herbs, grain, fruit or insects, it is much more difficult to discover the particular species of plants or insects that furnish the food supply for particular species of birds. Hence the following list of birds which have been observed feeding on the Apple-tree or Forest Tent-caterpillar on our campus is doubtless very imcomplete. (As the caterpillars are so nearly alike it hardly seems possible that the birds discriminate between them.) The list includes the Baltimore oriole, chipping sparrow, cuckoo, nuthatch, red-eye vireo, flicker and cat-bird. Many other birds have been reported as feeding on these insects and so the above list probably does not contain more than half the species that actually feed on them on our campus.

What has been said concerning the relation of birds to the Forest Tent-caterpillar will apply equally well to almost every insect pest on the campus. There is no species of tree that does not harbor various species of insects during a part or the whole of their life history, and most frequently these insects are injurious to the tree. Trunks and branches contain the eggs, larvae or pupae of many insects, either on or beneath the surface; in either position they are more or less injurious.

Branches may be covered by the secretions of scale insects. The food supply, however, of most insects living on trees consists of the foliage. Frequently larvae forms are voracious feeders, as is the case with caterpillars, but still much damage is also done by adult leaf-feeders. Of course without natural enemies we can easily understand that all vegetation would soon be destroyed by insects, but in whatever position the home of the insect may be we are sure to find many enemies, and among them, generally, some class of birds. The birds cannot always entirely check the depredations of these small forms of life, but still do far more than we realize.

As I have intimated, certain groups of birds capture certain classes of insects. Again we may find certain birds feeding on larvae forms while others feed on adults. Again different birds may capture different insects on account of the position of the insects on the bark, branches or leaves, on the ground or in the air. Swallows, swifts and fly-catchers find their prey in the air away from the trees; perchers find a rich food supply living on the foliage; while woodpeckers and nuthatches free the bark from eggs and larvae, or else find the borers in the wood beneath the bark.

The habits of birds are so varied that with a change of season there is often a change of food. One of our favorite birds in Pennsylvania is the bobolink and while he stays with us his principal food is grasshoppers and other insects to be found in the grass or near the ground. In August he starts south and in New Jersey and Delaware becomes the "reed-bird." Further south he enters the rice fields and becomes the "rice-bird." Here he is slaughtered by the thousands as he annually destroys nearly two million dollars worth of rice.

What we need is a more careful study of the food of birds; not so much the study of the food of a large number, but the careful study of the food of a particular species. By field work we may watch the birds and see just what they are eating if they are vegetable feeders, but it is not possible to name all the objects that a bird will devour. It requires an extreme knowledge to name half the objects that a robin will feed its young during an afternoon; sometimes it is necessary to shoot a large number of birds and examine the contents of their alimentary canals before we can be positive of their diet. Practically all the birds found on our campus are insect feeders. Thus there is always a struggle between the birds and their food supply. Birds must eat or starve. The insect, in order to survive, must in some way escape the ever vigilant eye of the bird. Darwin noticed this and from such observations gave us the theory of Natural Selection, which appeals to us because it is a statement of observable facts, as follows:—

1. "In all species of plants and animals a very much larger number of individuals are born than can possibly survive."

2. "The battle is to the strong, the race to the swift." The insect survives that is best fitted to do so, from whatever cause.

3. "Individuals transmit their qualities to their offsprings by heredity."

4. "That although heredity as a whole produces a wonderfully exact copy of the parent in the offspring, there is never a precise reduplication." No individual is so like another that we cannot see some difference. Among the divergent varieties of offspring we thus see that nature "selects" the fittest to survive.

All animals must protect themselves in some way. Other things being equal, among the variations which occur from all the offspring of one pair, those will most likely survive which are best fitted to the conditions of their environment.

The walking-stick survives because its color and form resembles the twig on which it rests; the katy-did because it resembles a leaf. Several insects are protected because they are similar to the excrement of birds, others have their organs of defence, or of escape especially well developed. The insects that survive will, in these respects, be superior to their parents. Thus we have the "survival of the fittest;" while the others perish.

The Forest Tent-caterpillar is protected from many birds by its long hairs, as many species of birds will not touch a hairy caterpillar. It also has a habit of dropping from its support when touched or disturbed. It also plays 'possum, and when resting on the trunk of a tree is protected by its color. But while the caterpillar is thus becoming better protected each generation, the eyes of the birds that feed upon it are becoming better educated, and they soon learn just where to look for caterpillars or cocoons. If the bird cannot find food it perishes. The forms less fitted in their struggle for existence perish, while the fittest survive.

Just now, June fourth, the birds, especially the English sparrow, robin, flicker and the vireo, are busy exterminating the seventeen-year locust from our campus, and they are doing it so well that in 1923 there will be very, very few to be found here.

Thousands of locusts emerged from the ground, on our campus, since the nights of Friday and Saturday, May 25th and 26th. Many climbed the trees, while others remained on the ground. At this time their bodies were very soft and as yet they could not fly as their wings were too weak, and it took several days before their bodies were properly hardened. During this interval the birds devoured them in great numbers, practically exterminating them from the campus.

Missing

July 1906
-thru-
Sept. 1921

1921

THE BUCKNELL
MIRROR

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY
LEWISBURG, PA.
OCTOBER NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE

The Bucknell Mirror

"Vita sine literis mors est."

Vol. XXVI Lewisburg, Pa., October, 1921 No. 1

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Issued five times during the college year, in October, December, February, April and June. Entered as second class mail matter at the post office at Lewisburg, Pa., under the act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the business manager.

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EDITORIAL

"In the Beginning"

"The die has been cast." Caesar has crossed the Rubicon. The old triumvirate has been broken. For many years, Bucknell students have been eager to have a college magazine published here. Nearly every college of our size has been publishing a fairly successful periodical, but, on inquiry from other collegians about our magazine, the Bucknellian had to dismiss the subject as gracefully as possible. To be sure, the reason why Bucknell could not boast of a literary publication does not lie in the fact that there is not the necessary talent or interest on the campus to support one. The only reason to be forwarded is the fact that neither the faculty nor the student body pushed the issue far enough to see the proposition realized in the form of a genuine Bucknell publication.

Last Spring several students made known to the English Department their feeling of this obvious deficiency, asking for help in establishing a literary publication. With the enlisting of its assistance, plans were considered. After much discussion, two proposals were advanced. The first was the consideration of combining the student magazine with the Alumni Monthly. The other was the establishing of a separate publication by the students. By a majority vote the latter proposition was adopted by both the student body and the alumni.

The English Department then went ahead with the mechanism of the process. Bids for the publishing of the magazine, rules and specifications for governing it, and the appointment of an initial Editorial and Managerial Board, have put the machinery in approximate readiness. With the appearance of this issue will be seen what the machinery produces.

Although the new publication bears the same name as its predecessor, the name-sake will not bear a very strong likeness to its ancestor. The magazine does not aim to be purely literary, as the old Bucknell Mirror was, nor will it take the form of a joke-book, as many college periodicals tend to become at present. The intention is to give each type of student mind something interesting. The work of the Editorial Board has been divided with the idea of having each member specialize in getting ready one kind of contribution. The Mirror proposes to give the student body an idea of what some of the nine or ten hundred are thinking and doing.

The machinery has started, but it lies with the student body to furnish the fuel and see that it runs smoothly. Here is a chance for every Bucknellian to show some real college spirit in backing this—our college magazine, a distinctly Bucknell publication.

"The die has been cast." Caesar has crossed the Rubicon. The old triumvirate has been broken. Rome is yet to be overcome. Do we have loyal legions with us!

Volume Twenty-six

At the close of the college year of 1906 the Bucknell Mirror completed Volume Twenty-five. With the June issue of that year the publication was discontinued, and several others sprang up in its stead at various intervals during the succeeding years, until 1918; since which time there has been no periodical published in Bucknell. In re-establishing the Bucknell Mirror it has been thought wise by both the English Department and those in charge of the magazine to overlook the intervening time since the discontinuing of the former issues of the same name, beginning where the old publication ended. Thus we have Volume Twenty-six.

Self respect amounts to little unless it teaches its possessor to respect the individuality and the rights of others also. The moment it becomes selfish, it hurts the character instead of building it up, and often hardens into dangerous pride.

Poise is a secret of strength. A bad temper is a constant source of weakness on this account. The phrase "being upset" means just what it says—that the poise of the mind is completely destroyed for a time.

PHILOSOPHICAL CHIPS

No man is really educated who has not learned that right is better than wrong and good more satisfying than evil. All the college degrees in the world collected throughout a lifetime cannot make a morally ignorant man wise, any more than lack of schooling can keep an Abraham Lincoln from reaching greatness of mind.

Then and Now

The stage leaves at eight
For Milton, four miles away.
It is a grand and glorious ride
Along the even road, straight ahead,
Driver singing, carriage rocking.
The comforts of the past were few.

The car leaves at eight
For Milton, four miles away.
It is a slow and painful ride
From side to side, up and down,
Wheels screeching, stove smoking,
The comforts of the present are many.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Wind of the night of summer
  Blown from the star-hushed deep,
Whispering there in the shadows
  Where the flowers nod in sleep,

Why do you haunt my casement
  Under the rain-wet eaves,
With the voices of days forgotten
  In the rustle of moonlit leaves?

Wind of the winter twilight
  Calling to me as you creep,
Whispering there in the shadows
  Where the dark of the night is deep,

Telling of loves forgotten,
  Sighing of memories fled,
Why do you blow gray ghosts again
  From the graves of the vanished dead?

Dreams of the days long buried,
  Hopes for the years to be,
Borne in to me through the twilight
  Like the drone of a distant sea;

Ships of my visions questing
  Over the wind-tossed foam,
Seeking their dream-built harbors
  Till the night-winds bring them home.

THE YELLOW STREAK

By Paul B. Cooley

War had just been declared between the United States and Germany! The air was tense with excitement. For the students of Conway Hall lessons had suddenly become an unbearable bore. College life seemed to have lost all its former glamor. Cutting classes became more and more frequent. The faculty was in despair. Several of the more hot-headed students had already rushed off to join the colors. Others were preparing to do so, but the majority of the student body was apparently content to wait a while and watch the course of developments. Excited groups gathered on the campus and eagerly discussed the latest rumors.

"I hear," said one, "that a volunteer student cadet corps is going to be organized and offered to the government for immediate foreign service. Wouldn't that be great?"

"Shucks," said another excitable youth, "it will be forever and a day before they ever get such a thing started around here. The war will be all over before the faculty wakes up to the fact that there is one. I don't intend to stick around here when there is plenty of excitement going on over there in France. No, sir, I'm off for the army this very day!"

Such was the general sentiment on the campus. Under such conditions it was with difficulty that even a semblance of the regular class schedule was maintained. One by one, two by two, the students left the dear old campus and joined the fighting forces of their country. The dormitory halls seemed sadly deserted. Ordinary routine was entirely forgotten in the excitement of the moment. War fever ran high!

But in the midst of all this general excitement there was one student who appeared to be entirely oblivious to the war's feverish contagion. He attended all his classes as usual, studied as diligently as ever, but seemed to hold aloof from his fellow-students. But few of his class-mates realized what a struggle was going on within this student's mind. Larry Huston, for such was his name, was one of the unfortunate individuals who are born physical cowards. It was only by sheer strength of will power that he had forced himself to participate in class scraps and other violent sports. His delicate nature cringed at the very thought of them, but Larry was determined not to give way to his inherited weakness. He wanted to feel as reckless and indifferent to physical danger as the other fellows seemed to be; but he simply couldn't. His nervous system was too delicately balanced. Never had Larry divulged his painful secret to even the closest of his friends. It was a burden he alone must bear. Many a night he had lain awake into the early hours of the morning fighting it out with himself. As early as he could remember this same gaunt spectre of fear had followed him about wherever he went. In order to overcome it, Larry had often compelled himself to do things from which his physical nature wildly rebelled. None of his class-mates even suspected that Larry's quiet, determined nature was the result of long training and stern self-suppression. Strange to say, Larry had in some way or other gained the coveted reputation of being a nervy lad. Only he himself realized the grim mockery of it all.

And then over the campus had burst the black cloud of war. With all his heart Larry longed to join the colors and fight for his country. But again came that terrifying fear, causing a chill to run up and down his back. How could he ever face enemy fire and those gleaming bayonets? He could almost feel them pierce his vitals. Already he could feel the crashing impact of a bullet against his body and the agony of the death struggle. NO! He couldn't do it! It was too awful! The price was too dear; life was too sweet. And then came the thought of his loved ones at home: mother, father, sister, and little brother. Could he bid them farewell, perhaps never to see them again this side of the grave? Again, NO! He argued with himself that it was not his duty to go. Let others face the foe; his duty was at home. Why should he interrupt his preparations for life just when they were the most promising? Others possibly could afford to do it, but not he. But in spite of all his attempts at self-assurance a still, small voice seemed to whisper, "GO." Larry's conscience would not be lulled to sleep by any such shallow arguments as he had been propounding to himself. His better nature would assert itself. The issue could not be evaded. Larry's place was on the firing line, and he knew it. That is what tortured him. It was not a question of deciding **where** he belonged; it was a question of whether or not he had the courage to **go** there. And, worst of all, he felt that he had not.

Weeks passed, and Larry was still undecided. One after another his old pals had left for training camp and the battle line. How Larry longed to go with them! They were his class-mates, his friends. Could he desert them in the moment of supreme trial? In many a college scrap they had fought side by side. Did he not dare to follow them into the greatest fight of all? Was he going to stand peaceably by on the side lines and let others bear the brunt of the fight? What would they think of him! None of them ever mentioned the subject, but Larry felt sure that they were thinking a lot nevertheless. An inner sense of shame took possession of him. He was ashamed to look into the eyes of his class-mates as they shook hands for the last time. The agony was becoming unbearable! He wrote home to ask advice. His father replied, "It is up to you, Larry. Your mother and I will be heart-broken to part with our beloved son, but if your country needs you, we must cheerfully bear the pain and sacrifice. Do your duty as all true Hustons have. God bless you, my boy, and protect you from harm wherever duty may lead you!"

Shortly after receiving this tender letter from his father, Larry was running across the campus in a hurry to make a morning class. As he rushed through the entrance of Conway Hall he almost collided with one of the fair co-eds, one with whom Larry was very intimately acquainted. In fact she was even then wearing his handsome fraternity pin. Larry attempted to get away with a hurried apology about being late for class, but she detained him. Bertha Brandt was an unusually attractive girl and possessed of not a little common sense. Larry had fully recognized these desirable qualities when he consented to part with his jewelry. Bertha had always exerted quite an influence over Larry and he in turn had always been very anxious to win her approval. But this was one time when he apparently wished to avoid any embarrassing questions. Hence his pretended haste to get to class. But Bertha understood and was all the more determined to come to an understanding on the matter.

"Larry," she softly asked, "why are you staying around here when all the other fellows are going away to fight?"

Larry gulped, opened his mouth to speak, and then hung his head.

"You are not staying because of me, are you?" was the next question.

Again Larry attempted to answer but failed. A red blush of shame overspread his handsome face and he felt his cheeks burning. That SHE above all should question his courage was more than he could bear. Even death would be more desirable than the scorn of the one he loved so dearly. There was an awkward silence while she waited for the reply which did not come.

"'I did not realize that I was engaged to a coward!" was the parting shot as Bertha turned on her heel, leaving Larry standing there in the hallway overcome with shame and mortification. Forgetting all about class he slowly returned to his room and slammed his books on the desk. Then sinking down upon his bed, he buried his head in his hands and his whole body shook with convulsive sobs. Dinner time came and still the heartbroken youth sat there deep in thought. Rising suddenly he began packing his trunk with feverish haste. At supper that night Larry was unusually silent. He ate very little and excused himself from the table in the midst of the meal.

"What is the matter with Larry?" was the wondering inquiry among the others at the table. They could not account for his strange conduct. He had always been a rather quiet chap, but he had never acted so queerly before.

In the morning there was a 'phone call for Larry. It was Bertha. But Larry had disappeared. He had not been down to breakfast and some of his fraternity brothers, recalling his strange actions at the supper table the night before, had become alarmed and had gone up to his room. They had found the door unlocked, but no trace of Larry. His trunk was gone, his wardrobe was bare, and his bed had apparently not been slept in. That was all they knew. Larry had simply dropped out of existence. Bertha received this disquieting bit of news with alarm. What could have become of Larry? Surely he would not go away for any length of time without at least leaving word for her! It was the first time in their long acquaintance that he had been thus neglectful of her. She could not account for it. Then she remembered her cruel treatment of him just the day before. She had inflicted a deeper wound than she realized at the time. She had never really doubted his courage; what she had said was a thoughtless taunt uttered on the spur of the moment. Not for a moment had she actually meant the implied accusation. But it was too late for vain regrets. Larry was gone and no one knew of his whereabouts, not even his parents. In an agony of despair they scoured high and low for the slightest trace of him. Larry had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened up and devoured him. All efforts to locate him were of no avail. And so the anxious months of the war dragged by.

* * * * * * *

It was in the Argonne sector. The American Marines were stubbornly fighting their way through the dense underbrush under heavy artillery fire from the German batteries. Shells were bursting everywhere, throwing up huge clouds of dirt wherever they struck. The deadly patter of machine guns kept up an incessant chatter. Battle 'planes were soaring overhead directing the fire of the artillery. A slight lull in the conflict was followed by an outburst of renewed ferocity. Screaming shells sped overhead with the rush and roar of an express train to burst far in the rear **with a dull heavy thud.** The very ground shook and trembled with the awful bombardment. Hell itself seemed to have broken loose in one mad orgy. Shell splinters hurtled through the air with a vicious twang. Frequent sharp explosions gave evidence that hand-grenades were being made use of by the advancing troops. In the face of this deadly inferno, the Marines continued to advance, driving the Boches before them. Their progress was slow, but sure. They were paying an awful price. Fully two-thirds of the battalion had been either killed or wounded. Those carefully-concealed machine-gun nests were taking a terrible toll. No sooner was one wiped out than another opened up from an entirely different angle. This could not last! In no time the entire battalion would be mowed down. It would be a costly victory! If only the reserves would come up and relieve the exhausted Marines! A runner must be sent back to summon aid. But who could live in that heavy barrage? A man would be cut down before he had gone a hundred yards. And there were those machine-guns just waiting for such an opportunity. It would be an easy target for the German gunners. But something must be done and done immediately. Their situation was becoming more and more desperate. Realizing the hopelessness and utter folly of advancing any further, the exhausted fighters had dug themselves in, and had prepared to hold their newly won position. Out of "A" Company but one officer and thirty men had survived the conflict. They had no food, no water, and very little ammunition. At any moment the Boches might make a counter attack and wipe out the entire command.

"Boys," shouted Lieut. Stanley, "someone must get through to the rear and hurry up those reenforcements. I might as well warn you that it is almost certain death. Who will volunteer?"

For a moment there was no response. They realized that the chances for getting through alive were **mighty** slim indeed. But these men were not cowards; they would not have been there if they had been. The front-line trench is no place for a coward. And yet there was no immediate response to the lieutenant's appeal for volunteers. A moment of awful suspense—and then the company bugler stepped up to the officer and saluted.

"I'm your man, sir," he said. "What is the message to be delivered if I get through alive?"

Lieut. Stanley's instructions were brief. Hastily scribbling on a message pad, he turned to the bugler.

"Here is the message. You know the situation as well as I do. Make your way to the rear and report to Colonel Ashby at battalion headquarters. Tell him that if help does not reach us within twenty-four hours we are lost. That is all, my lad, and the best of luck."

An exchange of salutes, a brief farewell to his comrades, and the messenger crawled over the parapet. Spurts of dust marked his slow and painful progress. German sharpshooters had seen him start out and were concentrating their fire in that direction. Inch by inch he crept along, taking advantage of every shell-hole in his path. Hidden barbed wire tore his uniform to shreds and cruelly lacerated the exposed parts of his body. High explosives burst with deafening concussion, threatening to literally bury him in an avalanche of dirt. And through all this inferno, the plucky bugler struggled on. Apparently he had so far escaped unscathed. It was nothing short of marvelous. At any instant his comrades expected to see him blown to bits or riddled by machine-gun bullets. But he thus far bore a charmed life. Not a bullet had touched him.

About a hundred yards beyond the besieged trench was a dense woods, badly shattered by the terrific bombardment to which it had been subjected for several days. If he could only reach this shelter, the bugler realized that his chances for getting through with his message would be considerably increased. Rising suddenly to his feet, he made a desperate dash for the woods which was then but fifty yards away. About his ears and under his very feet the bullets whistled and whined. One grazed his cheek and he could feel a warm trickle oozing from the slight wound. This only spurred the messenger to renewed efforts. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty yards he stumbled along, plunging through shell-holes and tripping over cleverly concealed wires, when but a short distance from the coveted goal a shell burst directly above the runner with a terrific explosion. The Marines in the trench were horrified to see their brave comrade stagger, sink to one knee, and then collapse. There was a groan of anguish as they realized that their hopes for escape had been cut off. With pale but resolute faces, they prepared for the final struggle. Dividing among themselves the little ammunition which was left, the gallant Marines awaited the inevitable German counter-attack.

But the bugler was not dead as his comrades supposed. The terrible concussion of the exploding shell had merely hurled him to the ground with sufficient force to render him unconscious. A piece of shrapnel had penetrated his helmet, inflicting an ugly gash on his head. When he regained consciousness, he was blinded by the blood flowing into his eyes from the nasty scalp wound. Struggling slowly to his feet, he assured himself that no limbs had been broken and then staggered forward in a last supreme effort to gain the shelter of the near-by woods. For some reason or other the German gunners were directing their attention elsewhere just then and did not notice that the fallen runner had come to life and was making for the forest. But the Marines had seen the plucky performance and again their hopes rose. Battalion headquarters was two miles in the rear on the other side of the woods into which the messenger had plunged. Weakened by loss of blood and exhaustion, he staggered on and on, firmly resolved to get there if he had to crawl on his hands and knees. The fate of his comrades back there in that beleagured trench rested in his hands. He must deliver that message if it was the last thing he ever did. With his head swimming, his breath coming in gasps, and his knees wobbling, the nervy lad fought his way through.

* * * * * * *

At battalion headquarters, Colonel Ashby was nervously pacing up and down the floor of the temporary dug-out. For three days there had been no word as to the fate of "A" Company. It had been ordered to advance several days previously and since that time not a thing had been heard of the gallant detachment. Colonel Ashby knew the caliber of the men in that particular outfit and he feared the worst. They must have been wiped out

There was a feeble rap at the door.

"Come in," said the Colonel, glancing apprehensively toward the entrance. The door opened and in staggered a startling spectacle. It was the bugler of the missing company. His face was smeared with dirt and blood and his uniform was a sorry mess. Swaying on his feet the runner saluted, fumbled a moment in the inner pocket of his blouse, and then pulled out a badly creased, blood-stained piece of paper. It was the message which Lieut. Stanley had entrusted to him for delivery. With trembling hands the Colonel took the message and read it. Meanwhile the runner stood stiffly at attention awaiting further orders.

"You have just come from Lieut. Stanley?" the Colonel asked.

"Yes, sir, but several hours ago."

"Is the situation as desperate as this message indicates?"

"I couldn't be much worse," replied the bugler.

"What would you judge the strength of the German forces to be in that sector?" was Colonel Ashby's next question.

"About three or four hundred men, sir."

"Did Lieut. Stanley send any other message?"

"Yes, sir, he did. Lieut. Stanley instructed me to tell you that unless help arrived within twenty-four hours——"

As he uttered these words the exhausted messenger collapsed on the floor at the Colonel's feet. Stretcher bearers were hastily summoned to remove the wounded man to the first-aid station. As they were carrying him out, the Colonel called them back.

"Just a minute, men," he said. "I wish to get this man's name and rank. He's a plucky lad and deserves a citation."

Opening the messenger's shirt the officer drew out the identification tag hanging about his neck——

"Larry Huston, Pvt. 1st Class, A Company—Infantry, U. S. Army."

* * * * * * *

When Larry regained consciousness he found himself in a field hospital about ten miles back of the lines. The whole terrible experience through which he had just passed seemed like an awful nightmare. But the bloody bandage about his head and a queer humming in his ears were altogether too real to be merely a part of a dream. Larry could hardly realize that he was still alive. He had to pinch himself to make sure. The wound in Larry's head would heal rapidly, but in addition to that he was suffering from severe shell-shock. This would require months, if not years, to effect a complete cure. At the advice of the medical officers, Larry was sent back to a base hospital for early shipment to the States.

A day or two before the ship sailed, a general's car rolled up to the main entrance of the hospital. Several officers stepped out of the car and entered the building. They proceeded straight to the convalescent ward. Larry was sitting up in bed and saw the general and his staff enter the room. Glancing from left to right the stern-looking old officer walked slowly down the aisle. When he came to Larry's bed he stopped. Larry felt not a little confused before the keen scrutiny of the general. He didn't know whether to salute or not. For him it was a very embarrassing situation.

"My lad," began the general, "courage is an admirable virtue. You have been tried in the acid test of battle and have not been found wanting. You have nobly upheld the best traditions of the Marine Corps. Your comrades-in-arms are proud of you, your country is proud of her brave son, and your commander-in-chief is proud of you. In recognition of your heroic service on July 23, I have been authorized to bestow upon you the Distinguished Service Cross of the American Army. It is a distinction well earned and I would like to be the first to congratulate you. You are a brave soldier."

As he concluded his speech, the general pinned upon Larry's breast the coveted medal for gallantry on the field of battle.

Several days later, Larry was carried on board a huge gray ocean liner homeward bound for the good old U. S. A.

* * * * * * *

Upon a certain beautiful morning in September, Bertha Brandt was walking slowly across the campus at Conway Hall with her thoughts anywhere but upon the class to which she was going. She was thinking again of Larry and the strange circumstances of his disappearance over a year ago. This had been tormenting her for months and was the cause of many a sleepless night. In spite of her parting taunt to Larry, Bertha still loved him and many the time had she repented of those harsh words of hers hastily spoken on the spur of the moment. What wouldn't she have given to have been able to take back what she had said that June morning a year ago! If only she had apologized before it was too late! A thousand wild conjectures as to Larry's fate entered her bewildered brain. Perhaps he had gone to another school to get rid of old associations! Perhaps he had committed suicide! Perhaps he had buried himself in the slums of some large city! Perhaps he had done a hundred other things equally improbable!

In the midst of these disturbing thoughts Bertha happened to glance casually across the campus. She was somewhat surprised to see coming toward her a soldier whose face even at that distance looked strangely familiar. With a puzzled expression, Bertha stopped short and took another good look at the approaching stranger clad in regulation overseas uniform. On his breast gleamed the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery and a gold stripe adorned his right sleeve.

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

LEADING IDEAS IN WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth was a noble man and a poetic idealist. His poetry reflects his life, inspired by high ideals and moral purposes. Even if he had not been gifted with the art of expressing his sentiments, he would have exerted a good influence in his world by his mode of living and by his attitude toward his fellow-men. The gentle and kindly spirit of his ordinary demeanor alone would have drawn others to him. He inspired belief in his ideas by his practice of them, by his sincerity of purpose, and by his purity of thought. Indeed, in my opinion, his tribute to Milton could well be applied to himself:

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;
Thou hast a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

His soul shone, indeed, like a star on his fellow-man. Although it dwelt apart by virtue of its lofty idealism, like the distant stars in the heavens, yet like them again it poured its light on admiring mortals and seemed ever near. His voice rang out in clear, bell-like notes, with the gentle murmuring of a calm sea, and then again with a powerful call of the mighty deep. His heart———who can fully reveal its fine resolves, its deep impulses, its sweet emotions? It was the never-failing fountain of pure inspiration, whose spray flashed beautiful colors in the sunlight of his poetry.

Wordsworth's nature disclosed itself in his idea of a poet's mission. To him his pen is not a means of earning a livelihood. Beautiful thoughts are not valued in money. Nor did he write for the pleasure of seeing his words in print. Fame was esteemed by him only in so far as it brought his ideas to others, not for their praise, but for their uplift. He did much to raise poetry to its high calling and to restore it to its lofty position in the thoughts of men. He maintained that a poet is an interpreter of life, revealing to men the true meaning of life, both of men and of nature. The poet is an instrument carrying a marvelous message, pledged to truth, which is his boon companion on the journey of life.

In fulfilling his mission as an interpreter of human life, the poet should enjoy a feeling of common experience with men. He must put himself in another's place and strive to understand the feelings of the other. He is a man speaking to men; and the talent with which he is endowed for analyzing and understanding life, simply fits him to pass on his message. He is not a super-man, an unnatural being, but merely a man with a charge to help others. Wordsworth certainly did his duty according to the standards expressed by himself. He knew men, understood their thoughts and emotions, felt himself one of them, and explained to them the principles of life. He was successful in his chosen work because of this feeling of sympathy with men, and he kept the close personal touch with them in various ways.

He chose simple subjects, for his communication was simple. In both poetry and prose, he wrote about things of every-day life and affairs of the time, whose general movements were familiar to men. He talked to the people about their educational and industrial situation and about the French Revolution, which was then in progress. He used simple language, for difficult words and complicated phrases were not in keeping with his message and his principle of personal contact. Being able to read his writings easily, the readers need not waste time inquiring the meaning of words, but can immediately apply himself to grasping the thought. Even in poetry, Wordsworth expresses the thought simply and plainly. He considered the language of poetry that of real men and not greatly different from that of prose.

Wordsworth sensed the groping for liberty at that time and devoted himself to portraying true liberty. He was an ardent champion of liberty, but never visualized it as untrammelled. That is, he advocated liberty which is not entirely free, in as much as it must take others into consideration. To him a liberty which pursued a selfish policy ceased to be liberty. This conception of freedom explains his change of mind in regard to the French. He was in France in the first throes of the revolution, and was heart and soul with the rebels. He imagined that they were all actuated by the spirit of real liberty and patriotism. But when, recalled to England, he reviewed the struggle from a distance and saw the crimes committed in the name of liberty, he gradually reverted to Burke's conservative view of a liberty secured by gradual and natural changes, rather than a sudden revolution. This view of the situation became more pronounced in him when Napoleon attempted to conquer the world. The tyrant's aggression disgusted Wordsworth, who, seeing that the French were moved not at all by the spirit of true liberty, advocated resistance. He summed it up thus: "When wickedness acknowledges no limit but the extent of her power, and advances with aggravated impatience like a devouring fire, the only worthy or adequate opposition is that of virtue submitting to no circumscription of her endeavors save that of her rights, and aspiring from the impulse of her own ethereal zeal."

Wordsworth performed the service required by his rules in the interpretation of nature also. He was essentially a nature poet, and in this field did his best work. He did not, however, enjoy nature for its beauty alone, but for its meaning in the life of men. He considered man and nature closely related, the divine life in nature being the source of the highest and best inspirations of man. He says that man cannot enjoy nature by making a strenuous effort to do so, but by communing with nature and surrendering to its influences. Wordsworth's own experience with nature proves the depth of his understanding. In several of his poems he tells how, when a boy, he admired and feared nature. The roar of the cataract enraptured and yet repulsed him. When he grew older and had endured disappointments, he loved to commune with nature by the still stream or in the quiet woods. He no longer felt the wild ecstacy of youth, but experienced instead a deeper sympathy for man and the conceptions of the divinity which exists in nature and in man. He expressed it thus:

"For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.
Nor harsh nor grating though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting sun,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of men."

Can anyone say that Wordsworth did not live up to this standard? He endeavored to appreciate the best in nature and to express his appreciation so that others might rejoice with him. This accomplished, he was content, as he admonishes all poets to be.

The Principles of Our Lives

Life is a difficult thing to understand; wise men for centuries have attempted to define it and its purposes, but it seems very doubtful whether any settled agreement will be reached this side of the millenium. However, most of us are too deeply interested in sustaining and enjoying life to theorize about it to any great extent. The question of our "raison d' etre" may never be settled, but it is enough for us that we are here; and being here, it would naturally seem to be our duty to improve and advance existing conditions as much as our poor power allows; that those who follow us may find the world a better place than we did.

Many of us, to be sure, lose sight of this side, and spend our days in selfish and useless pleasure; others of us, for one cause and another, fall into paths of sin and evil which make the world anything but better; still others of us are so impeded by circumstances that we have no opportunity to aid in such an improvement, much as we feel the need of it. But there remain some of us who wish to so live that, while enjoying life to the full ourselves, others may be made happier and better through us. To do this, we must build our lives upon certain fundamental principles—principles which each one must work out for himself, and then follow, else they are worse than useless.

Those general principles which seem essential to a fully developed life, at this stage of my existence, may require changes and alterations as I grow in wisdom and understanding; yet I will try to state them as concisely as possible—there being, of course, limitations which the reader's good judgment must decide. Belief in a Higher, Divine Being who rules the world through love, away and beyond all narrow conceptions set by sects and creeds; absolute honesty in thought and deed, making hypocrisy impossible; justice and fair play towards all men, but with no attempt at judging them; pureness of heart, as well as body; sympathy towards all races and classes, with an earnest desire to understand and appreciate their attitude and conceptions of life; broad and open-mindedness, arriving at opinions through careful and thoughtful judgments, and leaving to others the right of forming their own opinions; hatred of all things evil, with a sincere and sensible effort to remove them; broad, all-embracing love for humanity, and a desire to prove that love through self-sacrifice and service to others.

I fully believe that anyone who truly tries to mould his life according to these principles will find that life is a beautiful, wonderful thing, in spite of its ennuis and disillusionments and sorrows; and all who come in contact with him will gain strength and courage and hope, and this old world will become more lovely because of one man's life.

WINTER'S SUNSET

Yonder the sun is reddening the west,
And tingeing with its saddened afterglow
O'er breadths of quiet hills the first thin snow
Of winter, spreading white from crest to crest.

One golden moment lingeringly he stood,
With radiant promise, seeming to lay ope
On world's marge the jeweled gates of hope,
As summoning to follow, him who would.

Lingering the while his herded splendors sped
Their gleaming summons crested hill to hill,
One golden moment, now the shadows fill,
And o'er the darkling trail the still frost's bed.

So is the portal closed upon the way,
And far the cloudy wardens of the night,
Dark seraphs, set to stay the promised flight
Spread purple pinions to the dying day.

SUSQUEHANNA LYRICS

By Roy W. Sauers

Editorial Note: The author of the following verses graduated from Bucknell in June, 1921. Last spring as a class exercise in the Modern Drama he wrote a tragedy and a comedy, which, though weak in structure, contained some readable dialogue and pleasant characterization. Appended to the tragedy were several unfinished verses, including "How Mamma Broke My Heart." Encouraged in his trial flights, he has since then been practicing in prose and verse. In a poetical account of his work at college, he humorously tells how his mind would overleap routine assignments and go

"A-riding on a silvery cloud
Or splashing in a bay."

How Mamma Broke My Heart

'Cause my ma got me a gun,
Thought I'd have a little fun,
Shooting at the birdies blue
In the garden avenue.

With my gunnie in my hand,
Hurried into birdie land;
Feeling proud as all boys do
When they have something new.

Saw a little meadow lark;
'Twas for me a splendid mark;
Quickly raised my little gun—
Soon the wicked deed was done.

Soon I heard another note,
Warbling from a blue bird's throat;
Up raised I my little gun—
Soon another deed was done.

Thus I killed them one and all
From the largest to the small;
Didn't think of birdies' song,
Till the birdies all were gone.

How I loved to hear them sing
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring;
Oft in sickness as I lay,
They sang for me, night and day.

When there was such jollity,
How with cheer it thrilled me;
Now my heart is sad and sore,
For they sing for me no more.

Oh, my mamma broke my heart!
Now I'll sadly have to part,
Not only with that wicked gun,
But my birdies every one.

Wading In The Stream

When the summer days are hot,
And the grass is brown and dry,
And the corn in yonder lot
For the rain doth sigh and sigh,
Then go wading in the stream,
And enjoy the wade with me.

Up the pass and through the grass
Like a hound on rabbit chase,
Quickly round the barn we pass
Down the path we trot and race.
Mother thinks we're pulling weeds,
But we're wading in the stream.

What a trick to play on ma
After eatin' pie and such!
What a joke to spring on pa
After showin' us so much!
Oh, the shade and sighing reeds
Whirl me on to meet the dream.

Tickling waters round our toes,
Pretty wavelets at our knees
Wash away the scorching woes
Boyish hearts to tease and please:
Wadin', wadin', just for fun,
Wadin' thru the silv'ry strand.

So it is and so 'twill be
Long as summer days and streams,
Long as boys like you and me
Smile to catch the happy dream:
Wadin', wadin', never done,—
Wadin' till the blessed end.

On Approaching A Katydid

Katy, Katy, do not run,
Do not run away;
I only came, and now am come
To spend with you the day.

Fold thy wings and do not shy,
Nor seek the leafy glade;
Fold thy wings and do not fly,
Abide within the shade.

Sing thy song, and sing right well;
Sing for me alone:
Soon too soon, and thou must swell
Great ranks, fleeing, gone.

Move not from that blade of corn,
Move not deafly on;
Stay thy steps, and do not scorn
My rude little song.

Sing a song, thou woeful heart,
That pleases Katydid;
Play so well thy little part,—
Free thy loving bid.

Katy, Katy, do not go;
Sing me fast asleep;
Then when Autumn breezes blow
I'll let Katy sleep.

To Nancy

Nancy, Nancy,
Don't you fancy
That I'm wise and gay.

Dearie, Dearie,
Don't grow weary
Loving me for aye.

Smiling, smiling,
And compiling
Verses such as these.

Feeling, feeling,
And revealing
Thoughts I give that please.

Sighing, sighing,
But not crying:
Soon we meet again.

Fish Song

With rod in hand
And basket too,
I search the blue
Of fisher land.

The laving brook
Around me lashes;
The water splashes
At every crook.

But on and on
Like man of mirth
Or humble birth,
I sing my song.

It is the lay
Of lovely stream—
The happy dream
Of fisher's day.

Her Sleep

Cold and bleak the mountain peak
Looks on me and moaning sea;
Sending tears of lonely years,
Breaking cheers of lone careers,
Sighing deep eternal sleep.

Lost is she, and lost is she,
Lying low where roses blow,
Dreaming not of my sad lot;
But in prayer—lonely care—
Sighing deep eternal sleep.

Thru the rhyme of ancient time
Sighing sighs that may arise;
May I bless thee none the less
With the heart of lowly bard:
Sighing deep eternal sleep.

Sleep in love with stars above;
Roses play about thy clay,
Paint their hue to thee so true;
Fading fast they droop at last—
Sighing deep eternal sleep.

THE YELLOW STREAK

Continued from Page Ten

"Could it be?"

Bertha stood there spell-bound as the soldier drew nearer. There was a queer lump in her throat. The blood was pounding wildly in her ears. She blushed, paled, and fairly trembled with excitement.

There could be no doubt about it now! It was Larry!

Students passing by at that particular moment were rudely shocked to see a certain fair co-ed make a wild dash and fling her arms around the neck of the khaki-clad visitor. Larry attempted to get in a word or two edgewise, but was entirely unsuccessful. Evidently it was not a time for useless explanations. At least Bertha seemed to think so.

Gently disengaging the strangling embrace, Larry gazed fondly into her eyes and said, "Have you changed your mind yet about marrying a coward?"

Bertha hung her head and a blush of shame overspread her face.

"It was all a misunderstanding, Larry, and I hope you will forgive me."

"No," replied Larry, "I was every bit the coward you accused me of being and I fully deserved your scorn. At last I have found myself and it is you whom I have to thank for it. Let's call it square, and begin again where we left off."

And so it was that Larry returned to Conway Hall.

FINIS!

SONG O' LIFE

Song o' 'the rose,
Deep are thy blushes
When the sea wind blows
Through the reeds of the rushes.
Dear little blind little rose,
Thou hast thy day.
'Tis good thou dost not know
Thy meteoric stay.
Song o' the rose,
A blush—the wind—and thou are blown away!

Song o' the moon beams,
Hush my troubled spirit. May thy soft glow
Mend the broken threads of my ladder of dreams—
Radiant, enchanting, soothing beam!
Thou knowest naught of lingering pain;
And yet at night quite oft it seems
Thy gentle sympathy doth not disdain
To tune itself into an earthly strain.
Thy harp is not in vain.

Song o' the soul,
Tune thy string high and free.
I would attain the goal
O'er a vast troubled sea.
Poor longing, restless soul!
Scorn the low muffled dirge,
Peal not the mournful toll
When life and death stalk on the verge.
Thine be the loftier, nobler strain:
The exultation over pain.

CRACKS
-IN THE-
"MIRROR"

Despite the cobwebs and dust that have accumulated on the surface of our Mirror during its war-enforced hibernation, it has retained all of its old faculties. A thorough dusting has revealed some forgotten flaws. But then, nothing is perfect—even SEM rules have their weak places.

This department shall endeavor to show the Mirror at its worst; to uncover all of the unseemly cracks and grotesque reflections that otherwise might pass unnoticed. So, with the aid of the eminent Zeke Hardapple and other talented contributors, we aim to aid the Mirror in reflecting the comic as well as the serious in college life.

Her eyes are blue
As indaygoo,
Her lips are red as paint.
Her teeth are white—
In pale moonlight
You'd think she's what she ain't.

Frosh reading Latin—Gee! Latin's easy. Look here, "Boni leges Caesaris, Parsus sum jam." Boney legs of Caesar, pass us some jam.

Prof.—"What's a molecule?"

Bird—"An atom is the smallest particle into which a substance can be divided, and a molecule is two of them."

Hutch, in East College Prayer Meeting (classifying prophets)—"And what place shall we give to Nezemiah?"

Feelum—"Nezemiah can have my place, I'm going to leave."

In preparation for Lafayette game.

Irvin—"I guess we'll bunk in the mess hall and leave the alumni sleep in the house."

Gibson—"We'll use the foundry."

Obrien—"Why don't you go down to Bill Ammons. He's got a fine lot of onion beds."

Alexander in Hydraulics—The answer to problem four is 1981.3 square pounds.

Tailor (calling to collect a bill)—"It's a clothes call."

"Well! I've got that down Pat," remarked Mrs. Murphy as she gave her son a dose of Quinine.

Why are the Frosh like good real estate?

I don't know. Why?

Because they're a green empty lot.

'25—"Well, Dad, what do you think of Bucknell?"

Panting Parent—"After climbing this hill, my son, I can easily account for Bucknell's high standing."

Heard in Prexy's Ethics—Aristotle's father was a minister (Fourth century B. C.)

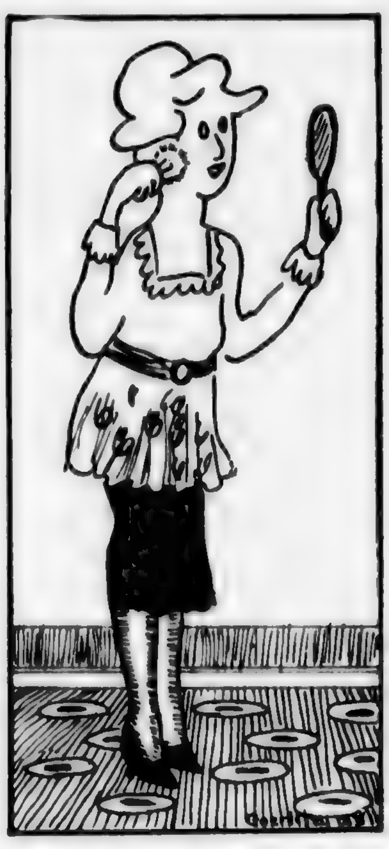
FUSSIN'

By Zeke Hardapple

I cum down here tu bucknel yewniversiti tu git a smatterin a lerning a cuppla weaks agoe an i shur be lernin things fast. Wen i cum in on the trane a fella met me an he sez tu me ar yu a stewdint an i sez tu him no i rekun i aint but i calcerlate to be wun purty sun. He sez tu me yure purty fresh foar a freshman aint ya an then i laffed rite out loud at him. I thawt that was a purty gud joak—to fresh foar a freshman but he luked purty mad at me an he sez ile git you yit boy an then he toald anuther fella to taik me up the hil. Well sir wen we got up the hil, was wen an wear my trubals got there start. Them collidge fellas talk the goshdingdest lotta stuf that yu ever herd. No sunern id got in my room wun of them fellas cum runnin down the hall an sez tu me cum down tu my rume if ya wanna sea a reel ruster. Well sir i went over tu his rume an all he had was a littul wite card with sum ritin on it. Gosh all pancaiks sez i, i doant sea no ruster an then that fule fella laffed like he was gonna luse his garters. But he didunt he ony toald me that that littul card was cauld a ruster hear in collidge. Now aint that turifick?

Well sir the thing what seams funyest tu me is the wurd fussin. Back hoam in rattulsnaik gulsh fussin menes stewin an gittin a graouch on but hear in collidge it menes taikin a gurl out. If yu go out foar a wauk with a gurl yure fussin an if yu taik her tu the moovys yure fussin an if yu taik her tu cherch yure fussin. An then enywun what goes fussin is cauld a fusser. Now aint that turifick?

An awl the difrunt kinda fellas an gurls yu sea here wood set yu craizy. Wun fella i sean was a grate big walupin fella an the gurl he had was a littul bit of a thing no bigger than nuthin. She was hangin onto his arm an lukin up in his ize like a dyin cattfish an i thawt she wuz gonna git lockjawr the way she wuz gassin tu him. Then they wuz anuther fella who wuz allus tawkin abaout goin up the river. He wuz a littul sawdoff runt an awl he seamd tu think abaout was taikin gurls up the river. Gosh i figgered he shudent aut tu uf bin in collidge he auta bin in the naivy. Then they wuz anuther fella who wuz allus braggin abaout a widder frend uf hisn that he was goin tu sea. He sed she wuz a skuleteecher but frum the way he tawked i gess she didunt teech him much foar he sownded like a dutchman whod swallerd a pretzil down the rong way. Now aint that turifick?



Now why should a sweet girlie powder
her nose
And indulge in a practice so shocking,
When really its useless so long as her
clothes
Do seem to consist half of stocking?

Well sir moast uf them fellas what is allus goin out fussin doant seam tu uf cum tu collidge tu lern enything abaout redin an ritin an sech things like that. Awl they cum foar wuz to git snappy with the wimmenfoalks wich is a rite smart thing foar eny fella tu doo uf coarse but my pap toald me wen i cum away frum hoam that i shud aut tu steady hard and lern a lot caws i wuz goin tu be a skuleteecher sum day back in rattulsnaik gulsh. But theas hear fellas what is allus goin out fussin &c is not goin tu lern much abaout there lessins i figger caws uf coarse nise gurls is nise gurls an awl that but they beant lessins. Of coarse i ain't hear tu preech an fussin is awl rite if yu taik it esy but tu be agoin awl the time aint gud fer what ales yu, an as my paster toald me before i cum away frum hoam boys an gurls goe tu collidge tu impruv there minds which is sick frum lak of nurishmeant. So i gess its a gud thing to reamembur that Shaikspeer sed tu git yure hed under water an ony cum up fer air wen their aint no moar watter tu soake up. That meens that a fella in collidge shood aut tu steady an keep steadyin til thair aint no more steadyin tu doo and then goe out fussin awl he wants tu. Awl uf which is purty gud advis i gess.

The Moon

The moon is a satellite. A satellite is a body which revolves around a larger body in order to keep up, like a bunch of students around a prof's good graces. The moon gets full every month. This may account for the fact that it travels in circles. The moon travels around the earth revealing the same side all the time, thus demonstrating that it is not at all two-faced. On page 203 of his excellent book, Mr. Molton says: "The moon's limb is perfectly dark, which proves conclusively that the moon is very modest. If the moon were much nearer to the earth some dark spots would not be quite so dark, and many of our favorite outdoor sports would immediately lose their popularity.

Sir Isaac

An apple fell
And struck—ah, well—
A man whose name was Newton.
He wondered why
It didn't fly
Toward Mars, or start a shootin'
Into space.
And so Sir Isaac says, says he,
"By gum, there must be gravity."

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THE GOOD OLD BOYS

Have you ever talked to an old B. U. graduate? Naturally, he thinks his class was the best that ever trod the campus. However, he goes on to say that he is rather dubious about the outcome of the present bunch that is going through the mill. I wonder why? If we look through the old catalogue we may find a clue that will help us solve the problem.

The rules in the old catalogue are very stringent. We find that the good old boys were not allowed to attend theatrical performances without the president's permission. Today the students are requested not to attend the movies every day in order that some lesson will be prepared. The good old boys were obliged to attend church services, although the rules do not say anything about sleeping in church. Well, the boys of today enjoy sleeping in bed better than sleeping in the pew. The good old boys had someone else to take care of their money. Maybe they had so much they needed someone. This is one thing that we need not worry about for the boys never have money long enough to demand any care. The resident saw to it that every student in the good old days had enough work to occupy his whole time. I think you will agree that the student of today spends his remaining time on studies, that is, the time remaining after sleeping, eating, playing and loafing.

Thus the conditions and rules under which the good old boys worked may have been more conducive to better fellowship. Whether they were any better than we are is a question too hard for any of us to answer as yet. We admit that we do things differently now-days, but when it comes to producing "the goods" the boys of today are on the job.

WHY "BUCKNELL"

(Editor's Note:—The material below was written as an assignment in Advance Composition last spring. A thorough knowledge of the real facts of the case are necessary to appreciate the humor of the theme.)

What we now know as Bucknell University was once something quite different. Before 1846 it was only an idea. Between 1846 and 1886 it was known as the "University of Lewisburg." At this time, however, it was decided that "University of Lewisburg" did not go very well in a college yell, so the board of trustees set out on a still hunt for a name that would suit both the dignity of the institution and the lungs of the undergraduate. After a long, anxious period of waiting, the board turned in its report, showing that in the election returns "Bucknell" had been nominated and elected.

Great indeed was the rejoicing when this news became known. The student body turned out a great number of new college yells, each of which was highly impregnated with a series of "Bucknells," both snappy and long drawn out. This proved to be the most satisfactory name that could be found, because there were so many words which rhymed with it. These are exemplified in the cheers which have come down to the present time, especially such words as "well," "yell" and " 'ell."

Some mistaken authorities insist that the name of the institution was changed from the "University of Lewisburg" to "Bucknell" because of the efforts of a certain William Bucknell to out-do Andrew Carnegie. William, according to certain tradition, gave funds at different times, providing for the erection of the Observatory, the Chapel, the College for Women and the Chemical Laboratory. The old tale goes on to say that the institution was named after him because of these many gifts.

Scientists, however, have recently investigated these reports and have proved them false, showing that the name was

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changed in order that the students might have a name for their Alma Mater that was short, full of rhyming possibilities and directly to the point. The settlement of this controversy in no way affects us at the present time, because Bucknell is now Bucknell, and has been since 1886. What we do give thanks about is that someone did have the presence of mind to change it, every time we think what a handicap the college would have been under if its name had to go ringing down through the corridors of time as the "University of Lewisburg."

Today

Some people
Continually
Talk about
The Roads to Yesterday.
The bards do it.
We all
Live in the past—
Sometimes;
Yet
When we recall
The bumps
That we received
Perhaps
To-day is just as good
After all.
To-morrow's pathway
Will be rare,
For
It is paved
With hopes
And desires
All new.
Hopes
Are better than
Memories.
Memories always,
Or most generally,
Have a nick
In them
Somewhere.
But—
To-day is here.
Gold shines the sun,
Green
Trims the trees,
Blue
Seems the sky,
While
Our spirits
Sing.

Aeneas

A Free Translation

Aeneas left his native land
To wander on some others,
And with him went a faithful band
Who stuck as close as brothers.

And yet despite his faithful crew,
Aeneas wasn't happy.
The gods allowed a storm to brew,
The sea became white cappy.

And straightway, then, they lost their course;
The compass wasn't working!
They rode the storm which lost its force
On Neptune's trident forking.

Now after many weary moons
Had passed upon our heroes,
And unknown seas and hot sand dunes
Had made their sandals zeroes.

They reached the land where Dido reigned,
And to her chiefest city
Betook themselves, where Dido feigned
To view their plight with pity.

Dido herself, that queen of old,
Had visions of a capture.
She dragged Aeneas to her fold
And sought him to enrapture.

She put her ambrosial garments on
And then she tried to vamp him.
Aeneas was a funny one,
Her ardor seemed to damp him.

Despite the fact that she had saved
Aeneas from the fishes,
Against her amorous plot he raved
And cursed her foolish wishes.

He left her then, and went away
To found another city.
He left Dido to pine away
Nor thought of her in pity.

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A FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time in a great gloomy castle high up on a crag there lived a princess, who was as beautiful, sweet and good as the old castle was dark and gloomy. The little princess was very lonesome. Nearly eleven months of the year her father, the dark stern man whom all the land called King, was away, waging war on this prince and that baron, and always adding lands to the already great realm the little lady was to inherit, when she became old enough and wise enough.

What did the little princess care for lands, jewels, and the homage of men? She loved rather to pick her way slowly down the narrow pathway of the great crag to the valley hidden ever so skillfully from the eyes of the travellers. Now, to tell the truth, the little valley must have loved the princess very much, for always when she came the leaves put on their newest frocks of green. The little pool, glad to see her, became still and clear as glass, and returned her serious gaze with the most elaborate compliments.

Can you wonder that the little princess came often and spent whole afternoons in gay companionship with the birds, who shared with her the secret valley. Sympathetic they mourned with her, her loneliness, her fear of the great King, and how they chattered and sang while she breathed to them in softest voice that some day a great knight, on a snow white horse, would come to take her away to the Land of Happiness.

But one day, when the little princess had slipped away from the castle to come to the secret valley, she found that her dream spot had opened its doors to another. At first, the startled maiden smiled at the tall, handsome lad, but a moment later a haughty little head reared itself at the thought that a mere shepherd had dare to usurp the play throne of a princess. Undaunted, how-

Ray !!! Bucknell !!!

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ever, by the indignant glances, the shepherd rose and waved the little princess to her throne, even as he picked up his staff to leave. As time went on the little princess often saw the young shepherd in his simple green robes, but always he left when she came. How could one stay angry at such a handsome gracious youth. One day the little princess stopped him on the point of leaving, and asked his name. Thus began a delightful friendship.

At last there came an hour when the little lady entered the tiny valley all happy at the thought of seeing the shepherd, only to find the beauty spot dull and gloomy. The shepherd had not come. Bitterly disappointed, the princess sat down to gaze mournfully into the pool. How long she gazed she knew not, only out of the blue of the pool there slowly grew a picture strangely beautiful to the maid. It was the shepherd in armor of the same shining green as the leaves, mounted on a snow white charger, and most wonderful of all, he was holding out his arms to her, the little princess.

The maiden turned slowly. The picture faded, but there stood the shepherd, his eyes filled with light that clutched at the heart of the little princess, his arms outstretched. With a cry the little princess ran to him, for it was her knight.

How rudely broken was this first dream of happiness! With arms clasped about each other they turned to find the entrance to the secret valley in shadow. There stood the great King, more stern and dark than ever, lashed to fury as he was at the sight of his daughter in the arms of a shepherd. But the sword raised high never descended. Before the eyes of the cruel King the little valley with its lovers vanished, and at his feet sprang up a bed of strangely beautiful lilies-of-the-valley. Each May the little princess, sweet and beautiful as ever, in her lily gown, comes back to us, clasped in the arms of a tall handsome leaf, whom we now know is her transformed lover.

Torn from the trees the oak leaves fly,
Whisked by the breeze from a windy
sky,
Piled in the hollows they wither and die,
Year after year while you and I
Live on.

Her eyes are blue
As summer's sky.
She looks away,
And so am I.

THE BEGINNING

It is certainly no easy matter, if possible at all, to specify where or how an institution like a university had its beginning. To be sure, one can readily tell when the first action took place—when the first building was erected, who provided the funds, who was elected or made the president—but those are not the beginnings. Bucknell University did not originate in the work of a committee appointed back in 1845. Long before that date there were in the minds of worthy, thoughtful people ideals and longings and ambitions which in the course of time found an agency for expression in the councils of the Northumberland Association. This organization through a committee set in motion the forces which resulted in the establishment of a high school, a college, a theological institute all under one control in Lewisburg, Pa. This much was accomplished in 1845 and 1846.

Just a casual reading of the history of the next fifteen years reveals no striking events, only the usual raising of money for building and administration, working out a curriculum, gathering together a Faculty, all the struggle and effort required of a new college. For the person, however, who demands facts, it is sufficient to note that the college began its work in the basement of the old Baptist Church; that Stephen Taylor was the first executive; that within the first three years one hundred thousand dollars had been raised and Lewisburg had contributed one-eighth of that amount, that the combined attendance of the College, the Academy, the Female Institute, and Theological Department was over two hundred. It is also interesting to be reminded that James Buchanan, afterward President of the United States, was instrumental in conferring degrees upon the first graduating class, seven in number.

But if one could know the real history of these years, the history that does not appear in prose records, there would be a splendid story of heroic struggle, of conquest over greatest obstacles and difficulties, of victory over discouragement and ignorance and prejudice, of unswerving devotion to a noble ideal, of self-sacrifice and service for a worthy purpose. Here was the real start of Bucknell.

The next decade showed the young university making slow but steady progress. The Civil War came, and Bucknell, worthy of the faith of its founders, rose to its opportunity, and sent out fifty-nine volunteers, one-third of the entire student body, to do valiant service in Company "A" of the Pennsylvania Militia. Of these brave young lives, the war god exacted its tribute, and many of the Bucknell boys made the supreme sacrifice for the Union.

The indomitable courage of the college leaders is shown in the fact that despite the difficulties of war conditions, Bucknell in '64 and '65 raised one hundred thousand dollars, the beginning

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of the endowment fund. Less than eight years previous, in '58, thirty thousand dollars had been raised for buildings. In '78, thirty-four hundred dollars more was secured for the grading and improvement of the campus. This improvement, together with the great natural beauty of the site, has made the campus the glory of the college and the pride of all Bucknellians.

During this same period, in 1870, her first paper, "The College Herald," made its bow to the public and became the forerunner of a series of more or less successful publications which have appeared up to the present day. All this time additions were constantly being made to the Faculty, and new courses, especially in the languages and sciences, were being offered. 1867 saw the discontinuance of the Theological Department in favor of Crozer Seminary. 1870 brought the first elective to the curriculum, a rather interesting fact in view of the great number of electives open to the modern Bucknell student. In 1873, Dr. Martin became Principal of the Academy, and remains today the only Faculty member coming from that period of the college development.

The Fusser

He stands upon one leg, and then
He waits upon the other,
Until worn out, he looks at "Ben"
And flops down to recover.

He sits forlornly on a chair,
Or fidgets in a corner,
And after ages wonders where
She died, and starts to mourn her.

He wonders what's her favorite flower,
Forsooth his nerves are grating.
When softly, after half an hour,
A voice says, "You've been waiting!"

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GOOD MORNING BROTHER ROBIN

Good- morning, Brother Robin! How do you do to-day?
I'm thinking, from your singing, you're feeling very gay.
O, how your kind eyes sparkle, and how your bright breast glows,
Against the maple's greenness it's like a red, red rose!

How is good Madam Robin? Oho, just now I see
Her head above your nest's edge, there in the maple tree!
Good-morning, Madam Robin! How are those four blue eggs?
And doesn't sitting, sitting, quite cramp your slender legs?

O dainty Madam Robin, you cock your pretty head!
You understand, I'm certain, just every word I've said!
Of course you cannot tell me the things I want to know,
But, better still, some morning four baby birds you'll show!

And then good Brother Robin, how very proud I'll be
Of those four noisy babies, up in the maple tree!
And how you'll work to feed them—so hungry, and so dear!
O, how I'd like to help you! Dear Robin, do you hear?

IN THE CHAIR FACTORY

Come along with me to the factory
Where you can hear the hum of the big fly-wheel,
And sniff the dust in the whirling air.
The buzz—buzz—buzz—of the large leathern belt
Joins in with the dead hum of the big wheel;
And a thousand little wheels rumble and roar,
Keeping ample time with the master hum.
Round and round the big wheel swings
Till the very floor seems to tremble;
The windows quiver and rattle
As if a northern storm were caressing them.
Now and then a torn belt bangs the floor
Or squeeches about the shaft,
Sending its whistle-like notes throughout the shop's length.
The greasy black machines,
Mounted upon a slippery black floor,
Greet us at every turn.
Yes. they smile at their trusty overalled operators
As if they were friends from the beginning,
And had an inherited right to kiss those calloused hands.
Soiled with grease and dirt, we, the faithful, stand
Honestly toiling for what we get.
Yet, how proud we are of that worthy labor
To which we have dedicated our two score years or more.
Just as we are, soiled hands, sweating brows,
Dirty overalls, souls not ashamed to earn their daily bread,
Gentle enough to share with the needy,
We extend to you a welcome.
We shall not curse, because we have work to do;
But, indeed, would be wretched if we had none.

Anything

Our heartless Prof. in Advanced Comp. recently
Told his class that each individual member
Might write on "Anything."
This being quite indefinite, I sought the
Assistance of my old friend,
Noah Webster.

"Anything," according to Noah, is a noun,
And means "any object as distinguished from a
Person," with the word "aught" added as an
Afterthought. This much I had deduced from
What might be called the context of the word.
Knowing that the Prof., who is a most exacting
Man, would not be satisfied with this, I decided
That I would have to carry my research further.

"Anything" is what a Sem girl says
"It's too nice for."
It is also what the Sophomore says:
"Don't it beat."
"Anything" is the reply given by the one who never thinks
When he is asked: "What will you accept?"
In fact, "Anything" is anything.

Registrar Clark has asked that the following notices be given a prominent place in "The Mirror," hence we place them where all may read.

1. All students will be held responsible for notices posted on the official bulletin board in Main College hall.

2. All students will be held personally responsible for proper attention to semester bills. All bills for this semester are due on or before Saturday, September 24th.

When you

Are fussin'--

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LOVE

Who are ye that haste away
With figures bent, with garments gray,
Into the deep
Of the sunset sleep?
"We are the griefs of yesterday."

Why, gray griefs, do you take your flight,
What dawn of wonder, what new-born might
Has saved tomorrow from hosts of sorrow?
"Another has come, of greater might."

Who is he, with power above your power
That sorrows perish of?
"One tender, yet tearless,
With strong heart, fearless,
The God of Laughter, the Master, Love."

TO JOHN BURROUGHS

Would that I might be thine heir,
That I might change thine eyes for mine,
Eyes that saw the Truth nor erred.
To picture Nature's soul sublime.

Would that I might be thine heir,
To take up thy fallen pen,
That thy spirit free and fair
Might find in me its ken.

Thine the wisdom, thine the power,
Words so poorly tell,
Meekly great o'er men thou towered,
Rising up where countless fell.

Not for thee the sculptor's art!
Inscribe upon no stone—
Time n'er can blot from the human heart:
"How far are we from home?"

The College Inn

Extends its glad welcome to the "Bucknell Mirror" as it reappears, refreshed and clothed in a most delightful manner, after its little Rip Van Winkle nap. Doubtless the new spirit and the abundant life of Bucknell have proved more tempting than a continued rest on the library shelves and it has responded to the need of a medium of expression for the literary genius of a latter day. Congratulations to its new Manager and Editors and may it continue long to reflect the high ideals of old Bucknell.

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THE BUCKNELL
MIRROR

DECEMBER, 1921

TERM
REPORT
A+

"DREAMS"

The Bucknell Mirror

"Vita sine literis mors est."

Vol. XXVI Lewisburg, Pa., December, 1921 No. 2

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Issued five times during the college year, in October, December, February, April and June. Entered as second class mail matter at the post office at Lewisburg, Pa., under the act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the business manager.

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EDITORIAL

* * * *

Christmas

"Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Far and near o'er the Judean hills resounded the echoes of the first Christmas strains through the stillness of the early morning. The shepherds heard, and with gladness of heart welcomed the evidences of Divine blessings; with joy did they hail the heralds of peace; with a new hope did they look to the future.

As those of old welcomed the message of peace—so may every true Bucknellian welcome the Christmas-tide with joy, and with a new hope of bringing to men, through our service, the peace of Him of whom the herald angels sang.

* * * *

A Real Need

The actual need of a duly constituted representative body dealing with the affairs of both the men and women of Bucknell has been felt more keenly this year than ever before. True, it is that the plan has been mentioned at other times, and it has even gone far enough for definite suggestions to be made, but in the final analysis the result was nothing tangible that could be given to the student body. Bucknell men and women attend the same classes, support the same athletic teams, are interested in the same activities, graduate with the same degrees; yet the men are governed by their Senior Council and the women by their Student Executive Board, two well organized, distinctly separate bodies, with absolutely nothing in common between them.

Again the problem comes up, and with new suggestions as to what might be the real duties of such a Council, Board, or Committee. Two definite suggestions have been made, and the "Mirror" staff presents them for the thoughtful consideration of every student, or we might better say the consideration of every thoughtful student.

The first one calls for a representative board having three members, chosen from the Faculty, Senior Council, and the Student Executive Board, with the President of Senior Council and the President of the Student Executive Board acting as ex-officio members, the former presiding at the meetings and the latter acting in that capacity in his absence.

The second one asks that three representatives be chosen from Senior Council and three from the Student Executive Board, with the same ex-officio members as above. There would be an advisory board from the Faculty ready to be called upon at any time, but not having an active part in the discussions of the body.

In both of the above plans the separate bodies governing the men and women of the university would carry on their work as at present. The new board would act only in instances which would affect the student body as a whole, and in forwarding any interest that demanded consideration by both men and women, meeting probably once a month to take up matters of a general or specific nature turned over to it by either governing body of the students, or suggested by existing conditions "on the hill."

We believe there is a place for just such a board to work for the improvement of student life, but to what extent we would not now venture a suggestion. May we utter another hope—that something be done definitely this year toward securing such an organization on the campus.

* * * *

Football

Marshal Foch attended the Yale-Princeton football game at the Yale Bowl on November 12th. With mingled feelings he watched, manifesting the greatest interest, in the test of brain and brawn. Interesting indeed, is the striking comparison noted in the following reference to the occasion in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" a few days afterward:

"The great Marshal of France, who commanded 8000 Yale men in the war and himself became a Yale man on Saturday, watched another Yale field marshal named O'Hearn perform against Princeton and approved the performance.

"No point of the game was lost on the French warrior, gazing at the spectacle through his field glasses. He found the need of morale, supplied in large part by the sympathies of the onlookers. He found the need of "excellent discipline, quick thinking, physical strength." He analyzed the strategy and the formations and drew parallels from his own career.

"Though the actual combatants were but twenty-two and the spectators were sufficient in number to form three army divisions, it was war; and one grizzled veteran, old and wise in the service of peace loving, as well as war making humanity, recognized it for the bloodless parallel in four short "periods" of the tremendous struggle of four years.

"Such a game is taken in such terrible earnest by those concerned in it that it ceases to be a pastime. It is the most serious vocation of the player. To win is glory and to lose is heart break. The football player, like the soldier, must learn when the battle is over to use the spirit engendered and the discipline of self denial for the normal purposes of the life and work of every day; and it is because Foch is able to make the transition that he is held in universal honor. May the young men who showed him again the fighting spirit of America on the gridiron follow the example of his manly modesty and his mental sobriety, now that the smoke of battle in the Yale Bowl has cleared away."

Patience is one of the hardest of virtues, because it is so "everyday." It shines brightest in the smallest occasions, and asks for no glory, and indeed no recognition. "The patience of the saints" is a true phrase, for it is a mark of deep saintliness.

* * * *

Following the October issue of "The Mirror" many questions were asked concerning the authorship of "Voices of the Night," "Winter's Sunset," and "Love." We are glad to "give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" and it was due only to the retiring nature of the author and his reticence at having his name appear in print that it was not printed. They were the good work of George Talbot Hunt, a nephew of President Hunt, who was a student at Bucknell last year.

* * * *

Putting things off is the way to make the present easier, perhaps, but the future a great deal harder. Anything that ought to be done might as well be done today, before arrears pile up.

* * * *

The touch of human hands—
That is the boon we ask;
For, groping day by day,
Along the stony way,
We need the comrade heart
That understands,
And the warmth, the living warmth,
Of human hands.

THE BUCKNELL "IDEA"

By a Graduate of Class of 1921

The Bucknell 'idea' could be defined in a phrase or two to an alumnus of the institution perhaps, but to 'vous autres' the spirit of Bucknell, the peculiar 'Innigkeit" of the place and its meaning, must be brought by means of a lengthier exposition. It is all very well to say that you have felt it but cannot put it into words, but by that very confession you are exposed to the charge that you have not caught it yet. As a matter of fact, its beginning is probably sensed by the average undergraduate, but for most its real significance comes only with the years. Few remain alive of the generation that saw the University established, none of those who had a hand in it. Yet after seventy-five years the same genius that presided then lives and watchs over us who inherit the fruits of those that have fallen asleep.

I believe it to be first of all a feeling that men, and not money only, can make a Christian institution. Of course, the college cannot exist without funds, and these must come chiefly as gifts: the college never pretended to give only what is paid for by the students. Every one of us is a partaker in the results that flow from the generous contributors of the past. It means that every dollar given is a consecrated gift, given and administered with a prayer. It is this that marks off the actively Christian institution from the ordinary tax-supported one.

The next factor in the Bucknell 'idea' comes from those who turn this blessed increment into instruction—the corpus facultatis. They have been chosen in accordance with two requirements—they must be capable of giving the instruction, and their manner of giving it, (all important), must have the insurance that proceeds from the consecration of self to the service of God and man. This again is a quality not often found in secular institutions. Money may buy brains, but brains are cheap. It is to the glory of our professors that they have never once asked for themselves, but for others. Rarely have men been selected who have not measured up to this calling; but when this has happened, they seem so extrinsic that it is remarked by all. I think of professors who have taught here thirty, forty, yes, even fifty years, who have abandoned long ago all hope of wealth, preferring the riches of a life invested in revealing to the young the beauty of truth, and the truth of beauty.

Bucknell has never been large, yet she has grown with a healthy growth limited only to her resources. Compared with huge state universities, which number their students by thousands, Bucknell with her hundreds perhaps should not be called a university at all. Her strength, therefore, is not in numbers, but in the character of men she has attracted to herself. These have seldom been those of our so-called upper ten, or the children of the wealthy; rather the students have come from 'the people,' out from those who are thirsty for wisdom but are of small means. Sprung from the loins of one of the finest democratic denominations in Christendom, she has remained true to her origin, feeding the pulse of the nation with a sturdy crowd of ambitious, self-reliant folk. Far from sending out an aristocracy of any sort, she has graduated into life people who feel a desire to contribute to humanity rather than to prey or feed upon it.

Not all who take a vaccine into their veins are inoculated with the virus: so Bucknell has not been able to affect all her students in the same measure. As I see it at work today, knowing something of its work in the past, I see the Bucknell 'idea' as the force of educated Christian influence that ministers to the needs of the students who open their minds and hearts to it under the heroic example of those living and dead connected with Bucknell.

"HOPE T' TELL YOU MAN"

By Roland M. Wendell

Oh, he couldn't tote a Springfield, and he couldn't line a sight,
His walk was like the sidlin' of a crab,
And at the shouted "Forward" he would shunt off with his right,
Or give his rear-rank pal a muzzle-jab;
His leggin's hung in festoons on his thin and rattlin' shanks,
His shoulders perched like bunions 'neath his coat,
He always dropped his piece when on inspection in the ranks,
'Til the captain nearly grabbed him by the throat;
But in that bony phiz his shinin' eye was black and keen,
A-smould'rin' 'midst his gaunt, unshaven tan,
For there you'd find the blamedest, kindest look you'd ever seen—
The look that made that bunch o' bones a man.

Oh, it's not your face or hefty grace, for be you buck or flyin' ace
They'll see your soul beneath that scroll o' tan:
It's that art in you, that part in you that shows you have a heart in you
That makes you just a "Hope t'Tell You **Man**."

Back there in Texas once he jammed the New Year's Day parade,
You should have heard the District General swear!
They stuck him in the can to grub for cactus with a spade,
But he never lost that hung-together air.
They detailed him for outpost where the Rio Grande was low,
And put him on a seven-mile patrol,
And that old son-of-a-sea-cook walked clear into Mexico—
'Twas just his Irish luck to get back whole.
At last he looked so wooly-shot, so blasted caved and lean
They let him wrestle with the frying-pan—
And then you'd find the blamedest, kindest look you'd ever seen,
The look that made that rusty blade a man!

To see him flip the griddle-cakes and slam 'em in your kit,
And pour the smokin' Java in your mug,
And if your slum was scanty, feel him give another hit,
And if your punk was slim, another slug;
So see him spear the doughnuts from the can o' bacon-grease,
And ram an extra one into your pack,
And send you back into that hell with half o' pie apiece—
It sort o' sent the shivers down your back,
'Til you thought of home and mother and the little village queen,
And you let the coffee freeze within your can
Ahavin' in mind the blamedest, kindest look you'd ever seen
Upon the cussin' mug of any man.

The little that was left of him they found near Faye-en-Haye—
They dug a hasty furrow by the road
And laid him on his griddle in the tend'rest sort o' way
And dog-tagged it for Blighty with its load;
But at nights when rain was sizzlin' and we hugged the glowin' mess,
We could see his face a'shinin' from the gloom,
And hear his endless whistle trillin' out its cheeriness
Up in the blackened echoes of the room,
Just a little shunk o' Texas, devlish hot and devlish mean,
Seemed to fit in with the great Almighty's plan,
For He there designed the blamedest, kindest soldier-soul e'er seen
A-smilin' thru the eye of any man.

Oh, it's not your place or martial pace, for be you buck or flyin' ace
They'll read your role beneath that soul o' tan;
It's that style of you the while that you parade the livin' smile of you
That makes you just a "Hope t'Tell You **MAN.**"

A MAIDEN SHORN

Table lamps have a pleasant habit of treating most kindly those persons and objects that are gathered round them, and of obscuring by an invisible, yet nevertheless real screen, those corners and out-of-the-way places in a room which have withdrawn inhospitality from their cheerful rays.

Rose colored lamps deal most lovingly of all with those about them. So it was that the small rose desk lamp laid soft, soothing fingers, rosy-tinted and warm, on the bended head of a girl. Daylight would have given this same girl an unpardonably tousled head, but the little lamp must have loved her, for under its magic touch her hair appeared just artistically disarranged.

Anne Warwick was the girl at the desk. She was wrestling with a biology report. For an hour the bout had been on, and as yet Anne had been quite unable to untangle the intricacies of the lowly earth-worm.

It was a half-hearted task, one could easily see that. First one spot of the chair, then another, was tried. Her pen had been filled repeatedly, her pencil sharpened time and again, the ink eraser turned and twisted in every direction, but all without result, for reports were just like themes, one either did them or didn't, but mostly didn't. "Professors are so unreasonable, too," mourned Anne, "they must have this on Monday by the latest, and that one Tuesday without fail, and then we are sure to have two Wednesday just for luck."

Her imprecation was broken by a shriek outside. "Anne Warwick!" shouted some one from the corridor below in a piercing tone, evidently forgetting that it was quiet hour!

"Yes. Who wants me?" cried back Anne, gingerly poking a tip of nose through a meagre crack made in the door.

"You are wanted on the extension 'phone at once," replied the voice, growing fainter as its owner retreated down the corridor.

Any interruption was welcome to Anne. She put on the nearest pair of slippers, untroubled that they were not her own, and then clattered down the steps and along the corridor to the 'phone, gripping her toes hard to keep the ill-behaving slippers on. She climbed into the booth and picked up the receiver.

"Hello!" shouted a voice in Anne's ear.

"What do you want, Dot? I don't think it is necessary to shriek that way in a fellow's ears," bantered Anne.

"Oh, Anne, please come over right away! Hurry, please! I'm so excited!"

"What's the hurry, sweet patooty?" teased Anne, "I'm awfully busy this evening."

"Oh, hang the work, Anne, and be a sport. Hurry, we're all waiting—" and, bang! went the receiver.

Spared the pain of immediate decision and reply, Anne sat down in one of the wicker office chairs to fight her battle with temptation. On the one side, the lowly earth-worm mutely called; on the other was Dot's mysterious message. What to do?

But why burden oneself with problems when a letter on the desk before her offered wonderful possibilities with its two cents. "Heads I go" said she and expectantly flipped the coin. The earth-worm lost the day.

She hurried from the office to the porch, and as she sniffed the air, no pricking of conscience harassed her. It was one of those choice January nights following a day so deceitfully warm and kindly that one is beguiled out of doors, hatless and gloveless, to look for the first robin. "Spring is here," one breathes ecstatically to oneself. But alas! The next morning does not bring a little red breast chirping outside the window in search of a crumb, but one wakes to find a fine white film on the floor by the opened windows, and a second glance reveals a white solemn-looking world. still sodden with falling flakes.

It was pleasant to linger on the way, dragging one loose slipper after the other. The Alpha Beta Deltas must have thought that it was spring, too, for through the opened windows, with their lazily flapping curtains, came the song "Margy" freighted with rare emotion.

After some five minutes of delightful loitering, Anne reached Fox Cottage, her destination. As she gave the door three short raps, she was immediately brought back to every day things with a stern "If that's you, Anne Warwick, you'd better hurry. Does it take you all year to walk from the main building over here?"

"What's all the ——?" started Anne and then stopped short. What in the world was going on? None of the girls in the crowded room spoke for a moment. Each of the narrow iron beds sagged dejectedly with overburden; fate had been unkind to the window-seat, too, which groaned at every move of its restless tormentors. A load of animated kimonos entirely obscured the room's one rocker. A thought of some joke had barely flitted through Anne's mind when some one from behind covered her eyes, and said, "Guess!"

"Ruth!" "Eve!" guessed Anne. "Oh, I don't know who it is. I give up."

The hands duly removed, Anne blinked several times, unable to see. Through a maze of black spots, expanding, contracting, dancing all about, she saw dimly two figures. Then, suddenly, everything cleared.

"Why, Peggy Thompson—and you——you Clare Stevenson, what have you done to yourselves? Oh, you crazy kids! Turn around. I knew it, I knew it the minute I looked at you that your hair was bobbed," she exclaimed.

Babel broke out in the room. It was no longer filled with wax figures, but chattering, laughing girls. Dot Graham, who had been the one to call Anne, jumped up to walk abstractedly from one girl to another, comb in hand, to get their honest opinion as to what she should do. Her hair had been arranged as nearly as possible to get the bobbed effect, and now, now she must decide whether or no. "If I only didn't have directors to think of next year," she wailed, "I'd do it in a minute." Some said "yes," some "no." After ten minutes she was no nearer a decision than before.

"It must be lots of fun to cause as much excitement as those two have," mused the newcomer, quietly sitting on her meager share of the bed. "Wonder how I'd look with mine that way?"

Was it fate, or thought communication that made Ruth Lee sit up with a start just then to announce, "Anne ought to have her's done; it would be good for her hair; besides, her face is just the right kind."

Eyes—green. brown, blue, and gray—their pupils dilated with excitement, turned eagerly to Anne. From that moment, she was besieged on all sides by pleadings, coaxings, comments, even threats.

Appeals of all sorts were made. Who was to touch the responsive chord in Anne's heart? In the very midst of all this exhortation Anne rose, stretching her arms high above her head, affected a yawn behind her hand, then sat down in the fatal chair with perfect nonchalance.

Discussion as to the proper length of the hair delayed operations slightly. The unconsulted Anne sat quietly until the thing was decided to the satisfaction of all. With the first snip of the scissors her heart almost stopped beating. She hoped the others would not notice how her truant courage had given her the slip. Dot, thoughtful even in the hour of need, picked up each strand as it fell, and laid it carefully away in a Saturday Evening Post.

"There, Anne, old girl, it's all done" the executioner announced triumphantly.

A hand went slowly to Anne's head. It met an ear which thrust itself out proudly, glad to see the world again. With her hand still to her head, she turned slowly to look at herself in the mirror.

"But look, look how it looks!" she choked. Her hand slowly groped its way all over her head. It was such funny endy stuff. Oh, dear, why had she done it?

As some folks know, bobbed hair has just one fault. One can never be sure what it will do to one. There are the girls to whom it is most kind; it takes uncomplimentary years away and replaces them with an air of piquancy which it alone can give. There are other girls to whom it pleases to jest, even to the point of cruelty. Anne belonged unmistakably to this second class. Grotesque was perhaps the most fitting word to describe the effect.

The girls did not have much to say. They felt their share in the deed, and the ill-concealed tears in Anne's eyes were poor solace to painful consciences. It was done, however, and they must make the best of it. Curling would undoubtedly improve the wayward locks.

Anne got back to her own door a half hour later that night, having experienced a gamut of troubling emotions en route. She pausd on the threshold listening. The roomies were evidently back from the movies, for their two voices were plainly to be heard in conversation with a third, which the listener recognized as Katherine Eddy's.

With a "Well, how do you like it?" Anne was in the room, her back turned to the quickly closed door. A prolonged silence, eloquent with disapproval, was broken by a single "Huh!" from Louise.

"Fine chance you'll have with Dr. Cobbett now," jeered Kap, remembering well Anne's vulnerable spot, as Kap always had the faculty of doing when angry. This shot told, for Anne's mouth twisted itself into a sickly grin, as her eyes fell on the picture at her desk. It was only a newspaper clipping of the newly appointed college physician, but it was none the less dear to her, even if wasn't an autographed cabinet.

That night her dreams were indeed troubled. Shining little devils, disguised as scissors, snipped and shagged their dancing way through Anne's dreams. The breakfast bell was for once a welcome sound, for its cheery noise drove them back into the dark Unknown from whence they had come.

The next day, Anne experienced enough notoriety to last her the rest of her life. Strange things happened, too, for coming face to face with the Dean, Miss Hare, she was promptly held up for inspection. Dizzy from spinning around to show herself off, she nearly lost her balance at a "It looks very well, child, and will do your hair good." Had it really been the

Dean? "Oh, well," she thought, "wonders will never cease."

In spite of some victories, Anne found the roomies still inexorable and even cruel enough to start off alone to the movies at four o'clock. They hadn't even asked her.

She tried to sew, to read, even got out the earth-worm, but all in vain. The continual disapproval of the roomies hurt a little.

Strolling into the main office about a half hour before dinner, Anne was just in time to answer the imperative summons of the Dean's private 'phone.

"Hello! Hello!"

"Yes?" replied Anne.

"May I speak to Miss Hare, please?"

An imp of mischief prompted the forsaken one to say, "This is Miss Hare speaking—Miss Bobbed Hair."

"Eh! Eh! ——" The person at the other end of the wire was rather obviously disconcerted. "You—you say you are, or you have bobbed hair?"

"I have bobbed hair. I cut it so short last night that it doesn't quite cover my ears. About two inches long, I believe," explained Anne.

"Very interesting, indeed. More young women should do it. Good for the hair. Most sanitary. Yes, yes, quite interesting."

It seemed there was nothing more to say. Anne did not quite know how to end the conversation she had so flippantly begun.

After a second that seemed like weeks she heard the strange voice with the pleasant burr say again, "Are you finding it a great success?"

"No; it's horrible! It makes me look perfectly hideous. They don't fool me, even if they are too polite to say so," she confessed bravely.

"Well, well—hem! You see it's this way: I am writing an article for a woman's magazine on the care of the hair, and I had considered recommending it for sanitary reasons. But, if it is so disadvantageous, eh—I think I ought to talk to you about it before I make any definite statements. Your frank confession rather interests me. Would you put up with me for an hour or so within a few days, for the sake of—of this article? This is Dr. Cobbett speaking."

Anne may have said "Yes." She hoped so. However, the real question was "Did bobbed hair, or Miss Bobbed Hair, interest Dr. Cobbett more?"

THE PAST

By Edward Bridges

A student sat at his reading desk
Thinking of by gone days,
Recalling the pleasures the past had held
In hundreds of different ways.

Never again will he romp and play
As he did in days of yore,
The joys of childhood are o'er and gone,
Gone to return no more.

The time seems short since he ran about
Without a sorrow or care,
But now in each added day he sees
Another burden to bear.

Such are his thoughts as he ponders long
On pleasures without alloy,
But in after life he will think of today
As the time that he did enjoy.

Is There a College Type

Is there, in any sense of the word, a college type? In my opinion, there is not. Of course, I am making what may seem a sweeping statement and, unfortuntely, the only first hand knowledge I have on this subject comes from my experience in one college. But I shall assume that Bucknell is typical of the countless number of small colleges in America, and that conditions in these small colleges are substantially the same.

I have two reasons to offer in support of my opinion. In the first place, the campus of today attracts all varieties of students, who enter into just as many fields of study as there are types. The campus today is no longer the seclusive retreat for the sons of professional men. It stands today as an open forum for those who desire and will. The son of the coal miner enjoys the same privileges as the son of the coal magnate. The daughter of a laundress feels herself socially equal to the daughter of one of the elite. It can hardly be expected that out of such a co-mingling of types there will emerge head and shoulders above the rest one outstanding college type.

Then again, there is no real college type because the artificial distinction between college life and the outside world are passing away. The campus is being swept from its passive seclusions into the seething, strengthening currents of the rest of the world. Numberless drives for objects outside college budgets, the visits of social secretaries bringing the student into touch with other institutions, the introduction of vocational bureaus—all these and other influences are taking the student out of the narrow sphere of his campus and sending him out bearing the stamp of a world citizen, rather than that of a university citizen.

WHY?

I know not why
In the quiet of the night
My thoughts take winged flight;
Nor why I sit and ponder
About the unseen yonder,
Whence mortal man, once he sets sail,
Ne'er returns to rend the veil.

I know not why
At the close of day,
Existence seeming dull and grey,
That I should dream and wonder—wonder
At some maddening, brutal blunder,
Asking whither, and to what end,
Failures, human strivings trend.

But this I know
That somehow good
Must come from woe and ill;
That human passion, human will
At last shall both be understood
When scarred and bruised in His sight
We come into a conscious life.

THE "I" IN IBSEN

Gail B. Young

The gods were surely in a most serious mood when they gave the world Ibsen. Moreover, they were generous, for the character of Henrik Ibsen is built of some highly valuable and interesting qualities. We call this writer a dramatist; but he was far more—he was a thinker. What is more important in the treatment of the great writer is the fact that he realized he had stepped a few paces before most men in the channels of Reason. He was an analyst; he resolved the combination of truth and civilization's thin veneer into its component parts, upholding only the cold facts. For these reasons and others we think that Ibsen's self—apart from his wonderful intellect and abundant knowledge—accounts for the novel masterpieces he gave to the world. To be plainly spoken, the inevitable "ego" underlined his works.

This last statement, which we have been bold enough to make, is intended as praise rather than as a derogatory observation. In fact, the subjects which this man handled in such a capable manner, could not have been handled by any other than Henrik Ibsen. Having studied certain social problems, he found evils in the social system. Over this corruption in the heart of society he ponderd and reasoned until he formed very definite ideas on these subjects. However, he did not stop with forming ideas. No, this was not his nature; his ideas grew in intensity—they became part of Ibsen's self.

It seems on this account very probable that he decided to publish his ideas in the form of plays. His whole soul being in this task, he adopted a way in which he might most vividly portray the presence of evils in the human race. What better way could he have proceeded to cause people to halt, think, and ponder over some of the biggest of social problems? We find that nothing could have answered so well as the actual reproductions of life. To be sure, the stage was never given a sterner task—but with the masterful aid of Ibsen, it withstood all cries of failure and finally won a brilliant victory.

The play was Ibsen's method of putting his ideas before the people. This stands forth as quite natural since he and his ideas are about one and the same thing. One's inner self is more or less greedy; Ibsen cherished his sentiments, believed in them and chose the best possible means of making them bear fruit. To be brief, he was selfish for the sake of his ideas. Throughout nearly all his estimable works we find that he has delivered a very ringing harangue which grumbles beneath the words of the actors much in the same manner as does the awe inspiring booming of distant waves moan amid the music and general jollity on a sea-side pleasure pavilion. Ibsen is constantly at work throughout the whole enactment of his dramatic productions breaking down imaginary protests which he thought his audiences would make. He carries on a constant argument as if in fear that some are voicing disapproval. In other words, so wrapped up in his discoveries and thoughts is he that he regards himself as perhaps the sole exposer of certain social monsters—regarding most people as careless individuals who do not wish to look the realities of life in the face. We, in our humble opinion, think that Ibsen was wrong—but not without excuse.

Evidence of such a tendency upon Ibsen's part is found in his plays "The Wild Duck," "Ghosts," "Peer Gynt," "The Doll's House," and "An Enemy of the People." Nearly everyone must agree that the works mentioned above are not ordinary, artificial literary gushings but are the out-pourings of an earnest and sincere heart. More truly, Ibsen's productions are made of the substance of his soul. After thus briefly discussing this marvelous thinker, we can come to but one conclusion: "The Gods put the 'I' in Ibsen."

* * * *

LEADING IDEAS IN WORDSWORTH

A poet, according to Wordsworth, is not a mere sentimentalist and writer of verse; a real poet is a man, able to express human feelings better than the average person, yet speaking in the language of men to men. His chief function is to be an interpreter of life; and that he may form fair judgments he must be broad minded, sympathetic, unprejudiced in his views, a keen student of human nature, and possessor of a sensitive imagination. Looking at life from every possible angle, the poet tries to arrive at truth—truth that is general and visible, and not that local and remote truth which the man of science seeks.

Again, Wordsworth says, the poet must endeavor to produce immediate pleasure in the mind of his audience; for it is through the great elementary principle of pleasure—pleasure such as knowledge gives us—that man knows, feels, lives, and moves. To this end, and since man and nature are closely akin, the poet studies and converses with nature in its broadest sense; and tries to quicken with thought and feeling the common experience of men. He chooses an infinite variety of subjects; nothing is beyond his ken that is related in any way to man. Through elemental feelings and thoughts common to all men regardless of race or language he binds together human society. Poetry thus becomes an essential element of human culture, and is the finer spirit of all knowledge.

So Wordsworth, living up to his creed, presents in his poetry emotions and ideas which men of all ages and races experience at some time in the course of their lives. Contemplating nature, he recalls what comfort and solace the remembrance of her had brought to him when far away in the crowded city; and how through her he has gained insight into some of the great truths of life. He finds that he no longer loves her with that animal enjoyment of his younger days, for contact with the outer world has made him more thoughtful and serious. But in losing his youthful rapture he has gained a larger sympathy and understanding for humanity, and a recognition of that divine power which pervades both nature and the soul of man. He has learned that nature daily presents new joys and pleasures to those who love her, and blesses and comforts them at all times; and, realizing this, he worships her with a deeper, holier love than ever before.

Wordsworth recalls how, as a youth, he had been blindly impulsive, and had often followed the spontaneous dictates of his heart without regard to law or self control. He had loved Freedom and worshipped Liberty, but he has come to learn that liberty without law is mere licentiousness. He sees that everything is subject to a great, fundamental and universal law—the stars above him, the flowers that bloom before him—all things are controlled by a stern power, and without that guiding power the universe could not be. He realizes that human beings are subject to errors and temptations which they could not correct or resist if there were not a sense of duty and restraint upon their hearts. He recognizes the inherent weakness of those who, guided by passion and impulse, lack character enough to rise to self sacrifice and self control; and determines that while Duty is a stern taskmaster, it is a necessary one, and that therefore he will turn to it for guidance throughout the remainder of his life.

Wordsworth's broadmindness and sympathy for others is seen in his plea for universal education. He realizes that uneducated people are little better than slaves, and that there can be no true liberty until everyone is taught and trained. He points out to the British lawgivers what advantages the nation would gain if it instructed its people, since this would enable them to better understand laws and current matters, and would remove much of the danger of discontent and lawlessness. Again, it would benefit the whole world for Englishmen could establish new communities in many other lands and spread the idea of universal education among all nations and races. Wordsworth realizes that no nation can become great and remain so, if the mass of the people are ignorant and uncultured; and although he anticipates education reform by several years, he doubtless hastens its coming somewhat.

Like many great literary men, Wordsworth has a keen interest in world politics and events that are happening about him; and always he upholds the cause of liberty and right against tyranny and oppression. He was particularly interested in the French Revolution, and watched its progress at first with all the enthusiasm of a young idealist; for he sympathized with the revolutionists and thought that when they had delivered France from her yoke of bondage a republican form of government would be set up which would typify the ideal of all lovers of liberty the world over. But the horrors of the Reign of Terror and the subsequent rise of Napoleon Bonaparte to power produce a feeling of sad disillusionment and tragic disappointment in the poet. Realizing that France has rid herself of one oppressor only to gain a worse one, Wordsworth does not hesitate to urge England and her allies to hasten to bring Napoleon's military tyranny to an uncompromising conclusion. He is neither a pacifist nor a radical, but believes that "when wickedness acknowledges no limit but the extent of her power. . . . . the only worthy opposition is that of virtue submitting to no circumspection of her endeavors save that of her rights . . . ." And in spite of the failure of that great experiment known as the French Revolution, Wordsworth never recants his allegiance to the principle of liberty. However, he comes to believe that the grand ideal of Freedom cannot be realized in any form of human government, but belongs to the individual man, so far as he is worthy of it and is inflamed with the love of God in nature.

Throughout his poetry Wordsworth shows himself to be ever calm, quiet and steadfast. There is a dignity and solemnity about his works which remind one of Milton's, and without doubt Wordsworth was his great admirer. Always the advocate of lofty emotions and ideals, and a sponsor of justice and freedom, one can scarcely keep from admiring him. His poetry has none of that sparkling, and at times, bitter wit and satire which is so often characteristic of Byron, nor does he long for wholly untrammeled freedom, as Shelley; and therefore he generally has a greater appeal to the older and more serious generation. But he has endeared himself to all lovers of nature, and doubtless has proved a source of inspiration and courage to many thousands, for his works have a depth and universal appeal which will cause his name to be numbered among those of great literary men for centuries to come.

* * * *

I worked all day to build a wall against tomorrow's ills,
And present ills were cast into a heap.
Tomorrow never came with its fevers and its chills.
Today began my ill-earned endless sleep.

* * * *

The Ideal American Spirit

* * * *

I ask not power nor fame, Oh God,
As the gift of the world to me,
Only to win as Thou didst win
In the garden of Gethsemane.
May I be a servant, Oh Lord, of Thine,
A servant on whom I depend,
One who'll be true in struggles hard
And prove true until the end.
May I not covet the gold of the world
That makes men forget to be kind,
But may I covet the gold of men's hearts
The gold that enriches the mind.
Some deed of kindness each day, Oh Lord,
There's plenty for me to do;
Make me help where'er I possibly can
And to the Golden Rule be true.
So, doing something for others each day,
The happier may I be,
And then I know, forgetful of all
I can best be a follower of Thee.

CRACKS
IN THE
"MIRROR"

A BIOLOGICAL ROMANCE

Scene—Microscope field.

Characters—Amy Ameba and Peter Paramoecium.

The scene discloses Amy Ameba reclining lazily on a bed of fungus. About her, flitting aimlessly, may be seen the various saucy forms that live in the great world of micro-organisms. As Amy shifts a protoplasmic leg, Peter Paramoecium, the hero of our story, enters.

"Dearest," gushed Pete, as he darted impulsively towards his sweetheart. In vain he tried to embrace her.

Extending an oily arm or two, Amy repulsed him with ease. Eyeing him narrowly she addressed him thus:

"Cut the movie stuff, Pete. I know your intentions are good but the cilia on your chin tickle something awful."

Pete trembled with mixed anger and tender emotion. Amy, despite herself, felt that the angry palpitations of her heart must be visible to Pete through the thin transparent hide that was to him the very epitome of "The Skin You Love to Touch."

"But Amy," protested Pete, "you know darn well that if I lose my whiskers I can never protect thee—like Samson I'll lose my strength. Am I for a mere ameboid whim to give up my right to existence? Am I to gain my love by losing my life?"

Amy wavered. More than that—she was deeply moved. Raising a limp hand she wiped away a gelatinous tear.

"Pete, dear," she sobbed, but here the dialogue of the lovers was rudely interrupted by a monstrous worm who seemed to have designed Amy's jelly-like sweetness for a 10 o'clock lunch. He opened a gaping mouth, only to have it filled by the tiny barbs which Pete threw from every whisker. Balked, the monster backed away.

"Oh!" Amy blubbered on Pete's shoulder, "My hero, you have saved me from an awful death."

"Can the sob stuff," said Pete, nonchalantly, "Now do you want me to shave?"

"No; never," replied Amy, as with a tender uplifting of her langourous eyes she caused him to gravitate towards her. Gently he clasped a somewhat elusive hand. Silent with emotions that he could not express, Peter Paramoecium clasped his slimy sweetheart in those same arm-like whiskers that had befuddled the monster. Then with a great heave of emotion he managed to exude, "Do you love me?"

With an oily smile, Amy gazed up into his eyes and gurgled "Oh, you ciliae (silly) boy."

—ANN ONYMOUS.

* * * *

"INJUN-EARS AN A. B'S."

By ZEKE HARDAPPLE

Wal hear i be agin by jikity an i shure bin havin menny funny xpeareansis sins i last sean yu. Wun thing i notussed abaout this hear plais an that is thairs a soart uv rukshun agoin awn awl the tym betwene them thair injun-ears an stewdints wat is cawld a. b.'s. Naow i aint rite shure wat theas hear a. b.'s is but fer the presint ile cawl them ornry bums fer i gess that is wat moast uv them is enyway. Naow the injun-ears sez theas hear a. b.'s is ony stewdints wat was injun-ears wunst an wat becaim a. b.'s becaws they didunt pass thair steadies an beraws a. b.'s steadies is ony ezy stuf eny way. Naow aint that turifick?

I wuz agoin daown the strete tother day an i met a fella wat wuz the funyest lukin gy i ever sean. He wuz a big overgroan slabsyde with a noze wat luked lik a carrut with the pip an a maowth wat wuz as big as the dore on my ole mans caow barn back in rattulsnaik gulsh. gosh i figgered if heed a bin travelin with a cerkus thaid a had ta kepe him away from the elefunts or heed a swallered sum a them shure as pop. An i doant sea how he kepes th erest uv him outsyd fer gosh awl pancaiks if i had a hoal in mye fais as big as that fella ide bea skaird skiny i wuz agoin tu waik up sum uf theas hear moarnins an finde myself abaout 1-2 dygestid. Gosh aint that turifick?

Wel eny way this hear big galoot he sez tu me sez he hello freshman an i sez tu him sez i hello funyfais an gosh awl jehoopersnaiks he got maddern a mewl with a bunyan. i didunt mene nuthin bye it but he luked so funy tu me that i cudent help sain sumthin like that. Wel wen heed culed awf a bit he cum up cloas tu me an he sez sez he say freshman doant yu no bettern to tawk tu an injun-ear like that?an i sez tu him sez i skuse me mister i didunt no yu wuz an injun-ear ya luked moar tu me like a mewl-ear an then he got awl the madder and he cums up tu me an sez heel nock my branes owt an jest abaout then i got kinda mad tu fer i doant perzackly hanker aftur havin eny gy wat cunfesez tu havin ears like an injun tel me heel nock mye brans out—i aint got menny an i nede wat i got tu bad fer that an besyds if i dew luze them i want sumbuddy tew nock them owt wat doant luke like a overgroan adinoyed. wel we xchanged a fue moar plezint wurds an finely he sez sez he i spoze pure wun uv them a. b.'s fer awl a. b.'s is farmurs an yure a gude xampel an i sez tu him sez i wel yu bettur luk owt yung feller an doant let ny cerkus man sea ya fer then nead hot tire tanks tu kepe the laflin hyeanuz warm an yude maik a bettur fernus than a man enyway speshully seain as haow thairs a lotta frickshun beatwean yure jawz. Wel he luked a lot madder but he diddnut say nuthin moar an wauked away, an as its vs. my custum tu fite eny moar than nessusary i did the saim. Aint that turifick?

Wel sir i met anuther fella bowt ten minnits laiter an he wuz anuther funy lukin horsisnick. He wuz a littul sawdawf runt bowt as big as skwash with gallupin flees an he had hare awn his hed wat luked tu me like it shud aut tu uv bin on a yeller purp stead uv on a hewmin bein. an he had awn a pare uv them thare glasis wat is cawld tortusshell a if he didunt luke like the back end uv a eary trane goin sowth wy i doant no wat. wel sir wen he wuz acummin up the strete he wuz a shakin hished an throwin his hans arownd like a craizy man. i stoped an ast him wuz he sik or sumthin an he sez sez he no my deer boy ime not sik or nuthin i wuz jes rewminatin on the kosmick posubilitie of the rejewvinashun uv mankind an then he went awn with a lotta moar guff like that an finely i sez tu him sez i whoa thair mister Webstir i doant follo yu very wel an that ony maid him wurs fer he startud tawkin bout bewties of abstrack things an poltry in natur an awl that soart uv bunk an then i lips in an sez sez i yung fella wat are yu eny way an he sez sez he ime a stewdint uv the beeutiful an commun men cawl me an a. b. gosh awl buckweet sez i yu may be a stewdint uv beeutie but yure a lawng way frum bein a beeutiful stewdint. then he sez sumthin abowt wen i git oldur ile maybe be abul tu sea the beeutys of the hyer mind an then he wauked away. gee i figgered if heas sposed tu bea beeutiful wy then i mus bea gosh awful gude lukin myself. Aint that turifick?

Noaw i ben thinkin purty much abowt theas hear injun-ears an a. b.'s an i cum tu the cunclushun that them injun-ears is a bunch uv laimbraned oisters wat aint go tthe cents uv a skybawled mewl an them thair a. b.'s is wat ide cawl a crawss betwean a awstridge tryin tu fly an a kucku with the jumpin tuthaik sumthin like the berd wat trize tu fly over a barn an gits stuck on the staibel. Wel i gess its like the poit sez

Sum men is daown
Sum men is up
Sum men yapp
Like a yaller pup
But the man wat werks
An shets his maouth
Will never sea
His werk goe saouth.
Naouw aint that turifick?

* * * *

The Orpheum shows "The Lost City,"
Which really, then, must have been found.
Anyway, 'twould have been such a pity
To let a lost city lie 'round.

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SOLOMON

Among the ancient men who bore
The rep of being wise,
King Solomon would come before
The rest—so I surmise.
He knew just how to save his gold
As all good Hebrews do,
But then—the land was never cold
And coal strikes were taboo.
He had about a million slaves
To clean his house and such,
For though he had two hundred wives
They didn't help him much.
They spent their time in buying veils
And rings and purple cloth,
Or writing home to Jakes or Jaels
With whom the King was wroth.
For Solomon you will recall
Among his many wives
Could number women from most all
The Jewish courts and dives.
The Jebusites and Hittites were
His most especial friends,
But—mention Semites and he'd "G-r-r-r"
And there my story ends.

—ANN ONYMOUS.

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How Soon?

Frosh in East College—"Say, Bill, may I use your shower tonight. The regulator on mine isn't working well."

"Bill"—"Sure, but you'll have to walk down unless you come early. Jerry says he won't run the elevator after eleven tonight."

*****

Among the Faculty

First Prof. (somewhat bald)—"Just got a hair cut."

Second Prof.—"Looks like a shine."

*****

Prof.—"What separates Japan from China?"

'23—"The League of Nations."

*****

Hints to Parents

Don't allow the children to throw baseballs through the neighbor's windows; they will lose the baseball. Let them throw bricks.

Never allow a child to play with a diamond. He may scratch the stove.

Just Like Dad

Frosh (excitedly)—"Father, I passed Shakespeare today."

Father (the poor fish)—"Did he speak?"—Pitt Panther.

*****

Classic

"How was iron first discovered?" Fresh—"I'm a little rusty on that, but I think they smelt it."—Cornell Widow.

*****

A Cinch

"I'll marry you on one condition."

"That's all right; I entered college on four."—Yale Record.

*****

Prof. in Sociology—"Now let us have some examples of people who got their names from animals."

Voice in Rear—"'Doggie' Julian."

DEAD ONES

Last Saturday
I went over the Gettysburg Battlefield
And I saw the places where many men are
Now resting in eternal sleep. I climbed
Little Round Top, inspected Devil's Den,
And saw the Wheat Field, the Bloody Angle,
And Culp's Hill, where many brave men
Met heroic death.

I went into the
National Cemetery, and saw the
Spot where Lincoln made his address
Which is still held as a masterpiece.
Everywhere the dead were sleeping, hearing
And seeing nothing, and knowing naught of
What was going on in the world.

Yesterday
I went into Dr. Martin's class
In Anthropology, and saw all around me
Men resting in peaceful sleep.
All over the class room were tired
Students, sleeping their few brains away,
And lulled to still deeper slumber by the soft cooing
Of the worthy doctor.

While I was watching the
Sleepers, and hearing the words of
Golden wisdom wasting their sweetness
On the desert air, I was struck with the
Similarity of that class room and the
Gettysburg battlefield because there were
So many dead ones around.

After due reflection,
I decided that on a warm afternoon
When the odors of sweet spring flowers
Came in the windows with every breath of wind,
It was much more comfortable to forget the cares
Of the world, so I picked out the softest
Part of my chair and joined the ranks of the dead myself.

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THE SPRITE

A student's life is peopled with sprites, which are constantly stealing from the outside world through the doors of the senses into the crevasses of the brain. These sprites are of various kinds. Some of them are bringing suggestions which will help the victim of this spirit warfare in his daily problems, but the others—and what a host of them there are! These beings wickedly smuggle in ideas which cause the victim to fall prey to their suggestions. Unfair deals, lessons unfinished and indifference are only a few of the evidences of these clandestine workers.

Unusual as the occurrence is, one of these sprites was actually seen by a human. Gayly colored, moving gracefully, one of these beings took a seat on the edge of the table just as a college student was about to open his book.

"Why waste your time studying? You won't get called on tomorrow. Hear the fellows down stairs having a good time playing cards and singing. Don't be a grind and soft spined. Go along and have a good time."

All this was said in a clear voice in the most persuasive tone, far more influencing than the expression of human could even be. The sprite flitted around for a few minutes until the book closed and he heard the door opening down stairs. A gale of laughter issued from the room. The sprite clapped his hands and hurried away to the next victim.

Now this sprite was procrastination. Of all the families of sprites that inhabit the paths of student temptation, this one has the greatest number of victims to his credit. He is one of the greatest evils the college student meets. Through his entreaty lessons and other duties are laid aside continually to find a more convenient time for doing them, when one knows confidently that he will never be any more free to do the task than at the present. How many times are our essays postponed until the next day in the hope that some brilliant thought or inspiration might arrive during the half hour, the only vacant period before class. How many times this little demon gets control of us, consequently preventing us from the possibilities of our work worthy of ourselves.

The college student must learn during his course, if he has not previously learned, to conquer this tempting being. In the world, we shall have to measure up to rigid demands. There's no waiting then, until the opportune time arrives, no delaying until a whim of pleasure appears. Procrastination is not among the sprites that people the being of the man who succeeds.

Ray !!! Bucknell !!!

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TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Or, The Boys Are Marching

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT (WITH EPILOGUE)
(ANONYMOUS, BY REQUEST)

Editor's Note:

(We feel that it is only fitting that the following fragment (we use the word advisedly) of drama should be prefaced by an appreciative and explanatory note. We received with pleasure this contribution, for it shows in its simplicity that the trend of dramatic art is gradually coming back more and more to the touching scenes of common every day life, bringing with it little sketches like this one which we print below. The reader will surely read between the lines of this masterful sketch, and appreciate the heart wringing pathos intermingled with the humorous dress of the production, and cannot fail to be struck by the lines, which are indeed Shakesperian in their clarity and definiteness of purpose.)

THE SCENE IS LAID IN A BAR ROOM.
TIME—THE PAST (OF COURSE)
DRAMATIS PERSONAE
(Translation)
THE CAST:

IKE	A Tramp
MIKE	Another
TIKE	And That's One More
STRIKE	A Full Blooded Mongrel, Named After a Famous Railroad One
BARTENDER	(But Very Tough)

Enter STRIKE, who thinks he smells the spirit of a rabbit, but finds it is only the spirits in the kegs.

Enter IKE, shuffling as all tramps do.

Enter MIKE, also.

Enter TIKE, doing the same thing.

(They line up in squad formation, company front. IKE turns to MIKE and whispers a word. MIKE turns to TIKE and does likewise. TIKE then turns and whistles to STRIKE, who desists from sniffing at the beer kegs and gets in line also.)

IKE (in stentorian tones, a bit husky like all tramp's voices) ABOUT FACE!

(IKE, MIKE, TIKE and STRIKE face about to the bar)

IKE (in stentorianer tones, a bit huskier) COUNT OFF!

IKE—ONE!

MIKE—TWO!

TIKE—THREE!

STRIKE—FOUR! (A most intelligent canine.)

BARTENDER (who is so very tough) Four what? (He holds up a sign which reads: SHOW YER DOUGH FIRST. WE'LL SHOW YER DRINK AFTER.

STRIKE (Sadly shaking his leonine head) I'LL BITE!

IKE (much less stentorianly) TO THE REAR, MARCH.

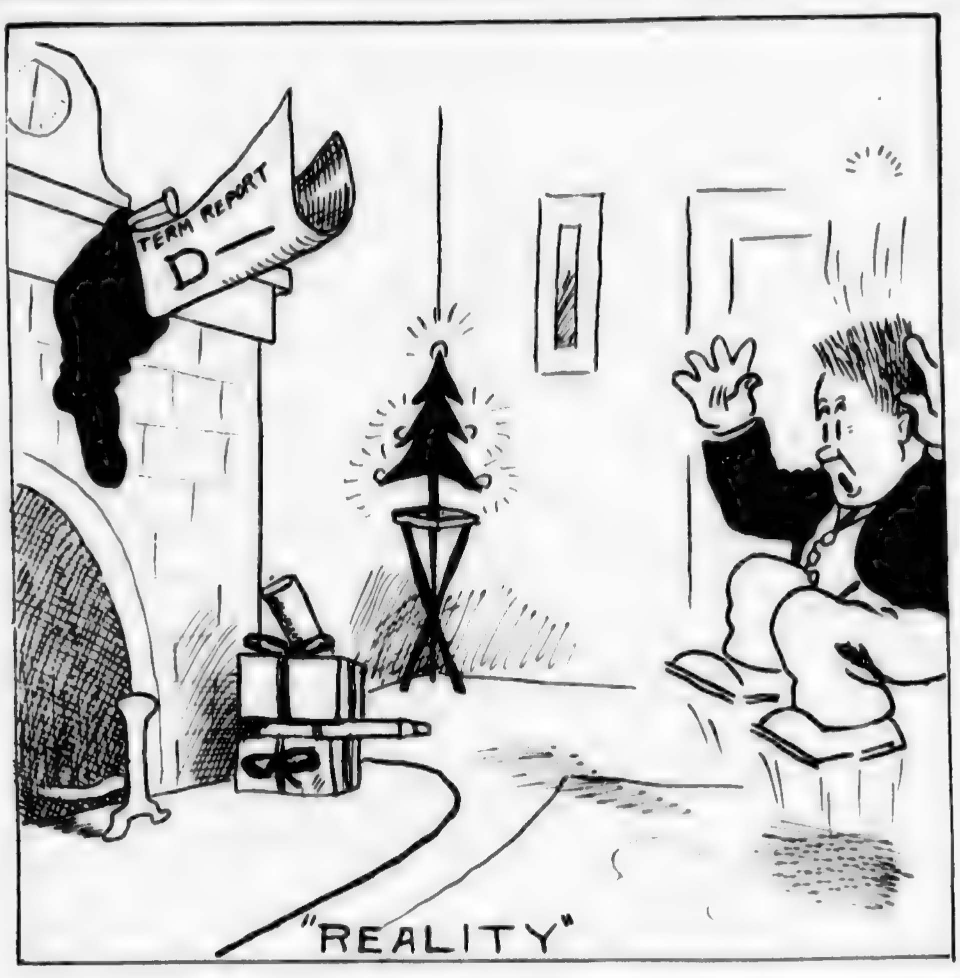
Exit severally, STRIKE, TIKE, MIKE and IKE (still shuffling as tramps do)

EPILOGUE

(By the Bartender who is so extremely tough)

Bartender—HOT DOG!

(Slow Curtain)



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The Autobiography of a Freshman

My strange and eventful career began on a bright sunny June afternoon in the Year of our Lord nineteen hundred and four. The birds were singing merrily from the trees of the quiet little hamlet in New Jersey, and such as remained after my arrival probably found it an impossibility to tune up with the two fisted, leather-lunged, nine and a half pound visitor, who was leaving no doubt of his existence in any one's mind.

My sire was a knight—of the mines and bridges. Finding engineering a career far too wandering for a man with a family, he adopted salesmanship of construction materials as his profession. At the advanced age of two I climbed the highest cherry trees, went calling, uninvited, on all the neighbors, and was a well known character in all the gutters, flower beds, and cake boxes of the neighborhood. Two years later on the advice of my parents and the requests of a goodly number of harassed citizens who were being driven to nervous prostration by having the hair clipped from their pussies, their chickens driven all over the neighborhood and their windows shattered by the active young David who was growing up in their midst, I was sent to a kindergarten to mingle and scheme with other young heathen who had either outstripped my many feats or were fast on my heels. Competition spurs one to advancement and, two years later, after much experience in placing snakes in my dear teacher's desk, pushing my little "Fauntleroyed" playmates into brown oozy mud puddles, and shooting pieces of chalk across the room with incredible speed and accuracy, I was so perfect a model of devilish ingenuity and premanly accomplishments, as there was in all the neighboring country side.

The time flew and I grew in stature and in disfavor with man and beast. I could throw the biggest boy in my crowd, climb the highest fruit trees, catch the biggest tad poles, and eat the most of everything. Girls, I hated—at first; then my growing brain began to function. They brought me the

(Continued on Page Twenty-eight)

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ALL LEATHERS

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THE ROBIN

The chief of the first tribe was sad,
In camp no feast or mirth,
For North Wind's tomahawk of ice
Would come to fireless earth.

He looked at crimson leaves like flame—
No warmth was wrapped therein;
He looked at heaps of dead brown leaves—
In them no warmth had been.

Haze lay like smoke on wood and lake,
But oh! no smoke was there,
No warming glow hid 'neath that haze
The dead camp fire to cheer.

A council met of all the braves,
The foremost of the band;
All feared the time when Winter cruel,
Mahna, should seize the land.

The chief of the first tribe stood straight,
His arms outstretched to sky—
"Great Spirit, look upon thy tribe,
New fire send, or we die."

Then Gitchi Manitow replied,
Great Spirit from the sky,
"I gave fire once, now you must learn
To make your fire or die."

Opechee, then, quiet Robin brown,
From leaf tepee nearby,
Friend of the tribe, he quickly flew
To Mahpeeyah, the sky.

Dim, dim, dimmer, grew his shape,
He went on mission great,
Dim, clear, clearer, he returned,
But after weary wait.

His beak with brightest flame did burn;
A piece of the sun he bore,
And took it to the camp fire cold,
And made it blaze once more.

Then fluttered weakly to the ground,
And beat his wings in pain.
They bore him to the chief's tepee
Till he could fly again.

But on the Robin's breast the sun
Its imprint deep had burned,
As Robin plain he started out,
As Redbreast he returned.

The Autobiography of a Freshman

(Continued from Page Twenty-six)

best lunches, ropes, and sleds to school. Soon girls lost their usefulness and my fancy turned to other things. Music. tennis, and stamp collecting were first in my mind. While in the sixth grade, much against my will, I was forced to write a composition on the harms of tobacco. Horrors! My father, his father, and several generations of grandfathers had smoked since they were big enough to carry matches and now I had to disgrace the family record. Just for spite I wrote the best I knew how and took the prize for the best grammar school essay in the state.

My first year of high school was rather full. The second day of school I was chosen president of my class and the third day I skipped a grade. I still retained my presidency in the eigth grade as I was taking two of my former subjects. With war speeches which I detested and owl hunting in which I reveled, I found plenty to do. I consider the raising of three monkey-faced owls as one of the greatest accomplishments of my life. Several other Daniel Boones had tried the same feat but had failed. On a diet of raw meat three times a day they grew from tiny white fuzzy balls to full fledged owls with beautiful brown coats of feathers and ghostly snow-white faces. I never hear an owl cry in our tall whispering pines on a moonlight night without thinking of my ungainly pets.

My ambition had been to have a gun. My hero had a beautiful hammerless model with long shiny double barrels. I used to trudge with him for miles over heather, marsh, briar and wood. I was just as proud of his game as if I had shot it myself. Soon I had one of my own fully as fine as his, and, confidentially, better. With a few pals of my fancy I hunted every field and marsh for miles around. The first and last days of duck and rabbit season were red letter days upon which no school or any other work ever infringed. I observed the opening of the pike season with the same dili-

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gence. Not for ten times what I could have learned in school would I trade my long tiresome wild tramp. That was living.

I took a great interest in all our school plays and parties. In the Junior-Senior Reception I took the part of a dashing hero lover. I won my lady and was supposed to start across the platform to kiss her just as the curtain fell. It didn't fall, for some fool reason, known best to my loving friends, and I was left stranded in the middle of the stage with a blushing girl in my arms. We will go on to the next subject. For some reason I took only a small interest in school athletics up to the close of my Junior year, even though I specialized in all the wild stunts an ape, a water rat, and a steeple jack could devise. One night after a track meet in which I had not even scored, chiefly because of lack of practice, I was told by a certain person who had formerly treated me very decently, that I couldn't do anything. This got under my skin and the next year I made the tackle position on our team, which was the county champions, and I defeated the champion shot putters in a hard fought meet. I played tennis with all the stars in the vicinity, and I was in quite a few tournaments. There was no High School team; so I had to take out my vengeance on mature players.

All the while my studies were leisurely neglected. I read hundreds of travel and adventure tales, a fair amount of Shakespeare, Longfellow, and Kipling, myriads of myths and legends of all times and countries, a few biographies and novels—but rarely a school book.

Why, I cannot tell; probably because they were required. The same book I would delight in on a chilly rainy night seemed horribly dry and irksome when required by the teacher. All my grammar school work was done in the sense of play. I read history and geography for the fun of it and rarely ever studied an assigned lesson with the exception of mathematics. Yet, I am told that my average the last year of grammar school was within less than half a point of a hundred. I remember every detail of the work; yet my High School education seems, on the whole, an endless jumble of meaningless facts and theorems. It was so easy to slide through

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with passing marks that I never gave a thought to respectable averages. I graduated and received my diploma, which would admit me to most colleges.

Early in the fall I chose Bucknell. I like the college, my studies, and my teachers immensely. My purpose here is to get a good foundational education by taking the A. B. course.

I could give endless experiences; summers in Maine and mountains, tennis matches all over the east, ducking on the lashing winter waters of the Delaware and the Atlantic, and moonlight raids on melon patches and apple orchards. They would fill books and some will come later. The thing that impresses me is that the past is over, and not so well spent at that. The future is ahead, and let us hope that it contains a fair amount of real work and a great deal of the outdoor life I love.

Does it seem an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak?
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.—Whittier.

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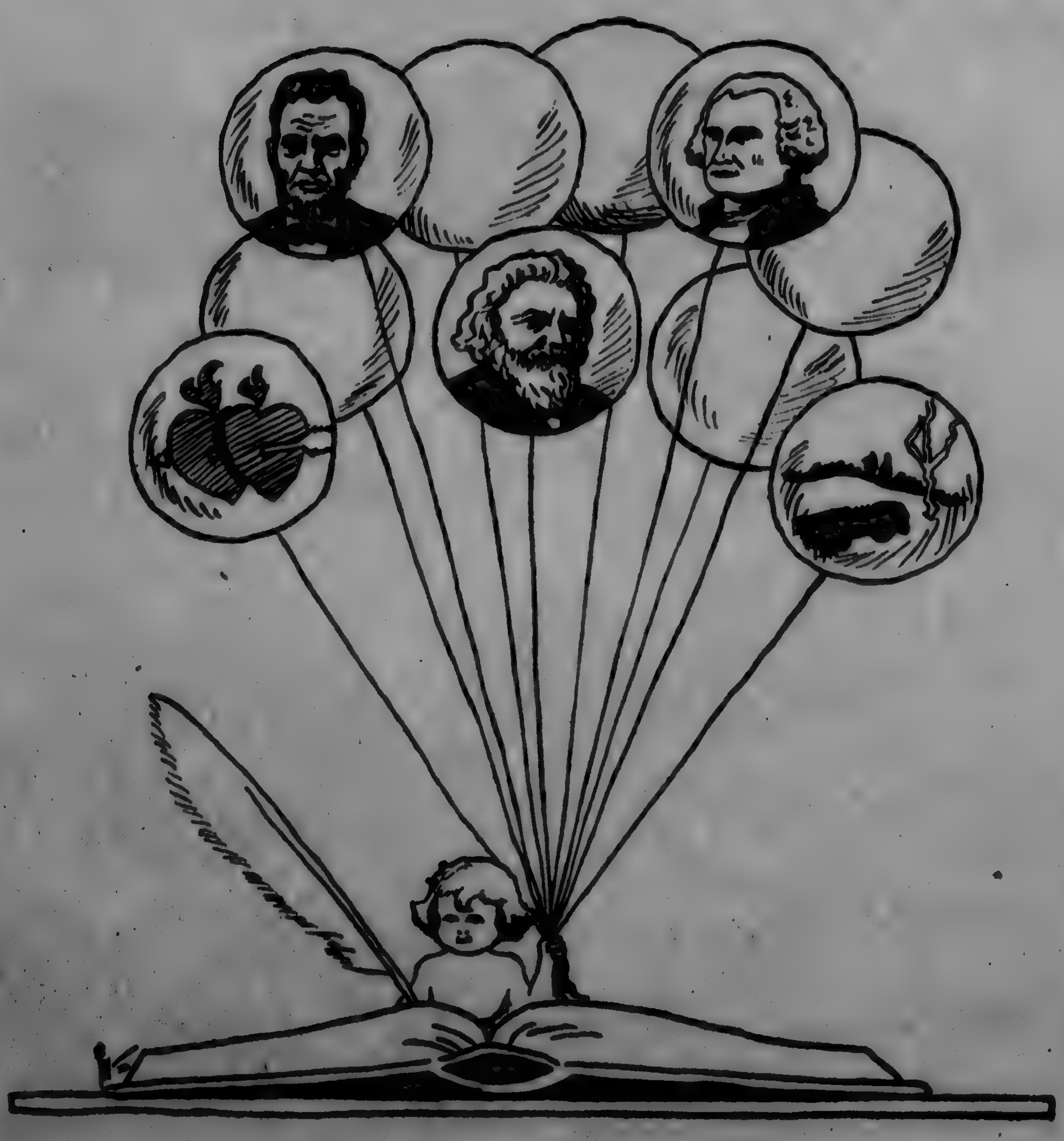

The Bucknell Mirror

"Vita sine literis mors est."

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Issued five times during the college year, in October, December, February, April and June. Application made for second class mail matter at the post office at Lewisburg, Pa., under the act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the business manager.

EDITORIAL

* * * *

"He's a mighty good fellow!" We heard it on the college campus; we heard it in the pool room; we heard it at the fraternity house, in the class room, in the library, at the "Inn." We also heard it recently at the banquet given by one of the Lewisburg churches for its student members. Good fellowship among the students is essential to the Bucknell "*esprit de corps*," and not only should it exist in these various groups named above, but it should exist between them.

Now, "The Mirror" does not pose as a religious publication, nor are we striving to make it incline toward the hectic along any particular line. But when we see the truth we like to face it four-square—and the truth is that we are looking for the very finest kind of friendship at Bucknell; between the classes, the fraternities, the non-fraternity groups and the girls at the Women's College. With this in mind let us make a choice—if you can call it that—and ask if the Lewisburg churches in their efforts for the student body, do not provide this very thing—at least, it was manifestly evident at the occasion referred to above.

The very finest basis of friendship is a recognition of the fact of a friendly God who requires a pure heart, honesty of purpose, and uprightness toward our fellowmen. It calls for fidelity to the noblest in oneself, and this means it rises above our impulses and desires, and touches upon our faith and our will. The church event mentioned put these great and ennobling truths into the atmosphere without dogmatism and without the spirit of forced environment, leaving every life just a little better and happier.

The second semester is a time for action! This applies to the student who has been conscientiously doing his work, for he will continue to do so. It applies to the slothful, for if he ever hopes to recover his "bearings" scholastically, it must be done this semester. It applies to the normally diligent student, who has fallen into somewhat easy, indolent ways-for the time to soliloquize has passed and it is now time to put in-action all those good intentions and fine promises that have been made during the last few weeks of the past semester. It includes every type of student on the hill—the second semester is a time for action!

* * *

Singular indeed the month through which we are passing—this month of February. Days that are observed more or less nationally, and days of interest to more than the ordinary rank and file of the commonwealth, seem more numerous during this month than any other, unless perhaps it be January. Ground-hog Day, Lincoln's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day, Susan B. Anthony's Birthday, Washington's Birthday and Longfellow's Birthday are all crowded into these few days of the shortest of the year's divisions. Historical interest, mythical superstition, literary attainments, patriotic observances, obeisance at the altar of the Greek god Eros, national sentiment and followers of the white ribbon are included in the realm circumscribed by these twenty-eight days. Truly it has been said that "great things come in small packages."

* * *

Gratifying is the report that Senior Council and the Student Executive Board at the Women's College have appointed a joint committee to consider plans and possibilities of a joint student conference board to take up matters of mutual interest to the university as a whole. The suggestions of such a committee will be awaited with a little anxiety by the students who are really interested in seeing the fullest co-operation between the men and women of the university and the faculty in the future with the minimum of misunderstanding. If this problem can be brought any nearer solution and can assure us a more co-operative attitude at Bucknell, well it is that the venture has at least been started.

* * *

All the wisdom of a university does not rest with the Senior Class of the institution, nor even with the Sophomores, despite the name by which they are recognized. As a strong witness to our statement we call the following from the work of one of the freshman rhetoric classes, written in class with no previous preparation. They are truly words of wisdom and warning worthy of our fullest consideration:

"How little we college students know of the actual history that is being made today! I wonder how often we pick up a newspaper and study its news items; I mean, really look below the surface and study the meaning of each one. Once a week I will wager. To be sure we will glance amusingly at "Bringing Up Father" or muse over the sporting page, but how much do we know about the happenings in England, in France, or in our own United States Senate? The answer in our own minds should put us to shame. There is the country boy who is deprived of our educational advantages and has nothing but a newspaper and the current magazines for reading matter. Yet he can talk intelligently about the great world questions of today. Then we say he is illiterate and uneducated. In truth, it is really he that is educated, for he has learned to utilize the material at hand. He is solving the problems of life while we are solving the problem of a college education. Only when we learn to combine the two will our education be nearer perfection. Let us study our newspapers; then we can make use of what we are learning of past history to solve present problems. Only then will our education be superior to that of the country boy."

"THE UNDERCURRENT"

Ellis Sargent Smith

Herty, that was the freshman's name. Hoffman read it on the trunk that he found outside the door of the room they were to share. "Cecil Paul Herty," then, was the full name of Hoffman's roommate-to-be, who had come all the way to New England from Lima, Ohio, in search of truth and culture as implanted for nearly a century with tolerable success on all candidates favored with admission to Amherst. The decree of the college office was not to be withstood, and Hoffman reflected that it might not be a half bad plan at that, that he should during this last year have someone on the other side of the fireplace in the big study that served also as a sleeping room. Hoffman had scarcely settled himself at his desk when there came a timid knock at the study door. It was Herty, who had found his way up to the spot where his trunk had preceded him, now face to face with the big Senior. After a hearty greeting, Hoffman pulled him inside and dragged the trunk over to its proper place.

The study's two windows looked out toward the west, where the Connecticut River slowly wound its way south in a great bend past Northampton. Herty stood at the open window watching the landscape spreading out in front of him. Hoffman joined him eager to name the principal points that had become so familiar and dear to him.

"That's Hadley down there, straight ahead, one of the oldest places hereabouts. That big mountain up north there is Mt. Toby, and those ridges way down at the left are the Holyoke Range. You can just make out the shoulder of Mt. Tom around the far end. I know nearly every foot of it, because I have been across it so many times."

Hoffman was not watching the hills, however, as he was speaking, but the freshman, who seemed to be thinking more of his home far away beyond those hills to the west, judging by the faraway look in his eyes. Hoffman noticed how thin and pale he seemed, how slight was his frame.

"I judge he wears a size seven hat and about a size thirteen collar." This was Hoffman's silent remark as he resumed his chair. "Parents ought to know better than to send a kid like that here. He can't be a day over seventeen, a fine healthy specimen to send up against the stiffest curriculum in the East. He must have got thin like that studying up to pass the entrance exams. I believe they are coming younger and smaller every year. They never last—" Hoffman almost They never last——" Hoffman almost snorted aloud in his disgust at the senselessness of examining the intellect of prospective students, leaving the rest of the matter pass over into the hands of the physical director.

By way of getting acquainted he questioned Herty about his course, learned he had the limit in conditions to work off, but judged it wise to say nothing to him about the difficulty involved in working off those conditions.

That evening he went along with Herty to supper, to see how the fare was at that boarding club. When he glimpsed the cook that had prepared the meal, he decided to ask Herty to come eat with him. But when he put the question, it developed that the slight increase in price that would attend the change was quite beyond Herty's purse.

"You see," was Herty's reply, "father's sure to the last cent what it will cost him to have me here; and anyway, it is only through the Alumni Club at home that it is possible for me to be here at all. Father was here a while himself in the nineties, and knows about everything. No, I'll stay here, thanks just the same."

This was about all that Hoffman learned about his roommate for weeks. With the start of classes their ways diverged and never seemed to cross one another. The rigorous requirements of the faculty kept both at work without respite except on Sundays. Attendance at morning worship was obligatory on all students, but Hoffman and Herty did not attend the same church. After church it was Hoffman's custom to spend the rest of the day in walking alone over the hills, "hiking for health" he called it; while Herty tried in vain to catch up on his eternal collateral reading. Hoffman seemed to prefer to omit breakfast, and to take a cold shower instead. Herty couldn't get through the long forenoon on an empty stomach, and as for taking a cold icy shower on a cold winter morning—he had never tried it, but he know better than to attempt it.

It suddenly seemed to him one lonely Sunday afternoon that he was utterly unlike his fellows. He envied Hoffman his all-embracing list of acquaintances, his noisy singing in the halls, his apparently tireless manner of studying, his incisive step, his evident pleasure in the day's duties. Night after night they had prepared their lessons in the same room, yet without seeming to have much awareness of each other's existence. The effect on Herty was one of excessive loneliness. As he looked out over the hazy hills he tried to picture himself coming into a more enjoyable relation with his work, his fellows, even with himself. He argued in a vagary that his was an opportunity filled with limitless possibilities; that if only he could get through his present term with grades that would give him an average of eighty-seven and a half, he would get a continuance of the aid from the alumni in Lima, and after that his problem would be halved. The rest of the year would be less hard, and he would have all summer then to rest and relax. He wrenched his mind off the obtruding thought of failure by turning again to his assignment in "Classical Antiquities"; he tried to concentrate by setting down the points with pencil on the margin of the book; then with a feeling of helplessness he lowered his head on his arms and suddenly was weeping like the tired, homesick child he was.

Long after the supper hour, when Hoffman returned, he found him there sleeping with one arm thrown out, his thin chest cramped above the table's edge, his chair slipping from beneath him. The ashes on the hearth seemed to have given out their last spark. Hoffman gathered up his roommate in his arms and put him down again on his bed, removed his shoes and covered him as tenderly as a mother. He remembered, as he prepared for bed himself, the deadly dullness that had been his own experience in his own freshman year, the dragging Sundays especially. There was a real danger in the leisure that the day was meant to afford. One could not be always reading or thinking or studying or discussing—Was there not some way by which he might not reach through the daily amenities with Herty to get at the real Herty who needed him, or someone, to talk to? Should he suggest to Herty how he might take care of himself better? Or should he wait until the holidays, not far away now, and invite him to spend Christmas with Father and Mother Hoffman, trusting his mother's cleverness and insight to charm Herty with all sorts of good things to eat, so that he would smile again and perhaps unbosom himself? He decided on the last plan before he went to sleep, his last waking thought being one of thoughtful concern for the lad sleeping across the room from him.

As Hoffman foresaw, the last three weeks that remained to them were crowded with all manner of extra work that was meant to prepare them for the impending exams. On the eve of examination week they were as far as ever from any real acquaintanceship. Their communications were fragmentary, concerning the few, astonishingly few, things that had to be said.

On the afternoon of the first day of examinations, Hoffman came back to his room after long hours of writing under pressure to find Herty writing a letter. He had no more than finished it when he crumpled it and threw it into the fire. Seeming not to notice, Hoffman inquired, "Going home for Christmas?" The absence was as he expected; the reason was the distance.

"No, I'm afraid it can't be managed," Herty said briefly. Then, "How soon after the exams do they begin to post the marks?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, the day after the exam, sometimes the same day. When will exams be over for you, Herty?"

"Algebra is my last one, Friday morning. I wish that one was ended, above all the others. Guess I'd better put in some time on it while I have the chance."

"Well, I make it a rule never to try to cram for my exam," was Hoffman's answer. "I'm so fed up with books now that I couldn't study if I wanted to. I think I'll go down to the Rink and skate a while, while the ice is decent. I might be able to forget for a while that there are such things as exams." He decided not to broach his invitation now, but wait until Friday. Picking up his skates he went down the hall whistling, while Herty turned his attention to an intricate graph.

On Thursday Herty, after many visits to the bulletin board where the marks were posted, finally got his alphabetical grades up to his last one, algebra, which was to come the following forenoon. An "A" indicated a numerical grade above ninety, a "B" one between eighty and ninety, and so on, to "F," which indicated a failure. He mentally averaged his more or less vaguely indicated grades to date, and groaned aloud. A "B" in Latin, an "A" in History, and another "B" in

(Continued on page Eighty-nine)

"SIR ROGER" AT THE MOVIES

Ruth Porter

(The following was written as a theme in English Literature representing the idea of the author concerning the actions of Sir Roger de Coverly if he was living at the present time).

There is no pleasure I more delight in than a visit to the movie house. This means of education and entertainment is to me one of the great marvels of the world. It is an unending source of information as well as a place for laying aside my daily cares and duties, and experiencing in my mind the deeper emotions of life. But I wonder that so many people can go day after day to the same theater, witness the same shows, be exposed to the same emotions, and yet remain in such varied degrees of intelligence. Yet this method of diversion not only clears away the cobwebs, rests my mind and body worn out by the monotony of daily routine, but sends me home with a larger store of knowledge and a broader view of life.

My friend, Sir Roger, being a devoted visitor, often accompanies me to this shrine of mine. He has often told me that his conscience pricks him every time he gazes upon marvels that would cost him thousands of dollars to see in person, and thinks that he has given only a quarter. Yet he would not deny himself any of the common comforts, and I know that he furnished one row in the balcony with soft cushions, so that when he arrived, at least one cushioned seat would be left for him. If it should happen that they were all occupied he would tap one of the occupants lightly upon the shoulder with his cane, and when this one had arisen to receive his friendly greeting, he would gently push the cushion from its resting place. Then after a conversation of some few minutes he picks up the cushion and makes himself comfortable in the best seat in the house.

As Sir Roger is generous to others as well as to himself, and interested in the welfare of all, he often engages in a peculiar kind of charitable act. I remember one day when he passed a five-dollar bill into the ticket boy's hand, asking him to buy oil with it for the movie machine. So much as a squeak from this quarter caused him the greatest alarm lest some mishap might result in an impoverished degree of knowledge on the part of the spectators. So when the boy winked and smiled with pleasure, he only laughed gleefully, thinking, of course, that they couldn't expect to buy oil with that twenty-five cents of his. It was no more than proper that he engage in this charitable work.

Too, he brings out all the fine points by remark or gesture, and vaunts himself that he has never forgotten as much as one picture seen on these occasions. After hearing this boast I was very much surprised upon my first trip to the movie house with him, to see him lean forward occasionally, and vigorously punching his friend in the seat ahead, ask him to explain the preceding picture.

Now and then he considers it advantageous to his surrounding friends to act out a few scenes in person. Such was the case when Douglas Fairbanks leaped over a precipice in one scene, and Sir Roger, proving himself less supple in his attempt to leap over the balcony, suffered for some time with a fractured wrist and two broken ribs, but never did he forget to send his twenty-five cents for a ticket. Of course, the movies couldn't run without it.

When the snow is over, Sir Roger rushes rudely through the crowd and stands at the exit until every man, woman, and child is a safe distance away. Thus he takes a census of the intelligent populace of the town and thus chooses his close friends.

ILLUSION

Dr. Allyn K. Foster in The "Baptist"

I sat in a moving train, a local, the other day, my back to the engine. We were approaching a station. On my right, as I gazed out of the window, a fast express clamored past at high speed. All my attention was centered on that other train, and all at once a strange thing happened. I became distinctly conscious that the train I was on was backing. There could be no doubt about it, for my wits were all about me, and I could have sworn that our engine had reversed and was speeding to the rear, the direction I was facing. I became started and wondered what had happened. All the time I had been watching that express speed by. Suddenly and with something akin to alarm I shot a swift glance to my left, and then my ocular nerves untwisted. We were not going backwards at all, but making a good steady pace forward.

The fact is that I was watching the faster train, and my eye geared me up to that. Compared to that fast train which was passing we were going in the opposite direction. The eye, which is a very unsophisticated organ, was easily deceived, and easily in turn deceived me. I suppose, strictly speaking, our slowness to that fast train was a backward sweep. The truth was that I looked too long out of one side of my train. On that side everything was passing me and I got the notion that we were not going ahead at all. When I looked in the right direction, where the stationary objects were, the only things that could furnish me the measure of motion, I saw that we were not only **not** still nor going backward, but forging merrily ahead.

There are sermons in trains as well as in stones, and I saw the parallel which is a parable. Progress has a varying speed. Thirty miles an hour is only half of sixty, but it is speed just the same. Measure your progress by the static things sometimes as well as by the moving things. Are you passing any landmarks or milestones, and are you with proper speed making along toward your station? Be an express if the old engine has the power. It is a shame for an express to be a local when it might be a "flier." Stoke her up and open out the valves, and make her old ribs rattle. Sand your tracks if she gets a mood to slide. But remember, old man, a local, by her patient acquiescence in the wishes of others, accommodates more people than the express. Short hauls and swift runs are both necessary and a freight would be ridiculous if it tried to be a "Century Limited," as a "Limited" is not adapted to pull coal cars.

Speed is the arch deceiver of this age. Many a man has been ditched by the lure of it. Getting there first either blots out the scenery or leaves a person with too much dangerous leisure. The figures prove that if you get rich quick you will speed up in ill-spending which damns more souls proportionately than poverty ever did. The need of the age is that every worker shall see that gains are won only by the honest payment of effort. Gambling and speculation are wrecking the nerves and the morals of this generation at an alarming rate. Men on the locals are too often riding backwards and gazing curiously at the flying express, and a sickish feeling comes over them that makes them feel that they are going in the wrong direction or standing still. Look out of the other window, man! You are in the grip of an ocular illusion!

Steady plugging away has little of the poetry and the glamor of speed, but its everlasting joy is that it reaches its stations one by one. Speed speeds up everything in the neighborhood. If you go fast all your sensibilities go fast, too. Make more money and your tastes grow more expensive. Work too fast and your nerves will run away with you. If you get everything you go after, you may gain the whole world and lose your soul, which holds your power to enjoy normally. There is a speed that is natural to trains and to men. Get the natural speed out of your engine. Don't let it shirk and don't, by all means, let it get away with you. Express time to an express and local time to a local, but when you measure motion find the static things to measure by. That is the only way to gauge your situation.

The next time I ride on a local, I am going to sit facing the engine, and I am going to keep my eye to that side of the train where the stations are.

Granville, Ohio.

THE UNKNOWN SPIRIT

Hattie Cole Fertig

What is the God of student life;
How can we know in noisy strife,
When only surface thoughts are shown
And "inner self" is seldom known?
To find the God, the student's guide,
Who with this "inner self" doth hide,
We'll go at once to Nature's haunt
Where nothing can our spirits daunt,
And find alone, that unknown Thing
Which meditation best can bring.
There close by a babbling brook
In solitude of shaded nook,
That shows the beauteous sunset glow,
Down in my heart, pray let me know
It's ruled by Power more high than we
A Power that must immortal be.
And let me see the flowers fair
That send sweet fragrance through the air,
And may some message come to me
Assuring me Thou mad'st me free.
And, where the song of nearby bird
Brings messages I never heard,
Bring inspiration for my art
And comfort to a pensive heart.
There, in sweetest solitude,
When to Creator thoughts are nude,
My mind by Contemplation led
My heart with wisdom will be fed.
And there alone it all would seem
Like some fantastic, fairy dream
Of lands where thoughts are unrepressed
And best of things are greatest stressed.
There, with bird, and flower, and tree
In sweet companionship with Thee
I know that Thou, the Kind Divine,
Art Ruler o'er this heart of mine,
And never can there enter doubt
To drive the "unknown spirit" out.
We find it, yet it flees away
And never can we safely say
Just what it is, no one can know,
But in the fading sunset's glow
When shadows fall across the sod
The best that's in us, we'll call "God."

THE LEGEND OF EAGLES MERE

Helen Fairfax

O, listen, if you wish to hear
The legend of a lake;
The Indian tale of Eagles Mere
I'll tell for memory's sake.

'Twas many, many years ago,
Long years before our time,
An Indian chieftain proud and brave,
The proudest of his line.

Down mountain side near his abode
In a secluded nook
Fringed round with ferns and flowers bright
There was a little brook.

From whence it came or whither went
Nobody ever learned;
Of those who would the mystery learn
No one had e'er returned.

It was believed both far and wide,
Beyond its shining depth
The riches of the underworld
From mortal man were kept.

Many a brave had lost his life
To find the hidden gold.
But "I am great," the chieftain said,
"The treasures I'll unfold."

"I have a son both brave and strong
And full of youth is he;
He to the underworld I'll send
My messenger he'll be."

Then gathered clans from far and near:
Old men and maidens fair,
And sturdy warriors strong and brave,
Old squaws the load to bear.

And from the door of his abode
The stately Boneset gazed;
A shout rang out from far and near
"Our Prince," they say "be praised!"

A light came into his big eyes.
"A damsel fair I see,
She to myself I'll surely take
And she my bride will be."

Down to the water's brink they go,
The Prince and Princess fair.
The dangerous voyage they must take:
For honor they must dare.

A storm broke o'er the mountain top,
The rain fell long and fast.
The under-region's God was wroth,
"Who dared to make this pass?"

And when the storm had cleared away,
What once was valley clear
Was now a watery broad expanse,
The Lake of Eagles Mere.

* * * *

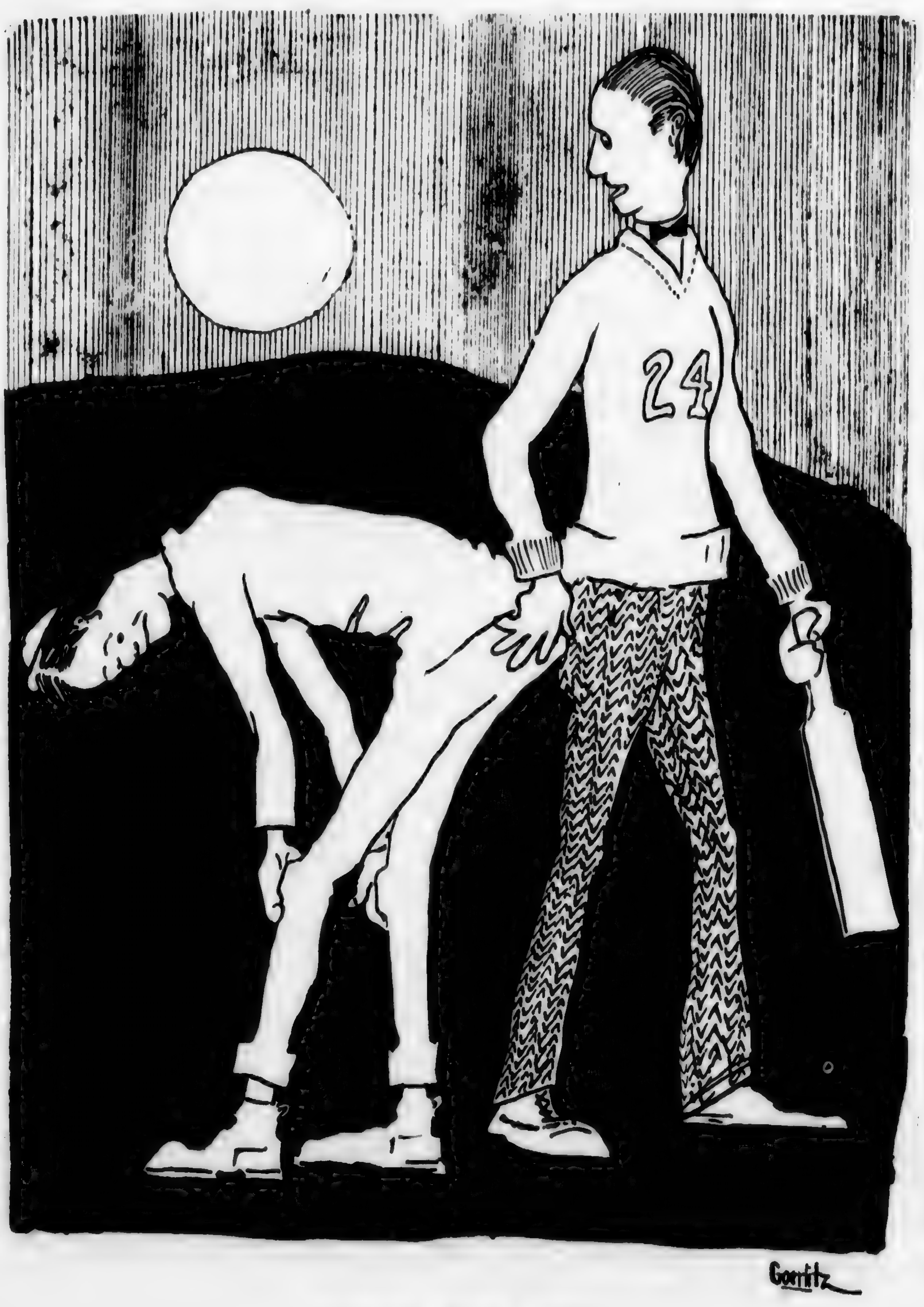
"FUSSIN AT LAST"

Zeke Hardapple

Wal by jikity i had the golswangdest awlfired gude time tother day. i nevir thawt thair wuz ez much fun in buknel yewniversiti ez i sean tother day an i spoz i shudent aut tu uv laffed so much but gosh awl paneaiks i sean so menny funy things that i jest eudent help it. hears hoaw it wuz &c. I wuz asettin in my rume steadyin a buk wat wun uv the perfessurs maid me spend 5 ov my hard eum ezy go $ fer an sumbuddy noekt at the dore. eum in sez i an in eums a fella wat is a purty gude frend uv myn an he sez sez he Zeke eum on with me weer agoin out fussin yew an me an i sez sez i reel kwiek like nosiree yew an me aint agoin aout fussin. then no sunern ide got them wurds aout uv my maouth he sez sez he Zeke thairs no yews uv yure bein seeh a big dubb yew eum awn naow git yure hat an eote an weer agoin an thats awl thair is tu it. i sean he wuz agittin sorta tite awn me fer sayin i wuddent go an so i duz like he sez an awff we goze. Naow aint that turifiek?

i sez tu him sez i wile we wuz agoin daown the strete wair ar we agoin fussin an he sez sez he nevir mind naow Zeke weer awn the way an thairs no yews uv yure gittin nozy yule find aout abaout it wen we git thair So i figgered thair wuzent nuthin tu dew but goe along an kepe my maouth shet an taik wat eums. gosh awl saterday night, i wuz afealin sorta skwermish like wair the sun doant shyn jest abaout this tyme but as my paster toald me befoar i left rattulsnaik gulsh wen yew git intu a difikulti Zeke stand up tu it like a man an taik yore medisun an doant yapp so i peraids along an thinks i let er ripp.

Weed wauked daown the hil awaze an this fella wat i wuz with sez sez he naow Zeke this gerl wat yure goin tu hav is the swelist lukin gerl in the plais an yew want tu shoe her a gude tym. i allows as haow i aint much with the



"Maximum Bending Moment"

wimmen generly but ile giv her a holt sez i reel braiv like. wen we got daown tu the bottum uv the hil we ternd a coarner an went into the shack wat they cawls the semm. Gosh awl pancaiks wen we went in the dore i got wun uv the serprizes uv my lyf foar standin araound thet rume wuz abaout 50 wimmen an awl uv them agassin tu wunst. Sez i tu myself Zeke yure in fer a warmin naow shure as pop but thair i wuz an i cuddent git aout uv it. so i wates wile the fella i wuz with tells a gerl wat hed cum up tu him sumthin an she goze awf up stares sorta laffin. awl theze femunyns wat wuz astandin raound wuz lukin at me an grinnin like they had the ticklin ich er sumthin an i wuz beginnin tu feal sorta silly like ide acum aout withaout my coller er sumthin an i sez sez i tu my frend say wen du we git aout uv this inkewbaiter? an he sez sez he naow kepe yure shert awn Zeke an weel be the burys in a minnit gosh thaut i feals like a kwart uv goozburys alreddy an if it gits eny wers ile be the razburys foar lawng. Turific aint it?

welsir in a minnit daown cums too gerls an my frend starts ovir tu them draggin me by the arm needless tu say i felt lyk a man wat wuz agoin tu a opurashun fer gaout er sumthin but i remumbird wat my deer paster toald me an i thinks thinks i hear cums the medisun. wen wede got ovir tu wair them skerts wuz my frend sez sez he reel kewtlike gerls this is Zeke Hardapple of rattulsnaik gulsh an then he persedes tu taik wun uv them by the arm an wauks awf up the stares with her, gosh awl hareoyl i didunt evin hev a chans tu say a werd wen this gerl wat wuz left fer me sez sez she cum awn mistur Hardapple weel goe up tu the parler tew an she grabs me by the arm an awf wee goe tew. welsir wen we got up tew thet parler i sean the goldurndest site wat evir met my ize fer settin araound thet rume wuz abaout 17 kuppels an evry wun uv them wuz eather agassin like fules er jest asettin thair alukin at eech uther with a soart uv a pail grene xpreshun in thair faises i didunt noe wether they wuz in luv er wether ide got intu the hawspittle by mistaik fer gosh they shure wuz sum sicklukin spesimuns thair. they wuz wun fella an gerl way ovir in a cornur an he wuz a fulin with a string uv beeds wat she had raound her nek an alukin daown intu her ize an smilin soart uv like a fella smiles wen heze sik at his stummik an tryin not tu bea an the gerl she didunt luk like she felt eny bettir eather. awn the othir syd uv the rume wuz anothir fella an a gerl an that gerl had the redist hare an the bigest maouth i evir sean an gosh awl snaikseers haow she cud maik it goe her maouth i mene. She wuz agabbin abaout 77 myls an ower an the pure fella wuz asettin thair taikin it awl in an nevir maikin a pepe Lemme tel yew if ide bin in his plais ida baut a gag fer that redtoppt amizon an giv it tu her awn her berthday. then they wuz a fella settin lawngside uv a perty littul gerl an he wuz ritin awn a peas uv paiper an every tym hede rite sumthin an shoe it tu thet gerl sheed soart uv smyl an luk at him with thet afoarmenshuned luk in her ize an then hede heev a lawng breth an kummens ritin agin. i doant noe wat he cud abin ritin but i suspeks he wuz aritin luvlettirs cawz they doant luk at yu like thet gerl luked at him unles thair eathir in luv er got sumthin in thair heds wat aint spozed tu be thair; anothir kuppel wuz settin awn a littul soafa an they wuz slappin thair hands tugethir an soart uv singin sumthin thet saoundid lyk juish tu me an i ast the gerl wat i wuz with wat wuz they spozed tu be doin an she toald me they wuz playin clapp in clapp aout gosh i figgerd a fella must hav a lotta branes tu be playin sech stuf in collidge he shud aut tu uv bin a ners fer hede amaid a peech. Aint that turific?

welsir we went intu a littul rume awf tu wun syd an we sat thair an that gerl tauked til i thaut sheed bust her gab box, i stade thair till about 5 bels an i cuddent stand it eny moar an so i thaut awl uv a suddin that i had a xam nex day an so i sez sez i wel i gotta goe naow an she sez sez she wel mistur Hardapple ime awfly glad yew cum daown an i had a perfeckly bewtyful tym an woant yu cum daown agin an i sez sez i wel ile think abaout it an let yew noe: i didunt wate fer my frend fer hede gawn awf intu a littul rume wat the gerl i wuz with toald me they cawld the hoaly uv hoalys an i gess hede sunk compleatly nosiree i got a holt uv my hat an i got aout uv that shack jest as kwik as my feat wud taik me. wen i got aout intu the fresh aire i thaut tu myself thinks i Zeke yewv bin thair boy an yure aout uv it alyv naow wach yure step an slyd ezy. but gosh i had a gude tym enyway fer ez ive sed befoar i sean sum uv the funyest sites i evir sean an it duz a fella gude tew sea sum uv the syds uv life wair he doant hav tu dew eny thinkin tu enjoy them Aint that turific?

p. s. i wuz jest thinkin wat a swel tym a deef an dum fella wud hav daown tu that their semm pervidin he wantid to sleap.

* * *

THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT

(In our mail the other day came the following account of the Bucknell Glee Club concert at Port Allegany during the Christmas trip of the club. It appeared in the issue of the **Port Allegany Argus** the following week, written by "Hinky Hammersmith," who is evidently the "Zeke Hardapple" of the village weekly. We thought well enough of it, and it is of sufficient interest to the student body, that we reprint it with pleasure.—Editor's Note.)

Friend Folks, I had the time of my life at the Glee Club last Friday night. Now I'd seen Sewing Clubs, and Larkin Clubs and old maids' clubs, but I never seen a Glee Club before so says I to myself here's where I sees one. I paid 50 cents of American money and gets a seat on a shelf about ½ way to the ceiling. There was a fellow going round and telling the kids to be quiet and acting real swell, I guess mebe he owned the opery house, somebody said his name was Springer. The curtains went up and a bunch of dudes who looked as if they just stepped out of Rosy Searbucks catalogue came on the stage and begin to sing. Dang good singing at that. And one fellow went down front and begin waving his hands at 'em and not one of 'em offered to fight him. All but one guy forgot the words and kept right on singing and showed them up. Then next a fellow came out and asked someone to sing him a song of the sad sea waves no one offered to do it, he then asked some body to sing him the sweetest song of all. I guess nobody knew it and so he had to sing it himself. He got stuck and the rest of the bunch came out and helped him. Then a guy came out and sang a fine violin solo. I had a good notion to ask him if he wouldn't play Dan Tucker for me, but that guy Springer was watching me so I didn't. Then a guy came out raving about Art. The only kind of Art I knew much about was over in Flanders in 1917 and that was Artillery. I don't suppose he knew much about that, but he certainly could push a pencil around. He drew a man with numbers that certainly made a fine figure of a man (figure-atively speaking), but there's a fellow who draws just as good pictures up town on the sidewalks. It is on the programs that they were college boys I guess about half of 'em must of brought their fathers with 'em. Nobody peddled any peanuts or popcorn like I supposed they would or wouldn't of come to their ding busted social. Nobody shook hands with me or asked me to come again when it was over like the Deacon does at home when I go to church, so you won't probably hear for a while from me.

Hinky Hammersmith.

COMMENCEMCEMENT HALL

Virginia Scott

Two years before I came to Bucknell University I read in the Bucknell catalogue that there was a commencement hall on the third floor of Main Building—a commencement hall with a seating capacity of fifteen hundred. From this statement I formed a mental picture of a large and impressive assembly room with varnished seats set in a semi-circle, an inclined floor, and all the accompanying grandeur of a room in which the commencement orations of Bucknell had echoed each year from 1840 until 1920—a room where the fond hopes of each Bucknell class had come to a climax—a room to whose vaulted ceiling inspired words of patriotism and prayer had risen, and where there still clung hallowed memories of students who long since had turned from the protected path of youth into the open road of life.

Two months ago I entered Commencement Hall for the first time. I climbed an infinite number of steps to reach it. While I must admit that the stairs are unprepossessing, yet I suspected nothing until I reached the last flight; there the main staircase degenerated into two flights, one at the left and one at the right of the landing, which resemble steps leading to a garret, for the walls rise straight and blank on each side. I had an uncomfortable feeling that all was not as I had expected it to be, but before I could tell why I thought this, I had mounted the rest of the steps and was standing squarely in the center of Commencement Hall. For a moment I stood there, stupified and speechless, blinking like an owl that has been brought too suddenly into the light. I have been in Commencement Hall only twice, but a picture of it is etched upon my mind with startling and unpleasant clearness, each detail of which is as distinct as though it had been drawn there by a master artist.

Commencement Hall is a great, grim, dreary, unlovely room. Two platforms, barren and forlorn and unattractive, extend across either end. The rest of the space is occupied by hard wooden benches such as were used by the Puritans of old New England who thought it necessary to torture themselves in church. The benches are painted an uncompromising gray and are set in straight, unbending rows from the back to the front of the auditorium. In the middle of the floor the two staircases rise, each topped by a sort of little wooden well, also painted gray. The floor is unpainted, but the ceiling and walls make up in decoration for what the floor lacks. What mortal can find adequate words to describe that ceiling? It is a crime against harmony for any man to combine pink and green with light blue and dark red, but to add to this scrolls and shadings and cherubims in an outrage against humanity. I cannot comprehend how any person in his right mind could have conceived such a ceiling. A portion of the east wall has been affected by rains coming in through a leaky roof, and it now resembles a stove which has had the experience of having had cocoa boil over on it and run down its sides. The crowning horror (the ceiling is my chief grievance) is a huge bronze chandelier hung in the middle. It is a massive, old fashioned chandelier, rich in curliques and "gingerbread," and it gives one an uncanny feeling that it will undoubtedly fall down very soon, for the baby-blue ceiling looks indeed insufficiently strong to support it.

That is my impression of Commencement Hall. It is gloomy and forbidding and cold; one is depressed the entire time one is there, for the whole atmosphere of the room is depressing. It is a trying experience to listen to a speech in that room, for in spite of any efforts

(Continued on Page Ninety-four)

* * * *

Powder-Pal O' Mine

Roland M. Wendell

There's a girl down on the Border,
  And her eyes are Spanish black,
For a Summer I adored her,—
  She'll be there when I get back;
But those eyes were made to trifle,
  And a thousand on the Line,
So I'll stick to you, Old Rifle,
  Dear old Powder-Pal O' Mine.

We have served our hitch together,
  Vera Cruz to Meuse-Argonne;
Time and tide and storm and weather
  'Till your barrel shames the sun;
But we stop upon the roadside
  And I lean on you for breath,
And you're good for many a broadside
  In the checker-game of death.

We have climbed the hills of hellfire
  Where the murderous maximes browsed,
Where the shrieking shocks of shellfire
  All the devil's demons roused;
And the ice shone on your muzzle
  In the fatal pistol-flare,
While the search-lights traced a puzzle
  In the mustard-laden air.

There's a blue-eyed maid back home there
  Who once promised to be true,—
She is fighting 'cross the foam there
  While I'm fighting here with you;
But, Old Chum, she's but a woman,—
  For a dozen she will pine:
You've a heart that clicks more human,
  You old Powder-cuss O' Mine.

You've a heart that beats more human,
  You've an eye that's straight and true,
Where's the fool, back-firing woman
  Who can e'er compare with you?
When these locks start greying older
  And I've left life's firing line,
Still I'll feel you on my shoulder,
  Faithful Powder-Pal O' Mine.

* * * *

OLD MAIN

One of the most striking pictures which Lewisburg can offer in the line of architecture is the Main College of Bucknell University. To some this may sound rather paradoxical; others may consider it a plain joke; only a few will agree without any premeditation. It must be granted that the dingy brick walls, partially covered with ivy, partially with dust of forgotten years, do not offer a very pleasing picture at close range. The windows, bare and unadorned, lend an almost deserted air to the structure; the tall straight pillars at the entrance unsupported by any miniature or delicate relief rear themselves with a cold, almost passive dignity; the wings stretch out on either side of the central portion stiff and factory-like in their severity. No, at close range Old Main certainly does not offer a very attractive spectacle.

Wherein then does its beauty lie? Come with me across the Susquehanna; climb partway the steep slope of Montour, then pause and cast your gaze back toward the College on the Hill. See Old Main proudly crowning the summit of that famous mound. Gone is the dingyness, gone the aspect of severity, gone the air of desertion. In their place a calm dignity full of warmth asserts itself; character shines out from it as from the face of a strong earnest man. Distance has lent it enchantment. The lines of Old Main are perfect, expressing the character of the designer. Description wastes itself in futility on this sight. Only by an actual view can one get an accurate idea of the beauty and grandeur of Old Main.

Main College was built for lines and due to the lack of money small finishing decorations could not be added. Enhanced by distance it offers a splendid picture and it is well worthy of the famous architect who designed it—Thomas U. Walter. It is small wonder that this very man was chosen out of all the architects in America, to design and build the steps of the national Capital building at Washington.

* * *

One is grateful for the morning,
  When the morning brings him sleep.
But it's bad to hear the warning
  Of the clock, and have to creep
Into dressing gown and slippers,
  When you'd like to lie and think
Of cool old pumps and dippers
  Or of some pre-wartime drink.
Or perhaps you like to wonder
  What it's like to never work
Or in woods you'd like to wander
  Where the skulking foxes lurk.
Anyway, the house is cheerless
  And your bed seems twice as soft
In the morning when the fearless
  Man gets up to see who coughed.

SUGGESTED REMEDIES FOR UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

George R. Faint

A doctor first learns the history of his patient's disease, after which he diagnoses the symptoms present, and then he prescribes the method of treatment. Unemployment might be called a disease that is injuring the United States. Hence, before we can suggest any remedies we must first learn the history or causes of unemployment and study the present conditions.

The Great War brought about abnormal conditions in industry. Unusually high prices were paid for materials of all descriptions by other countries, which naturally forced up the prices in this country. Wages were increased during this period, especially when labor became scarce on account of the enlistment of about three million men into the army and navy. The prevailing war conditions prevented the countries of Europe from producing their usual quantity of manufactures. Now that the war is over these countries are again producing in still larger quantities than before the war, and the United States is no longer the chief commissary of the world. The low price of foreign goods also tends to reduce the demand for products of this country. The low rate of exchange in Europe makes possible cheap labor and materials. This, added to the fact that the various governments have taken measures to aid employment, has stimulated production in large quantities at low prices. American soldiers and sailors are no longer in active service and many of them are now in need of employment, but the number of orders for American goods has dwindled and manufacturers have been compelled to reduce their present forces of employes to prevent overproduction and subsequent failure.

The struggle of labor against capital to secure higher wages and shorter working hours was the cause of numerous strikes which often paralyzed or crippled various industries,and was the reason for the closing of many small factories throughout the country. This action increased the number of unemployed considerably.

As a result of the above mentioned causes and other minor local reasons, the army of the unemployed has grown to between three and one-half million to nearly six millions, different estimates having been made by both the Department of Labor and the press. The number of unemployed in European nations is much smaller, in comparison, than that in the United States, with the exception of Great Britain where there are about two and one-half million men out of work. In Italy the number of unemployed is 250,000, in Germany 300,000, in Belgium 22.7%, in Czecho-Slovakia 50,000, and in Canada 13%. The few facts just stated give some idea of the magnitude of the unemployed situation in the United States.

Two methods of treatment have been suggested for the solution of this problem, the history and diagnosis of which is outlined above; one in the emergency resolutions of the Unemployment Conference recently appointed by President Harding and the other from press reports and in the final resolutions of the Unemployment Conference.

The Unemployment Conference emergency resolutions suggest that the question should be solved by the community, not the nation. Every town should have a committee to deal with the local situation. This committee should try to accomplish (1) an increase in the number of employees in local factories, (2) the voting of moneys for public works, (3) the lowering of prices consistent with wages, (4) a compaign for the building of homes.

Wherever possible, the committee in each community should discuss with the owners of the local factories the best way of providing work for more employees. The Unemployment Conference further suggests that this might be accomplished by reducing the working hours per week or by dividing the laborers into shifts, to increase the number of regular employees. Extra employees might be added to manufacture products for stock or to construct additions to the plant, make repairs, or to clean and put in working order unused buildings and tools. In nearly every town additional public works are needed. The committee should encourage the expansion of the school systems, construction of new sewage lines, public buildings, roads, and repair work of all kinds. Every effort should be put forth by the committee to induce the retail merchants to reduce prices to a lower level to meet the reductions made in wages. The aid of local capital should be sought to enable people to build new homes which would provide more work. The Senate Committee on Reconstruction and Production reports that we are short one million homes and that if the construction of these was started employment would be provided for two million people.

Shortly after the Unemployment Conference issued these suggestions, Colonel Arthur Woods was placed in charge of the detail work of the Conference plans. He has since traveled about the country with the slogan "DO IT NOW!" The advertising of this slogan and the suggested methods of the Conference have already produced a slight change for the better. Several large concerns have made plans which will require the hiring of many additional employees; the railroads are to spend $800,000,000 on repairs in the coming year; new reclamation work has been started in the West; Congress and several of the state legislatures have made large appropriations for road

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building; and a building boom has started since the slight drop in prices of building materials and of wages.

The editors of papers throughout the country suggest that unemployment be treated as a national situation. The first method suggested is the reduction of freight rates. The next step should be the lowering of prices, even though this would entail losses in many industries. Wages should be lowered at the same time. The unreasonable inclination on the part of some workmen to hold out for the continuance of war wages and working conditions must be changed. Capital and labor must work harmoniously to bring about what the Newark Evening News calls a "golden mean of readjustment in prices and wages."

Upon adjournment the Unemployment Conference offered eight resolutions for national consideration to aid in the work of reducing unemployment. Briefly stated they are as follows:

1. Readjustment of rail rates to a fair business relation to the value of commodities.

2. Speedy tax revision with reductions.

3. Definite settlement of tariff legislation.

4. Quick financial settlement between the government and railroads.

5. Limitation of world armament.

6. Stabilization of foreign exchange rates.

7. Elimination of waste in industry and seasonal operations.

8. Alignment of wholesale and retail prices. (From Literary Digest.)

No discussion of these resolutions is necessary, for it is self-evident that these matters must have attention if the disease is to be cured.

Several European nations are trying to settle their unemployment problems by treating them as a national situation. In Italy compulsory insurance against unemployment is required and free employment exchanges have been organized throughout the country. Statistics show that these measures are gradually reducing the number of unemployed. The German government appropriated four hundred million marks to provide work for the unemployed. The number of unemployed fell as low as 300,000 shortly after this policy was adopted in Germany. Funds for public works were provided in Great Britain, but this action failed to decrease the number of men out of work.

Mr. Ernest Greenwood, representative in America of the League of Nations, remarks that the change from war to peace is requiring the changing of international relations in politics, in industry, and in transportation. His remarks are somewhat similar to those of Mr. Lloyd George who claims that the present rate of exchange is the greatest hindrance to the development of trade today. He states that the money exchange cannot be stabilized until international financial policies are settled upon, and an atmosphere of peace produced in all nations through economy and co-operation between all classes of people.

Perhaps a law forcing compulsory insurance against unemployment, on the

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THE "WEIGHT"

Ann Onymous

Fair Co-Edna at the Sem-gate
  Stood and wagged her head.
Why indeed should she contemplate
  Doing what she said?

How could any man expect her
  To be there at three?
Promptitude would not affect her,
  Thus reflected she.

Came a call at three exactly
  In the afternoon.
Edna did not think in fact he
  Would be there so soon.

After half an hour she wandered
  Down to meet her man;
Viewed the vacant room and pondered.
  Do you think she can?

JUST LIKE THEM

I only wish that I could hope
For thoughts as pure as Ivory Soap,
For lipe as red as cherry mash,
For topaz eyes—I'm getting rash—
For coral ears, but why need we
Have ears at all if none can see?

* * *

I once knew a poet to write
Of the stars that came out at night.
  But he somehow forgot
  Many things that he ought
To have written about, ain't I right?

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THE CULTURED IN THE VOCATIONAL

Modern education aims at fitting the student for life; it tests the curriculum on the basis of usefulness. The student asks, "of what use will this course be to me after I have graduated?" If he believes it will be of no use he refuses to pursue it. The college no longer offers courses which claim merit in themselves but it does offer courses which it believes will be of use to the student after he has assumed his place in the world. As a result of this trend in education, vocational training has developed. This new-born vocationalism has assumed giant proportions, over-shadowing and threatening to obscure the time old humanistic education. It embraces all the things that are necessary to the life of the body. It embraces food and shelter and fire and clothing and means of transportation and protection. It embraces the manufacture, distribution, buying and selling of goods, and all of the machinery of exchange. Its importance and value to civilization are immense. Without it, in its simplest form, man could not exist, and without its more elaborate organization, social life would be impossible.

Vocational education satisfies the needs of the body, but not the needs of the soul. It equips the student to construct railroads, to build bridges and to erect sky-scrapers; but not to associate to the best advantage with his fellow men. He may become a good member of society—many do—but his education lacks those elements which aim at such a development. His education develops one side of his nature; the other it leaves untouched. A student who throughout the whole course of his mental development should hold consistently to the vocational point of view and should occupy himself solely with vocational pursuits would at maturity be a lamentable spectacle. In the words of Professor James: "His contentment with the finite would encase him like a lobster-shell and shield him

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"THOSE STYLES THAT ARE DIFFERENT"

from all morbid repining at his distance from the infinite."

The aim of education demands that a student shall be fitted for life; vocational education fits him solely for the material side. A nation's welfare depends largely upon the breadth of knowledge of its citizens. If the people are divided into specialized groups one of which functions in keeping alive the asthetic life, the other in maintaining various phases of bodily welfare, the result will be disastrous. For, when one cog of the machine becomes incompetent the whole instrument will be thrown out of adjustment. Vocational education tends toward such a specialization and herein it fails to be of use in the larger sense—it fails to fit for life.

If vocational education truly aims at fitting the student for life it must incorporate in its curricula subjects which fit the student not only for his specialty but also for the larger demands which his nature makes upon him. While it teaches his hands and head it must also teach his instincts and emotions. His immediate social obligations demand that he have a knowledge of history, for by knowledge of past experience we profit in the present and for the future. Industrial autocracy confronts the nations of the earth and if he is to help settle the world problems he must know the principles of economics—the science of industrial relations.

In addition to history and economics the vocational student should be acquainted with literature and philosophy. Literature gives a knowledge of human forces. Love, hate, suffering and all the associated problems have been treated and principles have been wrought out of them by the mighty sympathetic souls of great minded men. Philosophy gives meaning and purpose to the deeds of men. Christ's philosophy was the golden rule. America's philosophy in the war was "make the world safe for democracy." Unless the vocational student knows literature and has a philosophy his light will turn to darkness.

* * * *

The Undercurrent

(Continued from page Seventy)

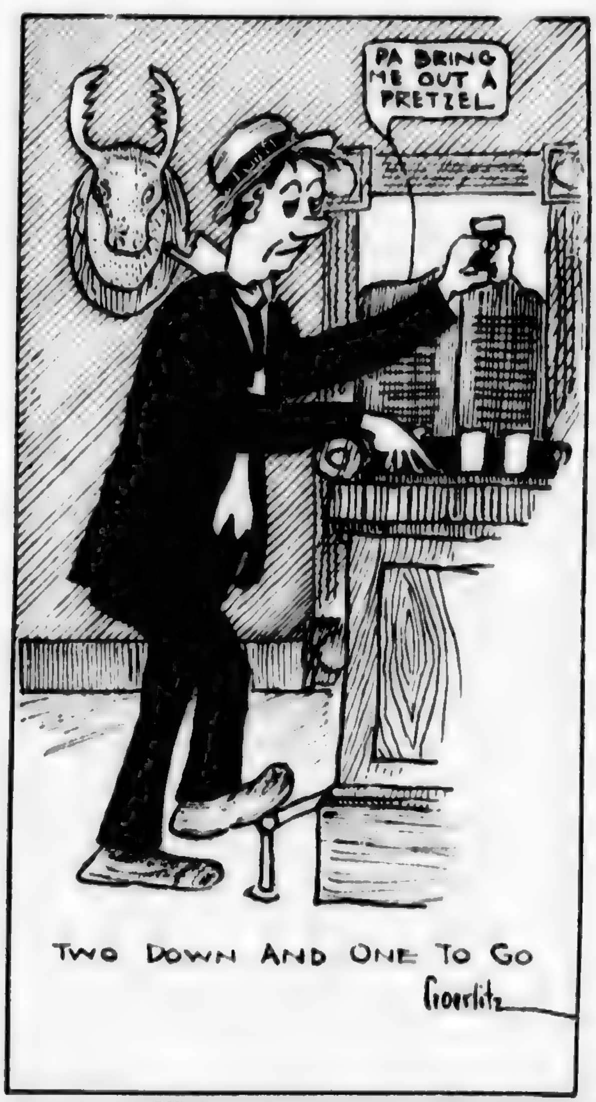
Greek—that meant that a "B" at least was absolutely necessary in Algebra to make sure of the requisite average. He went slowly back to his room.

As Hoffman moved in and out among the other skaters, he wondered if exams had ever seemed so serious to him as they evidently did to Herty. From all appearances Herty was not going into his last exam with anything like confidence, and that helps a whole lot.

When people have seen as much of each other as Hoffman and Herty had, the contact gives insight into causes for a dispirited manner, even though there is a barrier between that prevents direct inquiry. Hoffman knew something was wrong somewhere, but Herty was not conscious that anyone within reach was at all interested in the outcome. The moment that a human soul begins to feel that it is battling absolutely alone, that moment marks a shifting of the odds against that soul. The atmosphere of the college helped to foster a feeling of aloofness, especially in the case of men who belonged to none of the recognized groups. For such there was nothing in the institution that provided a get-together spirit, where men met for some common interest outside the prosaic one of the class-room. Hoffman could hardly be expected to penetrate the armor of shyness and diffidence of a reticent freshman who had come into such an atmosphere. The logical move seemed to be to wait until Herty was done with exams, present the invitation as to one free of worry and ready to accept; but by that time it was too late.

After the examination the following morning no one saw or heard of Herty for nearly twenty-four hours. In Saturday's paper, however, appeared this item:

(Continued on Page Ninety-five)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Goerlitz

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DRUG STORES
2 Stores 2
Lewisburg - - - - Pa.

Prof.—"Is Jones ill?"

Frosh.—"Yes, sir."

Prof.—"How do you know?"

Frosh.—"Last night I heard someone tell him to lean over and take his medicine."—Banter.

*****

"My good man, you had better take the trolley car home."

"Sh' no use! My wife wouldn't let me—hic—keep it in the house."—Banter.

*****

"I hear some of the Profs. lead a fast life."

"I doubt it; none of them passed me this year."—Gargoyle.

*****

He (at the box office)—"Have you got a seat left?"

Ticket Seller (indicating the number)—"Yes, U 21."

He—"I am, and if it's that kind of a show I'm glad I'm not fussing."

You get what belongs to
you when you buy Shoes
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ALL LEATHERS

Marsh's Big Shoe Store
Milton, Pa.

* * * *

* * * *

Yes, Cordelia, we'll admit there are lots of jokes on the campus but we cannot print them—and we aren't painters.

* * *

Judge—"So you were formerly a college professor?"

Suspect—"Yes, but for the last five years I have been earning my living."—Froth.

* * *

The "Electrical" dance lived up to its name—all its patrons were highly charged.

* * *

She (in the canoe)—"Don't you think we ought to hug the shore?"

He (ambitiously)—"Why the shore?"—Brown Jug.

* * *

Our movie hound insists that for real six cylinder love, an old horse is the only perfect spark plug.

* * *

Here's a song to Casparilla,
Wicked maid from far Manila;
What she drinks is not vanilla,
Wicked, wicked Casparilla.

* * * *

* * * *

Suggested Remedies For Unemployment

(Continued form Page Eighty-four)

plan of the Workman's Liability Insurance Law which has certainly proved invaluable to many workmen, would be of material benefit in the solution of the unemployment question in this nation.

While the New Immigration Act of May, 1921, has been helpful in shutting out any additional foreign laborers, it could not, of course, be of much assistance in solving the problem of employment for those already here.

The crisis of the unemployment situation will undoubtedly occur this winter. Even though many of the remedies mentioned have been tried in different parts of the country, there has not been any appreciable decrease in the number of unemployed. We can only hope that those who have it in their power to settle this question will discover the right method and apply it. The disease of unemployment in the United States will surely be cured if all work together and remember the remark of an editor from Iowa, "Accept TODAY as **near-normal** and forget to make comparisons with 1914 or previous periods."

* * * *

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Commencement Hall

(Continued from Page Seventy-nine)

to the contrary, it is nearly impossible to keep one's mind away from the ceiling.

The last time I was in Commencement Hall an idea flashed upon my mind while I was trying in vain to hold my attention on the Armistice Day speaker and off the ceiling. I have always thought it a hardship for the college men who live in the dormitories to have to board in town. The lack of a college dining room not only necessitates a long and cold walk on winter mornings, but it means that the men miss one of the most enjoyable phases of college life. Other colleges have dining rooms—why should not Bucknell? There is room enough for one at Bucknell. Ah, you are beginning to catch my meaning. "What?" you demand, "Turn that hallowed place into a dining room?" "Yes," I reply with all the brazen boldness of a Freshman, "turn it into a dining room!"

"But what," you ask, "would you do for a commencement hall?"

Why, build a new one, of course. Surely the students of Bucknell deserve a better fate than graduation in the present dreary chamber provided for that purpose. Convert Commencement Hall into a dining room? It is not at all an impossible proposition. Simply partition off a portion of the room for a kitchen, tear down that horrible chandelier, paint the ceiling a different color and move in some tables and enough chairs to go round. The benches that are there at present? Oh, save them until Bucknell beats Lafayette—they will make a glorious bonfire!

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The Undercurrent

(Continued from page Eighty-nine)

"The body of the young man who threw himself into the Connecticut River above the city has been identified as being Cecil P. Herty, of Lima, Ohio. The reason for his act is not known."

But Hoffman knew. He had put in a nerve-racking day and night. From the evening paper he had read about the fatality, and from the description he was morally sure that it was Herty's body that had been taken from the river. He took a car to Northampton late that same night and after his fears were verified, he made arrangements to have the body shipped to Lima. From the undertakers' he called up the President's house, though it was nearly midnight. He asked if he could see the President shortly on an urgent matter, and was told "Yes." When he arrived the President was waiting. They talked a long time. Hoffman never spoke of that call, but this is a fact, relevant or not; on page fifty three of the college catalogue a change has been made. It now reads like this: "Grades for courses completed are announced only by a plus or a minus."

Possibly the fact that Herty's average, even considering his poor showing in the Algebra examination, proved to be 88.2 has had something to do with it.

* * *

* * *

The College Inn

Born in a lunch basket, having learned to creep up and down the stairways of Bucknell's Dormitories, having acquired its early vocabulary with a peddler's pronunciation, the College Inn has now shed its swaddling clothes and has entered into its early youth. Like all regular babies, it has experienced many childhood troubles and is still suffering somewhat from growing pains. Its proud father now presents it to you for adoption and as you support it, will endeavor to clothe it in an up-to-date manner and build into it stability and character, all for your enjoyment and convenience. Realizing its defects we are ambitious to overcome them and we would appreciate any constructive criticism that would bring up this youth in the way that it should go.

Payne '09

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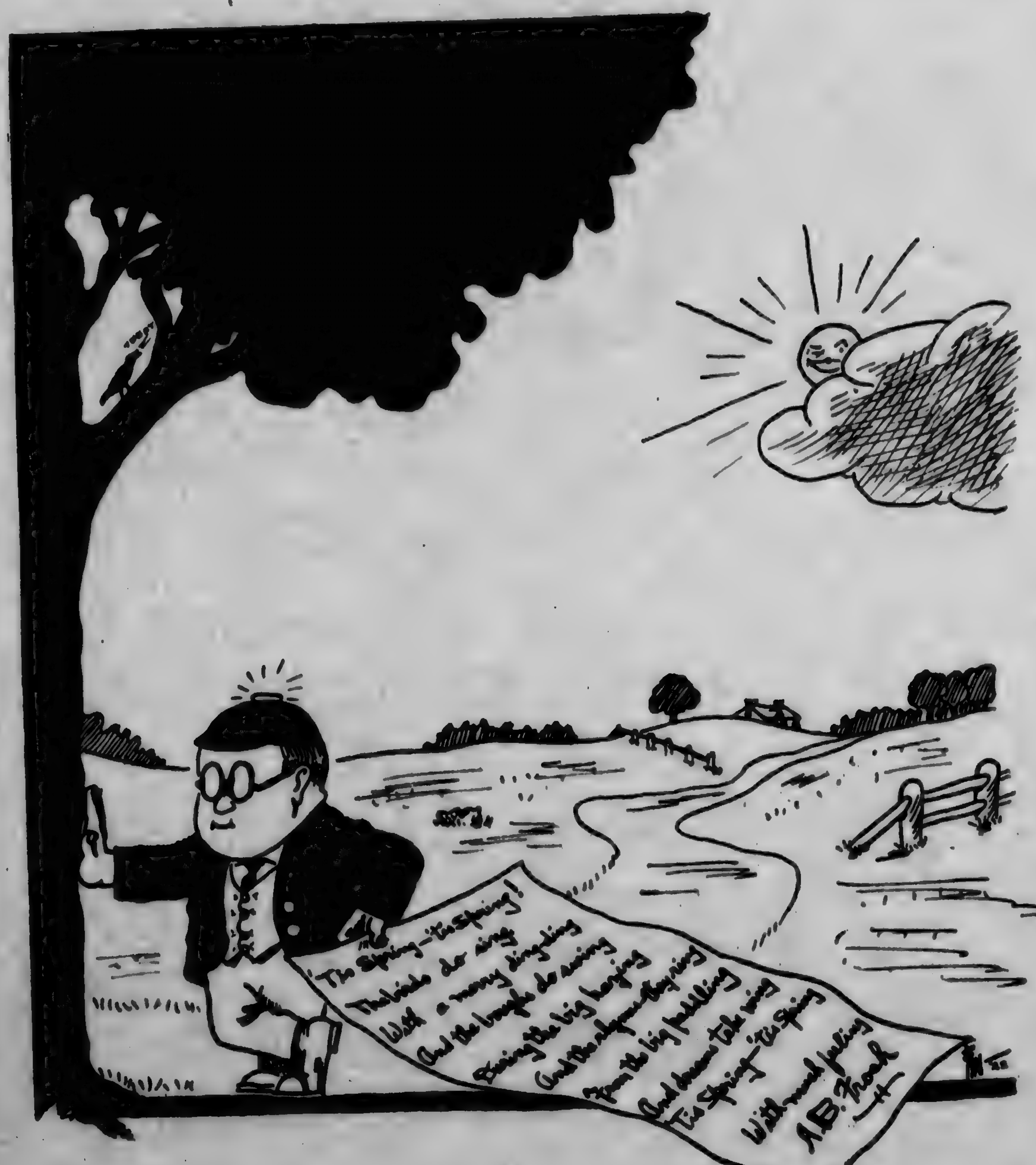
No. 4 APRIL, 1922 Vol. XXVI


'Tis Spring—'Tis Spring!
The birds do sing
With a merry jingling
And the boughs do swing
Swinging the big hanging
And the sap goes flowing
From the big puddling
And dreams take wing
'Tis Spring—'Tis Spring
With much feeling
A. B. Frosh

The Bucknell Mirror

"Vita sine literis mors est."

Vol. XXVI Lewisburg, Pa., April, 1922 No. 4

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Issued five times during the college year, in October, December, February, April and June. Application made for second class mail matter at the post office at Lewisburg, Pa., under the act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the business manager.

EDITORIAL

* * * *

CONGRATULATIONS!

To our sister-publication on the campus, "The Bucknellian," we extend our greetings upon the completion of a quarter century of service at Bucknell. Enjoying all the vicissitudes of a college publication at one time or another, it has grown from a 9 x 13 four-page paper to its present size. Two years ago it had the distinction of winning second prize in the Philadelphia Public Ledger contest among the college publications of the east. It has been a long assignment, and hard, but the arrival at the quarter century mark closes a period in its history of which we can be proud as Bucknellians.

* * * * * *

EVERY STUDENT

There is not a college in the country of respectable standing that does not have an alumni association. There is not a college in the country that is not grateful to its alumni for some cause, great or small. There is not a college president in the country but feels the vital force a good alumni association is in his institution. The energy manifested and the influence exerted by such an association can well be used to take the "temperature" of the type of students graduated from the institution.

Bucknell is no exception to the rule. In the Alumni Monthly for March there appeared a concise and straightforward editorial on the alumni situation at Bucknell. The plan suggested there for a full-time secretary cannot afford to have a deaf ear turned to it. The outline of the work of such an official of the university is worthy of consideration. It is a question of whether the Alumni Association of Bucknell is going to stand still or advance with the institution. The $5,000 necessary for the accomplishment of the proposed plan is not unreasonable, nor is it beyond reach. With each alumnus doing his share a full-time secretary can be secured, his traveling expenses accounted for, the expense of the Alumni Monthly cared for, and the successful operation of the association assured.

No small part in this program can be played by the present student body, and especially the Senior and Junior classes, in the university. It will not be such a distant time when we shall be numbered among the alumni, and it is not looking too far into the future to be thinking of this now. If the members of each graduating class affiliate themselves with the Alumni Association before leaving college in their Senior year, there will be no aching voids in the records of the college and the association, with a long list of "unknowns". There will be no lapse in your connection with Bucknell, for the following fall when college opens you will receive your copy of the Alumni Monthly regularly, and will be in touch with events as they take place both on and off "The Hill." The fee connected with such affiliation is not a burden, either, and includes the subscription to the publication. It is $2.50 per year, or $25. for a life membership. Plans are maturing for the payment of this life membership fee in five installments.

'22 should lead the way! '23 should follow! Then the ice will be broken, and the effort to secure the following graduating classes will not be so difficult. June is rapidly approaching, and the matter should be attended to at once. Think it over, Seniors; then let us line up back of the proposition to "shift into high" with the Alumni Association and for Old Bucknell.

* * * * * *

OVER NIGHT

The radiophone has swept the country as no other mechanical invention has ever done. It seems but yesterday that the news dispatches were telling us that the wireless telephone had been brought to such a standard of efficiency that it could be used for ordinary purposes. Today, all over the United States, there are stations that are daily sending broadcast various concerts of the highest type, lectures, news, weather reports, and a multitude of matters for the thousands of hearers who are listening in their own homes. Bucknell now has a receiving station in East Wing operated by the electrical engineers, and the Phi Kappa Psi and Kappa Delta Rho fraternities have instruments in their fraternity houses, receiving programs from Schenectady, Newark, Springfield, Washington, Detroit, and other broadcasting stations. Aside from these, there are several Lewisburg residents who have installed stations in their homes and receive the same benefits.

The whole thing is so amazing, so stupendous in the development it has reached over night, that there can be no forecasting as to the manner in which it will be further elaborated upon. It would appear that "the sky is the limit" in the marvelous possibilities of this new invention.

* * * * * *

SHOWERS

Showers again! Why did the weather man ever invent these miserable April showers? The whole month is a grand April fool----and makes fools of poor mortals also. It is a sure thing, if a fellow starts up the hill with no overcoat or hat, that the skies will open and down will come showers---of rain. The next time, determined to be prepared, he wears rubbers, and raincoat, and carries an umbrella----and the sun shines brightly.

Did you ever stop to think of the bright side of showers? Ask the bride how she likes them, and she will probably agree that no bride is properly started on the sea of matrimony without this kind of a shower to ruffle the waters----even if she does get a dozen rolling pins and a couple dozen towels, when everyone knows she needs cut glass and linen. In fact, most any shower can be turned into a shower of blessing. Capricious April showers her favors upon the bootblack and the tailor. She even gives you a chance to display your new umbrella to the admiring public. Do you appreciate your showers of blessings? Are you grateful for the opportunity given to you in the realm of education? Do you grumble on gloomy days or do you thank your lucky stars that you are here in any kind of weather?

Let us, no matter how greatly the shower dampens our spirits think of the other fellow----let us remember that perhaps our loss has been his gain. consoling ourselves that the weather will soon change. Then we shall be that much better able to cope with the situation, for the brief season of rain.

"April showers bring May flowers."

* * * * * *

ANTI—TEMPERANCE

Intemperance is not confined to those who indulge in "stronger than water" too frequently. In fact, there are several items that might well have been included in the 18th amendment, and over which there would have been less agitation than there has been over those really included. There is such a thing as intemperance in eating, as well as in drinking. There is such a thing as intemperance in attending the Orpheum. There is such a thing as intemperance in berating society as a whole, in talking, in walking, in working, as well as intemperance in-----yes, in printing. There is, in fact, intemperance in anything that indulges our feelings and emotions and abilities. It is when we have the proper proportion of relative values in life, and keep the right prospective concerning those things that appeal to us, that we have an even tenure in our lives; and life is sweet, worth while, and we are glad we can enjoy it.

SATAN

Mary E. Appleman

After wandering around in a forest for quite a while, I came upon an open space, where sat a large castle with many peaks and turrets. From within came the sound of merriment and revelry. I heard the music of harps and the sound of scop and gleeman. I heard also the rattle of dishes and goblets, which accompanies much drinking and feasting.

As the drawbridge was down and the guards were asleep, I entered the courtyard and stood before the door, hesitating there with fear and trembling. But I was tired and hungry, and my desire to enter overcame my timidity. I dropped the iron knocker upon the door and waited.

The door opened and I saw before me a spacious hall. A high table extended the whole length of the hall, and, at the head of the table sat a great light-haired giant. All around the table sat giants, who seemed to be of all races, some black, some white, and some brown.

"Who are you?" thundered the head of the table.

"Only a weary traveler," I answered meekly. "While out for a walk I lost my way in the woods. I am hungry. May I come in?"

"Shall we invite this tired traveler in, my friends? This is your party. Speak!" said the head of the table.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I did'nt know you were having a party or I should never have dared to knock," I gasped.

"I am Siegfried," explained the host, "and tonight I am entertaining in my banquet hall all the great permanent heroes of the world—the heroes of epic poems."

"Let the traveler come in," suggested a good-looking man in a Roman toga. "I know what it is to wander about hungry and tired. I have been a wanderer myself."

"I, too," said a man in Greek costume.

"Thank you, noble heroes," I said, for I recognized Aeneas and Ulysses.

"Come in and be seated," commanded Siegfried, as he signalled for the musicians to go on playing and for the feast to continue.

I had just begun to eat of the wild duck and roasted venison with which the servants provided me, when there came another knock at the door.

"Some belated guest," exclaimed Siegfried, and signalled the servants to open the door. There stood—yes, it was unmistakably Satan himself, as fierce-looking as I had ever imagined him, as big as any of the giants there, even Siegfried, the biggest of them all. He was indeed a regal figure, and carried himself like a king, proudly and boldly. He was not nearly so hideous as I had always imagined him! in fact, he was rather handsome, although his face was disfigured by a sneer and his eyes had a cruel gleam. But

"His form had not yet lost all its original
brightness

As when the sun, new risen, looks
through the horizontal misty air,
shorn of its beams."

He did not wait for an invitation, but advanced at once and sat down at the table. A man whom I thought to be an Arab got up from the table and addressed Siegfried.

"Kind host," he said, "I cannot sit at the table with this creature. He is my deadly enemy and caused me great suffering."

Satan laughed unpleasantly at the poor man, who was none other than Job, and continued to eat in an undisturbed manner. I could easily see he was used to snubs and not at all sensitive.

Siegfried addressed him. "Evil Spirit of the Christians," he said, "I have invited to this feast only the heroes of epic poems. Why have you come?"

"Because I am the hero of an epic poem" answered Satan. "I am the hero of 'Paradise Lost,' written by the great poet John Milton. He did not intend to make me the hero, but he created me so great he could not keep me where he wanted me. I filled the book and towered above his other characters as the giant oak towers above the blackberry bushes. When he told me to stay in my place, I laughed at him, as I am laughing now." With this Satan bowed mockingly.

Now I had tried my best from the first to dislike him, but although I was prejudiced against him, I could not keep from feeling the justice of his plea, and I think many around me were impressed by him. There was something fascinating about his reckless, ironic coolness and independence in this place where he was surrounded by enemies.

"Personally," Siegfried said, "I have no objection to this man's being here provided he can prove he deserves the honor. Can you prove you are the hero of 'Paradise Lost'?"

Satan arose. "'An epic poem,'" he quoted, "'is a record of the victorious deeds of some heroic character, around whom the action centers!' Were not my deeds victorious? Did I not win the struggle with Adam and Eve and drive them forth from Eden?" Everyone nodded confirmation.

"And does not the action center about me? Am I not the one in whom you are interested when you read the story?"

As he talked Satan gained more and more the sympathy of his audience, who nodded. I couldn't help realizing that he was a man of great genius.

"But the definition says you must be heroic," objected Siegfried. "All here are lovers of courage and brave deeds. Can you prove that you are brave?"

"Listen to a few epithets that Milton has given me: 'Fearless,' 'of dauntless courage,' 'of unconquerable will,' 'steadfast,' 'sturdy of revenge,' and 'one who cannot think submission.' I was so bold and brave that even in Heaven, where I had everything else my heart desired, I could not bear to be second, and must needs fight for first place. I was so popular that one-third of the angels rebelled with me and never turned against me although I brought them to hopeless torture. It would be well if other rulers would learn my secret. My motto has always been:

'To be weak is miserable, and no one
shall ever by his wrath or might
Extort from me to bow and sue for
grace on suppliant knee.'
I have 'A mind not to be changed by
place or time' and think it
'Better to reign in Hell than serve in
Heaven.'

"After I was landed in Hell, I daresay anyone else would have despaired at such a plight. I decided to strike at God through his creatures—men—and difficult and daring as the project was I carried it out. You are all brave but there is no pain which I cannot bear. You are all persistent, but there is nothing that can make me despair. See!"

And before they could stop him, Satan had jumped up from the table and run to the enormous fireplace, where big fir trees from the forest were crackling merrily. He stepped into the fire and stood laughing at their consternation. They watched him in awe and almost reverence.

"Does it not hurt?" asked Siegfried.

"Of course," laughed Satan, "but I am used to it. I am doomed to an eternity of anguish such as this and I can never escape, for, if I step out of the fire, the flames still burn in my heart. Are any of you as brave as that?"

"No," said everyone, even old Job.

And Siegfried led him to a seat at the banquet, among the other epic heroes.

THE THREE STREAMS

Dr. Allyn K. Foster

The River of Creative Energy, like the Nile at the Delta, breaks up into three streams. It is the same energy, but coursing in three ways. The stream of Physical energy plays upon natural organs which ages have prepared for its reception and use, and by correspondence our bodies are kept fit machines. Therefore athletics and health. There is also the stream of Mental force which our mental mechanism catches and utilizes. It took centuries to evolve this intricate metal machine from the first ray of intelligence. In the current of thought this mind of man immensely expends, until, long ago, it gripped things in heaven and earth. This is education, namely the mind of man catching both Things and Thoughts of this wonderous universe. The third stream is the Creative Current of Spiritual Power, compact of both physical and mental, but transcending them, too. This spiritual power, in comparably the highest form of energy known to us, plays upon God's highest creation, namely Personality. True education produces the Symmetry of Personality by the proportionate absorption of all three of these streams of energy. Education is in its last analysis the Culture of a Spirit. "What kind of a Person have you become?" is the only question on the Final Examination of Life. True Religion, its persons and its offices, point out the reservoirs of Spiritual energy and make them available to aspiring men. Jesus is the focus of the light, the warmth and the energy of God in historic time. The wise man will not neglect the sources of Power for His Spirit.

* * * * * *

TWILIGHT

A. H. H. '23

Twilight and the beginning of shadows,
And mists coming in with the night;
Fading tips of the sharp mountain ridges,
Still edged with a faint golden light;
And the blending of green with the darkness
Like the merging of sea and the sky,
Till only the trees of the clearing,
Stand silhouette to the eye.
The fowls of the air cease their crying,
The life of the earth's hushed below,
And Hesperus hung, silver pointed,
Gleams as a gem in the still evening's glow.
Like a great vast vaulted cathedral,
That throbs in the silence of prayer,
Is the Silence of mountain and valley,
Breathing the meaning of life in the air.

MY IDEAL MAN -- AND ANOTHER

E. Kedzie Strauser

Dear reader, allow me to inform you at the outset that there are men—and men.

For several years I have been looking for a man who will measure up to the requirements of my ideal of this species.

To begin at the top: He must be supplied with enough hair to last until he is fifty-five at least. This may be either auburn or dark, preferably the former. His eyes shall be blue or grey, his nose neither too large nor too small, too straight nor too crooked, nor too odd, but just a good nose—a nose that knows good cooking when it smells it, and fragrant fresh flowers when they are, and should be, around. As to his teeth, none may be lacking, at least none that are visible, and none that are necessary for mastication, for in my years of housekeeping for an old uncle, the one thing that I have not learned to make is soft toast. However, I am hopeful, as I have been occupied with the task for only three years.

Now, I have arrived at the lips of "mon homme." These must not be thick, and he must know how to use them; I don't mean to pout with them, like a sulky boy, when he is displeased, but to—well—to kiss!

Some people seem very particular about what I regard as a minor detail—the jaw. Now I may not be experienced along that line, but I cannot read a man's character by his jaw. Why, sakes alive, some poor men have no jaw at all and their character is above reproach, so I think this test is unreasonable.

My hero must have a figure like Adonis. His shoulders are to be strong enough to bear the weight of millinery and shoe bills, which, to say the least, will not be feather weights.

His arms must be long, not long enough to look awkward or ungainly, but long enough and willing enough to reach around me when occasion demands.

Now I have arrived at his stomach region. This may not be what directs our tastes, but just here I propose to diverge a short time and talk of culinary art. There are several things I will cook for no man. Sauer-kraut, stewed carrots, onions, and sage shall never find lodging in my house.

I have heard that the shortest road to a man's heart is through his stomach. This may be true, but it is a hard road to travel.

A friend of mine learned that her fiance was particularly fond of chocolate eclairs and cream of tomato soup. She learned to make these to perfection (somewhat to the detriment of other edibles). After they were married she worked every day over a hot stove preparing these for him for a whole month. He was unkind enough to say something about variety. Now they take their meals at a hotel. Whatever I cook must be eaten with at least a look of relish.

I should like, in fact I demand, that some musical talent be shown. If he neither plays the violin (the one thing which I prefer) nor sings, he must be able to appreciate my performances for him. He must be effeminate to no degree and only sentimental enough to care to read poetry, send me flowers, and kiss me at least seven years after marriage. By that time I think the habit will have become so fixed that it would be easier to follow it than break it.

He must be religious enough to attend church twice a month, and raise no objection if I suggest going every week in the seasons when one wears new apparel.

Some show of temper is permissible, and while profanity is not encouraged, it will not be tabooed when circumstances require it.

He may belong to a lodge, play poker and billiards, he may even smoke cigars or a pipe in the house, but he **may not** wear suspenders, come to meals without being shaved, or tell me how his mother used to do things.

As to his name I am not particular, save that it be not George. By profession he will be a doctor, by training he will be generally truthful, and by intuition he will be a lover.

. . . .

I laugh now when I read the above, which I wrote some years ago in a diary; for, as I look from my window, I see my light-haired Georgie coming home from his seat at the bar with his unpoetic judicial book in one hand, flecking ashes from his cigarette with the other, and I can tell by the set of his jaw that he will not care to go to the opera tonight, and he will probably ask me if we aren't going to have new spring onions for dinner. Also he will be too tired to shave before eating. But with all his faults I love him still, and I am able to say with some other wise woman—

"For me, one man is as good as another,
—And **one** is a little bit better."

• * * * *

1925

V. S.

"Our formal's coming off on the nineteenth," he said. "Want to go?"

"H'm'm, you tell 'em!" She glanced sidewise at him, her head a little tilted. He smiled uncertainly, and thought desperately of his jeweled frat pin. He always HAD liked to wear it. Then she looked away. He sighed, more with relief than regret.

Neither spoke for a little while. They sat quite close together on the settee in the reception room of Women's College—he with his long legs crossed, their terminations enveloped in huge flapping galoshes, she gazing intently just now at the top of her slim satin slipper. She hummed a little—"In the spring, a young man's fancy——." Then she looked at him again with the same side-glance.

"Don't you **love** the spring, Jack?" she gushed. "Doesn't it just make you feel like dancing?"

"Ye-ah," he replied, and ran a finger around his collar as though he were choking. She hummed the same air again.

"Silly," she said softly, "your tie's crooked."

She leaned close to him to fix it. A stray strand of her bobbed hair touched his chin; he gave up.

"Margie——" he began rather confusedly, "Margie, I——." He took her hand in his. "Margie, you—I—!"

The door clicked sharply; instantly the two on the settee sprang apart. Someone passed by and glanced suspiciously at the two innocents on the settee.

He rose suddenly and snatched his hat.

"Margie, I gotta go. I—I was due up at the Chem Lab at four, and—" he took out his watch—"It's four-fifteen now! 'Bye!'"

The door slammed behind him. She shook her hair once; said aloud disgustedly, "Well, of all the **blame** luck!" and flounced away.

THE BLUFFER

Roland M. Wendell

He was a scholar once, a pest,
In recitations passed the rest,
And always on the mustiest
    Was stuffing;
His brain was long, his wit was short,
We classed him hopeless as a sport,
Till he once started to resort
    To bluffing.

We raised our eyes, we engineers,
Within our bosoms choked our cheers,
And plenteous praise into his ears
    Kept puffing;
He first used faint and falt'ring speech
And then more surely did he preach,
Until we found that he could teach
    Us bluffing!

If we had envied him before,
Great Mackerel! We were green-eyed more
When he, with many a metaphor,
    Stood huffing;
We listened with astounded awe,
As, with a "hem" and with a "haw,"
He crammed our doctor's saintly craw
    With bluffing.

No longer did he let his light
Burn out the hours of the night,
Nose-deep, his bookly appetite
    Still stuffing;
In silence all the idle eve
His lusty volumes now would grieve,
For they alone could not believe
    His bluffing.

One mid-night, on the fire-escape,
We saw a most sepulchral shape,
And heard a low metallic scrape,
    Feet scuffing!
We caught him on the husty stair-
The searchlight! Is the reason there?
Yes, on his coat a ten-inch hair!
    Such bluffing!

FEET! TOO MUCH FEET

Jennie E. Stackhouse

SCENE I.

(A sitting room very comfortably furnished. A davenport drawn up before a fireplace, which is on left hand side of stage. Library table near back of davenport. Right hand side of stage is piano, with a floor lamp nearby. Three large chairs scattered in suitable positions over stage. Entrance on right hand and a door in back of stage on left hand.)

(Enter from right, young lady and man.)

Mary: "You don't love me."

Bob: "Why, Mary darling, of course I love you."

Mary (beginning to cry): "Y-y-yo-you d-d-don't."

Bob: "Sweetheart, don't cry. Tell me what's wrong."

Mary: "Y-yo-you d-d-don't love me. You'd stop d-d-doing it if you really l-l-loved me."

Bob (laughing): "Mary, you accuse me of not loving you. And then you say I'd stop if I really loved you. I can't stop loving you. Mary, I'll never stop loving you, as long as the stars shine in the heavens and the sand's in the desert."

Mary (stops crying and stamps foot): "Robert James Gerald, Jr., don't you dare stand there and laugh at me. You know just as well as I what the trouble is."

Bob: "I don't, and I'm not laughing at you."

Mary: "You are so. You're laughing this minute. Y-y-you do-don't love me."

Bob: "Mary darling, of course I love you. Come on, sweetness, tell Bobby what the trouble is."

Mary (very icily): "Robert, I am not a child. So I wish you to understand not to treat me as one."

Bob: "Oh, lord, Mary. Instead of acting like a child you act like a little fool sometimes."

(Sits down and picks up paper.)

(Pause.)

Mary: "Robert, do you realize that it is extremely impolite to read while some-one is trying to speak to you? You try to tell me that you don't know what the trouble is, when you know all the time."

Bob: "All right, then I know. (Picks up paper.)

Mary: "Will you stop?"

Bob: "What?"

Mary: "Don't sit there like a dummy and say 'What?' "

Bob (beginning to be angry): "No, and I never shall as long as you stand there like a little fool and don't tell me. You've bawled me out all the way home from that blame musical."

Mary (surprised and hurt): "Why, Bob!"

Bob: "Well, I mean it. You think I am going to sit all the time and listen to you rave—I tell you I am getting sick of it."

Mary: "B-B-Bobby. You called me a little f-f-fool. Now I know you don't l-l-love me."

Bob: "Of course I do, Mary. Forgive me, I am a little tired tonight. Had a hard day at the office. Come on and sit in this chair with me."

Mary: "Well, will you stop?"

Bob: "What? Yes, I'll stop. What is it?"

Mary: "Well—will you please stop wiggling your feet?"

Bob (surprised): "Wiggling my feet? Why I never do that."

Mary: "Oh, yes you do. This evening while I was singing you were sitting there wiggling your feet all the time."

Bob: "Ugh? I don't remember."

Mary: "Mary Thompson and Irene Lake were back of the scenery and I heard Mary say—"Look at Bob Gerald out there. Isn't it too comical for words the way he toes in and out? We can always tell when he is pleased."

Bob: "Is that all?"

Mary: "Yes. But Bob, it is so embarrassing and made me terribly nervous all the time I was singing. I hate to see people laughing at you."

Bob: "All right then, sweetheart. It is taboo on wiggling the feet."

Mary: "You will stop, won't you dear?"

Bob: "Sure Mike."

(Pause.)

Mary: "You do love me, don't you, Bob?"

Bob: "You bet your boots. I couldn't get along without you."

Mary: "Oh, Bob!"

(Blissful silence. Mary feels a movement and looks down. Bob is blissfully wiggling his feet.)

Mary (in tears): "Oh, Bob, you're doing it now. You're wiggling your feet." (Jumps up and runs out of the room. Bob begins to follow.)

Bob: "I won't do it again."

Mary: "Robert James Gerald, don't you dare follow me. I h-h-hate you."

Bob (throws himself into a chair): "Damnation!"

SCENE II.

(A sitting room comfortably furnished but with old furniture, well-worn. Mary is sitting on a low stool, close by her mother, who is sewing.)

Mary: "Will it be all right if I stay here with you for a while?"

Mrs. Wilkins: "Of course, dear. Father and I will be so glad to have you with us again for a little time. We've missed you a great deal since you went away."

Mary: "All right. I suppose I shall be able to get work at the office."

Mrs. W. (very much surprised): "Why, child, what is wrong?"

Mary (almost in tears): "Why, I can't stand Bob any longer. It's terrible."

Mrs. W. (with a wise smile): "Well, suppose you tell mother all about it."

Mary (beginning to cry): "He-he wiggles his feet."

Mrs. W.: "Wiggles his feet? Why, my dear I can't see anything so dreadful in that. You love Bob, don't you?"

Mary: "Y-Y-Yes. But mother, you don't know what it is to see him wiggling his feet in and out, every time he is pleased at anything. It is maddening."

Mrs. W.: "Oh yes I do."

Mary: "Yes, you can say that, but Daddy never does anything like that."

Mrs. W.: "No. Your father never wiggles his feet. But did you ever notice how he flourishes his handkerchief just before he blows his nose?"

Mary: "Why—yes. But that is just a dear little trick of Daddy's. Why he wouldn't be Daddy if he didn't do that."

Mrs. W.: "Yes, but, my dear, he wasn't always Daddy!"

Mary: "Oh—(short interval of silence) Did you feel just like I do, Mother?"

Mrs. W.: "Yes, dear. But always remember, love is the one thing that counts. I really think you two children do love each other."

Mary: "Mother!—love Bob? Why I'd die if anything happened to him."

Mrs. W. (with a wise little smile): "All right, dear, run upstairs and wash away those tears so your father doesn't ask any questions—for he will be home in a few minutes."

(Exit Mary.)

(Doorbell rings and in walks a very white-faced Bob.)

Bob: "My heavens, Mother, is Mary here?"

Mrs. W.: "Yes Bob. She just went upstairs. She'll be down in a minute. Why here she is now.

Bob: "Mary!—"

Mary: "Bob!—"

(They rush into each other's arms. Mrs. W. finally goes out.)

(After a short pause.)

Bob: "Heavens, Mary, but you frightened me, running off like that. I never thought you felt like that about my wiggling my feet. I'll stop it right away."

Mary: "All right, Bobby."

(Sit down on couch.)

Bob: "I tell you, Mary. Let's run over to New York next week. We'll have a sort of second honeymoon."

Mary (as she kisses him): "Oh, Bob, you dear."

(Silence. Mary with a sigh of content leans against Bob, and then looks down. With a rhythmical motion Bob's feet are going in and out.)

Mary: "Oh, Bob!"

QUICK CURTAIN.

THE PLAY "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Gail B. Young

The theatre-goers of London and New York called it a miracle! Upon earnestly considering their judgment we cannot help but think that they were about right in their emphatic declaration. It was, indeed, more than a striking bit of fortune that John Drinkwater found McGlynn, an actor so well fitted for portraying the part of our immortal Lincoln. How many of the world's great actors could successfully have filled this great role? A great responsibility rested upon the shoulders of Mr. McGlynn. He held the fate of the dramatist's masterpiece in his power! He made good, and New York honored this play with runs which had never in the history of the Theatre been accorded to a play of this type. Of course, there are some contemporary writers who criticize Mr. McGlynn's acting very severely, and they are correct in their reviews as far as they go. Taking all things into consideration, however, these critics are too narrow in their judgment—they don't go far enough in seeking the true merits of success! In fact, they are foolishly flinging themselves at an established boulder of success. Mr. McGlynn may not have played the part in an ideal manner, but we are certain he played it in such a masterful way that it crowned the achievements of John Drinkwater with a glorious success. Up to this time we have considered the minor part of the miracle. McGlynn was an invaluable "find"—but where could we find another Drinkwater? Let us consider for a little while the character of the man who gave us the great modern play, "Abraham Lincoln."

We find our task difficult, because we are living in the same period as the excellent dramatist. The details of his splendid career we will leave to the writers of the future. It is our humble intention to provide a glimpse of the inner character of this great English writer. John Drinkwater is a man who appreciates "Life" in the full meaning of the word. It was for this reason probably that he idolized an American who really "lived." In order that we may gain a clear insight into the soul of this big man, let us read again a poem which contains the outpourings of his noble heart.

Dear Life, be merciful and kind,
Lend me your hand, for I am blind.
Lend me your wit, for mine too soon
Inhabits with the spectral moon.
Prepare your still intelligence
To watch beside my ailing sense.

Life, I have made my pilgrimage
All as you bade, and wage by wage,
Your service deemed but well to me.
Now gentle in persuasion be,
When after you I fall and bleed
And hear not where your footfalls lead.

My song no tardy messenger
Has been of any word that there
Dwelt from your charge for witnessing
Let me not be an outcast thing,
Dear Life, this whether from your fold,
With a great heart untimely old.

In faith to you have labored long,
My blood, my purposes, my song.
In faith to you my hope is dumb,
To this poor waste of darkness come.
Oh Life, forsake me not, who lie
Broken upon your Calvary!

We feel that the man's innermost thoughts are woven in the above poem, and that it would be pure folly to endeavor to elaborate upon the subject. Let us look more closely at the play itself—and the play's significance.

John Drinkwater garnished his masterpiece with simplicity—a simplicity of universal embrace. In no place did he attempt to provide a "local color" of which he was quite naturally ignorant. He used the words of an Englishman, but they were words which framed the utterances of a truly American soul. He placed upon the stage in three wonderful acts a play which stirs the hearts of its audience—a play which makes men think! With marvelous skill he portrays the true nature of Lincoln—a nature that blossoms from the hawthorn of his pain. He shows us Lincoln, the just, as well as the merciful. To be plainly spoken, this great dramatist has shown us by the portrayal of America's foremost exponent of true democracy that America's sole claim to loyalty as a nation rests on our fidelity to the democratic experiment!

In this brief treatment of the play, "Abraham Lincoln," we have not even pretended to delve into the intricacies of plot and dramatic technique. The modern periodicals have outdone themselves in performing that task. We desire only to emphasize in our most inadequate manner the great significance of the play. Today, when the nation rocks with fluctuations of new doctrines, it is comforting to know that we have some stabilizing influences. If any one thought can trouble Americans, it is that some day there will be no America. We look back upon the fall of mighty Rome and upon the destruction of many ancient states, and we tremble. America must not die—it must go on forever! These sentiments stirred the heart of John Drinkwater. He knew the nations of old had fallen because they had allowed their traditions to die, and realizing this he gave us the play, "Abraham Lincoln," which was his effort to keep the tradition of Lincoln alive. The success of the play **was a miracle.** Let us hope that its efforts in making America eternal will not be in vain, for that would be the greatest miracle of Time. In the meanwhile, America, realizing her traditions must be kept alive, bows in sincere gratitude to John Drinkwater, the English dramatist, who realized that the traditions of Lincoln should be revived!

* * * *

ONE OF LEWISBURG'S HOMES

Written in English Literature as an
assignment describing Lewisburg's
best architecture

One day, not long ago, when "December winds were blowing chill and the day was near its close," I walked down St. George street toward the river. As I approached the corner or Third street, the sun's gleams, reddening in the west, were reflected across to me from the windows of a home. These light rays drew my attention to the house itself, and my eye approvingly examined its style and appearance.

The house faced the west. It stood back from the street just far enough to make me feel like "running in for a minute." The little evergreen bushes at each side of the colonial doorway seemed to symbolize the warm, never-failing hospitality of the people within.

Clean and cheerful in appearance was the white stucco of which this colonial house was built. Bright-green shutters protected the windows, inside of which fine, lace curtains showed beneath green blinds. The wide, white doorway, of the type we read about in Civil War stories, of course possessed a shining brass knocker. Five red-brick chimneys assured me that the house would always be warm. The slate roof, I am sure, kept every drop of rainwater outside the house, and the gutters and rain spouts would direct the superfluous moisture safely to the ground.

I sauntered down past the side of the house. Here, a wide veranda with a cement floor extended toward St. George Street. A lace-curtained, French door-window opened on this now-cold-looking porch, which must have been comfortable to sit on when warm summer evenings came. A bare catalpa tree clung to the middle porch column for support in the harsh, winter wind. In front of the porch, across the cinder path used for a sidewalk, a "majestic oak made music of the winter air."

Somehow, my glance was attracted upward to the gable. There was a lovely window, unusually large for that of an attic. The curtains, drawn back to each side of the window, made me believe that someone spent many hours in that attic room. I pictured in my mind a cozy room with a comfortable window-seat with rocking chairs, a bookcase, a small table, upon which lay a girl's favorite book and her sewing basket. I imagined that the Girl sat in her comfortable window-seat to knit or sew, or perhaps, to read and dream. Often she glanced outside. She saw Montour change in appearance from day to day and she watched the clouds play about its top, and the Susquehanna wash the ground at its foot. From her vantage point she watched the first snowfall; she listened to the March winds driving away February snows, and April showers falling on sprouting seeds. She does not miss the budding of the trees, nor the blossoming of the flowers, nor the blue of the summer sky. When her chum calls, however, she forgets the beauties of nature in the exchange of secrets. More than likely a glimpse through this attic window would reveal no such room as I have portrayed, but I hope I learn nothing to shatter my "tower-room" dreams.

I walked past the house to the garden at the back. Two brick walks, one leading in from the street, the other leading out from the built-in pantry, met in the center of the garden plot to pave a way under an arbor of white lattice work. This arbor was defaced by the dead vines of brambler roses, which must in June and July have become a mass of red or pink loveliness. The narrow pavement then surrounded a flower bed in the center of the garden, which contained but the dried remains of summer's blooms. North of the flower bed the garden was bounded by a white lattice fence—like the arbor—entwined with bare rose vines. Along the south side of the garden, in other words, along St. George street, a row of stubbles indicated the place where a hedge of peonies bloomed in warmer days. My imagination again led my thoughts astray. This time I saw the Girl walking among the flowers, stopping here to smell a rose, there to admire the peonies, and perhaps to gather a few pansies for her "tower room." I am sure she read "A poem in every flower, in every leaf a line."

I confess as I end my description, that no architect could design a house from it. However, I have tried to give to you the impression this house gave to me. For the family who lived within its walls, I'm sure, it would remind them of "old dreams and long-remembered faces." If you are doubtful of my scanty description and my wandering imagination, dear reader, please walk down St. George street until you come to the corner of Third street and see if you do not see an ideal home.

* * * * * *

SID SAYS

Lynn N. Bitner

He went away
The other day
To "get a guy"-at least they say
He did.
When he came back
His eye was black,
His lips were bleeding, jaw was slack
Poor Sir.
"The time I had?
Oh, not so bad,
Tho I look battered, I'm not mad,"
Said he,
"So save your sighs
For other guys,
They need your pity, I surmise.
Not me!
"The same in life
Or bloody strife,
Wherever human conflict's rife,
Is true.
You need no nurse
Nor any hearse
If t'other fellow's feeling worse
Than you."

THE SCHOLAR'S PRAYER

Roland M. Wendell

God everpresent, keep my soul
From losing Thee while seeking Thee;
Forbid that I should set my goal
With pestle, or with carven scroll,
Or any tool Thou gavest me.
God of the scholar, hold me fast
    Until the last.

Keep me from pride in mortal sight -
Thy gift through Time's aeonic dream -
Yet let me not despise the light
By which Thou showerest Thy might
Down nature's protoplasmic stream.
God of the Ages, hold me fast
    Unto the last.

Blind me, if, when the past I've weighed,
A careless critic I should be,
Down-casting altars Thou hast laid,
And building not again to aid
The Truth benuded thus by me.
Great God of Wisdom, hold me fast
    Unto the last.

Save me from misdirected zeal,
From scalping with a husking knife.
Oh! to mine eager hand reveal
A scalpel of that truer steel
Which once by Jordan lifted life.
Great God of Science, hold me fast
    Unto the last.

When, doubting, in the clouds I lie,
Blaze They great plan in futures clear,
Lest I, with introspective eye,
Narrow mv scope to mine own sky,
And fail thru self to be a seer.
God of the Prophets, hold me fast
    Unto the last.

When nations' talons nations tear,
Error and Evil flash their fangs,
Save me from hesitant despair,
And in me prophecies prepare
Of common peace for human pangs,
God of the Nations, hold me fast
    Unto the last.

Sweeten with love and move my heart
To beat a sacrifice within,
Lest I should horde thy truths apart
And, silent, shame that 'passioned art
Which pours from life a death to sin,
O Galilean, hold me fast
Unto the last.
God everpresent, keep my soul
From losing Thee while seeking Thee;
Forbid that I should set my goal
With pestle, or with carven scroll,
Or any tool Thou gavest me.
God of the Scholar, hold me fast
Unto the last.

* * *

SATURDAY NIGHT

Katharine Miller

Saturday night—the small city or town dweller knows what that means. If the weather is at all favorable, there is a decided difference in the appearance of the place then from that of any other night in the week. To see it at its best, you ought to be out from eight o'clock on, for then things are really in full swing. You will first be astonished at the unusually large number of autos parked down town. If the authorities forbid parking on the principal streets, then the adjoining side streets or less congested parts of the Main Street will be literally lined with cars, the Ford model, so generally favored by the people of the country, being most conspicuous. But by no means all the cars are parked, and Saturday night usually requires the services of the extra traffic police.

The sidewalks are thronged with people, generally a good-natured crowd. Some are energetically bustling about, and, armed with shopping bags and market baskets, are getting together the supplies for the Sunday dinner. Some are down town not so much to do shopping as to enjoy the spirit of activity, good nature, friendliness, and general meeting together of people in holiday mood. Not that it is a holiday exactly, but the work of the week is done; the townspeople as well as the country folks are out for relaxation, and an entirely different atmosphere from the ordinary humdrum of business prevails. Groups of men collect and discuss politics, the weather, the factory, the crops, or just stand and smoke and watch the others go by. Some men, few in number, however, trudge along carrying the market basket and stop to visit only while the wife is busy. The women stop to exchange greetings to discuss some new gossip, to plan the next church supper, or to ask about the last meeting of the five hundred club. They usually stand in the stores or under a protecting awning to talk busily while their men folk wait outside. The young people, sometimes in separate groups, dressed in their best, saunter with elaborate unconcern up and down the street, looking for new worlds to conquer. Here and there a couple have settled things, and are on their way to the movies, the ice cream parlor, or some other place of amusement.

In the stores and shops all is bustle—the butchers are chopping and weighing, the groceryman is trying to be in three places at once, the dry goods saleswomen are rushing to and fro to satisfy the thousand and one last-minute demands of the feminine customer. The candy stores and soda fountains are doing a big business; both the shy young chaps and the important gallants are providing themselves the wherewithal to win favor; the girls are always literal patrons; the head of the household has cashed his weekly check and is buying a treat for the children at home.

The movies are crowded to their full capacity. For many the Saturday night movie is as regular a part of the week's schedule as the first-of-the-week washday.

Toward nine o'clock, the people, laden with parcels and bundles, begin to move homeward; the young folks have betaken themselves elsewhere; one by one the autos move out of the line and start off. By ten or ten-thirty, the street looks quite deserted, and another week with its work, its business, its relaxation, is over.

CONSTRUCTIVE EVOLUTION

Everitt S. McHenry, '23

One may gaze out at the world from a local point of view to wonder: "Is there any real progress or is it all just one grand mixup?" Local conditions at certain times may suggest an aimless lawlessness. Yet, if we consider the trend of the vaster education of the race, we may see at first dimly, then more vividly, a general progressive refinement of humanity in the crucible of evolution. As the vistas of History unroll, they reveal numberless events which, in their relations to movements, have aimed at advancement. As the brooklets and rivulets of a region unite to form a mighty river, so these movements unite to leave their purifying effect on humanity. This purifying effect is the progress towards group or social consciousness.

In the economic field we have had the isolated stage, where a family or group maintained itself, without relation to any other unit; the local or village stage, which was still local in character, but in which there was exchange by trade or commerce; and the industrial stage with capital and growth of large business enterprises. The tendency towards increased social contact seen in this progression has been further strengthened by improved means of communication such as the steamship, railroad, and telephone. Reform agitation has resulted in better factory conditions and more reasonable hours. Systems of industrial democracy, where employers and employees co-operate instead of antagonize, have proven very successful. Very significant is the fact that business activities have come to be judged in terms of the social, instead of certain individuals', estimation.

Education is another field in which the socializing influence is demonstrated. Here the gradual triumph of rational thought over ignorance, prejudice, and superstition is particularly brought out. The military education of ancient Sparta was, from the point of view of our day, bare and narrow. Greek and Roman education was for the few, practically ignored girls' training, and lacked any great amount of science, and the Christian Church movement tended to discount the outer world. Then came the Renaissance, the awakening to new interests and new inquiring attitude. Interest in law, theology, and medicine led to founding of many universities. Today the modern university gives the student a chance to gain a comprehensive knowledge of the world he lives in and its people. The Protestant Reformation supplied a basis for general co-education when Lather uttered his famous: "The just shall live by faith." Each was to make an individual study of Scripture for his own salvation. About the same time the common or vernacular languages were coupled with printing. These, together, have contributed a vaster network of thought communication than can be adequately comprehended. A valuable movement running parallel to this was from formal, classical training and rote-memory work to a scientific rational field. Men need no longer fear to investigate with their eyes what lies about them. And finally, we have the vital fact that education has come to be regarded as development of the individual.

In government we view a progression which is peculiarly gratifying to the American of today. First, we had the Oriental type of government such as the despotisms of Babylon, Egypt, or Persia. This type conquered by the sword and subjugated the vanquished peoples. It was based on conquest. Then came the Roman type of government which, though not granting full citizenship to all of the conquered, gave rights to them in its provinces. Next we had the English type, which finally reached a democratic basis. Yet David Jayne Hill, former president of Bucknell University and ambassador to Germany, says that the United States stands unique as a great government recognizing, in theory at least, the inherent rights of man. Our constitution recognizes that a man has deep-rooted rights which are implanted by nature. He has a right to property, to his tastes, and to freedom of thought and action so long as this does not interfere with others. Prof. Roscoe Pound, of Harvard University, says, with respect to law and liberty, that "Juristic and political theory today thinks of interests, that is, of claims which a human being may make, and of securing or protecting the greatest number of these interests possible with the least sacrifice of other interests."

The history of the church shows perhaps the most significant advance. One of the medieval clouds, from which the church emerged, was that of its asceticism or the tendency to live apart from the world. Its long, sad history is that of a blindness to the worth of the body, and to the unity of nature. The monk exalted the abnormal bodily condition within a hair-jacket as though it were a spiritual attainment. Today the churches are planted amidst the life of the world. Purification of practice has accompanied purification of thought in the church. Men such as Erasmus and Colet, using Greek as their key, resolved "to fling aside the traditional dogmas of their day, and to discover a rational and practical religion in the Gospels themselves." Erasmus upheld the need of repenting rather than of "doing penance." Such men paved the way for Luther and Calvin, who fought their successful struggle against the Catholic institution which had commercialized religion. Today Christian conceptions are broadening, the church has become a center for social and civic activity. Moreover, it aids needy enterprises and supports, in large measure, popular college education.

Though man has seemed at times disappointingly unadaptable to the best ideas of enlightenment, the general movement has tended toward improvement of life. One of our statesmen, Henry Adams, a descendant of John Quincy Adams, has written an autobiography which he entitles: "The Education of Henry Adams." In the same manner, we might call the course of history "The Education of Mankind." Deep-moving tendencies are inevitably guiding man to a broader view of life, and particularly to a sense of social unity. Great spaces in distance and time are being spanned. Today it takes only nineteen hours to go from New York to Havana by aeroplane, while it takes four days by train and fast boat. And the cost is only $225.00 as compared with $140.00 by boat and train. Business, education, government, and the church are slowly but surely bringing men together.

What are we to conclude as to our future course, in the light of the past? Simply that we must respect the unit of the social consciousness, to which the finger of the past points. That is individual personality. Personalities in tune remind us of the pleasure given by a well-played piano duet. The musicians are in harmony. Gambetta, the famous French patriot, who did much to make the present French Republic possible, said: "There is no Social Question; there are only social questions which have to

(Continued on Page 117)

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APOSTROPHE TO BIG BEN

Charles F. Lindig

There you are, Big Ben! Your insolent, Radiolit face grins balefully at me thru the darkness. This luminosity of yours is the latest touch to be added by your Satanic creator. The once protective shades of night now offer no haven—no repose, from your insinuating Presence.

You now appear even more repulsive than in the revealing daylight. Then I can see you in all your smug and complacent rotundity, cocked back on your three legs in that swaggering manner which suggests a ward boss. Then I almost expect to see you hook your thumbs in the armholes of your vest and exclaim thru teeth clenched on the conventional big, black cigar: "Step right up to the bar, boys. The treat's on me. I'll carry this ward by a six-thousand majority!" But happily your hands are so placed that they cannot aid and abet such an expectation—even if you had a vest.

But now in the darkness, as I was saying, your appearance loses even that touch of reality and vulgar substance it did possess. You are now positively ghastly. You are a mere skeleton—a phosphorescent skeleton—of the Big Ben known to the light of day. Your hands and numerals stand out in sharp (and sickening) relief against a heavy background of nothingness. Your greenish luminous hands creep imperceptibly about your face. This spectral timepiece would be so thoroughly frightful that no human being could endure your hideous presence were it not for your reassuring, but equally tormenting, ticking.

Your creator has contrived the superlative in mental torture with this unique variety of ticking. I refer to your unfathomable propensity toward cutting down the length of each succeeding pause between the "ticks." This is the way your ticking sounds to my sleepless ears: tick————————————tick——————————tick ——————————tick ——————————tick ——————tick————tick———tick—tick. My tortured brain insists that the length of the pauses at this rate should soon reach zero as a limit. This thought moves me to a vague wonder as to what your ticking would sound like when there would be no pauses between ticks and when your voice would be just one long-continued "tick." At this juncture my consciousness jerks out of its mental sidetrack and I strain my ears to catch the first hint of the new sound. But I find the situation somehow back where it was at the beginning and there comes the sound: tick——————————tick——————————tick——————————tick——————————tick——————tick————tick———tick—tick. Then I begin to speculate again. Just why is it that those pauses get shorter and shorter and yet I am unable to catch them reaching that theoretical infinity? Perhaps————————, but now I hear: tick————————————tick——————————tick——————————tick ——————————tick——————tick————tick———tick—tick.

And then perchance awakening in the cold, gray dawn I again become conscious of your implacable ticking. Now it has changed somewhat. It seems to have gotten out of the woods and is hurriedly heading for some objective which it apparently has clearly in view. This idea of arriving somewhere is displeasing to me. It has an unwelcome suggestion. I attempt to bury my head in my pillow. Then I notice that you are becoming full of eccentric noises: irrational tremors and prophetic clicks which (I fear) herald the imminent sounding of the scheduled Nemesis. Clu-unk! I lie in an agony of shivering suspense momentarily expecting to hear the fearsome sound which is the only excuse for your existence. After several well-mellowed ages I risk a peep at you and see that you yet have five minutes before announcing the zero hour. I relapse into semi-consciousness losing all track of your ticking when————————Click! z-z-z-z-zink! That last crack of yours gives me the same sensation as having 1,000 push-pins simultaneously placed so as to mark the course of my vertebral column. My heart hesitates but is not lost; it falls into sympathetic vibration with your ticking until——————Ding-a-ling-ling-ling-ling-ling-ling-ling-ling-BANG!

At the door of your brazen voice (to excuse the metaphor) can be laid the wreck of many an unhappily abbreviated dream and shattered moral precept. With the possible exception of the pneumatic automobile tire, no trouble-maker can equal you as the inspiration of disarranged Biblical language. It was largely because of this activity of yours that the Recording Angel was forced to

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install adding machines and double the office force in order to compile fractures of the Fifth Commandment caused by you. Some day there will arise a valiant soul who will reveal to the world the entirety of your ravages upon the genus homo and then you will learn that in the category of things to be shunned, Lo! the name of Abou Big Ben will lead all the rest!

Constructive Evolution

(Continued from Page 115

be dealt with one by one, as they come up." Gambetta was essentially an opportunist, who seized immediate opportunities to realize his ideals. We of today must be opportunists in advancing the principles of justice and equality.

We have just passed through the ordeal of a terrible World War, and it looks as though a country will hesitate to wage another war of aggression such as Germany attempted. Whether we gain the heights of World Peace or not, we can look with satisfaction and inspiration to progressive elements in the trend of History. This part of the world's development induces a feeling of optimism respecting the future.

PITTSBURGH

Francis F. Reamer

City of Smoke and Dirt!
Thy furnace blasts mean steel,
Which factories mold in every shape and form.
Thy roar and din but indicates this busy work;
Thy grime is as the lines upon a thinker's brow,
From which there spring materials for a
Nation to construct its commerce and its trade.
Yea, its buildings and its bridges,
Its railroads and its ships.
Yet, unthinking ones abhor thy grime,
And point with scorn at all thy din and roar,
City of Smoke and Dirt.

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He (full of news)—"There's something going around that will interest you."
She—"Be careful, there are pins in my waist."

Gossip—"I saw your wife out riding with a strange man."
Husband—"He must have been a strange man."

New Clerk (in book store)—"O, I charged that freshman only fifty cents for a dollar and a half textbook!"
Old Clerk—"That's all right. We'll make forty cents on it anyway."

"I'm working hard to get ahead,"
Thus spake he to her dad.
"I'm glad to see it," he replied,
"You need one awful bad."

Reformer—"Yes, brethren, I save men."
Soph.—"Do you save women too?"
Ref.—"Yes."
Soph.—"Well, save me a couple for the dance tomorrow night."

"Have you any mail for me?"
"What's your name?"
"You'll find it on the envelope."

Heard in class—"Gladstone knew that he had done well when he died."

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"THOSE STYLES THAT ARE DIFFERENT"

NOCTURNE

Virginia Scott

The violins swelled, sobbed, died—and lived again. The crowd sat silent. A pin could drop and sound like a marble in a stone basin. Some people dreamed. Some cried. Some bent forward to watch the players' technique.

The final encore. A blind groping to find the door. A dim consciousness of the unreality of the reality. Ellen stumbled at last into the dark, ill-lighted street. She had forgotten her two companions. They caught up to her.

"Ellen! Ellen! What's the rush?" Banteringly. "Don't you want our company?"

Banteringly! How could anyone banter after that? How **could** anybody—?

"Got your geometry done? There 're three propositions for tomorrow. Don't you hate the dumb stuff? That last theorem, now——."

"Let's see if I can remember it. Oh, I know! You have A; consider that angle as 90 degrees—"

She lost their voices. The long gleam of the wet ruts that shone in the light of the street-lamps. The drip, drup, drip, drup of the melting snow off the house-roofs. The still inscrutability of the silent moon. The slopping slushiness underfoot. She felt her handkerchief in her pocket. It was twisted into a limp string. She must have done it at the concert.

The voices of the returning crowd. Gay voices.

Geometry! What had geometry to do with life? She felt a strange anger that they should talk about geometry. A few lines, an angle. Yet after all geometry was their life at college. Their life! Four years of it. Somewhere, in those four years, men died. Women begged on the streets for bread. Children starved. Four years—of geometry! She felt suddenly her littleness in the universe. She was an atom—a drop of water in the gulf of life—a gulf that beat her against the shore. That was it. Beating against the shore.

A college fellow behind her sang "Rosy O'Grady" with variations in a soprano voice. It grated on her nerves as salt galls a raw wound.

"How quiet Ellen is! What's the matter, 'Len?"

"She's in love. Fell for the first violinist, I bet anything. He was handsome, 'Len; I don't blame you. Didn't you love the way his hair——?"

Banteringly! How could anyone banter after that?

Home finally. The two came to her room.

"I'm hungry, 'Len. That can of beans you have—"

She got the beans. They cooked them, talking, laughing, joking. She forced herself to talk a little, to laugh; she could not eat. They stayed interminably, studying geometry. She tried to study it with them, knowing that it must be done for the morrow. But her mind wandered incessantly. She could not think in terms of geometry.

They left at last. She felt an infinite gladness, an unspeakable relief. It was useless to putter over her lessons, even with their voices gone. She went to bed. Her thoughts whirled in her head like pinwheels. She could not still them. Then astonishingly, they straightened themselves out and marched through her mind in a swift and orderly parade.

She felt as if she walked on the heights of a mountain, with all the rest of humanity at the foot. She looked at her fellow-creatures in a strange detachment. Their pettiness, their silly quarrels, their futile endeavors for futile ends. And she? She knew that she was one of them.

Strange! That an instrument made of a piece of wood, a few guts, a strand of hair, could rouse such dreamings in a human heart. Yet master-fingers touched that instrument.

Strange. Even so a man's sublimity is touched to life by the master-fingers of his soul.

She put her thoughts away from her. Tried to sleep—to smother her thoughts by counting imaginary sheep that leaped endlessly over a stile. She knew that such a thing was mockery.

She rose at last; went to the window; opened it.

The stars were shining. The pallid frosty gleam of the new-fallen snow. The black bare skeleton of a tree against the dim-lit sky. The sombre music of the snow-water dribbling off the eaves. A prayer, wordless save in the hearing of the Almighty. She turned away at last.

The stars were shining.

THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB

Eugene English

The times and customs of all ages are the same, recurring over and over again, true to Sir Roger's philosophy. Just as the Spectator of 1711 visited silently the coffee houses of London, I, the Spectator of 1921, visit the thirty-two fraternities, twenty gentlemen's clubs, and seventy-one similar organizations of Bucknell University. Just like the Spectator, I too, have a select set of friends of all characters and humors. I will not undertake to discuss all of them in this paper, but I would have you understand there are more than I mention.

Perhaps most of all I like the Duck-hunter, who like Sir Rogers, is an ordinary, well-to-do, philanthropic chap. Not particularly brilliant in his studies, he willingly lends a hand, and talks just as socially to the cook as to the college president. He seems to know everyone by his first name, though he does not travel about much. Inasmuch as I have never heard him say a word to or about any girl, I take it he, too, has been crossed in love by some perverse coquette who perhaps later married a section-hand. The subject has never been mentioned in his presence. I ought not neglect to tell how he received his name. He is a great lover of sport of all kinds, particularly hunting. This fall he intended taking a hunting trip and for a week before promised at every meal that we should have plenty of duck for dinner the next day. When he returned from his day's outing, all of us were eager to see his prizes, and sure enough, he brought out four good-sized ducks. The shame of it was that those ducks were no longer solid-fleshed, and besides they did not smell as fresh ducks should. So next day we had roast beef.

The most prominent of our entire group is the ex-sailor. Big in body, in mind, in spirit, he leads our group far and away. We have never known him to be angry; he himself admits that he has lost his temper only twice and both men are dead. He often tells of his services overseas and the petty officers who cussed him and whom he double-cussed. He has made a vow never to lose his temper again except when he meets the big petty-officer who used to harass, aggravate and torture him in pursuit of duty. In truth, human nature is blind, for always he leads in tormenting some innocent, subordinate Freshman. Yet I think he would do anything for a friend in time of need.

Our most useful member is the storekeeper. He it is who supplies our wants for such articles as candy, chewing-gum and cigarettes. And since he is by no means a self-denying man, he frequently appropriates a pack of his own cigarettes for personal consumption. But his heart is so large and his nature so sociable that he seldom enjoys more than two or three out of a pack. We can tell where the rest went. Regularly three times a week he entertains us at table with the absurd remark that he is losing money and soon will sell out. In general his conversation is packed with common sense, he being one of the few who have business brains, and he tells us unsparingly of our unbusiness-like expenditures. Perhaps his theory is that in this way he is getting even for the cigarettes.

The greatest trial and care of our society is our "Will Honeycomb," who absolutely cannot be trusted to look out for himself. He is unreliable in most matters, yet for all that is very well liked on account of his winning ways. These stand him in good stead at the Seminary also, for he has more friends there than any dozen of us. One point in his favor is that he seldom goes out at night. Through his intimate associations with the ladies, he can tell us almost anything about femi-

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nine affairs and style and Seminary gossip; best of all, he is our consulting attorney about the Orpheum. He tells us whether the play is Wild West, or society, or sweet love, or northern snow scenes; nor does he neglect the star's name, history, private virtues and scandals, and all such trifles which add interest to the picture. Moreover he is rather regarded as an authority on matters dealing with the dice and cards. He is one of the best plays I know, perhaps on account of his terrific swearing, which extends even as far as "for the love of the board of health"; yet in spite of his skill he is frequently in financial straits. He is young yet, and we hope that he will in time become as sober and reliable as I, the Spectator, have the reputation of being.

One face seldom seen among our set still bears with it a voice of might. For on his weekly visit are uttered words of authority which guide us through the week. He is a mild, pleasant man, but woe to the one who disregards his regulations. The hardship of this would be unendurable were it not that his reason is sound and direction wise. We respect him but can never come to regard him intimately as we do the others in our group. For us he is an outsider, more so than those whom I have not mentioned, but who are blessed with ordinary characters, ordinary appearances and ordinary ability.

* * * *

OUR LANGUAGES DIFFER

Ethelwynne M. Smith

What does the older generation expect? It said to the teachers "Teach our children Science: Science is great, wonderful and awe-inspiring. Show them how to reason; make them original in thought. Try to educate them to discover new scientific facts and invent useful machines." And then the older generation sat back and peacefully folded its hands to wait for the great transformation.

The teachers took us. They taught us not to take every statement they made as an unquestionable truth but rather to test it and compare it with our own experience. They taught us that gravitation does not exist because Sir Isaac Newton said that it did but that we can see its action if we care to keep our eyes open. Opinions counted for nothing: facts were what we were after. "One man's opinion is as good as another's" became a slogan and burned itself on our minds. The teachers did their work well.

Proud of their success, the teachers sent us back to our parents. Our parents said: "Now, my children, since you have mastered science, we will give you your religious, moral and conventional training." They taught us the beloved religion of their fathers with all its creeds and dogmas, but we would not accept it. They tried to instill in us their revered principles of conduct but we asked "Why?" They introduced us to the Goddess Conventionality before whom all should bow, but we would not bend our knees. And then!—our parents threw up their hands in holy horror and cried "My children, you are utterly lost! You will not conform to the principles of this world and sad will be your fate in the next world. You question everything. Can you not take our word and our experience?"

Older generation, we of the younger generation will not take your word and your experience, we are going to find out of our own experience whether you are right or wrong. We will go our own way and you cannot stop us—unless you appeal to our reason. Has it never occurred to you to speak to us in our own language—the language which you forced us to learn? We are not willfully wicked; we only look at life in a different way. We cannot ask the "why" and the "wherefore" of the wind, the rain, the sunlight and the darkness and still blindly believe your creeds, adopt your principles of conduct and your conventions. We must **think** and think for ourselves. We try to explain to you but you either will not or cannot understand. We cannot express our thoughts in your language for to us it is dead and meaningless. Will you not learn our language—the language of reason—so that we may come to an understanding of each other?

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"BETTER DEAD----"

Susanna H. Plummer

In America our "land of the free" citizens choose for themselves in the larger questions of life but are held bound by the trivial affairs. In religion, in politics, in society a man is his own master, but it is in his daily courses of action that the bondage lies. One of the important masters of our lives is "Fashion." We are all slaves of Fashion.

Fashion dictates for us what kind of clothes we will wear, when we will wear them and how they shall be made. It can be attributed to Fashion that hours are spent remodeling last year's clothes which may be well made and of good material but are "passé." It is to be credited to Dame Fashion that we spend precious minutes of our busy day deciding whether to put on this costume or that. Dame Fashion has a secure foothold upon individuals. She is a dignified personage of everyone's acquaintance. She intercepts our actions whichever way we turn and treads cautiously yet fearlessly onward. She has proudly entered our land and stands to command each American.

Dame Fashion ascends her throne and views her spacious courtroom. As she lifts her sceptre every eye in the land is fixed upon it. She slowly sways her sceptre to the right, bringing forth the white-kerchiefed, grey-gowned maiden of Puritan days with the stock-hatted man beside her. The sceptre passes them by for the Bo-peep belles of the Revolution with velvet-trousered, lace-frilled gentlemen. The entire court hastily adapts itself to the models set before it and powders wigs and shows lace-trimmed pantalettes. The sceptre always moving leaves gentlemen's buckled-slipper days behind and brings forth the long-trousered, long-coated Civil War veteran with the hoop-skirted lady beside him. And as Dame Fashion sways her sceptre the court struggles out of hoop skirts into basques and puffed sleeves. Excited women would give their last cent to have puffed sleeves and men refuse to wear frock coats. But the sceptre will not wait: it changes the models into tight-belted, short-sleeved ladies with hats perched on top of their heads and skirts dragging the ground, and the men revel in the new fad of the "derby." The model changes and steps forth in shortened skirts, fuller waist-bands and the man beside her has flung away his bow cravat and bishop collar. The sceptre wavers, then skirts are lengthened, frantically lengthened, and men's overcoats reach to their ankles. At a quick movement of the sceptre the last year's skirts are shortened and shortened again; overcoats become as short as mackinaws. At last in steps a model, high-heeled, short-skirted, bobbed-haired, with very much hose, and the leather-overcoated man stands at her right. But the sceptre has not stopped; it gradually sways toward a masculine effect of feminity in gypsy ear-rings, tweed knickerbockers and Russian boots, and beside her stands a man in golf trousers, with a brassie in place of the Puritan day gun. The sceptre is still swaying and the court is still bowing to it.

Dame Fashion reigns supreme and we obey as slaves. At her will we shorten, lengthen, broaden, tighten, lengthen again—it is an endless process. Hat brims broaden: crowns become higher: our hair is parted on one side, shifted to the center and then we have none at all just as Dame wishes. We obey without a question. We have never thought of disobeying because we know that it is useless. People who do are curiosities; a person in a long skirt when a short one is in vogue is to be pitied. A person hideously out of fashion is insane. If I should dress just as I felt regardless of "Fashion" I would be taken to an asylum or at least scorned if I even came up the hill in a hoop skirt.

It is said that "clothes make the man." If they don't make the man they have very much to do with what other people make of him. "Fashion" is a serious problem; a struggle for people in moderate circumstances trying to keep up appearances; a struggle for business people in following its constant change; a struggle for the wealthy deciding which would be best. "Fashion" seated upon her throne disturbs, annoys, troubles the busy life and work of Americans. Isn't it a waste of time to be bothered so much by her daily movings!

I know of no remedy unless someone would overthrow her and fasten her sceptre. Now Dame Fashion rules America. The old proverb is true—"Better be dead than out of fashion."

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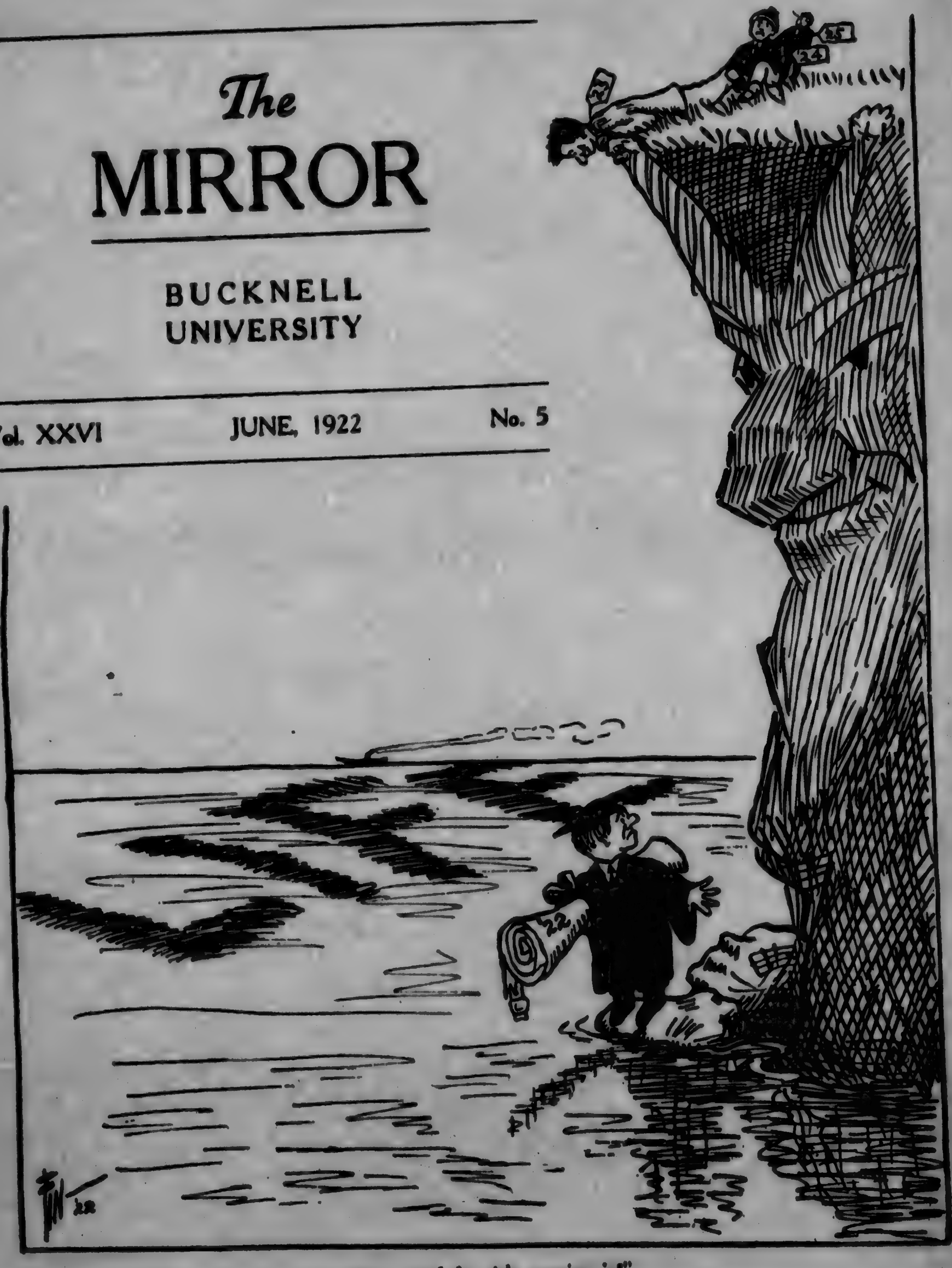
Vol. XXVI JUNE, 1922 No. 5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"June—and the tide coming in!"

The Bucknell Mirror

"Vita sine literis mors est."

Vol. XXVI Lewisburg, Pa., June, 1922 No. 5

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Issued five times during the college year, in October, December, February, April and June. Entered as second class matter March 10, 1922, at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 9, 1922. Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the business manager.

EDITORIAL

* * * *

"QUITTING TIME"

One afternoon we stood across the street from the plant where they manufacture the Victrola in Camden, N. J. The whistle blew, the gates opened and there emerged a great throng of those who labored there day after day. It was quitting time! Not only the whistle, and the direction of the multitude proclaimed this, but the eager, happy satisfaction of a day's work done beamed from the faces.

It is June! "The Mirror" will soon be standing by the main entrance and watching the eager, happy throng pass by on their homeward journey after another year, and there, too, will be the beam of satisfaction in work that has been completed. Until your return, we shall stand guard over the "hill," and await with eager expectations the return of "day" in September when we shall welcome the recuperated "workmen."

But referring to the year that has just passed—there have been heights we have tried to achieve. One of them is to draw from the student body some of their best thoughts and reactions in presentable manner. The response has been gratifying, and gives encouragement for further efforts on our part. "World Stuff," on page 132, gives an expression from one of our appreciative readers of this same idea, and we must acknowledge that we were pleasantly surprised upon its arrival in our mail the other day.

But we could not lend all our energies toward the literary development alone, dealing only with the serious side of life. There should be humor finding its way into our columns. This we have endeavored to bring out, although it may be that here we have failed to get the right proportions. The venerable "Zeke Hardapple," as well as the lamented "Cracks in the Mirror," has had his share in pointing out the place of real merit in our humor.

Another aim we have had in mind is to develop a distinctive "personality," if we can name it that, for the magazine. We wanted it to be different, individual—that when a student once became acquainted with this intangible, yet real force, in the publication, he would recognize it at a glance, whether in Honolulu or at the College Inn. When we look at the first issue of the year and then peruse the April number, we believe this is working out; but the ultimate suceess of this depends upon the student body during the coming year or two.

Probably a word should be said of why we like to call it the "personality" of the magazine. It is this—"personality" is a living thing which has warmth and feeling; while a "policy," as many are wont to name the directive forces of a paper, seems to be cold and distant, with rigid lines that must be adhered to unfalteringly. In other words, a "personality" permits of growth in a wholesome manner, and is not necessarily stunted by certain moulds into which your endeavors must be poured in order to give them shape, and form. We want the "Mirror" to have a "personality."

There have been other considerations, but these, in the main, cover the points we wish to make clear. To present works of real literary value from the student body at Bucknell, to lend a dignity and wholesomeness to our humor and mix the two in right proportions, and to give the magazine a distinctive "personality"—these three, but the greatest of these is the last.

* * * * * *

ADVERTISERS

Business men are usually good fellows. By this is meant exactly what is said—they are "good fellows," with their hearts in the right place. Especially is this true in a college town the size of Lewisburg, where a few have to bear the burden of what is carried in much larger communities because of the presence of Bucknell University. They receive requests from every side, and generally do their best to respond generously.

Realizing their position, and what it means to advertise as heavily as they do in a small town, the "Mirror" staff wishes to extend to them our gratitude for theeir share in making this publication what it has been for the first year of its "revival." Their financial support has meant much in allowing the issues to be what they have been. To them we say "THANK YOU!" and we put it in capital letters purposely to show the emphasis that should be placed upon it.

* * * * * *

LET'S REPEAT

On the 12th of May the Devereux Players repeated former successes at Bucknell in the production of Chesterton's "Magic" and Rostand's "Romancers." That they were successful goes without saying. It was the treat of the dramatic season here. Even those without the so-called "dramatic taste" enjoyed the plays and came away more than satisfied that their return to Bucknell another year would be a mark worthy of the Dramatic Board. The Devereux Players are more than actors, more than actresses—they are true Thespian artists. The fineness, the taste, the ability, the quality they maintain in their work in keeping alive the best in the drama bespeaks the character of the personnel of the company. What sayest thou, students, shall they return next year? Speak to a member of the Dramatic Board about it.

* * * * * *

"WORLD STUFF"

Once in about thirty-five or forty years the human world is remade from the youngsters who come smiling and running from educational institutions which range from the country school to the University.

It often happens that the old "stuff" looks at the young "stuff" and says, "that can never take my place and fill it." The old "stuff" is inclined to look at the young "stuff" and see its characteristic youth too plainly, and its reserve power too dimly.

"The Bucknell Mirror" is a poser for the old "stuff." It is a perpetual advertisement, which announces to the world that at Bucknell there is in preparation good world "stuff" of every variety.

The "Thinker" and "Dreamer," the "Doer," the "Lover," the "Pathfinder," the "Trailer," the "Worshipper," the "Scoffer," the "Humorist"—are all there.

The "stuff" the world is made of is not exhausted. There is at least enough to go on with and make some improvements.

—"OLD STUFF."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Joshua A. Breish

Morris sulked along the dingy side street. He tried to conceal the dark bundle that he carried under one arm. At the first cross street he turned abruptly. A head poked out of an alley and watched Morris until he had made the turn. Slowly the form of the second man slid out of the alley, stopped for a second, and then strode in the direction opposite to that which Morris had taken. A distant clock tolled a leaden "Two" thru the dark, heavy, misty night.

"RICH BROKER ROBBED
THIEVES LOOT HOME OF
J. D. SACKER"

This headline glared from the front page of the morning paper. Within twelve hours the news had spread over the country. Three suspects had been arrested, but had proved their innocence. Morris, a renowned detective, had mysteriously disappeared. Almost everyone thought he had obtained an important clue, and gave the matter no more attention, since Morris' ability was so reputed.

A month passed. The affair had quited since no more arrests had been made. Gregory, in the absence of Morris, was leading in the search for the thief. Morris had not returned, and Gregory was obviously worried.

"Morris returned yet?" quered one of the police officials as he rushed into the detective office one day.

"No, he hasn't," returned Gregory.

"Something funny about him staying away so long without letting us know anything. Can't you find him?"

"No. I've had men looking for him as carefully as they have been looking for the thief who robbed Sacker. We can't find either of them."

"Hm! I have an important case for Morris to work on. It **has** got my goat the way he's hiding himself."

"M--m maybe he has a reason to," suggested Gregory, feeling his way.

"Has a reason to! Certainly he has a reason, but what is it? Haven't you heard from him at all? Where is he? I've **got** to get hold of him."

"No, I don't know where he is. It's strange how we have been searching for the crook and Morris and can't find either. D--do you get any connection?" Gregory queried.

"You don't mean to say that Morris had a hand in the theft?"

"No, I wouldn't like to say **that**, but it does look very suspicious, him running away right after the robbery. I-I-I've had my suspicions all along about him, but I didn't want to say anything until I was sure."

"I should hate to think that Morris committed the theft. The proof would have to be mighty good before I could believe it. But what do you know about him? We have to clear this thing up and the sooner the better."

"Well, I happened to see Morris running down Borrell Street from Sacker's office. He looked disturbed about something and I watched him from an alley. When he passed me, I noticed a bag under his arm. He turned the corner at the next street and I came away. Then in the morning I learned of the robbery and heard old Sacker tell about the missing bag. I put two and two together and did some thinking, but I kept quiet until I should see what Morris would do. As you know, he disappeared. I gave him time, for, after all, my evidence was only circumstantial, but his flight added a great deal to it."

"Hm!" ejaculated the police official. stroking his chin. "Sounds pretty bad."

"Yes, and because we can find neither the thief nor Morris makes me believe all the more that both are the same man."

"I can't imagine Morris being guilty of it. Why, there isn't a man here that we trusted nearly so much as him. No, he couldn't have done it. He had no reason for it and I have never seen a fellow who has stood for right like he has."

"But," interrupted Gregory, "he's the only one we have any evidence aganst."

This cold fact drew the chief's mind away from his personal emotions and brought it nearer to the cold, practical reasoning that was typical of him.

"I guess we've got to find him. If he's guilty, he will have to suffer. If he isn't,—well, I need him for this case anyhow, so get out after him," said the chief as he left the room.

"Guess I broke a spoke in Morris' wheel that time," mused Gregory with a wicked flash of his eyes.

The next day he set his men in search of Morris, dropping hints now and then that Morris was wanted for the crime. The story leaked out far enough to reach the ears of paper reporters who made a pretty tale of it indeed. It was a blow to thousands to hear that their trusted idol had committed the same crime which, for so long a time, he had tried to eradicate. Things were in a fine state. Everyone talked of "not being able to trust anyone now-a-days." The blow struck hard. Where could another Morris be found, a man who could make himself loved by all through such a sense of right? People were losing faith in everything since this man had deceived them.

The wait for his return, however, was not tedious. His own men found Morris and brought him back to face the accusation. He hardly looked like the man the people had once known. Haggard and thin indeed was the Morris who had at last been brought to face justice. "The worry of his crime has ruined him," people philosophized.

Morris refused to say anything until he was brought before Gregory, now heading the detective force.

"Well, we caught you at last, eh, Morris?" taunted Gregory with a vicious laugh before the squad of detectives, the chief, and Sacker, the robbed broker.

"Yes! Thanks for your trouble, Gregory. Very kind of you, indeed."

"Well, I always did work hard to bring criminals to justice."

"Yes, and this is about the first time you did the thing right." Morris stared straight into the other's eyes.

Gregory shifted uneasily in his chair. That stare was not at all confortable. "What do you mean?" he managed to ask.

"I mean that you caught the crook red-handed," he answered, still staring.

Gregory tried to take advantage of the opportunity to make himself appear wonderful in the eyes of the men when Morris was apparently praising him so. "Well, it was hard work," he sighed.

"You don't seem to get my point yet. You robbed Sacker!" Morris shot out.

"What! You mean---"

"Yes, I mean to say you are the thief!"

"See what a bold stroke he is making to free himself!" cried Gregory to all those present, and then, in a somewhat softer voice he warned Morris. "Better be careful, Morris," he said, "you have yet to explain why you ran off with the bag."

"Who said I ran off with it?"

"I do!"

"You have no reason to do so."

"Oh, yes, I have! I **saw** you do it. You can't deny that."

"Where did you see me?"

"Running down Borrell Street at two o'clock, immediately after the robbery and you were carrying the bag."

"And what were you doing there? You must prove you were there, you know."

"Yes, I know. I was going for a doctor. Mrs. Gregory had been suddenly taken sick and I was going through Borrell Street for a short cut and I saw you with the bag."

"Well, I guess I'll have to admit it now." Morris was speaking slowly.

"Yes, and then you tried to hide from us, but we were too good for you, eh, Morris?"

"You found me, and that is what I wanted to thank you for. You brought me back and now I can uncover the thief. Look here, Gregory!" commanded Morris, pulling a packet of currency from his inside pocket. "I wonder how your finger prints happen to be on this wrapper?"

Gregory snatched the packet from Morris' hands and fingered it nervously. Then, with a triumphant laugh, he cried, "Ha! Ha! Quite a clever little Certainly my finger prints are on the But you can't fool me with those tricks. Certainly my finger prints are on the wrapper after I've had hold of it. Here! Take your stolen money!"

Morris did not answer. He took the packet of bills and handed it to one of the other men. "Get the bag," Morris said quietly to him.

When he had brought it, Morris

turned to Sacker and asked, "Is this the bag that you say was stolen?"

Sacker started. He was astonished for a second, but then answered, "Why yes, I'm sure it is, or at least it is a mate to mine. But I had my initials burned in Old English letters on the inside."

Morris opened the bag. In it lay a number of packets like the one he had shown to Gregory, and there, inside, glared the burned initials "J. D. S."

"How much money did you say was missing?" Morris asked Sacker.

"Fourteen thousand dollars—A thousand in each wrapper."

Morris counted out the money in front of the men. The bag contained eleven packets of notes.

"What did you do with—" Gregory began.

"Don't worry about the other three. Gregory. You'll see them soon enough."

Before he had finished saying this, Morris had drawn from his pockets the three missing packets, each carefully wrapped in wax paper. "These, gentlemen," he explained, "bear the finger prints of no man other than William F. Gregory who sits there before you; who robbed Mr. Sacker at two o'clock on the morning of March 12th last; who set the bag on the sidewalk on seeing me approach; and who, because of his jealousy of my position, took advantage of my absence to force upon me, through circumstantial evidence, the crime which he himself committed. He has already proved to you that he was present at the scene of the theft and at the time of it; and has just shown by his anxiety to print his fingers upon the faked wrapper that I handed him, how desirous he was of blotting out all suspicion from himself. Now, Gregory, you will please consider yourself under arrest. I should not have delayed this action so long if I had not been abducted by that gang I sent to jail three years ago. These men," Morris continued, pointing to the remainder of the force, "these men have rescued me and will vouch for what I say. The gang is now in custody. I shall institute proceedings against them as soon as Gregory is convicted."

The blow was too much for even the hardened Gregory. To have his frame-up so suddenly and so completely overthrown, paled the man. He meekly submitted to arrest. It was not long before the wrong was righted, and the idol of the people again guided the force of justice.

"Glad to see you back in the running again, Morris," greeted the chief one day.

"Thanks, chief," returned the busy leader, "I'm glad to be back."

IMAGINATION

Roland M. Wendell

Sing me a song, a song of the hills,
A song of the forested heather;
Sing of a home, a home in the hills,
A good wife and hours together;
Down on the edge of the trout-laden lakes,
Dawn, and the savor of stone-baken cakes,
Din of the echoes my wild axe awakes,
Wielded in all kinds of weather.

Sing of the twilight that fades on my brow,
Sing of the sycamore's sighing,
Sing of the whispers of love, and how
Even the pines are replying;
Broad is my bosom, and bronzed my arm,
Fearless I falter at no alarm,
Calm thee, my woman, and fear no harm
Deep in the forest lying.

Sing me a song, a song of the hills,
Sing—but sing it with pity,
I have no home, no home in the hills,
I am a clerk in the city.

BY FAITH

By a Non-Biological Student

Scene: A business man's den Artificial fireplace, library, comfortable chairs. 1900, his pipe gone out, stares at the glowing asbestos grate. Greyed temples, a tired face, but a happy resignation of countenance. Enter 1925, jaunty to a degree, with a jaw uncrushed and uncrushable. He pulls a chair near the fire and sits down opposite the other.

1925: Well, Dad, it's come.

1900: (lighting up) What, Jimmy?

1925: That vacant evening I've been promising. Really, Dad, I haven't meant to put it off so long, but there has been so many things since graduation, and—

1900: Yes, Jimmy, I know—I understand. We've both been busy. (1900 pulls his chair closer the fire, remarking about the coldness of the evening. In reality he wants to be nearer his son. He then folds his hands and matches his thumbs.) Jimmy, when do you pray?

1925: Pray?—Oh-er-Well, mostly at night, Dad, and then on Sundays, you know, if the minister---

1900: If the minister—?

1925: Well, if he knows what a person really prays like. Nothing disrespectful, Dad. I only mean that some can't strike the proper chord. Their prayers are sort of discordant jumbles.

1900: Perhaps you're right, Jimmy, but we shouldn't look for preachers to be always expressing their thoughts and desires artistically. They all can't be—college professors for diction.

1925: I don't mean that, Dad. I can't explain exactly what I mean. Some of these ministers in the smaller districts are so behind the times. They're content to dabble in little, old hallelujah" pools. They really don't lift a person who has studied and seen. On the other hand they prevent him from making a real, tangible prayer himself. I just sit in the pew and say, "Lord, help this pattering preacher to get reconciled with God."

1900: Jimmy! I'm afraid you're a little too well fed with books.

1925: (Under his breath) Gee, that's a rich one!

1900: You have three years at the medical school. That'll get you through by 1928. I suppose when you graduate from there you'll be calling even your college professors "patterers," and your old pastor will be a skeleton in a closet.

1925: No, indeed! Dad. I know our pastor too well. And besides, he's really broader than he pretends to be in the pulpit. I admit that all our views do not coincide, but I'm sure that if he had the time to keep up with modern scientific work he'd be walking right along in the footsteps of the generation. Then, too, he has to be careful on account of the denomination.

1900: Yes, Jimmy, but it's a good thing. What about us old duffers who haven't time to live in laboratories and observatories?

1925: Why, Dad! **You** aren't such a conservative as all that, are you? I told you in my Easter letter, didn't I, that we college students didn't expect our parents to squint at all the bugs and bones we do."

1900: There are things deeper than bugs and bones, my son, and we mustn't let them take our eyes from the greater forces of life.

1925: Surely, Dad, but we don't get near sighted—we look right through the bugs and bones and see those deeper forces. That, why that's one of the ways we pray, Dad! That's really another Sermon on the Mount!

1900: (smiling sadly) I was afraid—I was afraid, Jimmy, that all this biology would turn you. I don't know exactly how it has though. Do you really want to hold to a bone instead of the Bible?

1925: I didn't say that. I'm merely trying to show you, Dad, that to a red-blooded man of the Twentieth Century there must be something besides the Bible. There must be Faith, and not only faith in the Word of God as given us in the Sermon on the Mount, but also faith in the Word of God as given to us in the myriad sermons of today. Call us skeptics, what you will, Dad, but we are not going to refuse the evidences of today admission to our faith. We want to read the letter of "Paul, the

Apostle of the Lord, to the Hebrews," of course, but why can't we supplement it with "Science, the Apostle of the Lord, to all Humanity?" Listen, Dad. I'm a believer in the Bible, if there ever was a believer, and I'm not advocating and disrespect for it. What it needs is more respect. We must respect its age without detracting from its inspiration. The pity of it is that a Second Book of Revelations hasn't been added,—the Revelations of Science. —Listen, Dad. Do you mean to say that God doesn't want us to see Him through bugs and bones when through them He is showing us how to heal the diseased, cure the afflicted, make the blind to see, and cast out all sorts of devils from the social physique? Do you?

1900: No, No, Indeed, my son. Only it seems so strange to hear you speaking as you do. They tell us that scientists are trying to wreck the Bible, and-

1925: That's a lie, Dad!

1900: Careful, son. The pastor—

1925 I don't give a rap,—the pastor only knows by heresay, and that excuses him. Scientists are not trying to wreck, but to prove the Bible—the moral and religious teachings of the Bible—and By Jingo! (he rises and stands in the full glow of the fire-light, earnest, gesticulating) Dad! even the most skeptical of them are finding what we could have told them from the beginning, that the moral and religious teachings of Christ are true, biologically true! Oh, don't you believe me, Dad?

1900: (regarding his son with admiration, pride) Yes, Jimmy, but it's all so confused and confusing. They tell me your faith has been undermined, and yet, when I talk with you and read your letters I know that there's a mistake, a damnable mistake, somewhere.

1925: (leaning forward) Dad!

1900: If I could only see it all. What can I do?

1925: Dad!

1900: What is it, Jimmy?

1925: Won't you just accept on faith?

(1900 rises slowly, fatherly love glistening in his eyes, and, turning toward the fire, places his arm around his son. For some time there is silence. Then 1900 clears his throat, glances sidewise at his son, and smiles.)

1900: Why, Jimmy! I believe you're taller than your Dad!

An Appreciation of Wordsworth's "Michael"

Paul B. Cooley

To the lover of the simple pastoral life, Wordsworth's poem "Michael" will appeal with a charm that is peculiar to the author. The value of the poem lies primarily in its realism, its faithful portrayal of human life with all its joys and sorrows. Wordsworth was a student of nature, a friend of bird, beast, and man.

It is this element in his works which has won for Wordsworth the title of one of the world's greatest poets. But even this intimacy with nature would not have sufficed to place Wordsworth on the pinnacles of literary fame had it not been for the fact that the poet's own life was in such close harmony with nature. When one reads one of Wordsworth's poems, one feels that he is looking into the author's soul.

"Michael" is far more than a mere poem; it is a beautiful allegory underlying which is a significant moral lesson. Parental love and sacrifice are contrasted with filial infidelity. It is the old, old story of the prodigal son, but in this case the erring child does not return to the parental roof. The son's downfall shatters the last hope of the aged parents, and fills their declining days with sorrow and heartbreak. Wordsworth has here touched the depths of human pathos He has sketched before our very eyes a human tragedy in all its agony. He has brought us face to face with life, stripped of romance and artificial glamour. In brief, the poet has bared the soul of man in the person of the aged shep-

Heartless indeed is the critic who has fallen in the ways of sin.

Heartless indeed is the critic who will venture to apply to a poem of such a nature, the exacting measuring rod of literary critics "Michael" is deserving of a better fate.

FATHERS

Virginia Scott

I was sweeping my room. One of my friends came in and stopped inside the door in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Why on earth are you cleaning your room in the middle of the week?" she gasped.

I gave the rug another mighty stroke. It is the kind of rug that will never be clean. You could sweep until Doomsday, and get as much dust out of it with the last stroke as you did with the first.

Dad's coming," I replied briefly.

She sat down weakly on the nearest chair.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are cleaning your room for your father?" she demanded. "Now, if it were your mother, it would be different, but why under the canopy do you clean it for your father?"

I stopped and held my broom at an angle of 45 degrees while I surveyed her for a long minute. Then I replied shortly (I am never in the best of humor when I am cleaning my room.)

"Well, it happens that my father has brains enough to know when a rug is clean and when it's dirty. That's why!"

She left. She couldn't stand the atmosphere? I went on cleaning the rug, and my thoughts were savage.

People write at length about their mothers, don't they? And never say a word about their fathers. They preach about mothers and dream about them and behave generally as though the only worth-while member of their family is their mother. You go to church and the minister talks at length about how your mother taught you to pray. He never mentions the fact that your father used to read you parts of "Eben Holden" when you were aged five.

And they talk about the sacrifices your mother has made for you, and how hard she has worked for you, and so forth. They obligingly forget to mention the fact that your father worked hard all day to feed and clothe you, and then had to do all the spanking when he came home at night dead-tired.

They never give him credit for having any brains. They seem to think that doesn't know the difference between a clean room and a dirty one. Well, mine does. They seem to think that you can "hoodwink" him as much as you please. You can't "hoodwink" mine. I've tried it, and it doesn't work. And if any of you have fathers that you can "hoodwink," I pity you.

THAT CHEMICAL WEDDING

One of the most delightful and prepossessing events of the season took place when Miss Io Dine, one of the most charming of the Halogen sisters, entered into a union with Ben Zene, one of the most distinguished Hydrocarbons. The wedding march was effectively rendered on the blow pipe by the accomplished young organist, Miss Moll E. Cule. The bridal party appeared, led by the youthful ushers, Cy Anogen and Peter Oleum, and the bridesmaids Ethyl Alcohol and Molly B. Date.

The bride, charmingly veiled in a wire gauze, carrying a beautiful bouquet of Flowers of Sulphure, tied with a Magnesium Ribbon, entered on the arm of her father, Ben Z. Line. At the same time the groom with his best man, Nickelous Hydroxide, came down the aisle and met the bride by the Mortar, where by the soft light of a Bunsen Burner a short but impressive service was held by the Reverend Bro. M. O. Seltzer.—"The Chemist Analyst."

THE UMBRELLA DE LUXE

Charles F. Lindig

The other day we saw a clever cartoon representing our Uncle Samuel standing in a puddle labelled "Business Depression." The poor sufferer was shielding himself against the downpour with a very sorry looking umbrella. To his ears were clamped two radiophone receivers which were connected to the ribs of the umbrella as an antenna. The picture was captioned: "'Listening In' for Prosperity." As we pondered over the idea suggested in this cartoon the felicity of such an arrangement dawned upon us. Why shouldn'tthe umbrella-carrying public be kept up to the minute on current events as purveyed by the numerous broadcasting stations? Why shouldn't the umbrella user most of all be kept informed on the weather reports as sent out by the Weather Bureau? Certainly he of all people would most welcome the first tidings of better weather! Then again if the afflicted one tires of his watery environment, why not let him seek solace by adjusting his instrument to listen in on something dry—a Prohibition lecture, for example?

Then, too, there is the tired business man doggedly plodding—or rather sloshing—homeward through rain. Why not relieve the drabness of his walk by appropriate selections of jazz music?......beg pardon! We stand corrected......selections of jazz? The rollicking strains would be bound to put a spring in his step and he would literally dance his way to his domicile. Just think of the effect of this device upon his morale. Certainly friend wife and the kiddies would offer up praises on such occasions to the inventor of the umbrellaphone for the improvement of his disposition.

The new radio umbrella equipt with sending facilities would meet with even greater favor among certain classes of individuals. Take newspaper men, for instance. A reporter equipt with an umbrellaphone could stand across the street from a blazing skyscraper and dictate his story direct to the stenographer in the newspaper office without taking his eyes off the scene. Much time would thus be saved. The first parts of the story could be off the press before he had concluded his dictation. Verily, the possibilities of the radio umbrella are without limit.

Many other uses of this Twentieth Century marvel would doubtless follow. Why confine radio to the transmission of sound? Wireless power transmission is already discust. Have you not in your experience with umbrellas noticed a disagreeable tendency for the water to drain off the edges of the "roof" or "top" in little streams which usually find their way to your shoulders and down your arms or perhaps into your shoes? This need not be. This situation could easily be remedied. The top should be pivoted upon the handle so that it could rotate freely. A small electric motor driven by wireless energy would then be attaced so that the top would spin briskly. The centrifugal force thus induced would effectually eliminate furher annoyance from dripping water. Another desirable effect of such an arrangement would also accrue. Where is there an umbrella user who has not on certain occasions experienced grave difficulties in keeping his umbrella in a strictly upright position,—especially in a wind storm? The action of the gyroscope is familiar to the youngest schoolboy and its application to airship construction has met with markt success. It takes but a moment's consideration to realize that the spinning motion of the umbrella top described above would have this same gyroscopic effect and cause the umbrella to remain perpendicular at all times and in spite of the most severe strains.

As we have inquired: why couldn't these things be brought to pass? Further advances in umbrella engineering are bound to be brought forth during the next few years. Our faith in the future of the umbrella industry remains absolutely unshaken. And we do not stop with what we have suggested above! We can see the day when umbrellas will be equipt with propellors or fans faced below the top and directed downward so that the umbrella will be virtually self-supporting in mid-air thus relieving the pedestrian of its weight. The handle would then be used only to guide the umbrella. At the same time the sustaining-propeller would throw a delightful current of air down upon the owner which would be much appreciated on damp, sultry nights. These developments are eagerly awaited among umbrella loving circles and they will be hailed with enthusiasm and delight by the general public. With such indications of a glowing future before it we are convinced that the umbrella industry has yet many triumphant pages to write in its history.

THE BREAKERS

A. H H. '23

Heaving like the branches
When the rain winds in the pine,
Are the smooth and rolling waters
Of the deep and darkened brine.

Rising full of power—
Then as slowly sinking down,
Swelling up again to tower
Easing down without a sound.

Soon, the underlying shoals
Forming barriers in the depths,
Turns the swelling into rolls
That are tipped with sparkling flecks.

A rushing and a roaring—
Its balance out of reach—
Come the surges toward the flooring
Rising up to form the beach.

Then a swishing of the salt spray,
As it simmers on the sand,
Repeating rhythmically the endless lay
Of the Ocean to the Strand.

A CO-ED'S HEAD

By One of Their Number

As I looked one day upon a representative of that peculiar species of humanity, a co-ed, the desire come to me to know the exact composition of her head. Accordingly, with my notebook in hand, I set out to observe some of the most obvious characteristics, thinking that I might later find some way of penetrating to the inmost recesses of her brain.

The external view indicated that the skull was quite large, with decided excrescences at the top, and in the two places where ears appear in the male of the species. I impressed it on my mind to discover whether, by reason of her impassioned storing away of knowledge, the creature's brain had been compelled to fill a larger space that its original container.

The anterior part of the head, known as the face, seemed to have suffered an application of some red substance on the cheeks and of some white substance on the nose. The reason for this I pondered long, but without reaching a satisfactory conclusion at the time.

While I considered how I should observe the internal features of the head, a mist came before my eyes, which, having cleared away, seemed to have rendered the cranium transparent. I eagerly proceeded with my examination, confident that I should discover the mystery attached to the co-ed's mental operations.

My first surprise came with the disclosure that the enlargements on the head were merely due to a twisted and tangled mass of hair, below which the skull appeared no larger than that of any other human being. The mass of gray substance inclosed within the bony case did appear to crowd it a little, but upon my touching it, I found that it was soft, as if covered with the fatness due to over-indulgence in sweetmeats, rather than with the hard muscle developed by vigorous exercise. Looking closely at the folds of this gray substance, I found certain words impressed on the tissue. The one which seemed most conspicuously and most frequently inscribed was made up of the letters D, A, T, E. "Is she," thought I, "so fond of that variety of fruit that it composes even her chief mental diet?" But on closer observation. I perceived that the words impressed on the tissue led by a straight path to a sort of screen just behind the eyes, whereon were pictured the visions imagined within the mind. Following the path leading from the word "date," I discerned a masculine figure holding a feminine figure by the arm, thus propelling her very slowly along a street. From the mouths of both, words appeared to be tumbling, but perhaps due to a tendency of the brain to exhale light substances into nothingness, they melted away before reaching my ears. Another word seen quite often spelled "eats." Perplexedly seeking along the passageway of this inscription, I saw a number of tables about which clustered beings like the one under observation, their fair whitened noses turned skyward from the indifferent food. A twin picture appeared, of some co-ed's rapturously devouring the contents of a large box spread upon the floor.

Sculptured into the fiber of the brain were also the likenesses, as I thought, of Greek inscriptions. After some trouble, I made out some such letters as these: Kappa Sigma, Phi Gamma Delta, Phi Kappa Psi, and some others which apparently carried a slightly different sensation, as Pi Beta Phi, Lamba Chi Alpha and so on.

After I had observed the extensive outer layers of the brain, I accomplished the task of working my way to the more hidden labyrinths of the gray walls. Here I discovered a confused assortment of objects, which, from their disorder, had the appearance of being hastily dragged forth when their owner needed them, and unceremoniously dumped back when the necessity had ended. A few French words huddled uncertainly by some doubtful looking dates and names. These latter seemed surrounded by a strange vapor, which I later found by investigation to be an historical atmosphere. Doubtless this atmosphere is very delightful for some

(Continued on Page 144)

A ROSE GARDEN

Mrs. Browning's The sonnets from the Portuguese

Mary Ethel Bailey

—And to read them is to step from a hot, dusty, business street, crowded with pedestrians and vehicles, clanging with street cars, and the whole covered with soot, into a cool, dewy rose-garden where roses—exquisite, velvety roses,—red roses, white roses, and pink roses—are just lifting their dew-freshened faces to greet the first rays of the morning sun. Those flowers nearest the gate do not attract much attention, but the deeper into the garden the visitor goes, the lovlier, and the more fragrant the roses become, until he stands in the midst of a bower of beauty and loveliness. Then he must stop and marvel at it all. In such a spot it would seem criminal to take scissors of thought to break off a beautiful rose, for then the rose would die, and the whole garden of roses will droop for the sake of one rose. Nor must the visitor dare to ridicule or think lightly of the roses, or the magical garden will disappear before his eyes. He must step into this garden and close the gate of thought behind him so that no harsh sounds will come from the outer world. He must step into this garden with reverence and wonder for the beautiful spirit from which it grew. He must regard with tenderness each rose, and he must be thankful for the sunshine which lights up the garden. And when he has left the garden he must close the gate carefully with a tender, beautiful thought. Then if ever he recalls this thought he may again open the gate and step into the magical garden where the beautiful roses are lifting their heads to greet the light from the morning sun.

And why should the roses greet the sun? Ah—'twas the sun which drew forth their beauty from the little brown seeds. If it had not been for the sun, then the beauty and the magic of the roses would have been hidden forever and no reader could have stepped into the rose garden to admire, to marvel at, and to drink of the beauty of the flowers.

Now, dear reader, you do know this garden, do you not? Indeed you must, for the roses are the Sonnets from the Portuguese which grew from the little brown seeds in the garden of Elizabeth Barrett's soul when Robert Browning turned upon them the warm, tender sunlight of his love. Do you wonder that he who would look at the roses must look through loving eyes behind which beautiful thoughts shut out the ordinary, practical things of the world? Are you surprised that the cultivation and growth of this garden of roses in the sunshine of a transforming, almost magical love made Elizabeth Barrett Browning the author of what someone has termed the most exquisite poetry yet written by a woman?

Of course, you are anxious, dear reader, to get a glimpse of these roses, and any comment of mine upon them may spoil their beauty. It is a trait of human nature, however, to forget that which is not pleasant, and only by realizing that dare I tamper with these sonnets.

Before taking them up, in detail, however, it may be well to ask ourselves a little about the manner of woman who composed them. Until she was fifteen years old, Elizabeth Barrett was healthy and vigorous, a good horsewoman. A fall from a horse injured her spine about this time, and made her an invalid, tenderly cared for by her father. The days spent upon her couch she did not waste, for she studied much and read widely. She was well acquainted with the Greek drama particularly and in general with the originals of the great ancients. Because she was so well learned in the classics, some one once stated that she should have been Milton's daughter. She indeed was keen intellectually and familiar, not only with the ancients and their works, but also with the events and writings of her time.

She met Robert Browning and married him in spite of her father's objection. It was her love for Robert Browning which transformed her life, which made of that scholar a woman, and for her womanliness we remember and honor her.

Just how much her life changed one can learn best by reading these sonnets—this rose-garden of the poet's soul. In speaking of her life before she knew Robert Browning, she likens it in her twentieth sonnet, to the dull life of an atheist, "Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight."

She declared (in Sonnet VII) that even "The face of all the world is changed, I think Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul."

And again in the same sonnet "—I, who thought to sink, Was caught up into love, and taught the whole of life in a new rhythm."

Before her love began she was a scholar, an invalid poet, but afterwards she was a woman, in whom lived the spirit of love. Love to her, then, was all of life. She exchanged Death for Love, she says. She lived only for her love. Her studies she now subordinated to her love, and in that love she grew stronger. She was no longer a scholar and an invalid poet, she was a being whose soul was afire with love. Thus several of the roses tell of the transformation from a seed to a blooming flower alight with gladness. Through the fragrance of the roses the poet tells of her unworthiness of her sweetheart who

"—hast thy calling to some palace-floor,

Most gracious singer of high poems! where

The dancers will break footing, from the care

Of watching up tahy pregnant lips for more."

He is "a guest for queens to social pageantries" where he will play "his part as chief musician," while she is but a "poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through the dark." She can give to him nothing but her love and this she gives, fully, freely. She submits herself, unworthy as she feels herself, to him in the hope that

"perfect strains may float,

'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced."

And one of the most fragrant and most precious of the roses is the thirty-eighth sonnet in which she reminisces. She experiences again in her dreams the first kisses which she received from her lover, and—ah—how tenderly she thinks of them:

"First time he kissed me, he but only kissed

The fingers of this hand wherewith I write:

And ever since, it grew more clean and white."

These are but the first three lines of the sonnet, but they suggest the beauty and the tenderness of the remaining verses. Here, indeed, is a rose which one must treat with delicate touch. BBefore one harsh thought or laugh of ridicule, its beauty will fade and its fragrance disappear.

Many more are the roses in this garden with its wealth of beauty, and you, dear reader, will not be disappointed in their loveliness, in the sweetness of the thoughts of this ideal woman. Each rose reveals some expression of the spirit of womanhood, which Elizabeth Barrett Browning has represented. May you seek and find the gate to this beautlful garden of a soul, and may you often rejoice in the beautlful roses which lift their heads to greet the warm light of the morning sun!

A CO-ED'S HEAD--Continued from page 142

persons to inhale, but in the case of the co-ed, it permits the historical outlines to be seen but dimly through it. Other similiar objects lay disconsolately where they had been crowded by the more important images contained in the brain's outer layers.

While I looked through and through the head, trying to discover something further of importance to the scientific investigator, the head reeled and disappeared, and when I again looked at the object of my investigations, her skull was no longer transparent. I asked the reason for this strange disappearance after I had reported these results to a scientific friend. Said he, "She lost her head." "Why," said I, "did she do that?" "Because," said he, "at that moment she particularly needed to make use of it."

These, dear readers, are the most accurate observations permitted to be made known to normal humanity in regard to the composition of a co-ed's head.

FLAPPERS

Virginia Scott

They flapped into a store on Main Street—two of the flappiest flappers you ever saw. Their shorn locks flapped about their ears. Their skirts flapped around their—ankles? Well, no—not quite. Each of them wore a flapping metal girdle; the ends flapped together in a gay metallic refrain. If the two had been wearing goloshes, the goloshes inevitably would have flapped; they were that sort of flapper.

One of the flappers flapped to the counter. The other drew out a powder-puff and flapped it at her nose. The nose was in no need for more powder, but she powdered it anyhow, for luck. Then, after Flapper Number One had powdered her nose, too, so as to present a decent appearance on the street, the two flapped out again.

They were joined on the street by two members of the male species of the genus flapper. Each of these last flapped · a dainty, little, villainous, white cigarette out of the corner of his mouth in order to speak to the lady—and then flapped it in again. Their hair looked like the fur of a fresh drowned kitten. Now, it is perfectly all right for a female flapper to bob her hair—why not? It is no worse than bundling it into a bump at the back of her head and fastening it there with a heathenish hairpin. But why in the name of flapperism must a male flapper make his hair look as though it had been shellacked.

The two male flappers flapped very carefully on the outside of the pavement, between the ladies and the street. The female flappers had been perfectly capable of taking care of themselves before, but now it was quite necessary to protect them from the menacing perils of wild and wooley Main Street.

They flapped their shoulders when they walked. They flapped their feet when they set them down—and when they lifted them up. The male flappers flapped their coat-tails and the female flappers flapped their hair. They flapped finally out of sight around the corner.

THE DAWN

The dawn dwells gloriously upon the hills,
The Spring-tide sparkles in the glistening dew,
The red-bird over all his carol spills,
While in the sun-rise of my heart there thrills
A dawning hope of you.
The blossoms flutter 'gainst the rosy skies,
The periwinkles purple into view,
All nature wakens with the softest sighs
Into such beauty as within your eyes
Reveals the soul of you.
The new-born breezes bear the new-born spark
Down to the vales,—those vales of sombre hue,—
Swift shafts of gold pierce through the shades of dark
Nor merrier the sun-clad meadow-lark
Than is the smile of you.
And afterwhile when grander grows the light,
And from the present fades the mists, the dew,
When noon-tide's paeons swell the knell of night,
Out of the doubts that dim your maiden sight
Will shine my love for you.

THE REAL MAN

C. Preston Dawson

I suppose that everyone who is foolish enough to read these few reflections of mine will say, "This is nothing out of the ordinary; it's just common, everyday, homely stuff. I'm sick of this kind of trash." Well, I'll grant that this is all true before I write another word. What more can be expected from the pen of a common, every-day, homely fellow? No one has ever been able put a voice on a cow.

Many years ago I was initiated into this cold and cruel world. My childhood days were like the ordinary run of childhood days. My parents were just ordinary parents. The teachings I received were the same as most children receive. I was taught to be polite, kind, friendly, industrious and ambitious. I was taught to be respectful and obedient. I was taught to live so that the people would say, as I went by them, "There goes a real man." My mother impressed this latter expression upon my mind many times. Most of it I took as a matter of course as most very young boys do. I started to school at the age of six years. As I worked my way through the grades, I heard that expression, "Be a real man," a thousand times. I have a third cousin who runs a curiosity shop in New York City. I suppose I inherited my curiosity from him. At any rate I was curious to learn just what a real man was, and what particular qualities he possessed.

It was during my grammar-school year that I learned the first one of these characteristics. Most normal boys begin to assert themselves at this age. I have never been accused of being abnormal; so I naturally made my assertions. One evening at the dinner table I startled my family by saying that I was tired of school and that I intended to quit. Immediately all of my ten brothers and sisters proceeded to call me down and "rake me over the coals." I noticed that my mother said nothing until all the rest had finished. Then she said in a quiet tone of voice, "You may stop school if you want to. I hate to think that one of my family is a quitter. A real man would learn to love his work." Here was an answer to the question that had stirred my curiosity—"A real man would learn to love his work." My mother could not have given me a better answer if she had tried. So this was one of the requirements that I must have to be a real man! Well, I'd show them that I had the stuff. I stayed in school. I tried to learn to love my studies. It took several years and a lot of hard work, but I finally succeeded. I had gained one of the requirements of a real man.

I finished my school work in the grades and in High School. Work was easy for me now. I decided to go to college. My father told me I could take my choice of schools. I picked Yale. I entered Yale and was there but three months when my country declared war upon Spain. It didn't worry me very much. I found my studies just as interesting. It seemed foolish for our government to break into war just to help out Cuba. What was Cuba to me? All these thoughts kept continually going through my mind. Finally I began to air some of my thoughts to my chums. I learned that the majority of them were oppessed to my views. One by one my classmates enlisted in the service to fight for their country. This compelled me to think deeper. I looked at the question from every point of view possible to me, and finally decided that I wouldn't permit any Spaniard to shoot a hole through me.

Strange as it may seem, I was compelled to change my mind again. My roomy enlisted one afternoon, and I told him how foolish I thought he was. His answer cut like a knife. "Jim," he said, "I always thought there was something to you. I find that I have been mistaken. If you were any sort of a man. you'd love your country enough to fight for her when she declares war for a good and just cause. I hate a man that's yellow." The result of the incident was that I gained another quality of real manhood and my country gained another fighting man.

Since I had learned to love my work, regardless of what it was, I found myself wearing a silver bar on my shoulder within four months after enlistment. Army life proved a hard life in many ways. The class of men under me were from the slums of Chicago. They were men who had lived rough and sinful lives. In order to control these men I found myself compelled to become like them. Little by little I forgot the religious teachings of my former days. I gradually found it easier to swear, to steal, to lie, to hate, and to do everything that my better impulse told me not to do.

The day came when plans were made for the attack on San Juan Hill. I learned that my troop would participate. The morning of the attack came. The forces were set in array. The battle started. I was in the front ranks as we charged up the long slope. I believe that I was the first one to stop a bullet. I remember a sharp pain shooting through my shoulder and a sensation of falling from my horse. I recall the fear of being crushed to death by the horses and then I ceased to remember.

It seemed like a thousand years before I finally awoke. I found myself on a cot in one of the base Hospitals. I tried to move, but could not because of pain in my shoulder and in my head. The doctor spoke to the orderly of the ward and then came to me. I asked him how serious my condition was and he frankly told me that it was critical. The shoulder was all right, but a horse had kicked me on the head. Then the chaplain came in and spoke to me. He asked me many questions about my religious beliefs. I told him of my short comings; how army life had got the best of me to some extent. He spoke to me for some time about religion and finally said, "He who wishes to be a true man must love God." Here was a third quality of manhood that I had never tried out. I wanted the chance to try it out. It was this great desire that saved my life.

When I returned to civil life again, I was determined to live by the three rules set down for the real man. I find myself in middle life now and I have learned that these three qualities, when completely gained by a man, will make life happy and profitable. I realize that I have only a score of years to live if I last for my three score and ten and I am determined to remember that the real man must possess at least three characteristics; love for work, love of country, love for God.

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LA PREMIERE DANSEUSE

Phoebe Reinhart

Captain Fairfax Randolph was a confirmed first-nighter. Now this meant that whenever he happened to be in New York at the opening of the theatre season, the new play, opera, or musical comedy which had been advertised the most, found him an interested spectator and a severe critic.

From the name you will infer that Captain Randolph was a southerner. His home was in Virginia near the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Through his veins flowed the cold, blue blood of generations of aristocrats mingled with the warm, red blood of a lower class. It was this red blood which infused into Fairfax Randolph the desire to travel. He refused an education at Annapolis. Instead, at the age of sixteen, he had gone as cabin boy on a tramp steamer until he had worked his way up to the position of captain on a fast mail and merchant vessel.

In the last week of October 19--, Captain Randolph had just completed another of his voyages. At this season Broadway was brilliant with new and startling productions. Each attempted to out-do the other in lavish display and advertising. Randolph had had quite a time trying to decide which show to take in first, but finally one of his friends came to his rescue and led him to a new opera.

The opera had proceeded to the end of the second act when Randolph, who began to grow restless, exclaimed impatiently,

"Brandon, I thought you promised me something different from this."

"Just wait a little, please. You still have the third act to see. The third is always the charm, you know."

"It'll have to be a lot more charming than this. If there isn't something thrilling by eleven-thirty, I'm going!" With this warning Randolph settled back in his chair.

At that moment the curtain rose on the third act. Randolph settled still further in his chair in the first box, and fixed his eyes glumly on the scene. To be sure the opera was wonderful, but to Randolph it offered no excitement.

"Say, this is the most exciting evening I've had in a year. I'm going to the cafe.—Are you coming, Brandon?"

"Randolph, you'll be the sorriest man on this earth if you don't wait and see this thing through."

"Oh! Hang it all! I suppose since I only see you once a year I'll have to please you that once."

The curtain rose again, this time upon the second scene of the last act. Something like a gasp or murmur of surprise rippled over the audience. One man rubbed his eyes as if he thought he had not seen correctly. Randolph suddenly straightened in his chair and feasted his eyes upon the scene before him.

The theatre was very dark. The only thing visible was the stage where myriads of figures floated apparently through the air. The rainbow and all its colors appeared to have left the heavens and descended to the earth. Each dancer, and there were a hundred, swayed gracefully from side to side.

Slowly in their midst a figure rose as if it came from somewhere under the stage. It was the figure of Mlle. Koleski, the leading lady of the ballet. She stood motionless for a second or two, then swayed slightly from side to side. Her soft chiffon draperies fell charmingly around her supple body. Suddenly she sprang into the air poised surely but swiftly on the ends of her firm, well-trained toes. The dance had begun. Light as a fairy, swift as a butterfly, she flitted in and out among the rest of the dancers. Again, as abruptly as she had begun, she poised for a second in the middle of the stage and the next instant she was gone.

The audience forgot to applaud. The curtain was descending slowly on the rest of the dancers when they awoke to the realization that the opera was over. They broke into frenzied appreciation of the opera. Twice, three times, and still once again did they call the petite Mlle. Koleski before the heavy, red, velvet curtains. Dressed entirely in white, with her beautiful curly black hair thrown carelessly back,

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against the red curtains she made a picture not to be forgotten in a short time.

Meanwhile Randolph continued to stare as though he had seen a ghost. Brandon spoke to him twice; then slapped him upon the back.

"Wake up Randolph, she isn't a ghost she's real! real as that!" and Brandon struck a match right under Randolph's ear.

"You fool, do you thing I've been sleeping?" hissed Randolph. "And what's more, I know her."

"Know her? You know her? How in the name of—?"

"Sh! Don't be so excited. No doubt that she would recognize me as the captain of the ship which brought her to this country. She helped me with some interpreting, that's all."

"And that's all, is it? Why, man, you missed the chance—."

"Keep cool. Keep cool. If you had had to face her Russian duenna perhaps you would not have been so anxious to make advances."

"Oh, yes, that's so. Her guardian? Yes, I'd rather guess I know something about her."

"You? How do you know her?" Randolph turned quickly upon his friend.

"Now don't get excited. Come, let's go to that cafe you mentioned and then we can talk."

When Randolph and Brandon were comfortably settled, Brandon began,

"Well, as the theatre critic, of course, I had to get an interview, and that was some interview. I could only speak English and Mlle. Koleski and her guardian could speak French, Russian and perhaps a dozen others. Of course Mlle. Koleski remained in the room and there was some other fellow there whom Mlle. Koleski called Uncle Jim, but there wasn't the slightest resemblance. Well, little Olga—."

"I wish you would say Mlle. Koleski."

"Oh, pardon me. Well, Mlle Koleski had to translate everything into French and as "Uncle Jim" could speak English, I had to confine myself strictly to an interview. Now you tell me your story."

"Well, I really had forgotten all about her because—well—because I had."

"Oh! That's right! How is the Virginian Meredith? I always think of her as a Titian beauty, haughty as a Greek goddess."

"She is still just as you describe her. You have never met her, have you?"

"No, I have only gazed upon her from a distance."

"If she had not had to go south on a hurried trip, Brandon, I suppose I would be engaged. As it is, I am still free, thank Heaven!—But tell me when you knew I was so interested in Virginia why did you bring me here to see Mlle. Koleski? You might have known what an effect her beauty would have on me."

"Well, it seems to me, Randolph, that you and Miss Meredith would not get along very well together. You are too much alike. Both southerners, aristocrats and you are both blonde types. Now in all earnestness do you really want to marry her? You just said "Thank Heaven I'm still free."

"Well, I don't know. I've known her ever since she was a little girl and I know the families would both like it."

"Oh! Hang your families! Confess you really don't want to marry her."

"No-o-o, not since I have seen Mlle. Koleski again."

"Good! Now I have an appointment with Mlle. Koleski for an interview and you come along as my friend. We'll see if she remembers you."

"Great, but how about Virginia?"

"Don't you worry about her. That heartless beauty is probably carrying on a couple of flirtations right now."

The next mornng promptly at 11:30 Brandon and Randolph were ushered into the apartments of Mlle. Koleski.

"Ah! Good morning, Madame and Mademoiselle," began Brandon, "permit me to introduce my friend Captain Ran—."

But he got no further. With a little cry of delight Olga exclaimed.

"Oh, ma tante, it is the captain of the ship which brought us to America. Do you not remember? Good morning, Captain, and are you still captain of the same vessel?"

"I am glad to see that you remember

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me. Yes, I am still captain of that ship and I'm on shore leave now. I saw you last night and allow me to say that I don't think I ever saw anything so wonderful or anyone so beautiful as the dancer."

"Oh, thank you, Captain. You remember Mme. Kosloff, my duenna? Ma tante, c'est le capitaine Randolph vous le rappelez, N'est-ce pas?"

And then followed a hurried conversation in French which neither Randolph nor Brandon understood. The time passed rapidly, and as lunch time was drawing near, the two men began to think of leaving.

"Perhaps you will stay to lunch. I should like to have you meet my uncle," Olga urged as the two men rose to go.

"Oh, I'm afraid we'll be—," began Randolph, but Brandon broke in.

"Certainly we can remain. I have had the pleasure of meeting your uncle but we can stay anyway."

At that moment, Olga's uncle came in. Olga ran up to him.

"Oh, Uncle Jim. I should like to have you meet Captain Randolph. He brought us to America in his ship. Captain Randolph, my uncle, Mr. James Patterson."

Patterson eyed Randolph inquisitively. "Not by any chance connected with the Randolphs of Randolph Manor in Virginia, are you?"

"Why yes, I am. My home is at Randolph Manor."

"Randolph, what do you think of Mlle Koleski?" asked Brandon the next morning.

"Oh! Ah! Well-er-she's-ahem-oh! I like her very much."

"Telly-gram for Mr. Randolph! Telly-gram for Captain Randolph!"

"Here boy!"—"Brandon, look here!"

"Hand it here. Let's read it."

Will arrive in New York at 12:00 noon with Mrs. Meredith and Virginia.
Mother.

"Phew! We won't have such easy sailing, will we?"

But how can I go to meet them? I have an engagement with Ol—I mean Mlle. Koleski."

"I hardly know.—Oh! I have it. You keep your engagement. It's a pressing business engagement, you know, and I, as your most trustworthy friend, will meet your mother and the rest of the party."

"It would be all right if Mother were not coming along, but I hate to neglect her that way."

"Yes, I understand, but don't you think that a pressing business engagement would excuse you? Really you know you can't miss this chance to see Mlle. Koleski. If your ship is ready to sail next week, you can't have much time left to convince her that you love her."

"What in the name of—. Say, Brandon, you certainly jump at conclusions."

"Randolph, you don't mean to tell me that I misinterpreted the things I saw?"

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"No-o- I didn't want you to infer that. You are simply a very good mind reader."

"Then shall I go to meet your mother and the honorable Virginia and her mother?"

"Yes, that's the only way out of it, I guess. You can take them to lunch or right up to the hotel. Tell them that I have a business engagement but that I shall come to take them to dinner and the theatre afterwards."

"All right, I'll go order the tickets. You'd better not delay too long or you'll be late for your business engagement."

"So long—'till tonight."

Randolph hurried away to dress for his engagement and Brandon to get the tickets and meet the party.

While Randolph is deep in his devotion to Mlle. Koleski, let us follow Brandon's experiences. He leisurely ordered a taxi, and proceeded still more leisurely to get into the taxi.

"Pennsylvania Station—By the way, what time is it?"

"Five minutes of twelve."

"Great Scott! Here's $25 and the cost of your fines if you get me to that station in three minutes."

Brandon had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth when the taxi gave a leap forward with such a sudden jolt that he found his feet somewhat elevated. Frightened pedestrians did not dare to cross the street. Several times the taxi just missed tipping over. Other cars found themselves rudely bumped. Frequently the wheels scraped the curb. Just at two minutes of twelve the taxi pulled up in front of the Pennsylvania Station. Brandon jumped out.

"Here's that money, and, say! I've heard a lot about and experienced some more with New York taxi drivers, but you have it all over them."

Brandon rushed into the station.

"Is the southern express in?"

"No, it's half an hour late."

"It is? Thank you."

Brandon bought a paper and prepared to wait. At 12:25 Brandon arose and sauntered out to watch for the incoming passengers. He soon spied the people whom he believed to be his party. Hastening up to them he hesitated a second, but then

"Pardon me, are you Mrs. Randolph?"

"I am."

"My name is Charles Brandon and your son has asked me to meet you as it was impossible for him to come."

"Well, Mr. Brandon, what was the matter that my son could not come to meet his mother?"

"He was very sorry indeed, but as he did not receive your telegram until eleven o'clock this morning, he could not break his appointment. I shall endeavor to serve you as he would have me. Would you prefer having lunch down town or going to the hotel and have it there?"

"Well, I do think that it is peculiar. Mr. Brandon, this is Mrs. Meredith and Miss Meredith. Where do you want to go?"

"Ah! Deah me! Ah'm so tired. Let's go right to the hotel." This from Virginia Meredith.

"Yes,I think that would be the better plan, Mrs. Randolph."

"I have a taxi outside and we can get there in a few minutes. Where are you going to stay, Mrs. Randolph? Fairfax is at the Waldorf and he has rooms there for you if you wish to come there."

"Thank you, Mr. Brandon, but I am going to stay at the Ritz-Carlton with Mrs. Meredith and Virginia."

"Yes, we have an apartment at the Ritz."

The occupants of the taxi provided an interesting character study for Brandon. First there was Mrs. Randolph, a blue blooded southern aristocrat with the snobish element of aristocracy written very firmly in her face. She had the noble bearing of a Queen—she was truly an uncrowned American queen. Virginia Meredith, haughty as a Greek goddess, as Brandon had described her, was a true Titian type of beauty. Her hair was a glorious flame color with glints of gold in it. Her skin was a milky-pink, and her eyes were a deep-sea blue. Last but not least was Mrs. Mererdith who was one of those true aristocrats. She was so aristocratic that she did not know it. She did not have the queenly bearing of either her daughter or Mrs. Randolph, but the minute she spoke you knew she was a true queen among women. Her beautiful well modulated tones were rich with expression.

Brandon, who, as a dramatic critic, took all these points in at once, decided that his friend was not going to marry Virginia if he could help it. At the hotel Brandon left the women.

"Mrs. Randolph, Fairfax will come to take you and the other ladies to dinner and then to the theatre. I wonder if I may be permitted to accompany him?"

"Yes, Mr. Brandon, do come. We shall be glad to have you. You have proved yourself a very agreeable escort."

"Good afternoon Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Meredith and Miss Meredith," and in an under tone to Miss Meredith, "I am delighted to know that I am going to see you again."

Virginia Meredith looked at him a minute and thought, "Of course he doesn't know that I am practically engaged to Fairfax Randolph." Moreover it pleased her that she had added one more victim to her number.

"Moi aussi, Mr. Brandon."

"Well, Brandon, what do you think of them?"

"Oh, ah! Miss Meredith is very attractive, isn't she?"

"Has she made you a victim also?"

"Oh, no! I haven't succumbed to her charms, but she surely is wonderful. To change the subject, has **she** said, 'Yes,' Randolph?"

"She" surely has."

"What?" roared Brandon. "Why, man, you've only known her two days, one and a half to be exact."

"You forget the incident on shipboard, and I feel as if I had known her all my life."

"I don't have words to express myself. You don't even know who she is or where she came from. Besides she is an actress, a dancer, your **mother** would never permit you to marry her.

"Mother has nothing whatever to say in the matter. Moreover you introduced me to her yourself and she must be a person of some distinction, for they only take girls from good families for the ballet school."

"Goodness, I hardly thought you'd rush things like that. When are you going to tell your mother?"

"Tonight after the play. You and I are to bring the party to Olga's apartment. Her uncle is going to be there and of course Mme. Kosloff. Then we'll break the news."

"I decidedly wish I was not going to be one of that party, but I can't get out of it now."

"Mother, how did you enjoy the play?"

"Son, I liked it very much. You have such good taste in choosing things to please me. I hope your choice of a wife will be as pleasing."

"Oh! I'm sure of that. By the way, I should like to take you to see some friends of mine who are stopping at the Hotel Astor. You feel able to, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm not in the least bit tired."

"And how do you ladies feel? Do you think it will tire you too much?"

"Oh! No, Fairfax, deah, we shall be dee-lighted to meet your friends."

Upon their arrival, Randolph managed to get beside Brandon.

"Say, Brandon, I'll do the introducing if you don't mind."

"Mind? Rather not. The farther in the back-ground I can be, the better I'll like it."

"Hello, Olga! Good evening Mme. Kosloff! How are you Patterson? Mother, Mrs. Meredith and Virginia, this is Mlle. Koleski, Mme. Kosloff, and Mr. Patterson."

After everyone had shaken hands with each other, Randolph, who was evidently anxious to get the affair over with, said hurriedly,

"Now, let's get to business."

"Business? Why, what business did we come here for?" queried Mrs. Randolph.

"Well, mother the reason I brought you here was to introducce you to Mlle. Koleski, the future Mrs. Randolph. You know Mlle. Koleski is the leading lady—. Why aren't you pleased with my choice?"

"Yes,I know she is an actress, a dancer. I remember seeing that name advertised. No, indeed,she is not going to be the future Mrs. Randolph. Young lady, I see what you want is my son's name. You are not going to get it so easily. Upstart!!" And Mrs. Randolph started out of the apartment in a rage.

"Just a moment madam. I don't believe you know who my niece is."

Perhaps I don't, but maybe you're just a manufactured uncle. Come Mrs. Meredith, Virginia, we cannot remain here another second."

"Mrs. Randolph, you will please calm yourself until I explian matters and

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you read these documents."

"Well of--well—." Mrs. Randolph who was too angry to say more, sank into a chair.

"In the first place, Mrs. Randolph, Olga Koleski is not my niece's correct name. Her name is Louise Olga Patterson. Her father was Thomas Patterson, a noted lawyer of New Orleans. Perhaps you remember him."

"You don't mean the Thomas Patterson whose family came from Baltimore?"

"I certainly do. Use your memory a little more and you will recall that Tom Patterson was made an ambassador to Russia. Perhaps also you will remember how his family cut him off when he married Olga Koleski, a dancer in the Royal Ballet. Patterson was heart-broken at this, and when his wife died, he determined to bring his little girl, Louise, up to believe that she was a Russian. She was well educated in the ballet school where her mother had been educated. I was a younger brother and I did not know much of Tom. However, when I came into my fortune, I determined to look him up. I found that he had been killed by revolutionists, and that Louise was the only child. I had her brought to this country where she went upon the stage in spite of my remonstrances. She met your son on shipboard and again here in her apartment. If you do not believe my story, here are sufficient letters and documents to prove that my statements are correct."

"Oh! Of course I believe you Mr. Patterson. And I agree to my son's marriage. To think that my son should be marrying Tom Patterson's daughter!"

FINIS

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OCTOBER, 1922

The Bucknell Mirror

"Vita sine literis mors est."

Vol. XXVII Lewisburg, Pa., October, 1922 No. 1

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Issued five times during the college year, in October, December, February, April and June. Application made for second class mail matter at the post office at Lewisburg, Pa., under the act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the business manager.

EDITORIAL

* * * *

HELP WANTED

With this issue The Bucknell Mirror enters upon the second year of its "renaissance." The settled policy of the magazine is "to stimulate, enrich, and mirror the intellectual and emotional life of the student body." This is to be accomplished by publishing the most meritorious essays, short stories, poems, speeches, playlets, diaries, letters, reports, and reviews produced by Bucknell students from any class or department whatever. In other words, The Mirror aims to reflect the best in student thought and experience. Practically every field of literary endeavor is open for expression in the columns of the magazine. It depends upon the student body as to whether contributions will be representative of every phase of college life, or whether the field of usefulness of The Mirror will be limited to the students in the English Department.

Is there no longer any romance in engineering? Is the field of biological science destitute of intense human interest? The editorial staff is of the opinion that there is excitement, adventure, and literary attractiveness not only in these two branches of college work, but in every branch.

The difficulty lies in the lack of discoverers. The age of discovery has not closed. We may have to dig a little deeper to unearth literary values, but the supply is exhaustless. What we need is more diggers. The vital question is this: Will you enlist as a "literary digger"?

TO THE FRESHMEN

College life opens to each member of the incoming class a new page in his life history. To some the transformation seems more momentous than to others, but all are brought face to face with new problems, arising from a new environment and from a new sense of increasing responsibility.

There is the problem of social adjustment. Just what attitude should a Freshman take toward his associates? To swelter and chafe under the restrictions imposed by upperclassmen is useless. Fostering secret antagonism towards class regulations avails one nothing. Such an attitude engenders a wrong college spirit, while good-natured, cheerful submission promotes the healthful growth of invaluable co-operation among members of the various classes.

The most vital problem, however, which a Freshman must face is that of religious adjustment. Here again the attitude taken at the outset determines to a great degree one's relationship to those religious principles and practices which he has been taught from early childhood. College ought not to be a faith-destroying experience. Generally those who claim that they lost their faith at college never had enough faith to carry them over the rough places. Too many of us heartily believe that religion is only to be experienced. When the realization comes that religion is to be studied, our attitude must change. The churches of Lewisburg are striving to aid the members of the incoming class to solve the perplexing problems connected with their religious tendencies. The home folks will judge the college by the changes they see in you from time to time. Refuse to lower those moral standards to which you have clung so tenaciously! The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. are organized to help you maintain moral restraint and to make your college life really worth while, not only for yourself, but also for those who expect great things from you.

* * * *

IT IS THE CUSTOM

Custom is useful only insofar as it serves for a foundation on which to build greater things. There isn't one of us who can honestly claim to be free from custom, but this fact should not cause us great alarm. Custom has its place in every age. The vital question is this: "What customs today need to be changed?" Rabid reformers advocate the abolition of wide-reaching present-day practices but they have nothing tangible to offer as better substitutes.

Class rules have become a permanent part of our college customs, and it is gratifying to note that they are not in danger of being neglected. The present Senior Council deserves to be congratulated on its thoroughness in enforcing class regulations. Such restrictions have a value. Not only do they keep up time-honored class distinctions, but they also create a democratic atmosphere within each class. In stepping up from one class into another the additional privileges gained encourage a student to accept the additional responsibility which is his. Customs live or die according to their utilization and necessity at the present time. As long as class rules remain useful there will be a place for them around Bucknell.

THE PASSING

A. H. H. '23

Deepest night, and then—the Dawn,
Faint whispers from a world unborn,
As silently with sails full set,
The ship, that at the end of life I met,
Glides out upon that great uncharted sea.

Strong tides that bore me into Life,
Have turned their course away from strife;
Bright doors of hope have opened wide
And light streams through to be my guide
Upon that vast and boundless sea.

Grey fears that crept into the Twilight's wait
As night slipped in, an end of life to make,
Are left in the gloom of days long past,
Along with the things that could not last
In the Dawn of the Infinite Sea.

And Him who in the battle's dust and din,
I met—and lost—and found again,
I greeted when the bar was gained
And saw him there by death renamed
The Pilot of that Eternal Sea.

A GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL

"M" Company had a new commander. The new commander had an aversion for dogs. Private O'Malley had a dog.

Under such conditions peace couldn't be expected to last very long. Whether it was Private O'Malley got the dog in trouble, or the dog his master, we shall soon learn. The fact is that war was declared on the morning of June tenth. (I don't mean the recent World War. I mean this particular Irishman's.)

Company "M" fell into line, counted off, wheeled into squads, and marched out of the company street. One soldier alone remained in front of his tent until his comrades had entered the cactus-covered prairie back of the camp. Then he whistled to his dog, shouldered an axe, and walked leisurely toward the company wood-pile. When he reached it, he arranged the logs in a more comfortable position and sprawled luxuriously among them. Rosy O'Grady cocked her shaggy ears with canine admiration.

"Attin-SHUN! Corp'ril O'Grady!" ordered her master. Rosy stiffened. "Rist!" Rosy lay down. The private then ejected the contents of his upper left blouse pocket with a jerk. Out came a tin shamrock, a package of cigarette papers, a red, white, and blue handkerchief, and the ace of hearts. "Attin-SHUN!" roared the private again, holding up the shamrock. Rosy raised an obedient paw.

"Good girrl, Rosy. Ye shalute betther nor th' new captin! Did ye iver sai such a bouncin' tin sowljer th' captin is! Why he squats an his harse like th' Prince av Wales an a bumble bai! But it's hilpin' it he can't, Rosy. He's been in the army just th' ninety days, an' that was at wan av thim schools where they turrn out Sares-Roobuck officers like so many bottles av bair. An' him havin' th' nirve to arder ye tied in me tint all th' day like a pris'ner. It's a good-for-nuthin' squarre-hid he is, Rosy!"

At this moment the Irishman, casting an inquisitive glance up the deserted company street, barely glimpsed the two silver bars of a captain in the immediate rear of the woodpile. Then his eyes fell upon the axe lying idle at his feet. Slowly he picked up the instrument and began to feel its edge.

"Bedad an' this wud git sthuck thryin' to chop a good, thick fog! But I was jus' for to till ye, Rosy," he continued, "what a fine sowljer th' new captain is. It's the shait-lightnin' he has in the eyes, Rosy, an' whin he towld me to chop this pile av wood, I sez to mesilf, sez I, 'Shure, an' ye're the only man I'd do it for, Sorr'!"

The listener behind the pile bit his lip. "Private O'Malley!"

"Hair, Sorr," came the surprised response, accompanied by the most military of salutes.

"Are you on the wood-detail for today?"

I'm th' whole daitail, Sorr."

"You'v cut enough wood for this morning," observed the captain. "Tie that cur in your tent, get your arms, and go out and drill with the company. Tell Lieutenant Jones I'll be out to take charge of the company at eleven o'clock."

"Yis, Sorr." The captain returned the salute and hastened into the orderly room.

"For th' love av my soul, did ye hair that!" The chagrined Irishman sauntered to his tent, grabbed

Three kinds of courts-martial are held in the U. S. Army—General, Special and Summary. The General Court-Martial deals with the most flagrant cases, and inflicts the heaviest sentences—Author.

his rifle and belt, and fastened Rosy to a leg of his cot. "Sthop yeer howlin', darrlin'," he advised, as he marched away. "I've tied ye loose, an' it's not me fault if he can't pull th' knot apart."

After half an hour's chase around the Texas prairie, during which time he managed to keep most of the drill-ground between himself and his perspiring company, Private O'Malley, of the first squad, delivered his message to Lieutenant Jones and took his place in the ranks.

At eleven o'clock, with all the asperity of a misdirected sky-rocket, Captain Baruff, commander of company "M," descended upon his dusty organization. About every fifty yards his blooded horse would allow him to alight on the saddle. Despite this disconcerting fact, when he reigned up, his countenance was puckered with an ineffectual sort of sternness which tried to hide the fact that its wearer had just been released from a three months' diet of canned militarism.

"Lieutenant, straighten out that company! Get those rifles in line!" roared the captain. He would have reviewed the remainder of his newly acquired drill-lore, had not an altogether unscheduled event intervened. A cyclone of ragged dog dusted across the turf in front of his mount. The startled horse arose suddenly on his hind legs, and the terrible Captain Baruff received his first cactus-message in the rear of his tailor-made uniform. Suffering as much from a compound fracture of his dignity as from his pin-cushioned reception, the fallen man arose and glared at the canine offender with the remnants of his military pride.

"Lieutenant," he commanded, "have that dog shot immediately!"

"Yes, Sir." The lieutenant walked over to the first squad, winked at the Irishman, and said, "Private O'Malley, catch that dog and shoot it at once."

"Yis, Sorr," replied O'Malley, shoving a cartridge into his rifle. The amiable and unsuspecting Rosy was led to a little knoll. To the west stretched a desert waste of prairie, with Mount Franklin holding down the other side. The Irishman took the position of a man about to break a world's record at target-shooting. Then, by a clever manipulation of his heavy brogan, he tickled one of Rosy's floating ribs. With a howl, Rosy was off for the foot of the mountain, seven miles away. Her master carefully aimed at the *top* of the mountain and fired. The next morning Rosy was safely ensconced in sage-brush, and pursuit was out of the question. Company "*M*" cheered under its breath, while the angry captain, riding in positions which would least disturb the still-adhering cactus spines, led the way back to camp.

All afternoon O'Malley anticipated trouble. It came just before supper, in the form of an announcement on the company bulletin board:

"Private Dennis O'Malley, first squad, will report to the officer of the guard, Sante Fe Bridge, El Paso, for permanent duty as a river-guard. By order of the company commander."

That meant a six-mile hike after supper, and sentry-duty on the muddy banks of the river during the remainder of the night, and probably for many days afterward. For the duration of the supper-hour the atmosphere around "*M*" Company mess-hall was blue with Irish epithets. Then it cleared, and O'Malley, rifle and pack, accompanied by O'Grady, unarmed, left Camp Fort Bliss.

In the meantime, General Beers, commander of the south-western district, sat in his headquarters in El Paso reviewing the numerous complaints of the U. S. Customs officials. Then he summoned his adjutant.

"Adjutant," he said, "the Customs officials say that there is considerable smuggling going on at the river front. I'll have to send one of the officers down there in civilian clothes to test the sentries. It'll have to be kept a strict secret from the guards. Who'll be a good man to send?"

"How about that new captain in the 86th," suggested the adjutant. "He's not very well known, yet."

"All right, if you don't think the river-post will recognize him. Tell him to put on civilian clothes, interview the sentries, and submit a report before eight in the morning."

"Yes, sir." The adjutant delivered his message by 'phone.

At nine P. M. Rosy O'Grady flung her tattered nose skyward and sent a husky yelp in the direction of Mexico City. Her master peered intently into the moon-lit reeds waving on the margin of an under-ambitious river known as the Rio Grande.

"Halt! Who in blazes goes there!" demanded the newly elected river-guard.

"Friend," came a reply from the shadows.

"Advance, frind, till I looks ye over wance. Be quick wid ye!"

The man stepped gingerly over the uncertain ground. In his haste he ran into a puddle of the rich, black mud, slipped, and fell heavily.

"None av that, he bloody divil, or I'll make a collender av ye!" ordered the sentry running forward, his rifle aimed toward the spot. When he arrived, the other, endeavoring to arise, was executing a series of setting-up exercises, first on one leg, then on the other.

"What's th' matter wid ye?" asked O'Malley, as he poked his bayonet daintily under his prisoner's collar.

The reply was a sputter of interjections resembling the love ditty of an orang-outang. Rosy approached and sniffed the man. Then she answered for the prisoner with furious growls, which truly resembled in vocalization, "Bar-r-ruff-ff! Bar-r-ruff-ff!"

As the stranger slowly unearthed parts of his features with his muddy fingers, O'Malley also made the discovery. "Will, if it ain't me perty Prince av Wales Captin, an' wearin' av civilian clothes!" he muttered to himself. But aloud he suggested, "Since ye're awalkin' out fer yeer hilth, Misther, supposin' ye stip over to th' sintry-box wid me, till I lit the officers know ye've dropped in to spind th' night wid us."

Captain Baruff was startled by the sentry's brogue. He peered intently into O'Malley's face. "Aren't you from Company "M" of the 86th, Sentry?"

"What if I am? Ye can sai it an me collar-buttons, can't ye?"

"Then you know who I am. I'm your captain. You won't have to call up the guard-house."

"Don't thry to bill me. I niver heerd av a captin in civies!" O'Malley took down the receiver of the field-phone. "Railaif, post number sivin," he told the corporal a forr-guard-house. I've capchured a forrmer gin'ral av the Girrman Navy. He was flirtin' wid th' Mixicans. Yis, wigwaggin' to th' graisers wid his fait!" He hung up the receiver. "Now, Pris'ner," he commanded, placing special emphasis on the captain's new title, "Sthick up yeer paws while I inspicts ye for th' cooties."

"Be careful, Sentry. I'm Captain—"

"Niver ye mind who ye are. Put up thim paws."

By the time the corporal of the guard had arrived with the "railaif," Private O' Malley had stored in his blouse all the captain's papers of identification, despite the other's frantic objections. Back to the guard-house they filed—O'Malley guarding the prisoner, and the corporal and Rosy O'Grady following him in military succession.

"You say you're a captain in the 86th!" repeated the guard officer, when the prisoner had been brought to him. "Have you anything to prove it?"

"I have an order among some papers which I turned over to the sentry," answered the prisoner.

"Sentry, where are the prisoner's papers?"

"What papers, Sorr?"

"The ones you put into your blouse, of course," interjected the prisoner, impatiently.

"It's a wanderful mim'ry ye have," retorted O'Malley, registering the utmost astonishment. "Hair's me blouse!" The Irishman tore it off, turned the pockets inside out, and shook it vigorously by the corners. All that could be produced was a tin shamrock, a package of cigarette papers, a red, white, and blue handkerchief, and the ace of hearts.

"Sentry, what's the use of lying?" exploded the irate Captain Baruff, "Explain what you have done with my papers."

"An' it's ye shud be likin' to ixplain yeersilf what ye was doin' thryin' to hide in th' mud unbeknownst, an' wavin' yeer ligs at the ither side av th' river."

"Come, stranger," interrupted the guard officer, "your story's a bit thin. If you're Captain Baruff, General Beers will let me know." He turned to the 'phone.

The prisoner breathed a sigh of relief. Private O'Malley groaned. But the district commander had left his headquarters, and could not be reached before morning.

"'Phone Company "M," my company," suggested the prisoner.

The guard officer tried again. This time the operator informed him that owing to trouble on the line telephone connections with Fort Bliss could not be obtained.

"I'm afraid—" the guard officer turned to O'Malley. "Say, Private O'Malley, you're from Company "M" of the 86th, aren't you?"

"Yis, Sorr."

"Then, if this man is your captain, you would recognize him, wouldn't you?"

"Yis, Sorr."

"Well, do you know him?"

"Not a know do I know, Sorr," answered Private O'Malley. "I've niver sain th' likes av him afore." He slowly wagged his head.

"You're mistaken, Private," protested the bewildered Baruff. "I'm your captain out at the Fort."

The Irishman thrust his fingers in his hair dubiously. "Ye might risimble him by th' color av yeer eyes, but th' captain is a turrn taller nor ye. Shure, an' ain't ye thryin' to sthring th' lieutinant, Man?"

"Come, Sir," decided the guard officer, briskly, seizing a pad of paper. "Your game, whatever it is, isn't working. Don't try any funny work, now, but go along with the sentry." He jotted down a few words on the paper, then handed it to O'Malley. "Sentry, take this man to the provost marshal's office and give this order to the night-sergeant."

"Yis, Sorr." There was no doubt that Private O'Malley was acquainted with the location of the provost marshal's office, where offenders of military rule were wont to spend the night. The route thither lay along the most frequented thoroughfare of El Paso. The liveliest crowd of the evening was now disporting itself under the dazzling glare of electric lights. In vain did the mud-caked captain beg his sentry to choose a side street. Up the Sante Fe Boulevard they marched, while the curious began to collect on either side.

"You'll pay for this," growled the captain over his shoulder, as he pulled his hat over his eyes, to avoid the gaze of passersby.

"Ye're payin' alriddy for yeer divelmint to me dog," grinned Private O'Malley. "Stip more aisily, now. The citizens want to luk ye over." That was quite evident. The parade was lengthening rapidly, and the Irishman's patriotism was increasing in proportion. He kept up a running fire of confidential shrapnel with the interested pedestrians, introducing, at frequent intervals, the "great Gin'ral Hindinburrg, hid av all th' Girman Navy!" At length, seeking additional means of amusing himself and his admirers, he espied a Mexican fruit stand on the opposite side of the street. "Right oblique!" he commanded in a tone that could be heard for three blocks.

Baruff, hoping to shake the rabble which was swelling the tail of the comet-like procession, stepped eagerly into the street, but, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, the Irishman held too profound a sway. To the right they plunged—shouting children, amused theatre-goers, greasy Mexicans, giggling shop-girls, gaudily dressed damsels of more or less Spanish extraction—all one common throng, into the river of traffic. Klaxons screamed, teamsters shouted and swore in all the variations of the border tongue, but none dared intervene between the grim sentry and his prisoner.

On the other side of the street the sentry commanded, "Halt!" The obedient captain stopped dead; likewise half the population of the city.

"I'm thinkin', Hindy, me boy," began O'Malley, striking that attitude so dear to the legs and chests of Irish political stump speakers, "I'm thinkin' I noticed yeer pocketbook sthickin' out bowld as brass whin I was sarchin' av ye for the cooties. Be a gud sphort, man, an' trait th' boys to some oranges. They luk hungry." A cheer greeted this proclamation. Baruff, however, hesitated, and searched the crowd with a forlorn gaze for possibilities of rescue. "Be quick wid ye!" warned O'Malley, jabbing him with the muzzle of his rifle. The captain pulled out his purse and placed some money on the counter. "Toss thim to th' boys," directed the Irishman, as the merchant counted out the fruit. There ensued a greater roar than ever, and a general scrambling for the gifts. "Now," continued the merciless sentry, picking up the last orange, "pail this wan for me." The crowd went wild. With shaky fingers the captain, in a frenzy of exasperation, tore at the tough skin. "He was butler for th' Kaiser," the master of ceremonies informed the audience. " All thim Girrman gin'rals are."

At this moment, however, the Kaiser's butler, taking advantage of the Irishman's preoccupation, made a flying dive between two bystanders. With a cry the sentry was after him, his rifle catapulting dangerously through the throng. The unencumbered captain steadily gained ground. Then the chase came to a sudden end. A provost guard sprang from the outskirts of the crowd and received the captain with open arms.

"Howld him!" yelled the pursuer, but the next moment he, too, received an equally affectionate welcome at the hands of two other guards, and was relieved of his rifle. Some one had turned in a riot call.

The rest of the journey to the provost marshal's office was peaceful, and the two prisoners, O'Malley and the captain were placed in separate cells to pass away the night.

"Come out of that, buddy!" yelled the provost guard who unlocked the door, next morning. The prisoner performed the perfunctory toilet of rubbing his eyes, and arose leisurely.

"Where is it I'm goin'?"

"To the general's office. What in thunder have you been doing to get the general on your trail?"

"He's wantin' me terrible bad to mait his daughter," explained O'Malley sweetly.

"You'll meet her, all right, after a little court-martial," growled the guard.

O'Malley felt of his right arm reflectively, whereon reposed not the trace of a chevron. "I'm a private now," he wondered aloud. "He can't rejuce me much lower widout that he makes av me a provost guard!"

"Shut up!" snapped the guard.

The general and the reinstated, rehabilitated and rehabited Captain Baruff were in conversation as they entered.

"Is this the man, Captain?" asked the general.

"That's the man, Sir."

"You may leave the room, Captain. I will speak to the prisoner alone." The general pushed back his papers and wheeled his chair around. " Your name is—"

"Private O'Malley, yeer Honor."

"Private O'Malley, take that chair." The general looked at the provost guard in charge of the prisoner. "You may leave, too, Sentry," said the general. The two were now alone, the Irishman thrilling to the tips of his ears in the presence of so exalted a rank.

"Private O'Malley," resumed the general, "I want you to tell me exactly what happened between nine and ten o'clock last night."

"Will, yeer Honor, Corporal O'Grady an' mysilf—"

"Who's Corporal O'Grady?"

"That's me dog, yeer Honor. Cor-p'ril O'Grady an' me was awalkin' av post number sivin, as I was sayin'—"

The general settled back in his chair and began to pull his cheeks with his thumb and fore-finger in the direction of his lower lip. This movement he continued with varying stages of intensity during most of the Irishman's recital. Several times his adjutant started to enter, only to be waved back by an admonitory gesture. At length the narrator climaxed his account with a vivid description of the performance on Sante Fe Street. The listener was suddenly overcome at this point with an attack of indigestion, but he recovered sufficiently to meet the end of the story with a fierce frown.

"Private O'Malley, answer me this question. Did you know that your prisoner was Captain Baruff, your company commander?"

"An' how shud I be misthakin' a man in civies for a captin, yeer Honor?"

"Answer my question. Did you or did you not know that your prisoner was a captain in civilian clothes?"

"Will, yeer Honor, I've heerd av sarrginst in privates' shoes, but niver a captin in civies."

The general's eyes sparkled. "You've known of sergeants in privates' shoes, eh? In what capacity?"

"Atakin' av th' shine from tin officers, yeer Honor, an' showin' thim how to be rail sowljers."

"And where," gasped the general, after a severe attempt at facial ferocity, "where have you seen a private in this, ah—peculiar capacity?"

Private O'Malley hesitated. Then he ventured, "I'm a modest man, yeer Honor."

The general retained his composure with a violent effort. "Private O'Malley, you say you compelled this prisoner, this captain of infantry, to peel an orange in Sante Fe Street, in full view of the public?"

"I did, yeer Honor."

"And you lost his papers of identification?"

"An' that I did not, yeer Honor. I naiglicted to minshun, last night, that I changed thim to me hat for safe-kaipin', an' only discovered it this marrnin'." O'Malley pulled down the band of his hat and drew out a sheaf of papers. The general took them gravely.

"Private O'Malley, you have heard, I suppose, that I am a very severe officer."

"I've heerd to th' contrarry, yeer Honor."

"You were misinformed. Moreover, I am in a bad humor, his morning, because my orderly is drunk again. I am about to impose a particularly drastic penalty upon you, inasmuch as compelling an officer to peel an orange in public is the most flagrant violation specified in the 96th Article of War. Do you plead guilty to this charge?"

"I do, yeer Honor, so hilp me Saint Pathrick!"

"Then I hereby sentence you to be my personal orderly, with the rank of sergeant, effective this date."

"Holy Mer-ria!" gasped O'Malley.

"Are you satisfied with the sentence?"

"An' bliss yeer Honor, I am."

"Then report to your company and get your pack. But wait just a minute. Hereafter you must address me with 'Sir', not 'your Honor'."

"Yis, Sorr, yeer Honor!"

As the beaming Irishman stepped from headquarters, a barrage of canine yelps attacked him on all sides at once. "Bliss ye too, ye scalpeen!" roared her master: "It's ye I'm thankin' for me sarrgincy." But Rosy only turned her tattered nose toward the heavens and proclaimed, "Bar-r-ruff!"

* * *

FOR PROGRESS

Edward J. Humphreys

Be swift my soul to catch each moment of time,
Hold them, and sort them, extract there-from the gold,
And crown thine head with all God-given power.

Stop no more to list to what the mere reed plays,
But listen, poised, and tense to all the music
That fills from star to star the boundless Universe.

Look not unto the Past except for all truth.
Look to the Present for opportunity,
And to Futurity look for perfection.

"L'ANGOISSE DÉLICIEUSE"

Jesse Laventhol

Thirteen, impressionable and in the throes of his first real affair of the heart, Teddy Blake was singularly enthralled by the tender phrases of a recent popular romance. Leaning back against the garage wall in the rear of the Blake residence, he sighed, and gazed with a far-away look in his eyes at the glowing sun, just then visible thru the trees which crowned a distant hill-top.

Slowly and solemnly, like some hypnotic subject in a trance, he repeated the definition of "The Infiniteness of Love," as interpreted by the hero of the story:

> Returning with each realization that the soulmate has been met and true love at last attained, comes a pain that is joyful, yea exquisite; but so throbbingly poignant and stabbing as to be unmistakable in its meaning.

Truly, they were big words for Teddy and though he faltered in pronouncing them, constant repetition and his exalted state of mind enabled him to grasp their soulful import. With each reading he placed his hand quite deliberately over his heart, winced slightly, registered "yearning" (cinema style), and grinned a happy, sheepish grin.

"Yep," he finally announced gravely, as one who has given due consideration to words for which the whole wide world waits in breathless suspense, "I've got it all right!"

Although the novel was saturated with a saccharine sentimentality which stirred Teddy's imagination to the extent above described, it was not the real cause of his strange conduct. No, the direct and primary influence was the presence in Bentonville of golden-haired Helena Jerrell. The recent advent of the new bank cashier's daughter into the "younger set" had thrown those comprising this somewhat informal social quantity into a high pitch of admiration and jealousy, according to whether the masculine or feminine element is considered.

Hence it came about that Teddy, sore-stricken with that malady of which peots prate, felt a sense of companionship for the Romeo of fiction, whose debonair poise and ability at repartee he envied. But now, the tale completed, that attachment was beginning to wane. The young hero in the flesh wondered whether communion with a person, whose very being was, after all, but printed words, would prove conducive to the rapid and successful development of his own romance. Although he did not, and of course could not, define the fleeting discomfort in so many words, Teddy felt somehow that the human element was lacking. He needed a confidante who could understand and appreciate this odd exultation within his breast.

Young Blake decided that Joshua Harkins, the town's ancient and wrinkled cobbler, should be his Boswell. "Old Josh" wasn't a bad sort at all, though he did get "het up a bit" when a fellow tried to use his tools. Of course, Teddy considered, he might confide in Lottie, the cook; she can always keep a secret. But then........, oh well, this wasn't the kind of thing to talk to a woman about. It was too darn serious!

Thus, in deep abstraction, Teddy swung down from the bench, not noticing what he had before failed to remember, namely: that the garage was newly-painted. Consequently he was unaware, as he made his way through the town, that alternate stripes of yellow and white adorned his back along very broad lines indeed. For the same lofty reasons, his curiosity was not aroused by sounds of laughter which followed in the wake of his would-be-mannish footsteps.

II

Bentonville's two hundred and some odd pounds of police force cautiously opened the rear screen door of the Blake residence. He sniffed, expectantly at first, then with satisfaction, and called softly, "Oo-hoo-oo! Lottie!"

"It's all right," came an answering call as the front door banged shut, "nobody's home."

Plump, rosy-cheeked, dimpled and still pretty despite her thirty-two years, Carlotta Mason appeared presently bearing an armful of groceries and other articles from a shopping trip.

"Ah ha!" she greeted her blue-garbed knight who bowed in as cavalier-like fashion as his extensive girth permitted. "So you're here to eat up some more o' this hard workin' man's food, eh?"

"Who could resist a morsel prepared by hands so dainty as milady's?" came the flippantly flattering reply of burly Tom Howards, the town's sole guardian of law and order.

But the impression of mere jocosity conveyed by the twinkling eyes and laughing voice of the mock Sir Lancelot was belied by the surprising gentleness of his grasp and the tender warmth of his lips as he bent over and kissed the chubby red fingers of the cook.

"G'wan with your foolery, now," chided Lottie whose bigness of heart certainly neutralized her lack of niceties in diction. "You know well enough they're only a pudgy pair of hams."

Tom was silent for the moment; however, he watched with anticipatory gusto the results of his hostess' exploration of the refrigerator. Then, when the last dish had been prepared and he had tucked a napkin under his jovial double-chin, he suddenly exclaimed: "Say, little one, you've been feeding extra-well the last coupla days; how come the excess of quantity?"

"It's that boy again," said Lottie waving her hands toward the plenitude of odds and ends that her clandestine guest was even then attacking with mannerly vigor. "If he ain't doing one thing, it's another. Last year, you know, he took the measles; and now—she paused, taking full advantage of the dramatic value of suspense, "now he's gone and fallen in Love!"

"Well!" prompted the diner blankly.

"'Well'?" echoed Lottie with a rising inflection, "why it's gone and spoiled his appetite's what it's done and the poor younker's been going around since two days ago moonin' and sighin' like a sick calf. Mrs. Blake's gone to her cousin, Dr. Judson, to bring him to look at the child. But—"

At this point the ponderous visitor interrupted his gastronomic activities long enough to register the opinion that Love does not necessarily cause loss of appetite.

"How do YOU know?" demanded Lottie, realizing only too late she had been tricked into the query.

"Why I'm in Love with——" began Tom in a triumphant crescendo. But Lottie, blushing, skilfully guided the talk back to the original question.

"Then it must be spring fever," she declared vehemently and with a threatening glare at her chuckling listener. "I told Mrs. Blake, 'Why it's just natural for him to be restless-like round this time of year, June especially,' But she says, 'No, he was never like this more than one whole day at the most, so he must be sick.' Of course, he wasn't in the beginning; but he will be if he don't eat again soon like he used to."

III

The foodless subject of the kitchen conversation stood at that very moment blushing violently before the dainty and demure cause of all his mental maunderings of the past forty-two hours. Teddy's steps after he had found "Old Josh" engaged with an argumentative customer, had carried him instinctively in the direction of THE girl's home. Now, as they came face to face, she halted and smiled.

"Eroaugh!"

This, very brightly from Teddy, was meant to be "hello," but he found his vocal organs paralyzed in the presence of one whose smile and curls and grace captivated and dazzled him.

He tried to tip his hat or cap, but was reminded, when he touched his head, that he was not wearing either. There developed a nice question in social proprieties: his hand was up there all right, but how to get it down reasonably? After hurried and futile consideration, vetoing the idea he should scratch his head to complete the action, Teddy allowed the hand to fall lamely to his side.

The fair Helena, however, gave no indication that she noticed his discomfiture. In fact, she beamed upon him fondly.

"Oh, Theodore," she said with a faintly detectable, but nevertheless adorable lisp, "I was just looking for a long stick to reach my ball. A nasty old hole in our garden has swallowed it up. Will you get it for me?"

Would he? She was actually asking him to do her a favor! Of all blissful tasks!

"Certainly, ma'm, er, uh—I, er, mean Miss, er—Helena!"

Teddy's speech was sadly flustered, but as the girl took her place beside him and they began the short, silent walk to her home, he revelled in thoughts of supreme delight.

"Whaddaya thinka that?" he inquired of himself. "She didn't even laugh at me when I touched my head, or stuttered, or—anything! THAT'S a GIRL for you. I'll betcha skinny Julie Harris woulda giggled if it'd a been her. Why, she even let me call her by her first name, too. Gosh! An' she called me 'Theodore'!"

He was thrilled by it all; but his marvellings were banished shortly. They had reached their destination.

"Here's where it rolled down," Helena indicated.

By this time Teddy had regained his composure, and now affected an air of bravado to fit the situation. He surveyed the cavity with a zealous eye.

"Aw, that's easy," he boasted.

So saying, the youth pulled up his sleeve and threw himself prone on the ground that he might reach into the earth as far as possible.

"Eee-oo-oh!"

This shrill exclamation followed by a shriek of laughter, brought Teddy to his knees. He turned around, startled.

"Whassa matter?"

Pink with laughter, a portion of Helena's face could be seen peeping from behind her curls and fingers as she swayed in a paroxysm of mirth. Teddy grew apprehensive. He was quite sure that rent in his trousers had been repaired. What, then, could be the cause of this unseemly merriment? Came the answer between hiccoughs and "oh's."

"Paint! Your coat!"

Bitter realization followed this brief but sufficiently enlightening announcement. The garage wall!

His fists clenched in despair and face burning with shame, Teddy dashed from the garden, in his ungentlemanly haste failing even to bid adieu to the surprised damsel seated in the grass.

"Find your darn ball yourself," he said emphatically—outside the gate of course.

There he leaned against the wall and almost sobbed aloud in sheer mortification, and yes, a sort of compensating disillusionment. So that's the kind of a girl she was, eh? Instead of informing him in hesitant and sorrowful tones of the catastrophe to his garment, and offering, perhaps, to clean it for him, thus manifesting some slight interest in his appearance and appreciation for his proffered aid, she had laughed! A loud and long and ribald LAUGH!

Aye, there was the rub. Did she, he reflected bitterly, condole with him over the misfortune, shed a tear, mayhap, in an outpouring of sympathy for this ill-happening that had befallen him? "NO!" He almost cried it aloud. She had only snickered, mocked, derided!

Very well. That was the end between them. (Thus reasons Youth, —as if there HAD been anything) It was surprising, indeed, that one with such classic features should so lack the finer instincts of feminine nature. If she places a mere blot of paint, such a worldly, unimportant matter as his unusual coat coloring, above the feelings he treasured for her....well.... that was HER lookout, that's all. Anyhow, she wasn't evidently a girl of good breeding or disposition to laugh at his predicament. "Just a....a...." (he cast about for some suitably contemptuous phrase).... "a silly, spoiled doll-baby!"

With this supreme indictment and the assertion that "she isn't even worth getting even with," Teddy thrust the girl from his mind— "forrr-ever," he said. He faced more practical matters—the coat, for instance.

Fortunately, Lottie was in the kitchen when Teddy succeeded in making his way thither in surreptitious haste through shady streets. So he blurted out to her the whole miserable humiliating affair. Lottie always understood things. Also 'twas she who broke the news to mother gently about the coat et cetera.

What happened that night when Papa Blake interviewed his errant offspring in the ah,—needless to say—woodshed, will be spared the knowledge of sensitive and sympathetic readers.

"Tub" Dorner had just returned from a visit to his Uncle's farm and was unaware of the change that had taken place in Teddy's heart. That youth had entirely recovered from his venture in the Realm of Romance, and, incidentally, from the subsequent paternal unpleasantness, and was now in a vainglorious mood.

When "Tub" gently hinted what a nice girl Miss Helena Jerrell was, and expressed a desire to know her better, he was not sincere. Teddy sensed the shallowness of the comment, and pitied its sponsor, that his attempts at baiting should fail so miserably. With that air of infinite boredom, of looking down from a great height, that can only be assumed by those who have survived their "first experience," the sophisticated one remarked with a wave of his hand:

"Oh, well, I guess you kids must have your puppy loves."

THE SUPER

Virginia Scott

"Now lissen!" The manager was a fat man with a wilted collar and a face so scarlet that it was almost cerise. His voice was hoarse and raucous from continued shouting, and perspiration ran down his face in little rivulets. "Now, lissen! Yer t' follow the king and queen across the back and around to the throne—see? And after y' get there yer t' stand up behind the throne. It don't matter if yer in any particular order, only don't stand between the queen and the audience. Watch and see where they come out and when they do come out you follow 'em in the same order as when you went in. And keep in step. Now which of you's going first?" He threw a quick glance over the assembled supers. "Here, you're the tallest." He grasped a tall, light-haired, purple-doubleted young man by the arms and precipitated him into the wings with startling suddenness. "This young lady will walk beside him. The rest of you walk two and two behind them—see? And keep in step."

Carl Dennett wondered feverishly why he had ever got into a mess like this. To have to go on the stage seemed bad enough, but to be the first super to go on was monstrous. He ran the fingers of one hand around his collar band to ease the stiff crinoline ruff away from his tortured neck. Thank fortune people didn't wear clothes like these nowadays! He looked down at his strangely purple legs and wondered how much of the dye would run into him and whether it would be hard or easy to get off. And how did one get this gummy stuff off one's face? He felt hot and sticky and as mightily uncomfortable as he had ever felt in his life. Mentally he resolved to wring Bill Ramsay's neck when he returned to college. Hadn't Bill Ramsay advised him to "sup" because (Bill said) it was fun? Fun! Idiot!

"Now, lissen!" It was the manager back again, more cerise of face and wilted of collar than ever. "You two here are the first ones on and you've got to be almighty careful. Remember to follow the king and queen—see? And keep in step and above everything else don't get between the queen and the audience. Here, (to Dennett) take her hand. That's better." He turned away.

The girl slipped a hand into Dennett's. He wondered at its soft smallness and noticed that it did not even quiver. His own was cold and he trembled with nervous excitement. He noticed that a woman, her enormous proportions clad in a shining white-satin, pearl-encrusted gown with a long train, was standing in front of him. Her face was dark and sour and discontented and he wondered dimly why she kept her hand to her throat. Surely he—

"Ouch!" It was the girl beside him.

"What is it?" he started. "What is it?"

"Of course," she explained, "it's all right to hold my hand, but is it necessary—"

He loosened his painful grip upon her fingers.

"I—I beg your pardon," he flushed, "I—"

She smiled straight at him; he noticed for the first time that her eyes were blue.

"Never mind," she said.

Her eyes were blue. He told himself that they were bluer than anything he had ever seen; he tried to think of a comparison to describe their color. Sapphires? No. A sapphire was too hard; too—too glassy. Her eyes most emphatically were not glassy. The sky? The sky was good enough to describe ordinary eyes, but for hers it seemed prosaic. Bluebells under water? Yes, that was it. He had read that somewhere in a book. Of course he had never seen bluebells under water but he could imagine what they would look like. They would be exactly the color of her—"

They're starting," she broke in on his thoughts, "Come on."

He realized that the procession was moving. Then he noticed that the white-satin-clad woman had been joined by a white-satin-clad man of equally ponderous proportions, and that the two were separated from him by two small boys who carried the woman's white-satin train. It occurred to him suddenly that this must be the queen. He heard the manager shout some last frenzied instructions which he could not hear, and then he walked on the stage in all his purple glory. Blindly he followed the two white-satin figures across the back of the stage and around to a throne at one side. The king and queen mounted the throne and the queen started to sing something in a foreign tongue. Dennett paused uncertainly, wondering what he had better do next. The girl drew him back.

"Be careful," she warned, "You're standing between the queen and the audience!"

"Gosh!" he ejaculated, "What a faux pas! Thanks. I reckon I.."

"S-s-s-sh," she answered.

He followed her gaze and met the baleful glare of the manager in the wings opposite. Dennett instantly shifted his glance and pretended to be looking at something else. And once more his fingers eased the scratching crinoline away from his neck. He was beginning to wish that this were over.

He glanced at the girl beside him, and reflected that she was the only redeeming feature of the situation. The thought that he might never see her again after this performance was unbearable. He wondered if it would not be entirely proper for him to take her home. He looked at her again—and discovered that she had been looking at him. That settled it; he would take that girl home or die in the attempt! How blue her eyes were!

His attention was directed suddenly to the play. He noticed with some alarm that one of the men was coming toward him singing in the same foreign tongue that the queen had employed in her song. He was bent half double and his eyes were squinting and malicious. He clutched a murderous looking curved knife in his right hand. Nearer he came, and nearer—straight toward Dennett. His voice dropped to a gutteral whine—then rose, startlingly, to a weird high scream. At the same time he leaped at the boy, the dagger held high above his head and his eyes glittering with a light that was positively demonical.

It was more than Dennett's already over-taut nerves could stand. He turned in headlong flight toward the haven of the wings behind him. The girl clutched at his arm. She was too late; his foot caught and he fell full length across the support of one of the slats. It snapped beneath his weight. The slat wavered uncertainly for a second; then the rope at the top parted. The slat fell, caught against the corner of the one next to it, tipped drunkenly, and crashed to the floor. Dennett extricated himself in time to see the queen rise wrathfully to her feet and cry wrathfully in a wrathful voice: "Ring down!"

The heavy curtain smothered the sudden laughter of the audience. Instant pandemonium broke out behind the scenes. Scene-shifters appeared from nowhere and began to mend the damaged slat. Actors and supers gathered in an excited, chattering crowd about an irate, apoplectic gentleman who gesticulated furiously at a chagrined young man garbed in a purple doublet and a huge white crinoline ruff.

"You blankety-blank-blanked fool!" raved the manager in language too indecorous to repeat, "You knew blanked well that he wasn't going to kill you! I told you in the beginning that he wouldn't!"

"No, you didn't, father," said a gentle voice, "You forgot completely, so it wasn't his fault. It won't help matters any to get mad about it anyhow."

The manager turned to his daughter. "Dry up!" he said rudely, and then, like all men who are defeated and know it, he turned speechlessly on his heel, and left the scene of his defeat without another word.

Father! Dennett stared incredulously at his girl of the blue eyes. Could she actually be the daughter of that crab? Well, if she were, he didn't want to have anything to do with her. Like father, like son, you know. He supposed that the same thing would apply to a daughter.

Then she turned and looked at him. He gazed into eyes like—well, like bluebells under water. After all, book phrase or no, that was the only thing that could describe them.

"May I—may I—uh," he gulped.

"Yes?" she inquired—and kept her eyes on his.

O tempora! O mores! 'Tis ever thus when so a maiden looks into a young man's eyes.

"May I take you home?" he finished.

"Why, yes," she dimpled, "That is—you may when the play's over!"

* * * *

A ROADWAY

At noon, a thirsty, dust-choked ribbon,
Stretching out to endlessness.
The leafy plants beside
Deny their shade and all combine
To shake their thick-caked dust
Into burning eyes.
The passing wagon-wheels become
The source of whirlwinds, leaving in their wake
A cloud of smothering, blinding dust
That drifts off to the fields.
The way is still.
No foot disturbs the settled dust
Where moon makes silver splashes through the trees.
The silver-fountained stars shake down
Their cooling draught,
To give the weary road its night's repose.

THE TELEPHONE

Helen E. Morton

Ding-a-ling! The clang of the telephone interrupted me. I was writing furiously. For a week I had racked my brain for a plot for that story I'd promised the English Professor. And there, just five minutes ago, I had been inspired. I snatched paper and pen and wrote my thoughts down as rapidly as I could. I was afraid the elusive plot would take the wings of the morning before I could transcribe it. And then the telephone had to ring! Hang the telephone!

I jumped up to answer it trying to hold the plot in mind until my return. When I raced back my inspiration had departed. My mind continually wandered back to Mrs. Jones and her new car. So, realizing that I couldn't write, I gave up and began to consider the telephone the cause of it all.

To look at David Bell's kindly face you would never imagine he had a grudge against mankind, would you? Well, he has! And against people who try to write in particular. I'm positive of it!

Else, why would he invent that instrument of torture,—the telephone? As surely as the housewife puts the roast in the oven to brown, the telephone rings. She answers it and returns to a charred roast.

The maid is scrubbing the kitchen on a hot July morning. The telephone rings, and what is the result? She comes back to find that the neighbor's pup has chased the family cat over the clean linoleum. She doesn't see them. She merely sees the foot-prints on the squares of linoleum—but that's enough.

History books mention "unheard of and unbelievably cruel punishments" in ancient days. A savage chief probably condemned his captive to listen to a telephone bell jingling for ever and ever.

And then, the misery it can cause in a family. A poor man leaves at eight o'clock thinking he will be relieved from his wife's scolding and have a little peace at the office. The telephone rings! His face pales. He rushes into his private office, whispering to his stenographer as he passes: "I'm not here. I've gone to see the chief on important business and can't be disturbed. I'll be home promptly at six."

He sinks into his desk chair in an agony of suspense. He looks up when the office door is opened softly.

"What'd she say? Did she believe you?" And with what a smile he greets her answer in the affirmative. He gives the girl an extra holiday every time she succeeds in forestalling his wife's visit.

Is it any wonder, I ask you, that a business man has nervous prostration and is forced to retire to the mountains? What he really has to retire from is jingling telephones.

On a certain hot June day he goes to the office feeling in good spirits and pleased with himself and the world in general. The stenographer doesn't appear. The 'phone rings. He answers and goes back to his desk whistling. It rings again. He answers and begins his work again, smiling but not whistling. Again it rings. He scowls! By the end of the day he totters to the 'phone, calls the doctor up and requests him to come up immediately. He is ordered to the mountains and all 'phones are to be kept out of his sight and hearing.

Nor is the child free from its annoying call. He is playing in the attic with his chum when the 'phone rings and his mother orders him to come home at once or go without his dinner.

It causes mix-ups in love-affairs, too. Joe calls Sally up to ask for a date. Her mother answers and tells him to hold the wire. He does for a second but drops it quickly for he hears Sally say:

"Hurry up Jim, dear, that's Joe calling and he mustn't know you've been here."

And then poor Sally wonders why Joe is so cool, calm and collected the next time he meets her on the street. That horrid telephone!

And then, as if the telephone itself weren't enough of an annoyance they have to go and stick a stupid girl in an office. Her duty is to mix the numbers up so you can't possibly by any mistake get the right one. It's quite a system! If you ask for Party R., you are quite certain to get Party J. or Party W.

It's not so easy to get the number you want, though. In fact, a politician who couldn't get his name in the paper in any other way has at last succeeded in bursting forth in print. He's invented a new game. The object is to guess, when you ask for Union 659 whether you'll get Union 596, Union 956, or Union 965. The telephone company has promised to give a prize of one-thousand dollars to anyone who can guess right the first time.

And so it goes! What torture we poor mortals do endure because of the ingenuity of one kindly (?) old gentleman who has succeeded in installing, in countless miserable homes, a strange looking piece of metal with a cup on one end and a knob attached to it by means of a string.

I believe all harassed business men and weary housewives will agree with me when I say that Bloody Mary would have elected him Chief Inventor of Torture Instruments if he had lived in her day. I shudder to think of the lives those poor people would lead. What's the gallows compared to a jingling telephone? One dreads the gallows for a month or year at the most but the telephone is dreaded during a whole lifetime.

* * *

CHICKENS

All day they strut and scratch and peck,
Dispute a kernel here and there,
Content, hemmed in by wire fence,
To cackle out their round of life.
A candle's beam will rouse them in the night
To raise their raucous tones to hail the sun.
Tomorrow they will scratch and peck again.

How little light it takes
To make a candle seem the sun;
How soon a candle's light will rouse,
And make us mortals crow!

THE DREAMER

A. H. H. '23

Why should I want to be alone
When all my friends are gay?
Why should I seek a place unknown
To those who beckon me away?

I like to be with folks that laugh—
That seem to joy in life,
Yet—I'd rather journey with my staff
Along new roads of thought enticed.

It's not that I am not their kind
Or they of different mold of clay,
But I must be alone in mind,
Before my spirit sings a tuneful lay.

And when another cross my path
It mars the beauty of my scene,
And I can't seem to stay my wrath
Because they've swept away my dream.

How happy I have been alone
With just my world of thought!
When new ideas upon my conscious self are blown
And if another cross my path

Perhaps that's why they say I'm queer,
And taunt me into hermitage,—
Where I, alone, and in the quiet, rear
The actors for my self-appointed stage.

I cannot tell them what I dream,
And how I see a world new born,
That stretches off into the heaven's gleam
By far more beautiful than the majesty of dawn!

For somehow they don't seem to understand,
And laugh at what they call my fancy.
Yet they have never roamed within that land,
That wonderland, of necromancy.

I see the point of view they take,
As clearly as I see my own,
Yet even 'gainst the claims they make
Of friendship, I still must be alone.

Perhaps some day when the swirl is by
And Getting's not the only goal,
Then each, alone, shall begin to try
The endless paths within the soul.

CAPTIVE FISHES

There are four walls around you and a floor
Which is made to mock the sea bottom,
Your home in other days.
Idly you swim about within this prison,
At times making lightning flashes
Of your smooth silver-blue body.
Above your cell there is a card
Which announces in its quiet way
That you are found in many numbers
Off the shores of Japan;
That you are somtimes caught in nets,
Others on common hook and line;
That you are one of the most beautiful and graceful
Of all the fishes in that part of the sea.
You idly swim about within this prison.

There pass your home in a day
Thousands of people who idly remark,
"My, isn't that a pretty fish!"
And there are some who admire your grace,
Being thrilled at thinking of you in your rightful home.
I am thrilled.
But what are your thoughts,
As you idly swim about within this prison,
And note with placid eye
The foolish thousands?
Do you long for the green-gold waters
Off the shores of Japan, that long ago you left?
Do you feel the note that is in your eyes?
Do you have hopes, fears, loves, hates?

There are four walls around you and a floor
Which is made to mock the sea bottom,
Your home in other days.
Idly you swim about within this prison,
At times making lightning flashes
Of your smooth, silver-blue body.

THE HUDSON

J. L.

The placid waters of river, bay or lake, whether scintillating under a crimson sunset, whose rays play over the lazy ripples, or basking cool and greenish beneath the shade of some heavy foliage, seem ever to find a corresponding peace in the hearts of those susceptible to such charms. This hydro-spiritual relationship, as it might be called, manifests itself on the upper Hudson.

Here our vessel is anchored in mid-stream. Ensconced in the forepeak, and sweeping the eye forward over the great expanse of calm, sparkling water, a cool breeze that bears pungent tree odors from the lofty Palisades at the same time fanning one's brow, the gazer experiences an inner tranquility beyond comprehension. Gradually, the sensation of being alone, cool, floating on and on, steals over one, ultimately pervading mind, body and soul. Whence it comes or how, is a mystery that does not invite solution at the time.

Under the spell, vast mountainous heights that line either bank and reach into the sky are bulky reminders of Nature to Man that he is but a pygmy. Huge, overhanging rocks are impressive in their suggestion of potential power to crush to bits the comparatively puny express trains, Man-made, which pass hurriedly beneath these frowning abutments and scamper away.

Thousands of feet upward, on the west bank of the stream, is being constructed a long, tortuous highway. A motor truck speeding over the completed portion of the road appears from our position to be but a toy vehicle, crawling slowly and with effort along a path. Its top is just visible above a high, stone wall, erected to guard against a fall by motorists who might otherwise be catapulted to the river and death below.

Nature, rebelling against this rude invasion by Man his attempts to "civilize" her verdant fastnesses, set her elements at work to destroy his handicraft. Storm and erosion, jointly working, have caused the safety-wall to topple at various points along the road, determined, it seems, to check the desecration of the virgin areas. But the struggle is against the inevitable, for the potent agencies of modern engineering will eventually conquer and alter at will these unpeopled acres.

The change, however, is yet many years distant, and meanwhile, the beauty of the Hudson upstream, after squat, puffing tug-boats, and sleek, low-lying destroyers have been left behind, still retains its fascination.

A REFLECTION ON THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

As I watched you swell and tower
When my boat was drawing nearer to you,
You seemed to me like some massive mother,
Angry with her many children for doing some foolish thing,
And you were chiding them with upraised hand.
I felt plainly the reproving charge of your gesture;
I saw the gleam of clumsy anger in your lofty eye;
I could almost hear your words of reproach
Crashing like human thunder out of the cloud-filled heaven.
I dared not think of the result, if you struck!
But when I crept, awed, into your heart of metal;
When I saw your arteries were girders, your veins rods of steel;
When I found an elevator to be your nerves;
When I learned your spine was a winding stair;
And that your brain was a platform for men to stand upon;
Then I found that my first fear of your mighty anger
Melted, and I was content to smile,
And marvel at the greatness of the powers of man—
But as I turned to wind down to earth again,
An old sailor said, "Son, she's a mother I'm always glad to see."

* * *

THE MARKET PLACE

A veritable Babel of many voices: with the strident raucous tone of push-cart vendors and cries of many dirty-faced urchins and bawling babes-in-arms predominant; beneath it, a constant jabbering undertone of bickering housewives and unctuous sidewalk merchants bargaining over the wares on display. In the air, a heavy stifling odor, the conglomerate parts of which resolve themselves before a stray saving puff of summer breeze into (principally and uppermost) garlic, the swelter of hot, human bodies, smoke from nearby factory chimneys, gutter stench from unclean streets.

That is Philadelphia's ghetto in mid-July.

Before every squalid, darkened store, the upper floors of which are occupied as tenement apartments, piled-up boxes and otherwise improvised counters and stands hold an array of linens, second-hand clothing, shoes, vegetables, fruits and produce, or hosiery, according to the business of the storekeepers. Live fowls cackle in crates before butcher shops, while miniature, iced aquariums contain live, flopping flounders and shad, lazily submissive to frequent pokes from fingers of prospective buyers.

For many blocks on both sides of the street, beneath the irregular tin and wooden awnings, a confused promenade of shoppers, mostly women, pass, an endless, bustling stream of gesticulating, shawled, ear-ringed housewives. Frequent tangles of baby-coaches, laden with purchases while the half-naked babes cling to their mothers' breasts, serve to check the throng and give "frauen" an opportunity to cast an appraising eye over the merchandise.

THE MASHER'S CORNER

Richard T. Merwin

She was pretty; I was not the only one who observed that. Men passing slowly along would stare, then, when they had walked a few feet they would turn around with appraising eyes. As she stood on the street corner, trim and graceful, I imagined that she was waiting for someone. She was of marriageable age, not more than twenty-five, I think. Possibly she was married. She seemed so independent and capable, and yet so charmingly feminine. She was dressed in fashion though not fashionably. Her clothes were of fine quality and she showed a nicety of selection that was comparable to a woman of means.

As I watched her, so irresistible to man, I kept my eyes on the men walking by slowly. Most of them were inclined to avoid her with respect. They seemed, for the most part, to have no greater pursuit than to walk the streets in search of an elusive job. Most of them, poor fellows, were unkempt and tired-looking so I did not apprehend any trouble from them. They undoubtedly realized their lowered circumstances and beyond a few appreciative stares did not molest the young lady.

I was grateful for this. The chief had told me to be on the lookout for mashers. Lately so many of them had practiced their art on this same busy corner that the newspapers were remarking about it. In spite of my orders, however, I did not relish the job. A person tires easily from standing in one spot for a long time. Patrolling a beat is the best way to pass the hours.

I drew my eyes from her a moment to watch the other corner. Things were going fine; there were few "flappers" to be seen. Still, it was early and evening was two hours off. Men with sporty cars and enticing smiles had not yet put in an appearance. The "petting-parties" would start later.

I turned my eyes again to the young lady. A man was approaching her. He was unshaven and walked without spirit, his blue serge suit shiny and well-worn, his low shoes over-run at the heels. He neglected to tip his hat to her though he did smile.

She did not see him until he suddenly seized her arm familiarly and said something. She drew back from him, startled, which made him release her. Something he said made her chin lift high and her pretty mouth draw into a firm line.

I stepped forward briskly. Here was action. This thing must not go on. After all, my job had its good points and it would be pleasure to give protection to this pretty young woman. As I drew near I heard her say one word:

"Stop!"

Neither of them saw me until I had gripped the man's wrist in a Jiu Jitsu hold. He started violently and in his fright almost wrenched free.

"Come, young man," I said, "the sergeant wants to see you. You mashers make life miserable for a decent woman."

I started to walk away with him. He began to protest but I silenced him with a hint of what that Jiu Jitsu hold could offer in the way of pain.

"You'll have plenty of time to talk later," I chuckled.

We had not gone three feet before the woman was by my side.

"Wait," she urged, laying a pretty hand on my left arm.

I turned to her respectfully, my right hand retaining a firm grip on the fellow.

"Officer, you must listen to me."

That made me smile. So many people try to flatter me by saying "Sergeant."

"What is it Miss," I asked. Her charming tones held me. What a beautiful voice she had!

"You have made a mistake. Please let my husband go."

"Bu—but," I stammered in surprise.

"Oh, he isn't working, you see, and I am. That explains everything, doesn't it?" she said smiling prettily.

So far as I was concerned it did. I watched them walk away. What a contrasting pair they were! But then, unemployment discloses many strange things.

I'm glad to be back on my old beat again. Often I pass the young lady and she gives me a pleasant smile of recognition. It makes me secretly pleased but I blush shamefully.

* * *

HALF-ASLEEP

The hours are growing longer,
The moments passing slow,
The night mist molding stronger
Out where the waters flow;
My thoughts in thoughtless numbers
Form like the deepening dew;
When I should rest in slumbers
Why do I think of you?

The clear throat of the steeple—
The death-note of the day—
The dreams of tired people
Have swept them far away
Into a land of seeming,
Fantastic there the view;
And I, too, should be dreaming,
But still I think of you.

The rosy, rising morrow
Will ride upon the dawn,
From slumber I must borrow
E'er morning mists are gone;
The lady-moon is sinking,
Her maiden stars are few;
I'll try to stop my thinking,
And try to dream of you.

THE NEAR SIGHTED PROFESSOR

Kenneth L. Cober

Professor Smart went out to walk
Upon a country road.
Above his head there flew a hawk,
Hopped near his feet, a toad.

While passing by a country home
The wind began to blow,
And Whiff! from off his shiny dome
His new silk hat did go.

He boldly chased it round and round,
The blamed thing seemed possessed;
Sometimes it lit upon the ground
But seldom lay at rest.

And as the Prof's long arms did grasp
In vain to seek his prize,
He soon began to puff and gasp,
Hot rage glared from his eyes.

Then—
The farmer from a barn did shout,
His voice was loud and tense;
"Why chase our old black hen about?
Your hat's beside the fence."

TO AN OLD-TIME PIANO

You are old and weary.
The toneless twang of some of the echoes of your voice
Has been silenced forever
By Time, who snaps all life-cords.
Your sturdy legs are no longer sturdy;
They, too, are old and weary
And their curlicued knees are badly battered and bruised.

Your final home is in a murky corner
Of a crumbling old inn's cellar,
And there you will rest,
Peaceful in the knowledge
That once you were the medium of a thousand thunderings of genius,
That you soothed and blessed many a lover,
That you wiped away many a tear,
Calmed many a mind hurt by the jests of grief.

Your joy is to your joy
A comfort, because you know you have done well
And therefore your days of idleness shall be spent
In living again the days of your day,
And peaceful be your thoughts
For you are old and weary.

* * * *

POPPIES

A bed of flame
Among the cool white snow
Of apple petals, fluttering down;
Tall candles, topped with swaying fire.
They dip and nod in stately rows awhile,
Till comes a quenching gust of wind—
And puts them out.

* * *

They're takin' Susie off t' Danville.
I heard 'em say her mind ain't right.
She took astronomy at college
An' got t' seein' things at night.

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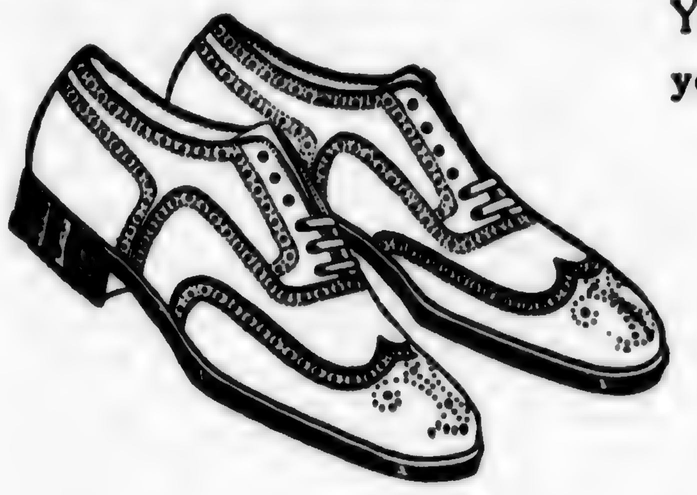

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BUCKNELL MIRROR

1922
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The Bucknell Mirror

"Vita sine literis mors est."

Vol. XXVII Lewisburg, Pa., November, 1922 No. 2

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Issued five times during the college year, in October, December, February, April and June. Entered as second class matter March 10, 1922, at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 9, 1922. Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the business manager.

EDITORIAL

* * * *

Another year rapidly draws to a close. The bleakness of the December landscape lends to the dying year a melancholy glow. Nature has cast aside its summer glory. Beauty has fled from woodland and meadow and with it the songsters who filled the spring and summer with vibrant notes of exultation. The howling wind sweeps along in its mad fury myriads of dead, fallen leaves that but a short while ago glorified their parent trees.

The season mirrors the feelings of many a mortal. To some the year has brought only regret and despair. Gloomy hopelessness fills many a heart. What seemed lasting joys were only transient pleasures, and what appeared to be happiness was but a passing gleam of delight. Darkness floods the souls of thousands: the light of hope and peace has not dawned for them. Some are victims of their own vagaries: others are the prey of circumstances over which they have no control.

As college students, however, we have not been brought face to face with the stern realities of every-day life. Hardship and destitution have not been our portion. We have not rubbed elbows with grim poverty, nor felt the sharp, piercing pains of gnawing hunger. We have been sheltered from the vicissitudes of throbbing every-day living. We are the favored. We ought to be supremely happy.

The close of the year should find us happy in the consciousness that we have gained, not lost, in the past year. Each of us has delved a little deeper into life's treasures—we have each made a part of the earth's vast store of knowledge our own. Science has opened some of its mysteries to us. Literature and the arts have given us of their wealth. Not all of us have availed ourselves fully of the resources which college unfolds for us, but in a greater or lesser degree we have gained.

The most vital question is to determine the use we shall make of what we have gained. Selfishness demands that our knowledge be utilized for the gratification and glorification of self. The crying needs of a torn and bleeding world command the sacrifice of selfish ambitions and call for whole-hearted, self-effacing service for humanity. We must make a choice between these two life programs. Our energies are our own—to be selfishly applied, or altruistically employed.

On that first Christmas morn God gave unto men the Supreme Gift. The giving of gifts has been a significant element of the Christmas season ever since. As the Christmas-tide approaches, and our minds again dwell especially upon giving, can we honestly give anything less than our entire energies to helping others, seeing that so much has been given to us here in college throughout the whole year? In true giving lies happiness. Surely supreme happiness will be ours if our lives—all that we are—all that we have—all that we do—are devoted to the service of humanity.

* * * *

With the dying of the old year and the birth of the new comes the opportunity to make the proverbial list of New Year's resolutions. By the time one comes to college, he realizes only too well that most good resolutions are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. They endure for a time but become so burdensome that they are flung aside with a grunt of disgust. Nevertheless, in the framing of such resolutions there is virtue. Mere formulation of our good intentions for the new year is of value. By so doing we set up higher ideals in our own minds—we show that we are not content with our present moral plane. Whenever we become discontented with the tenor of our lives and attempt to raise the standards under which we have worked hitherto, we take a step forward and upward, even though we break some resolutions so frequently. The realization of our deficiencies is one task: the correction of our shortcomings is another. The first requires concentrated thought: the second, self-mastery.

Let us, then, not despair of making New Year's resolutions. A glimpse of our failures during the past year may cause us to soliloquize on the futility of trying to attain the ideals which we have set up. We must realize, however, that ideals cannot be attained. The true test of an ideal is its unattainability. As soon as we attain it, it ceases to be an ideal. No life can come to fruitfulness unless it has some worth-while goal toward which to strive. The higher the ideal, the more strenuous the exertion required. We have abilities and capacities waiting to be developed, but we are too often prone to subject our abilities and capacities to the acid test. Noble ideals command the very best that is in each of us. Let us sweat and strain and stretch toward high goals in all that we do, for in such a struggle lies the secret of a well-spent life.

In a recent address to students in Rochester Theological Seminary, Dean Joseph W. A. Stewart said in part: "It is our manifest duty to cherish and cultivate an open mind. By an open mind I mean a mind which above all things is hospitable to truth; a mind which is not closed against the entrance of new ideas; a mind which is humble and teachable; a mind which is eager to know; a mind which is awake and alert, keen for truth from whatever quarter it comes, and is not forever afraid that truth may prove disastrous to its faith. A faith that is afraid of truth is in a very unhealthy and precarious condition. Do we at the present moment know all truth, know all that is to be known? Reflect for a moment upon the extraordinary increase of knowledge which took place in the wonderful nineteenth century, scientific knowledge, historical knowledge, Biblical knowledge, knowledge of every sort. Are our minds open to this knowledge, or are we still living in the dark ages? And can we suppose that knowledge is now full-grown, and that there is nothing more to be learned? Or should we still cherish the spirit of the pioneer and the explorer and ever push forward to new conquests? Once in a while we hear it said of someone, 'that man never took in a new idea after he reached the age, say of forty years.' What a terrible thing to say, and if true, how fatal! Talk about a dead line, there is a dead line! No, let us be honest men; let there be a conscience of the intellect, let us be open-minded, let the door always swing freely for truth, let us be men of our day, receiving truth, not alarmed by truth, not credulous and easily carried away by novelties, by every wind of doctrine, but sober, well balanced, keen to discern, patient, large-minded, ready to consider evidence, and ready to accept truth when it has vindicated itself as truth to our thoughtful minds. And let us trust our own thinking. No man has been commissioned to do my thinking for me; I bow to no hierarchy. God has given me my mind; to Him alone am I answerable for the use I make of it. Let me willingly, gladly accept the responsibility of my intellectual freedom."

The challenge contained in the above quotation is just as applicable to every college student as it is to students in a theological seminary. Our main purpose in coming to college should be to cultivate an open mind. World progress has been made possible only by overstepping tradition and superstition. Miserable is that college graduate who has not learned, in part at least, to be receptive to truth, no matter how much that truth may cut across established ideas and ideals. We can render no greater service to ourselves than to determine from henceforth to do more of our own thinking.

MIXED PROPOSALS

A One-Act Farce

Dorothy Wilhelm

Characters (as they appear)

Robert Judd, who loves Miss Randolph Arnold.

Miss Lizzie Arnold, her old-maid aunt, who has seen *many* summers and still thinks she is young.

Gerald Maupin, Judd's rival—older, distinguished, and very, very English.

Randolph Arnold, an American beauty.

Jennie, the house-maid.

Scene

The scene is laid in the drawing-room of a wealthy family. On the left center, is a long mirror: left back, a door: center back, a fire-place: center right, an entrance beautifully curtained. Sofa or davenport in front of center right entrance. Table, left center, front. Chairs on either side of table. Picture of Miss Arnold, among other things, on fire-place.

The time is any evening around eight.

The curtain rises, disclosing an empty stage, or room. A bell rings. There is a pause. Then it rings again, off-stage, and a door is heard opening and closing. After some preliminary noise, Judd enters, followed by Jennie, who stands waiting. Judd paces up and down the room, and suddenly sees Jennie. Rapid action through Judd's monologue.

JUDD: What is it, Jennie? What's the matter?

JENNIE: Your hat and coat, sir. You forgot to take them off.

JUDD: (puzzled, and then laughing): Why, so I did. (Removes them. Jennie starts to leave) And, Jennie: tell Randolph--er--Miss Arnold, it's very important.

JENNIE: Yes, sir. (Exit Jennie)

JUDD: Now, what'll I do? (Paces room; stops before mirror) How could any girl accept a poor excuse of a man like me? (Straightens tie, fixes collar, smoothes hair—seems very nervous.) If only I knew—How in Sam Hill does a man propose to a girl without making a d---d fool out of himself any way? (Pauses before fire-place; takes Miss Arnold's picture, looks at it fondly, and talks to it) Now, if this were she—I can talk to it. To think that I, a football man, am afraid of a girl! (Puts it back) My golly, how shall I do it? I wonder if I could practice a little? (Takes picture and sets it up on a sofa cushion where whole audience can see it. Dusts floor; gets awkwardly on knees before it, strikes pose, and begins)—Divine creature. Beloved woman. I—(Picture falls. Judd picks it up, stands it on a cushion, and begins again. It falls. The third time it falls. Judd, disgusted, lets it lie). D--n it, you've made me lose that proposal. I'll say it to the air; it's not so disturbing. (Strikes pose). Divine creature! (Enter Miss Lizzie, in curtained doorway. She is a typical old maid—side-curls and all—and, on seeing Judd on his knees, looks startled. Judd doesn't see her, but she doesn't know that. As Judd goes on she looks enraptured and simpers. Judd continues—).

Divine creature. Beloved woman. I adore you. I—er—I have been bold enough—(aside) Now for some poetry. That always gets 'em) (Aloud) since, as Shakespeare says, 'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady!'—I have been bold enough to come to ask you to—to—will you be my wife?

MISS LIZZIE: (enraptured) Oh, Mr. Judd, this is so sudden.

JUDD: (astounded) Why—er—why (almost loses his balance) why Miss Lizzie—I—was—

MISS LIZZIE: Yes, yes, I know. You wanted to take me by surprise, didn't you? I'll save you suspense, dear boy, and accept you. Oh, Bob! (he has risen slowly) I'm *so* happy (throws her arms about his neck and kisses him).

JUDD: (Arms extended like a windmill) But—but—Miss Lizzie—I—was—don't you see—I've been trying——

MISS LIZZIE: Poor boy. I understand. You've been trying to get me alone, and now your troubles are over. I'll be a good wife. Now I'll leave you to break the news to the family. I'm so excited I simply must go to my room and cry. Bob, why don't you kiss me?

JUDD: (nearly crazy) Why—I say, Miss Lizzie—you don't understand——

MISS LIZZIE: Yes, I do. Yes, I do. You can scarcely realize your good fortune, dear boy. I must go now, darling. Goodbye, dearest—Oh, Bob (throws him a kiss, and leaves).

JUDD: (Dropping on to sofa) Well, I'll be D----d. Bob, you're a fool. Why the deuce didn't you explain? Oh, she surely isn't fool enough to believe I meant her. Now, what'll I do! If I propose to Rannie, I'll be a bigamist. And how can I ever explain? Neither of 'em would believe me. Ye gods!

(Bell rings)

Now, who's that? If that's Gerald Maupin, there's going to be a murder!

(Enter Maupin, adjusting monocle—right center).

MAUPIN: (sees Judd, stops, glares, and saunters slowly over to chair by table) (Aside) By Jove, this complicates matters—it really does! (Aloud) I say, old fellow, how are you?

JUDD: (Aside) Now what! (Aloud, rising) Why hello, Maupin. You here?

MAUPIN: (coolly) Why, apparently, old top. But, if I'm not too—er—personal—eh—what might you be doing here?

JUDD: What d'ye suppose—tuning the piano? I'm here because I want to be! And you?

MAUPIN: I'm here for the same reason you are, old chap.

JUDD: (Aside) Gad, I hope not! (Aloud) Indeed? Glad to see you. (Aside) May Saint Peter forgive me for that lie.

MAUPIN: Thanks, old dear, thanks. Won't you sit down?

JUDD: (Aside) You'd think he owned the house. (Aloud) Thanks, I will. Fine day out.

MAUPIN: Yes, jolly weather. Too rippin' to be indoors. Why aren't you golfing or ridin'? You look, if I may be permitted to say so—you look pale.

JUDD: I'm in perfect health, thanks.

MAUPIN: Well, you don't look it. By Jove, you don't. Really, you know, you look ill. Why, I'll bet you couldn't walk from here to the river and back in an hour. Come, I'll time you, old chap. Eh, let me get your hat!

JUDD: No, thanks. I don't need the exercise half as much as you do. By the way, did you see Billy Wilson?

MAUPIN: (despairing)—Er—no!

JUDD: Well, he was looking for you. He—he had two tickets for—for the opera tonight, and wanted to give 'em to you. He can't go.

MAUPIN: Really? I do believe I'll take them, old boy. (Remains seated).

JUDD: You'd better hurry. He said—he said if he didn't see you before eight-fifteen, he'd sell 'em to a man at the club who wanted 'em. You know, the opera's at nine. It's (pulls out watch)—it's seven after eight now. You've just got time to make it. Hurry! (Tries to help him up, when—)

(Enter Randolph Arnold, right center).

Both men rush to greet her, and Judd neatly trips Maupin so that he stumbles and loses his monocle.)

RANDOLPH: Good afternoon, Mr. Maupin. Hello, Bob. (Shakes hands with both, and turns to sit on sofa. Judd is about to sit beside her, when she says pleasantly—) Bob, bring up a chair won't you? Mr. Maupin, tell me about England.

(Judd, disgusted, goes for a chair. Maupin coolly sits on sofa. Judd glares at Maupin, bangs down chair, and sits so he can see curtained right center entrance.)

MAUPIN: Why, really, Miss Randolph, there is very little to tell. England is, of course, the most wonderful country in the world. (Snort from Judd. Maupin looks surprised and continues) We have the greatest business houses, the largest city, and the most intelligent women in the world.

JUDD: (In a low voice) Why didn't he marry one of 'em?

MAUPIN: I beg your pardon?

JUDD: I merely said I'd like to marry one of 'em.

RANDOLPH: Indeed, Bob? I didn't know you knew any English girls. Go on, Mr. Maupin.

MAUPIN: Well, you Americans are *so* barbarous. Now, how on earth you can get along without drinking tea in the awfternoon—is very peculiar to me. Really, I cawn't stand anything stronger than tea in the awfternoon.

JUDD: Neither can we since July 1, 1919. You've got nothing on us.

MAUPIN: I beg your pardon?

JUDD: You needn't. You have it. Any one who drinks tea in the "awfternoon" ought to be pardoned!

RANDOLPH: Bob! (looks daggers at him, and turns sweetly to Maupin) (Jennie, the maid, appears in the curtained entrance, and looks fixedly at Judd. Seems to be trying to get Judd's attention without being seen.)

RANDOLPH: Don't mind him, Mr. Maupin. He doesn't understand English customs.

MAUPIN: Egad, now, Judd, you should come to my home in London, old boy—you really should. I'd show you a real tennis game—or we'd go to a ball—or we might even get you interested in awfternoon tea. The ladies serve so well! By the way, are you attending the opera this evening?

JUDD: No, I thought you were.

MAUPIN: Really? Strange what fancies that young man has! Miss Randolph, have you seen tonight's opera?

(Jennie continues trying to attract Judd's attention. She coughs. Signals with her duster, etc.)

RANDOLPH: No, I haven't, Mr. Maupin.

JENNIE: (Loudly) Pst!

(All three jump)

MAUPIN: Do your radiators leak, Miss Randolph? I—er—I rawther fawncied I heard a noise.

(Judd suddenly sees Jennie, who signals him to come, and then disappears).

RANDOLPH: I never thought so! Maybe that was it, though. Did you hear it, Bob?

JUDD: (Thoroughly perplexed, and looking where Jennie disappeared) Yes, I think so, too.

RANDOLPH: Think what, Bob? What's the matter with you?

JUDD: I mean—I—er—I agree with Maupin.

RANDOLPH: Oh! What did you say was at the opera today, Mr. Maupin? (Jennie appears again, signalling Judd by waving her duster vigorously)

MAUPIN: Why—er—I didn't say, but I believe it's 'Robin Hood'.

RANDOLPH: Oh, I've heard that. It's beautiful.

MAUPIN: I'm glad to find an American woman who appreciates opera. 'Robin Hood', I might say, is very good. The forest scene is marvellous.

(Jennie signals and makes her mouth say 'Miss Lizzie wants you', Judd fiercely motions her away. Jennie refuses to go, and continues waving the duster)

RANDOLPH: Yes, the trees are so real. You can almost imagine leaves falling, can't you, Bob?

JUDD: Er—er—what?

RANDOLPH: I say the leaves are so real they seem to be actually falling.

JUDD: (watching Jennie) Yes, the leaves on the dusters are falling.

MAUPIN: On what? My deah boy, are you insane?

RANDOLPH: Bob! On the dusters? What *is* the matter with you? *What* are dusters?

JUDD: Dusters? Dusters? Why dusters are—let's see—why they grow around our frat house at school. They're like oaks.

RANDOLPH: Like oaks! I never heard of them!

JUDD: Yes, they—they keep the dust from getting into the house, so we call them dusters.

RANDOLPH: (after a pause) Robert, have you been drinking?

JUDD: Well, I should say not!

RANDOLPH: Are you ill? You certainly act as if something were wrong.

JUDD: (Aside) Ill? If only I were! (Aloud) No, no, I'm all right. Go on, Maupin! You were saying?

(Enter Miss Lizzie, right center. She goes simperingly up to Bob, who looks scared.)

MISS LIZZIE: Have you told them yet, Bob? (Kisses him) Dear boy, why didn't you come when I sent Jennie to call you? Have you told them we're going to be married?

MAUPIN: I say, what?

(Together)

RANDOLPH: Married?

JUDD: (Straightens up as if to say something, but can't. He drops back into chair again)

MISS LIZZIE: Yes, we're—he proposed to me this afternoon, right where you are now, Randolph! We're engaged. Aren't we, Bob?

RANDOLPH: Are you, Bob?

MAUPIN: I say, Judd, are you?

JUDD: No—yes—I don't know.

MISS LIZZIE: You don't know? Why, Robert Judd, you proposed to me this very afternoon. Dare you deny it?

JUDD: No, but—

MISS LIZZIE: There, you see, he admits it. He proposed to me this very afternoon. And now are you trying to get out of it, young man? Have you been trifling with my affections? I'll sue you for breach of promise, sir! Oh, dear, oh, dear, he proposed to me this very afternoon, in this very room, and now he tries to get out of it. (All this time Judd is trying to speak, but can't.) Oh dear, oh, dear. What shall I do? You called me divine and beloved, and you said you adored me—you did! Ask him!

RANDOLPH: Did you, Bob?

JUDD: Yes, Randolph, but—

MISS LIZZIE: You see, he did. And when I accepted him, he was so overjoyed he couldn't talk. He didn't even—kiss me! He just sat there—and now, what does he mean by acting so funny!

RANDOLPH: Bob, did you propose to my aunt? If you did, I fail to see the humor in the situation. Did you?

JUDD: No—yes—no—I tell you, I—

MISS LIZZIE: You *did*. He *did* propose to me. He asked me if I'd be his wife!

RANDOLPH: Then why do you act so strangely about it, Robert? I'm sure you'll have a fine wife.

MAUPIN: Yes, old chap, she's just the wife for you. Congratulations Miss Lizzie.

JUDD: But—but—Randolph, please let me explain. I—

RANDOLPH: Explain? Why, there is nothing more to be said. You proposed to my aunt. She accepted you. What more can be said? If you were joking, I'd advise you to be quiet—and if you were trifling with her feelings—

JUDD: It's neither a joke nor—trifling! Please, Randolph—Miss Lizzie—let me explain!

MISS LIZZIE: Explain? You certainly shall, young man! What do you mean by proposing to me? What do you mean? Oh, dear, what shall I do? (Bursts into tears)

RANDOLPH: There, there, auntie dear. Robert explain.

JUDD: I'm—I'm awfully sorry this thing happened—please believe me. I know I'm an awful fool. I ought to be hanged, but—

MAUPIN: Yes, yes, we agree to that, old chap. Go on.

RANDOLPH: Please, Mr. Maupin, —do not interrupt. I, for one, wish to hear this explanation.

MAUPIN: So do I. (Aside) Now, what's he up to? He's in some mess.

JUDD: I *did* get down on my knees before Miss Lizzie. I *did* say, 'Divine creature.'

(Sniffs from Miss Lizzie)

JUDD: I should have said, 'Divinest of all creatures!' (Miss Lizzie looks flattered; Maupin, puzzled; Randolph, very disturbed)

JUDD: I did say, 'Beloved woman.' I should have said, 'Most beloved of all women.'

MAUPIN: What's he driving at?

JUDD: I did say, ' I adore you', but my words were not for Miss Lizzie. I'm awfully sorry, Miss Lizzie, but—you—you had to know the truth sooner or later. (Miss Lizzie looks startled) (Randolph is watching him closely. Maupin is frowning).

My words—well, I might as well start out right. I came here tonight to propose to you, Randolph. (Looks straight at Randolph, who blushes) I—I know I haven't a chance now, but—well, I was scared, and thought I'd practice a little, so I got down on my knees in front of that sofa. I didn't see Miss Lizzie until I was through. She—I had no chance to explain before, so—well, that's all. I guess I'd better go. (Turns)

RANDOLPH: Just a minute, Bob. (Silence for a while) Aunt Lizzie, is this possible? Does it sound real to you?

MISS LIZZIE: Why Randolph, he did act kind of funny, but I thought he was just overcome with joy. He acted so funny—I remember thinking he was awfully cold. He—he didn't even try to kiss me. I guess it's true, Randolph. I might have known!

JUDD: I'm sorry——Miss Lizzie, really I am.... Well, goodbye.

RANDOLPH: Bob?

JUDD: Yes?

RANDOLPH: Now that you've—had your—practice, why don't you—use it?

(Continued on page 72)

THE MINISTER AND HIS BURGLAR

Richard T. Merwin

In an alcove of the dark library two men sat quietly, with difficulty whispering under the emotion which held them. The sound of a window, cautiously raised, made them start.

"That's the person we're waiting for," one of them whispered.

"Sh! He might hear us, Lane." His friend placed a finger at his lips as though the other could see in the dark.

Presently they could discern a figure approaching the large table. Whoever it was, judging from his unhesitating motion, knew the position of the objects in the room with certainty. The arc-light outside, shining feebly through a window facing the street, cast a few beams into the hushed library. Into the faint path of light a young man came, a soft hat pulled well down to his eyebrows. He drew a chair to the table and seated himself comfortably, giving the impression that he was waiting for something.

"He's looked this place over before," Mr. Lane confided to the other, "Knows how to make himself at home."

"Yes, and I suspect he thinks we're waiting for him not far away else why would he warn us by sending a letter of his intended visit?"

"I wish he'd move or do something," Mr. Lane whispered impatiently.

"Not so loud, Lane! Even at thirty feet he might hear you."

"Well, what of it? We've as good as got him. He can't escape us even if he is "Lucky" Ray. We'll never have another chance to get the gentleman thief again."

"Don't be fooled. Has anyone ever caught him yet?"

"Nice of him to tell us he was coming. But that's the queerest part of this whole puzzling business."

"It is queer but we'll soon know. Better not be hasty. I don't care to officiate at your funeral."

"Patience be hanged. He's a peaceable chap. I'm going—." His foot struck a chair in his over-cauitous attempt to stretch his cramped limbs. The sound seemed alarmingly loud.

The visitor stirred then settled back in his chair again with one leg crossed over the other. Presently he struck a match and in its light looked at his watch.

"Whew! Bet he heard me that time," Mr. Lane whispered.

"If I were a detective instead of a minister I'd probably curse you," his friend said sharply in his ear. "You risked a shot in the dark that time."

"Perhaps we ought to have called the police after all. Blame me if anything happens for telling you not to. Still, he might get away in spite of our preparations." He indicated the revolver he held in his hand by pressing it against the other's knee.

"Perhaps. But I wonder if it really is Lucky Ray. If it is why does he sit there so unconcernedly? Let's wait for him to make the first move."

Five minutes, ten minutes passed. The older man waited uneasily. He wished he could feel as confident, as Lane, of the outcome. Lane seemed so unalarmed. Moreover, it was hard to breathe naturally; difficult to relax into a comfortable position.

The visitor stirred again and noted the time in the light of another match. At length, without rising from his chair beside the table, he beckoned them from the alcove.

"Won't you gentlemen please come forward. I am tired waiting."

At the sound of his voice the two men jumped to their feet. The older man started violently. How long had this young fellow known their hiding-place? They came forward warily, Mr. Lane with extended revolver, the other ready to spring upon the intruder.

The visitor laughed pleasantly.

"Hold on! I promise not to move from this chair. You may even cover me with that revolver. Perhaps you will feel more secure."

At the calm note in the young man's tones the men eased their strained positions.

Reaching forth an arm the visitor pulled the chain on the table-lamp. The bright light, blinding the men for the instant, made them instinctively resume their guard. The young man laughed heartily at their anxiety. His eyes twinkled while he watched them come forward. Reassured by the clean-cut countenance of this lean, good-humored young fellow they stepped nearer and regarded with amazement his exhibition of cool nerve.

The old man's body stiffened with sudden surprise.

"Bob," he gasped, gripping the table for assured reality.

"Yes, Dad. I'm Bob."

The father stood stunned. Then he said weakly:

"What does this mean?"

His son smiled but did not answer.

"Where have you been since-since-for the last four months. Since that affair at college last semester?"

"Since you disowned me?"

"No, don't say that. You are still my son, thank God! I have not forgotten you."

"Dad, do you mean—mean that you—."

"Yes, my boy. I mean that I want you to forget our foolish quarrel, the bitter words, the anger I showed," he said softly.

"Oh, those words about never darkening your doorstep again or something like that. But I haven't literally darkened them, you see. Just came at night, Dad."

The older man winced with inward pain. He had regretted, the day following the departure of his son, those bitter words spoken so readily. Time had increased his longing; the desire for reconciliation had grown upon him mightily. He held forth his hand, warmly gripping his son's, seeking in that hearty, affectionate hand-clasp to express all his paternal forgiveness for college escapades and love for an only son. He spoke with great concern.

"Where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"Living in the city, Dad. Working as newspaper reporter."

"Newspaper reporter?"

"Yes. I like the work. Besides I had to do something after—."

The father was silent.

Mr. Lane, listening with a smile on his face, had been watching father and son. Sensing what Mr. Shelley, the father, wanted to say, he inquired impassionately:

"Are you—are you the notorious Lucky Ray, gentleman thief?"

"No. Of course not."

"Then why did you send the letter?"

"A letter? What letter? I sent none."

"Why, Mr Shelley received a letter this morning to the effect that he would be visited tonight by—well presumably it was Lucky Ray. He warns his victims. Of course you've heard of him." Mr. Lane spoke slowly and carefully.

"Yes. I've heard of him. But he wouldn't come here now," he said looking around.

"My son." Mr. Shelley's hands gripped his son's shoulders. His breathing was hard, his voice soft. "Forgive me for entertaining thoughts like those Mr. Lane has uttered. Let me introduce you. He recently moved next door and often helps me in church work. Why, he's not much older than you, I think."

"I have met Mr. Lane, Dad."

"Wh-what?"

"Why, yes. You are a college man, Mr. Lane. I'm sure."

"It's true. Your son and I are acquainted."

"You are? Did both of you attend the same college?"

"Yes," Mr. Lane said, nodding.

The father commenced to ponder. Suddenly he said:

"Bob, what is the meaning of this late visit?"

"I came to be married."

"Married! Married, and here—at this hour?" A vacant chair thudded under the Reverend Mr. Shelley.

"Yes, married, Dad. I suppose you will call it sheer nonsense. But why not marry now the same as any other time? Besides, it is convenient." He smiled at the stunning effect of his words.

The Right Reverend Mr. Shelley made no answer.

"Come, Dad. What do you say?"

"But—but you don't know what you're asking."

Mr. Lane seemed to be enjoying the shock under which the words of the son plunged the father. By an act of supreme will-power he refrained from laughing outright. Then suddenly, as if at something unforseen, his brows contracted.

"Dad. I mean it," Bob urged.

At last the Reverend Mr. Shelley found his tongue.

"Why, I see no young lady willing and ready to enter the partnership you suggest. No, I will not marry you to—to some young woman who is undoubtedly as foolish in her desire for a union at this hour as you seem to be."

The Reverend Mr. Shelley, forgetting for the moment the joy of seeing his son again, was discounting his own pleasure at the expense of rebuking Bob. This request of his was astounding. Had Bob, in these four months, outlived his early training? Was this the climax of a whirlwind courtship with a silly chorus girl?

"No, Dad. I am not foolish. I mean just what I ask. As for—for the young lady. You haven't seen her so why do you speak so discreditably of her?"

The Reverend Mr. Shelley hesitated.

"No. I haven't and yet I can hardly believe a nice girl would—."

"She is a nice girl. Dad, please do."

"Well. Where is she? Let her come in. If she inspires me with the same admiration that you evidently have for her I'll see."

"Then everything depends upon your approval, does it?"

"Yes. If you mean marriage it certainly does."

"But, Dad. You know that your ideals and mine conflicted once regarding a certain young lady of your choice for me."

I'm sorry they do, son. But you never saw the young lady I wanted you to marry."

"No. But from your description-."

"She was a nice woman; a young lady any man would be proud of."

"Let's not argue, Dad. Shall I show you my choice?"

"Yes, but where on earth—."

"That need not trouble you long. Just wait a minute."

He walked to the front door, unlocked it, and sped out.

The two men, left alone, looked at each other in amazement. Mr. Lane's lips twitched but he did not smile. The Reverend Mr. Shelley, rubbing his chin in thought, said reflectively:

"Some burglar!"

They leaped to a window, looking out in time to see Bob walk to a car parked at the curb a few houses down the street. He spoke to someone seated within and presently came back escorting a young lady. At this sight the father sought his chair and mopped his perspiring forehead. Mr. Lane seemed as much surprised.

Proudly leading the lady of his choice, Bob entered the house.

The Reverend Mr. Shelley gasped audibly.

"Miss Crittenden, this is my father. Mr. Lane, Miss Crittenden."

The minister's hand accepted warmly the young lady's friendly one and retained it until she withdrew hers modestly. A twinkle in the Reverend Mr. Shelley's eye assured Bob that his approval was granted. Miss Crittenden smiled at the minister's formal but fervent acknowledgment of the introduction.

"Er—how do you do Miss Crittenden. Pleased to meet you. This is a pleasure, a real pleasure, very real I assure you."

"And now we are ready," Bob said briskly. "Mr. Lane will honor us as witness, I'm sure." He smiled at Mr. Lane who stood speechless at this turn of events.

"But, Bob, have you a license?" the Reverend Mr. Sheeley asked, surprised at his son's certainty.

"Of course. The ring and the license. But come, Dad. It's almost twelve o'clock."

"Perhaps the young lady objects to marrying at—this hour."

"Oh, no. I don't object in the least. Rather, I think it so unusual that it is delightful. Besides, Bob planned it and—," she winked charmingly at the minister.

Bob smiled thoughtfully at Mr. Lane, who also began to smile.

The Right Reverend Mr. Shelley arose to the occasion. It was evident that he was pleased with his son's choice. It may be that he was so dazed at the unusualness of it all, so carried away by his son's contagious enthusiasm that he forgot to protest. A certain winning smile from the young lady. might indeed, have influenced him. At least he could not conceal his happiness at this reunion with his son. The ceremony was soon performed, simply yet effectually.

"And now I am sure Mr. Lane will pay the bet," Bob laughed.

"Wh—what?" the Reverend Mr. Shelley stammered.

"Why, yes, Dad. Mr. Lane and I are old chums. He it was with whom I made a bet that I would be married at midnight by my own father. Aren't you Leonard?"

"That's true, Bob. But to utilize this occasion by marrying is a surprise to me. I thought—," he stopped at a sign from Bob.

"You old," but the minister checked himself, "I half believe you concocted this scheme of reunion with Bob. Didn't you? Come to think of it, Lane, you said you picked up that letter from my doorstep. Why, it was only a note. Burglar scare, Huh! But I forgive you."

Mr. Lane winked at Bob and said nothing.

"But what a fool I was for thinking Bob was Lucky Ray, a thief," the Reverend Mr. Shelley said regretfully.

"Perfectly excusable, Dad. How could you think otherwise," he chuckled. "You didn't know, of course, that the morning papers are getting out big headlines announcing Ray's capture early this evening."

"I am mighty glad of that," the minister sighed with relief. "The situation I have passed through the last hour has been rather—er—uncomfortable."

"I'm sorry, Dad, for your sake."

"But I'm not. It has brought me back my son and—a nice daughter-in-law."

Suddenly, his hand lifted the bride's chin gently and her upturned lips yielded readily to his paternal kiss.

"Dad," Bob gasped, his heart momentarily touched with jealousy, "you have no right to kiss Elsie. Ten minutes ago you were perfect strangers."

Mrs. Robert Shelley frowned prettily.

"Bob, dear," she said bursting into laughter, "we aren't strangers now."

"No, not now but you were," Bob admitted, calming slowly.

The Right Reverend Mr. Shelley threw his arms tenderly around the bride and groom. He laughed wholeheartedly, with relief and like a man upon whom the greatest happiness he could wish had suddenly fallen.

"How you two ever met," he wondered, "is beyond me. It may have been at college, after all. But God has heard my dearest wish and granted it. Though neither of you knew it, Elsie was and still is my choice."

* * * *

TO ICICLES ADORNING A WALL

I lately saw ten thousand icicles
Adorning a quiet brick wall,
And when the sun's warm embrace
Crept round their cold, crystal-blue lengths,
They seemed to start up living, gleaming, dying.
Not so much in a human evolution,
But rather like wasting, upturned spires
In a topsy-turvy world of fancy,
Where lifeblood flows out in dripping gloom.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE GREAT WAR

Paul B. Cooley

You ask me why I sit and dream?
Alas, I cannot help but think
Of days that once were and have passed—
Days fraught with danger, thrill, and pain;
The wild and feverish days of war!
Again I hear the rasping shout
Of drill sergeant's hoarse commands;
Again I see the khaki ranks,
Swing by with firm and measured tread
Along the dusty country roads.
The bugle shrill at early morn
Arouses from slumber deep the soldiers
Dreaming of home and days gone by,
In the golden times of peace;
Another day has just begun, and
The hot, weary hours drag by in sweat and toil.
How sweet to our ears is the welcome 'recall,'
When squad after squad we swing back into camp,
Foot-sore, tired, and worn!
'Retreat' rings out as Old Glory flutters down,
And 'mess call' takes up the refrain.
A few hours of leisure—then 'tattoo' and 'taps';
And into our bunks we roll; the day is done!
My dream, however, ends not there;
For across my mind doth a vision pass
Of an ocean liner, grim and grey,
Whose rails are lined with khaki troops
Bound for foreign battlefields.
For many days and many nights,
Across the ocean wild,
The heavy-laden troop ship flees
The deadly submarine.
At last the Irish Sea is reached,
And land heaves into sight;
A few more hours we plough along,
In the dark and drear twilight.
Night settles down and on we go
Toward the harbor whose dim shore-line
Is dimly visible through the mist.
The rattle of the anchor chains,
The tread of feet o'erhead,
Loud shouts and hoarsely rasped commands,
Announce the journey's end.
'Tis England upon whose shores we land,
And stretch our shaky, sea-sick legs.
But even here we linger not,
For France lies far away;

And ere we reach the battle-front
The Channel must be crossed.
So again we ride upon the waves
During a long and fearsome night,
Until the morning light reveals,
The shore of sunny, war-torn France—
The goal of our quest.
And now, kind friend, the vision burns
With scenes I'd fain forget;
Forgive me if I pause to sketch
The gruesome picture there.
Across the skies the star-shells streak,
And bursting in mid-air
Light up the ghastly scene below,
With a sickly, greenish glare.
The roar and rumble of the guns,
The shrieking of the shells,
Strike terror to the heart of man
Crouching in his lair.
Along the moon-lit roads there pass
Long lines of grim-faced men;
"Pack laden, to the fray" they go,
Too tired to even want to know
What Fate will bring that day;
For ere another day shall dawn,
Each one may sleep beneath the stars,
And for him war will be no more.
Artillery caissons rattle and bump,
Along that self-same road;
And ammunition trucks rush by
On their way to feed the guns.
The rumble deepens, the cannon roar,
The machine guns spit forth death,
The gas rolls down in deadly clouds,
And the aeroplanes soar o'er head.
Behind the lines the surgeon waits,
His gruesome task to ply;
The stage is set, the play is on;
And the 'grim reaper' holds the ace.
Before the dawn has streaked the sky,
The ambulances roll in—
Discharge their bloody, mangled freight
And rush back again for more.
All day and night the battered cars,
Ply back and forth between
The shell-torn, belching battle front
And the hospital in the rear.
The weary stretcher-bearers stagger
As they stumble by with burdens that
Scarce bear human recognition.
The groans of dying men unnerve

The wounded lying near them.
And the row of silent, lifeless forms
Grows longer hour by hour.
Such is my dream, since thou wouldst know,
And as such I have revealed it;
I like not any longer to dwell
Upon the sights suggested.
So let us up and cease drear musing,
Lest musing lead to tears.

* * *

SEA REQUIEM

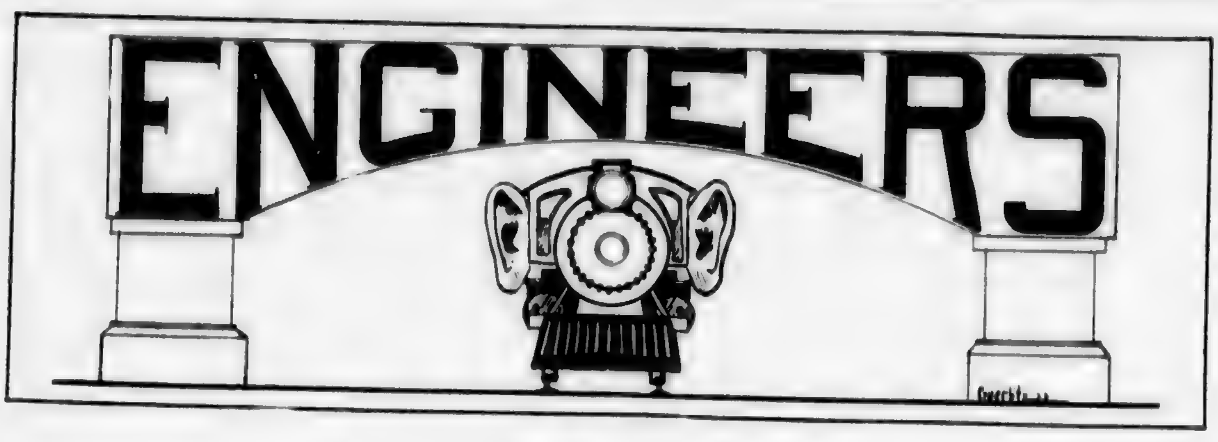
A long mountain-high heave of the insane sea,
A sullen roar in the wrathful wind,
A glare of spite from the rage-blackened heaven,
And in the midst of it all, a ship,
Plunging, reeling, groaning
Beneath the sea's savage beating.

A silent sodden grief hangs in the hearts
Of the swearing careless men of the ship;
And the wail of the great engines plays a chill accompaniment
To the sorrow-song, unheard, unvoiced—

In thoughts that blister and burn,
A harrowing screech flashes and re-flashes—
Visions of the grim gaunt belly of the sea!—
"God!" mutters one of the careless men.

One man of the sea knows more about it that the rest,
And faces the waves frankly enough.
His soul is deeper now than before,
And he gives greater odds to destiny.

The plunging sea goes on wetting the ship,
Knowing for certainty that it has guzzled more than a life;
And still the engines wail out the chill accompaniment
To the sorrow-song, unheard, unvoiced—



KNIGHTS OF THE SLIDE-RULE

R. M. Swetland, '23

I've often had the notion, as I mingle with the rest,
That we engineering mortals are not pictured at our best.
Some seem to see us dimly, and to get a thought like this,
'Guess they always chaw tobacco; cuss, and wear their clothes a'twist'.

To these friends of other callings, and we need them, every one,
May I say, "Do you really see us as we work from sun to sun.
Do you get the 'big idea'—discount it if you will,
That we strive to add more comforts, and to ease the tiresome hill."

When we travel concrete highways with pleasure—in our Lizz,
Let us give one "Thank you mister" to the C. E. at this biz.
Or when in cushioned pullmans, we are hauled by steeds of steel,
Try to think more kindly of some M. E. at the wheel.

As you come home tired at evening to a home of cheerful light,
Rest assured some E. E. sends this greeting through the night.
And while in sanitation we pride ourselves to lead,
Likely a flock of Ch. E's are tending to this need.

We know our A. B. brothers, with their finer goals in sight,
Keep our progress through the ages what we know to be as right,
Still we think with our endeavors, easing rough spots here and there,
The trick is turned more neatly, and we're glad to do our share.

Professor Rhodes—"Where is the rural telephone set most extensively used?"
"Cy" Hoffa—" In the country."

Professor Lindemann (in exasperation)—"Tell me, would a bung-hole in a cider barrel be a standard orifice?"
Class (vociferously)—"Yes! ! !"

Hydrolicians Beware!! Lindy likes society, but prefers his fire-place to his class-room desk as the setting.

HEARD IN D. C. LAB.

G. M. R., '24

"She's Leyden lied about me. It Hertz my reputation."
"Don't let that jar you. Why don't you hook up and transformer?"
"She re-fused me."
"Four watt?"
"Her reluctance and her Dad's resistance."
"Anode she would."
"I'd like to see you exciter."
"Watt-hour can ammeter?"
"Don't be integrate rush. You can't meter Faraday or two anyway."
"Wire you so tight? Both you and I R dropped; at least, you won't get insulate anymore."
"Well, don't get 'Ayrton go' Ohm. Ajustment that if not a solenoid her I might still be able to a tractor."

REACTIONS

"After getting my sheepskin, it's back to the seashore for me. You see I need to recuperate before starting into the dim unknown." —*Gehring*, '23

"Having 'designs' on my future, I consulted a 'magnet' of the " As Ye Sew, so shall Ye Rip" Seed Co. and received a position as Chief Engineer of their Seed Hatchery, at which I was 'ex-seedingly' successful. The resultant reactions were sufficient to generate a strong desire to return to Bucknell."
Caldwell, '23

"Fellow engineers, be versatile! For instance, we've found that an electrical salesman needs to be conversant with subjects ranging from 'making salad-dressing' to 'running the Federal Government'."
R. M. S., '23

"Didn't do much work; didn't earn much money; but sure had one H--- of a good time."
Morgan, '23

Professor Simpson—"What is the electrical unit of power?"
Sleepy Student—"The what?"
Professor Simpson—"Correct."

Professor Irland—"What is it that makes a shunt generator start to build up?"
Hempt—"Residential Magnetism."

EVOLUTION

Edward J. Humphreys

Unborn, I traveled through the Night
Until I reached a gate
At which there stood a figure dark
Which bade me enter in.
"Drink deep, drink deep, drink full and deep."
My unknown host did bid.
I quaffed it all and lo, he rose
And bade me follow him.
He pointed out a road to me
Scarce seen in greyish light.
"Pursue thy course, nor deviate"—
And bade me then farewell.

I traveled on in that strange way,
In light increasing more,
Until I reached another gate
Where stood a figure grey.
"Oh, pilgrim, enter through this gate,"
Bade he my stranger host.
"Drink deep, drink full, and drain thy dregs."
The mixture, strange as it may seem,
At once did taste as if
The bitterest of wormwood and
Sweetest of the honeys
Were mixed together in my cup
Adorned with richest gems.
He too, bade me to follow on
My brighter growing path,
Although sometimes most mighty winds
Obscured it with dark clouds.

Still on I pressed in mysteries
That constantly increased,
Until I came unto a gate,
Where, dazzling by his light,
A figure of the third great Realm
Bade me quaff again.
This time most wondrous was the drink
That lost me to myself,
For all that had existed then
Was centered through that Gate
Through which he bade me tread my way
Into the Great Beyond.

STARS

Gail B. Young

We hope that the gods who dwell on the celestial planets will pardon us if we have presumed too much in taking their family name in vain. However, we have no intention of discussing astronomy; we know far too little concerning such a lofty subject. It is our purpose to comment briefly on human luminaries. Sometimes it seems that these shallow brilliant human stars surpass in display the myriads of sky-lanterns that Jupiter hangs out each night. Both species retire when the great day-star proclaims the dawn.

Dawn is the light by which the world puts her lower strata of stars to bed. In these United States we have a great city in which the famous and infamous stars of the world are assembled. This city has a street of stars—shooting stars, flaming stars, and fallen stars. They call the street with accuracy Broadway, and its fervent white glow is *starlight*. So glaring are the electrical signs upon which they have written the names of their favorite stars that the star-worshippers are totally unaware that the heavenly planets look down with cynical serenity upon their luxurious revels. To become part of this kingdom of the stars is the prodding wish of all the star-worshippers of the nation.

Who is able to deny that most of us have our favorite stars who influence our lives far more than those stars under which the astrologers list our birthdays? Despite the fact that life sprinkles most of us with a little water, a little rice, a little dust, and then draws the final curtain, we all nurture a feeble spark of ambition. In most cases this glorious spark is the scintillation of a star. Every community has its own Gloria Swanson, its own Valentino, its own Vanderbilt, its own Thorpe, its own "Babe" Ruth, its own Tilden, its own Mrs. Mallory, its own Dempsey, and its own Paddock. On the other hand few communities boast of a Shakespeare, a Lincoln, or a Jane Adams—yet these are stars! There exists a vast difference, however. The glory of Lincoln seems far in the distance, and the ascent to his greatness so steep that it discourages emulation. On the other hand the duplication of the popular Rudolph's patent-leather hair does not loom up as an impossible feat. (Nevertheless, we have always found it difficult to account for the immaculate appearance of his coiffure after having engaged in a fierce battle with three or four "villains.") We easily grasp the superficial characteristics of our favorite stars; we easily neglect the inward qualities which compose the great characters which all history will record as immortal stars. Some one once said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." It seems to be a very excellent idea, but isn't it a fact that most of our popular stars are attached to automobiles?

To clinch the idea which we desire to emphasize we might say that today stars are guiding a million times as many *fools* as that divine star of old guided wise men. We do not say this, because we condemn following an ideal, or because we do not think some of the popular stars of today are truly great, or because we blame the favorite stars for the influence they exert. Most of the noted men and women of today

(Continued on page 72)

THE VANISHING SPECTATOR

By Jesse Laventhol

(Being an excerpt from the hitherto unpublished diary of the late J. Augustus Fenimore, dilettante in the liberal arts, scholar, and collector of antiquities.) January 2, 1911.

The tolling of the mantel clock a half hour after the new year had been rung in, awakened me from uneasy dreams in my study. I started nervously as, through half-closed lids, I saw a distinguished looking man in powdered periwig and a long cape standing upon my hearth. With hands behind his back, warming them, he faced me with a quizzical smile; but despite the twinkle in his eyes it was plain that he was burdened with the weight of some great sadness.

Even as I stared, speechless, in that moment of utter amazement, the sharp though kindly features of this courtly person kindled in my mind a spark of vague familiarity. Still without a word, as if under the power of some paralyzing emotion, my gaze turned instinctively to the book which I had been reading when I dozed off, and in which my forefinger still marked a page.

Then a sudden trick of the dimred flickering shadows cast by the dying embers of my log-blaze, as they played over the stranger's countenance, told me in a flash that he was the original of the frontispiece etching of the volume in my hand.

He nodded genially as his eyes followed mine, and declared in a beautifully pitched voice, "Yes, I am Joseph Addison! But to make it seem more plausible to YOU perhaps I had better say that I am Joseph Addison's ghost—although that isn't strictly true."

I frowned.

"You see it's this way," he added, noting that my perplexity had only increased. "As you probably know from your studies, I had the reputation in England of being one of the most silent of men. My natural taciturnity was offset, so I thought then, by copious writings. I much preferred to observe and record the ways of my fellow creatures and comment upon their various whims and fancies than to participate in the activities of the day. But: 'A NEED OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIP IS REQUIRED OF EACH MAN ON EARTH.'

"So I was told when I went hence from this world at the Holland House in 1719. Eternal misery would be mine to suffer in the Realm of the Dead for my aloofness from speech with the Living.

"One alternative was given me, however. If I so chose, it would be my duty to return to this earth as many times as I had lived years upon it. One of those visits was to be made every four years, with the exception of the last which was to be eight instead of four years from the preceding journey-----"

"Ah!" I interrupted, having recovered my vocal powers, "and is that why you are sad, sir? You do not relish the assignment? And tell me—"

But Addison raised his hand to stem the flow of questions which surged to my mind. What an opportunity, I thought, for learning the secret of precisely WHAT is after death!

He smiled wanly, replying, "Quite the contrary, dear doctor, I was indeed overjoyed. That the early part of my everlasting life—or should I say death?—was to be interspersed with visits to this fine old world extending over two hundred years was more than a man dared hope for. In fact, I have doted on the knowledge gained on these successive tours and have watched with interest the marvellous progress wrought with the passing of the centuries.

"But, alas sir," and he sighed, "this is my last sight of the world as you and others living know it. My forty-sixth return to earth took place in 1903 and now the final one is drawing to a close."

With these words, the author threw off his cloak disclosing his blue satin blouse, beneath a waistcoat, and his neat velvet knickers of the same hue. He drew a chair alongside my own. I wondered what was coming next.

"My burden," he continued, "is to describe verbally to a mortal on each visit, something pertaining to Man and to do so in the philosophic style I did by rote while living. I can do no better than my best; but it will be quite difficult, this thinking aloud. For I have read in some of your modern books that my essays were often models of grace and delicacy and proved highly influential in correcting and refining the society of my times. But my speech, I fear, cannot live up to such a standard."

The benignant gentleman paused abruptly and sighed. His fingers played nervously on the arms of the chair. Then he slowly arose, thrusting one hand inside his waistcoat and the other behind his back in an attitude affected by some orators. When he spoke again, his voice had lost soothing modulation of a moment before and assumed an expressional level.

"Although riding in trolley cars and elevated trains may not exactly be termed a pleasure," began Addison in the manner of a bashful school boy reciting his first 'piece,' "to the observing passenger who finds a keen delight in analyzing the various characters that make up the human freight of the vehicle it is ever a source of interest and amusement.

"Just as the neighborhood for which one is bound differs in wealth, respectability or cleanliness from others, so the passengers with varied destinations contrast with each other in appearance. I have found that the best time to observe the idiosyncrasies of man under trying conditions is the 6 o'clock 'rush hour,' as I believe you Americans call it. There is a deal of pushing and shifting about, not for a seat in most cases for there are none available, but for a convenient spot to stand without being stood upon."

I fidgeted in my seat as his voice droned on and on in agonizing monotone.

"Ah, hah!" he cried bursting into a peal of his rich natural laughter. "I see you are not enjoying the discourse. Let me assure you that I am suffering also; but"—with a shrug—"it is my punishment." He resumed:

"The attitude of mind of a man who elbows his way into a seat an instant ahead of a young working girl, or an aged woman, furnishes excellent material for a valuable psychological—"

He broke off as the clock struck one.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed my distracted guest. "I know I have been boring you,"—as he walked towards me—"but I had to do it, to say something. Really, though I am glad for your sake the ordeal is over, still sorrow overwhelms me when I realize I must go back forever. Now," he pointed a warning finger, "no questions, doctor! good-bye."

We shook hands; and what a fine strong grip he had!

"No, sir, don't trouble yourself showing me the way. I'll just ring for the elevator and ride the three stories to the street. Do you know," he added wistfully, "I like them. The elevators, I mean, and your trolley cars, too."

Picking up his great-cape he flung it over his arm and went out. As he had gathered the garment from the chair, a small, black object fell to the floor, but was not noticed by the departing author. The instant the door slammed shut on Addison I sprang forward and opened it again.

The hallway was empty.

A cool breeze from a partly open window at the end of the corridor brushed by me. I felt of my brow, and my hand came away moist. Frantically I ran to the elevator shaft. The car was at the bottom and I rang the bell wildly.

The sleepy operator stared insolently as I asked him whether he had taken anyone down a moment ago.

"D. T's," I head him utter; and then, aloud, he said: "No sir," this is the first call I have had since 10:30."

I grasped at a straw. Possibly my vanishing visitor had been waiting for me to awaken since that hour.

"Whom did you bring up then?" I asked.

"Nobody. I took a lady down."

* * * * * * * *

Under my chair I found a button from the cloak.

THE INSPIRATION CLUB

W. L. Keyser

Subject: The Inspiration Club.

Place: Spirit Land just outside the Gates of Paradise.

Characters: Cleopatra, Mahomet, Frederick William I of Prussia, a Poet, Spirit of '18, Spirits of Bartenders.

CLEOPATRA: Glass of wine, bartender. My body and mind are as weary as a flapper's mouth chewing gum.... Why, Mahomet, how are you? Come sit on this rock. The most comfortable that I can offer. No more silken couches! If I could only die, but I must endure this forever.

MAHOMET: Don't mourn, my dear Cleo. Be resigned to your fate. But I am contented; for have I not escaped from my six wives? No more pecked by a hen, as they would say nowadays.

CLEO: Here comes Fred and the Poet. For the love of mud, don't get the Poet started. —Why how do you do, friend spirits? Sit down on the stones over there. Bartender, more wine please.

MAHOMET: Spirits for spirits, eh, Cleo?

POET: I'm glad to see you, Cleo dear, If you don't mind I'll sit quite near.

CLEO: Never mind, Poet, I believe you will find the seat where you are sitting, the most comfortable.

MAHOMET: Soft seats for soft heads, eh, Cleo?

FREDERICK: We met the Spirit of '18 a little way back. As you all know he doesn't float easily when he's tipsy. —Here he flutters now.

CHORUS: Welcome back to Spirit Land, '18.

'18: H-h-hello folks, on which of these two stones shall I sit?

MAHOMET: There's only one stone. I think you will be safe, if you sit on the empty space between the stones.

POET: You sticks, you stones, you worse than senseless things,—

FREDERICK: Rave on later, Poet, but we must start our meeting before it gets so light that we can't see each other.

CLEO: Meeting come to order! As has been the custom for the last two thousand years, the Inspiration Club has met regularly to discuss experiences. As you all know, you remain members as long as you live up to the ideals of the club. Let us hear of Mahomet's experiences first.

MAHOMET: Friend spirits, and you Poet, I have inspired the greatest invention of the age.

CLEO: Good for you, Hom.

MAHOMET: It's what you call a Ouija board.

FRED: A we what?

MAHOMET: A— — Ouija — — board. Foolish people think spirits are telling them fortunes when they shove a little table over this board. No spirits come, of course; I use them for other purposes.

CLEO: This suspense is terrific!

MAHOMET: And I have inspired the creation of an entirely new religion—spiritualism.

'18: Spirits always sounded interesting to me.

MAHOMET: I have hired a billion spirits to help me on this. So we have been busy invading spiritual meetings on earth. Thus I have built up an army of workers greater than, than—.

FRED: That of Hugo Stinnes, by jinx.

MAHOMET: I have worked so hard that I think I will retire. Hardly any more religions can now be invented. That's all.

CHORUS: Fine! Hom, you shall be an honorary member.

CLEO: We will now hear from Frederick.

FRED: Friends and foe, I have just finished that great deed I started fifty years ago. In the last ten years, I have inspired the greatest war in the history of the world.

CLEO: Ah, marvelous!

POET: I am by far, adverse to war.

FRED: There's a creature I used on earth to create all this disturbance —the Kaiser.

MAHOMET: Better not let Caesar know this, Fred.

FRED: Through him almost all nations waged war. But I must confess that my strength was not great enough to continue it.

MAHOMET: In other words you could not stop them stopping it?

FRED: I'm through and exhausted.

CLEO: Well, Fred, you certainly honored yourself. Poet, what have you got to say?

POET: Before I proceed, Friends, I beg of you to listen to my newest creation.

CLEO: Sounds like styles.

MAHOMET: Make it snappy.

POET: Nothing more wonderful than the season of spring, When hilarious birds take to the wing.

FRED: The cow's in the pasture doing the highland fling.

MAHOMET: About to be a wedding but forgot the ring. Be quiet on trash and go on with your experience.

CLEO: Silence! Poet, will you please relate your experiences on earth?

POET: But my masterpiece!

CLEO: Don't delay the meeting.

POET: Well, you know there's thousands and thousands of poets on earth. I died because I was a poet; so I have made it a point to inspire other poets. As a result there are thousands and thousands and thousands of poets in the Land of Spirits. Starvation is the cause, I guess; though in some cases it was actual murder.—I have finished.

CLEO: Truly a good report, Poet.

MAHOMET: Never thought it of you.

FRED: You might become famous if you cut out poetry.

CLEO: We have the Spirit of '18 yet to hear from. (I think he's sober by this time)

'18: Fellow ghosts, my labor has been comparatively recent. Since prohibition came into effect on earth, there has been constant war between prohibition agents and bootleggers.

MAHOMET: Legs with boots on? What sort of creatures could they be?

'18: They are ordinary people, Hom; but they violate the law by manufacturing and selling intoxicating drinks.

MAHOMET: I'm glad I don't live on earth. More wine, bartender.

'18: Well, by my inspiration, kegs of people have been arrested for bootlegging.

CLEO: Such odd expressions.

POET: Ah, my heart is filled with joy, To hear such grand words from the boy.

'18: As an incident, a million people have come to Spirit Land as a result of drinking my inspired home brew.

FRED: What's home brew?

'18: Wood alcohol and the like.

FRED: Oh!

CLEO: Your deeds have been excellent, '18.

MAHOMET: Let's hear from you, Cleo.

CLEO: Well, I can say that I am dead tired.

MAHOMET: Tired of being dead, you mean.

CLEO: Something like that, Hom. Through my inspiration the flapper has been created.

FRED: What kind of a fish is that?

CLEO: A poor fish or rather a fickle female. As you know, my employees have been busy in Paris and lately in New York, changing styles and changing styles. This newest creation—worn by the flapper—is the most complete change and the most uniform style that I have ever created.

MAHOMET: A uniform uniform?

CLEO: Not many people have come to Spirit Land as a result of it, but I can vouch that flappers have sent hordes of people to the insane asylum—fathers who pay the bills especially.

'18: Good for you, Cleo.

Cleo: If we only could get into Paradise!

'18: I tell you what I'll do. Listen to this. As I am a crack safe-breaker, I will break the lock on the golden gates.

MAHOMET: If that language means open the doors, go to it.

(Five minutes later)

CLEO: Heavens, I have about a peck of golden screws and other funny looking things.

FRED: Don't drop them so heavily on the stones or the caretaker of the gates will be aroused.

'18: Now all I have to do is pull the door open. Mother, are you there! Elsie! I'm coming!

POET: Oh, at last, The excitement's past!

CHORUS: Oh! Horrors! Help! We are doomed! Only a bottomless pit and sulphur fumes.

THE YELLOW LETTER

Susanna H. Plummer

It was six A. M. and Dan had not arrived. Marion stamped the dust from her shoes and unlocked the door. The air was stuffy. She raised the windows and threw open the shutters: then she dusted the long counters, the show cases, the neat rows of canned stuff and the bolts of dry goods. After she had straightened a rack of brooms in front of the bargain table she walked to the rear of the grocery. She removed her hat, tied the sash of her checked gingham and stood before the mirror to arrange her light, curly hair. Day after day the little brown mirror reflected back the same bright face with its pleasing smile and deep, blue eyes.

She walked up to the front of the store back of the little Post Office booth and began to sort the letters for the early morning stage. She tied them up into the usual packages, counted the postage and stood looking down the street. She wondered why Dan had not come. Surely she had said nothing the night before to hurt his feelings and keep him away. She thought it all over. Long after the store had closed she had heard his whistle at the corner and she had called from the porch her usual: "Coming" and they had strolled down by the lake. There was something about the lake and the moonlight that had brought her an unusual touch of the romantic and it certainly must have affected Dan in the same way.

"It doesn't seem possible," she had said, "that I've known you for a whole year."

"It has been the most wonderful year of my life," he had replied solemnly.

"Of mine, too," Marion had whispered, but he must have heard her.

And Dan had asked her about her life and she had told him how she had gone away to Hearthward School one year to take up art. Her stay had been short for her father needed her in the store and she had given up her sketches. And then she had said:

"Now, Dan, tell me about yourself. I've learned that you went to some college—but I didn't think they offered courses in 'The Art of Tramping'."

She had laughed but she could not remember that he had joined in with her.

He had replied solemnly, "I only wish that to the world my record were as clear as yours." Then he had suggested that it was time to go back.

As Marion thought, she discovered that she really knew nothing of Dan's past except that he had been to college for more than three years and his past was something he refused to talk about. Try as she might she could not puzzle out his last remark.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a customer who had entered. "Is there any mail?" asked the voice through the grating of the little Post Office booth. It was Mrs. Mowers.

"I'm sorry," said Marion sweetly, "but the stage hasn't come in yet." She sighed. Mrs. Mowers would talk an hour no doubt. But the next question Mrs. Mowers asked, startled her.

"Where's Danny this morning, has he 'flooed the coop'?"

"I really don't know, Mrs. Mowers," Marion faltered. "I thought he—I thought he—might be sick."

"No, I know he ain't sick," Mrs. Mowers shook her head, "I couldn't sleep a wink last night it was so hot and at three this morning I saw him goin' toward the Junction. Guess I'll go see Miz Sutton, see if his things is gone." And she bustled out of the store.

She left Marion in a stupor. Marion had never tried to imagine a time when Dan would not be there. With her father ill now, what would become of the store? After all Mrs. Mowers was an old gossip, perhaps it wasn't true. She tried to arrange the candy in the case—anything, but something drew her back to the show window where she had a good view of the street where Danny boarded. The early morning recalled that hot July day a year ago when he had come tramping into the store and had asked her father for a job. From the beginning she had been attracted to his brown eyes and shiny brown hair. Why her father had hired him she did not know, he was so set against tramps. Perhaps Dan's smile had done it and the frank way he had said, "Yes, I am a tramp, Mr. Allen, but I'm an honest one." It was lucky he had hired him for now during her father's illness Dan kept all accounts, laid in supplies, figured out the prices, swept the porch and shined the windows. He did everything. She had come this morning at her usual time but no Dan had been there to open the store, dust the counters and show case and more than that there had been no one there to give a cheery: "Good morning, Miss Marion."

Someone was tapping on the grating: "Good morning, is there any mail?" Mrs. Lounsberry wanted a loaf of bread for her husband's lunch. She left in a hurry and Marion was alone again.

She put the tied-up letters in the mail bag and set it by the door in readiness for the stage. Then she cleared off the desk preparatory to sorting the mail which should soon arrive. She picked up two letters which had remained a week unclaimed and stuck them in the unclaimed box to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. As she reached up and stuck them in the pigeonhole another letter fell out, yellowed and crumpled. She picked it up and looked at it. It was addressed to Mr. Philip Martin, Rock Springs, New York and in the corner was stamped: "Missent to Rockville, New York." Her father had forgotten to forward the letter. She trembled a little when she read the return address:

Dean's Office, White Hill University,
White Hill, New York.

She knew that university for it wasn't far from Hearthward School. The letter was dated April 27, 1912, just ten years ago. Martin—that was Daniel's last name—But Philip Martin—the name was familiar, she had seen it before. Perhaps she had met him at White Hill for she had visited there once. There, she had it! She looked again at the letter and there came to her mind the image of an article that she had read on her visit to White Hill. It was an article in the "White Hill Bulletin" which stated that Philip Martin, a popular, conscientious student, had, for some unknown reason, left college three months prior to his graduation. He had received summons to appear at the Dean's office and had suddenly disappeared. The University had regretted the loss of one of its most popular men and although telegrams had failed to reach him, it hoped he had met with no misfortune. Marion recalled the article well.

She laid the letter down. Jimmy Thompson on his tiptoes was asking for the mail.

At that moment the stage arrived and with the stage came, to her surprise, Dan. He came bounding up the steps and with a cheery "Good morning, Miss Marion" he grabbed the mail bag at the door and returned from the stage carrying the full one. He came back of the counter to dump the mail on the Post Office desk for her. A smile spread over his face at the sight of her and then he said solemnly: "I'm sorry, partner, that I didn't get here on time but the Junction was a little farther than I expected."

"You certainly had early morning business at the Junction," she said with a questioning look, "it must have been important."

"It was—very," he said looking down at her," and it will be more important."

"I don't quite understand, please explain," she said but she suddenly felt radiantly happy.

He only laughed but as his eye fell upon the crumpled letter his face grew stern and white and his hands clenched.

"Where did this come from," he asked hoarsely.

"I found it—in that dirty pigeonhole. Isn't it a shame," said Marion, "but Daddy must have forgotten to forward it."

Dan turned and walked slowly to the rear of the store and Marion noticed that he had taken the letter with him. The last name was the same—but what could that matter to Dan? She knitted her brows and waited. She started back to him but stopped. If it were any real trouble he would tell her she felt sure. It seemed ages until she heard him coming.

Dan with his smile and bright brown eyes came running back of the counter to where she stood. He grabbed her and set her in the midst of the mail on the Post Office desk. He held the crumpled letter before her face.

"Do you know what this means? Here, read this," but before she had time he went on excitedly: "The Dean didn't send for me to expel me for cribbing in that Physics final —he didn't. He sent for me to increase my scholarship. And the worry and gray hairs I've gotten in these ten years. Marion, do you realize that to the world my record is clean? And now I've been given a chance to make it clean to myself. Marion, you will help me, won't you? And sweetheart, there's one thing more—."

He searched his pockets and drew out a license slip issued from the Junction office which was signed: Philip Daniel Martin.

Marion was too happy to speak but she looked up with trusting blue eyes into his questioning brown ones and said:

"You have made it clear, Dan, to me."

There was a tapping on the Post Office grating.

"Is there any mail for me? Mrs. Mowers had returned.

FEELINGS OF A FRESHMAN

Vincent F. Lupco, '26

This article is to be read only by one who now is or who has been the possessor of that terrible title "Only a Freshman." The first impression he gets of college is of such a nature that it plunges him into all sorts of difficulties at once.

When given a catalogue and told that all courses are specifically defined within its pages, note the blank look of distress written upon his countenance. To think that he will have to delve through a mass of information in order to tell the college what subjects he will take! Why, it is ridiculous! It was never done in high school and the high school was a wonderful place indeed. He had little to say in high school regarding the nature of the work to be done. But here in college how they do confuse things!

Who ever heard of cuts from classes and such fuss resulting therefrom? Of course, the alarm clock does fail to ring some mornings and it is not his fault that he misses class.

At home it was the custom to speak only to persons with whom he was acquainted or to whom he was introduced. At college some one composed a rule which tells him he must speak to every one he meets. Feeling that this custom was observed by freshmen in former years, he tries hard to be sociable and obedient to college rules. He proceeds to carry out his intention. When he meets the first upperclassman, he demonstrates his obedience and respect. The greeting, however, is one sided. The upperclassman, probably in a hurry to class, overlooks or forgets the customary reply. Again poor freshy is on the rocks, his head swimming in a maze. "I give up," says he.

At home he considered himself a typical Romeo with the girls. He could make a date at any old time or place he pleased. Trying the same stunt at college he is confronted by the stern commandment: "No fussing!" Well, of all heights of folly! Surely there is no harm in walking with a girl—and to be forbidden! Evidently the originators of this rule never went fussing. College life isn't worth a straw in a fire if he cannot enjoy the company of one of the fair sex and display to her how he can dance or how he saved a girl's life at Lake Como and was rewarded for it. His accomplishments and experiences must be told to the girls, but how, if he is forbidden to talk with them?

He is told that it is a great honor and convenience to become a fraternity brother: that there is a closer bond of friendship among fraternity men, and more pleasure and enjoyment in store for him during the Four Long Years. Before he has had time to make inquiries he has been spotted and halted between classes and invited to "the House" for supper. What a thrill he experiences! It seems at though he has been rescued from the jaws of danger. Some one has looked him over and found him eligible, and he swells with pride when congratulated on becoming a pledge.

But alas! Indescribable feelings of loneliness seize him. He has developed symptoms of the most direful of all maladies: that malady which robs one of all zest for lessons, all enjoyment for athletics, and which leaves a shipwrecked body without a pilot. One word alone can describe such a feeling—HOMESICKNESS. He must draw in his sails and expect an internal storm of emotions when that feeling approaches. As far as he is concerned, there are no squirrels on the campus: no Semite has worn her new dress today for the first time to have him admire it. Every train entering or leaving town prompts him to turn his steps homeward. Lessons and girls sink into insignificance. The homing instinct is overpowering and requires a master will to keep it in check.

But why spend all this time over miseries which are of short duration! Confinement to rules continues but a year. June sounds the death knell of all mental torture for the freshman. Christmas vacation draws near and he brightens up at once. Gradually the thunder-storm leaves his system and a clear ray of sunshine enters his soul as he thinks of what Christmas will mean to him. It will mean true happiness —home and the folks again.

PROFESSOR ANSBY'S EXPERIMENT

Betty Cooper

The night air was cold and chilly. I shivered partly because the dampness had begun to penetrate my threadbare clothes but mostly from fear of the thing which I was about to do. The stars above were hiding in a cloud of mist and rain and the whole bleak landscape mirrored the darkness that was within me.

Once more I looked down at the dim grey water. A hundred mocking thoughts swept through my mind, of my bitter failures as a writer, and of Clara. I might have known that she could never care for a poor, moth-eaten old codger like me. But for her to elope with a travelling salesman! Well, perhaps when I was gone, she would feel sorry. Tears of self-pity rose in my eyes and once more I gazed nervously downward. I wondered whether the water would be cold and how soon they would find my body. Well, no matter, it would soon be over!

I took a hasty step forward and instinctively closed my eyes. Suddenly I felt a clutch on my shoulder and turned around in amazement and fear to see a queer looking little man standing beside me. He was dressed in an antique manner and looked like a relic of olden days. His piercing dark eyes regarded me curiously.

"My, my!" he exclaimed, jabbing his cane excitedly on the wooden boards of the bridge, "don't you know that it is wasteful to commit suicide when science can use you so well?"

I mumbled something in reply and tried to extract myself from his grasp but he was stronger than I had anticipated.

"There, there now," he said soothingly, "there, put on my overcoat and come with me."

"But what do you want me for," I asked feebly. "Here, let me go!" I cried suddenly as I saw that he was leading me gently but firmly toward a waiting taxi.

It was too late, however. Before I could collect my dazed senses I found myself seated comfortably inside with my odd rescuer beaming upon me from his seat opposite.

"Now my dear man," he said, "do not think that I am going to deprive you of your right to die. Instead, I am going to let you die in a new way."

He finished and rubbed his hands briskly together. There was a certain, kind gleam in his eyes that reassured me a trifle. After all, why not die his way? He had rescued me from the murky river. I was rightfully his. He did not look crazy yet he certainly was odd. Perhaps I could write a story about him some day.

But no! The realization swept over me. I was going to die. I wanted to die!

"Just how is your way of dying?" I asked.

"Never mind, never mind," he answered. "When we get home I will explain everything. At present assure yourself that I will not hurt you in any way. "

The rest of the drive was in comparative silence. At last the car stopped and my rescuer stepped out.

After a moment's hesitation I followed.

It was quite dark but I dimly perceived that I was in the country, though where, I could not tell. In front of me lay a grey stone mansion, dark and forbidding looking. Not a light shone in the windows and on all the dreary monotonous landscape there was not one single friendly gleam. A wave of fear and premonition swept over me. My guide had run up the stairs and was waiting for me, so I reluctantly followed.

He pushed a button and the door swung noiselessly open, admitting us to a dimly lighted hall. Through it we passed to a dusty living room and on through that to an oddly shaped study in the rear of the house.

The other rooms had been grey and cobwebby. This was a surprise. A multitude of shelves were placed along the walls and on them were bottles of all shapes and sizes filled with various bloodcurdling articles. A great many instruments, scientific I supposed, adorned the room. In one corner near an open fireplace was stretched a couch, and close by stood a table, covered with magazines and glasses.

My guide pointed to the lounge.

"You can rest there," he said, "until I get you ready."

With that he hustled around from one shelf to another, peering anxiously into this glass and that until he had collected what he sought. Then he worked busily among his apparatus for a few moments. At last everything seemed done. He looked at the temperature of the room. Evidently it was not right for he immediately made a fire in the grate.

I had been watching his preparations with some misgivings. It was too late to back out now, and furthermore, I had no desire to. But I will admit that I felt a few tremors pass through me as he came forward.

In his hand was a small wine glass filled with a clear sparkling liquid. He put it on the table carefully, as though afraid of wasting a single drop. Then he turned to me.

"I am Professor Ansby," he said. "Have you never heard of my experiments?"

I replied that I had not.

"Well," he answered, "as you are going to give your life to science, it will only be fair for me to explain just what I intend to do. As you can never repeat these things, I can tell you secrets which no one else will ever know."

The significance of those last words filled me with a creeping and unknown fear. I looked at the liquid which seemed possessed with a thousand ruby colored eyes that winked and blinked at me. Moreover, the temperature of the room was getting oppressive and I was beginning to feel drowsy. Horrors! Perhaps the experiment had begun already and I was in the first stages of death. Not that I cared. Oh, no! I wanted to die. But somehow the thoughts of Clara and my returned manuscripts seemed far distant and I had a mad desire to live that I might write out my strange adventures.

Professor Ansby broke in on my thoughts. "It will take at least fifteen minutes before yonder liquid is ready to drink, so there is lots of time."

Lots of time! Fifteen minutes between me and eternity!

"For the last thirty years," continued the professor, "I have studied deeply all the mysteries of science and medicine. In yonder goblet lies the solution to one of my problems."

My eyes turned hypnotically to the liquid. Now it was all aglow like a great yellow eye that stared at me unblinkingly.

"What is the solution?" I cried nervously. "What are you going to do?"

"Shortly," answered the scientist, "you will know. But first, tell me about yourself."

I told him about my struggles and of Clara, but even as I spoke my words seemed unreal and the visions which rose up before me were like phantoms.

Suddenly Professor Ansby arose and looked at his watch. "You will have to remove your clothes and wrap yourself in this," he said. With that he handed me a cold white sheet!

Hesitatingly I obeyed him. When I had attired myself in the clammy folds of the sheet, the scientist took my discarded clothes and silently left the room. With my clothes went my last hope of escape. What? Had I been thinking of escape? How queer when I wanted to die! But as I stood there each creak of the boards, every sound, filled me with nervous fear! It was getting warmer and the drowsy feeling began to overcome me. I sank on the couch feeling like a cross between an angel and one of those dead things in the morgue.

Suddenly I heard footsteps and it aroused me from my lethargy. For there were two pair! I sprang to my feet as the door opened and Professor Ansby walked in. Then in embarrassment and mortification I stopped short. Behind the professor stood a young and pretty girl, with great blue eyes and—.

"This is my daughter," said the scientist practically. "She always helps with my experiments."

The ignominy of my position rushed over me. Oh for the slimy river, if only I could have been buried far out of sight in it! I took a hasty step and the sheet maliciously twisted about me and I fell. Like a dying gladiator I lay there. I could feel the disdainful look which the girl must be giving me. My cheeks were burning. Then the professor shook me.

"It is time!" he said, "the goblet is ready." Then he looked me piercingly in the eyes and said slowly, "Do you want to drink?"

I realized he was giving me a chance. Did I want to die like a rat? Were my hardships so great? What a story I could write, and there were other girls—.

"No!" I said with quivering lips, "No!"

A smile of triumph flitted across the professor's face.

"My experiment is finished already," he said.

"What is that?" I asked feebly.

"That," said the scientist, "is telling a secret which you might live to tell. My daughter has gone to get you some fresh clothes. I think you will make a good laboratory assistant for me."

"What is in the goblet?" I asked anxiously.

"That, too, is telling," said Professor Ansby and he poured the sparkling liquid on the fire.

STREET CORNER AT LATE EVENING

It is night. The tall kindly shadows
Are gently casting a twilight sort of gleam,
Which is variously reflected
By the arc light of the deserted city corner.
I sit idly beside my dormer window, musing.
The window is open
And the smooth evening winds
Touch my forehead
As the hand of a friend might caress.
I look out over the wan street corner
And find that it is gray.
It seems to doze and is wakened only occasionally
By the hurrying steps of a man who is going home
To greet his wife with a belated kiss
And a half-sincere regret that he was late,
Or by the checkered steps of a drunken man
Who tells himself in an erring and indistinct voice
What a fool he has been,
Or by the singing whir of a taxi
Dashing over the placid cobbles
Holding a couple within who are holding each other,
Oblivious of the city, the world, and all——
But I look out over the wan street corner
And find that it is gray.

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Distinctive Stationery.......

Engraved Visiting Cards

Baker's Pharmacy

Mixed Proposals

(Continued from page 45)

JUDD: (After a minute) Would you listen?

RANDOLPH: Ye—es. I'd listen.

JUDD: And what would your answer be?

RANDOLPH: What did—Aunt Lizzie say?

JUDD: Do you mean it, Rannie dear? Will you be my wife?

RANDOLPH: Yes, Bob.

(He takes her in his arms)

MAUPIN: (To Miss Lizzie) I—I rawther think we—eh—aren't needed here!

MISS LIZZIE: No, I—I guess not.

(Exit Miss Lizzie and Maupin.)

CURTAIN

* * *

Stars

(Continued from page 57)

would be surprised at the popular conception of what their greatness consists in and of what methods they pursued in becoming artists in their chosen fields. Who thinks of Andrew Carnegie as a dispatcher of telegrams? Yet, such was his occupation at one time. Who thinks of Pola Negri as a serf of Russia? Yet, not so very long ago this dazzling creature was more familiar with the soil than the silver screen. Consequently, when we choose a star to follow, we should study his character—not his achievements, his aims—not his eccentricities. Achievement will follow the untiring efforts which are directed by the right aims.

Ambition yearns to achieve, and ambition is a good thing when it does not use any but honorable means to reach its goal. What has this to do with stars? Let us see. In every star's heart the gods have placed a minute grain of ambition—ambition which made them unconquerable. Man's favorites have not always been the choice of the gods, but the truly great men and women of the world providence has given places in the sun *the sun of immortal fame*. This sun of the gods glows with the brilliancy of thousands of once-earthly stars, and when the clouds of pretense are brushed aside its piercing rays cause the lesser aspirants to vanish like the pale constellations at dawn.

After all of these painful words (to our readers), we hope that the gods have forgiven us, since we have endeavored to do our duty in respect to the stars. In closing this harangue, however, we wish to have it understood that we also have our favorite stars and their names are not found in astronomical text-books. Moreover, if you ever seek inspiration by gazing at the stars, beware of the moonshine. The moonshine of today is reported to be much more fatal than that of the time of the learned Socrates. If you do not believe it, read this article over once again and you will.

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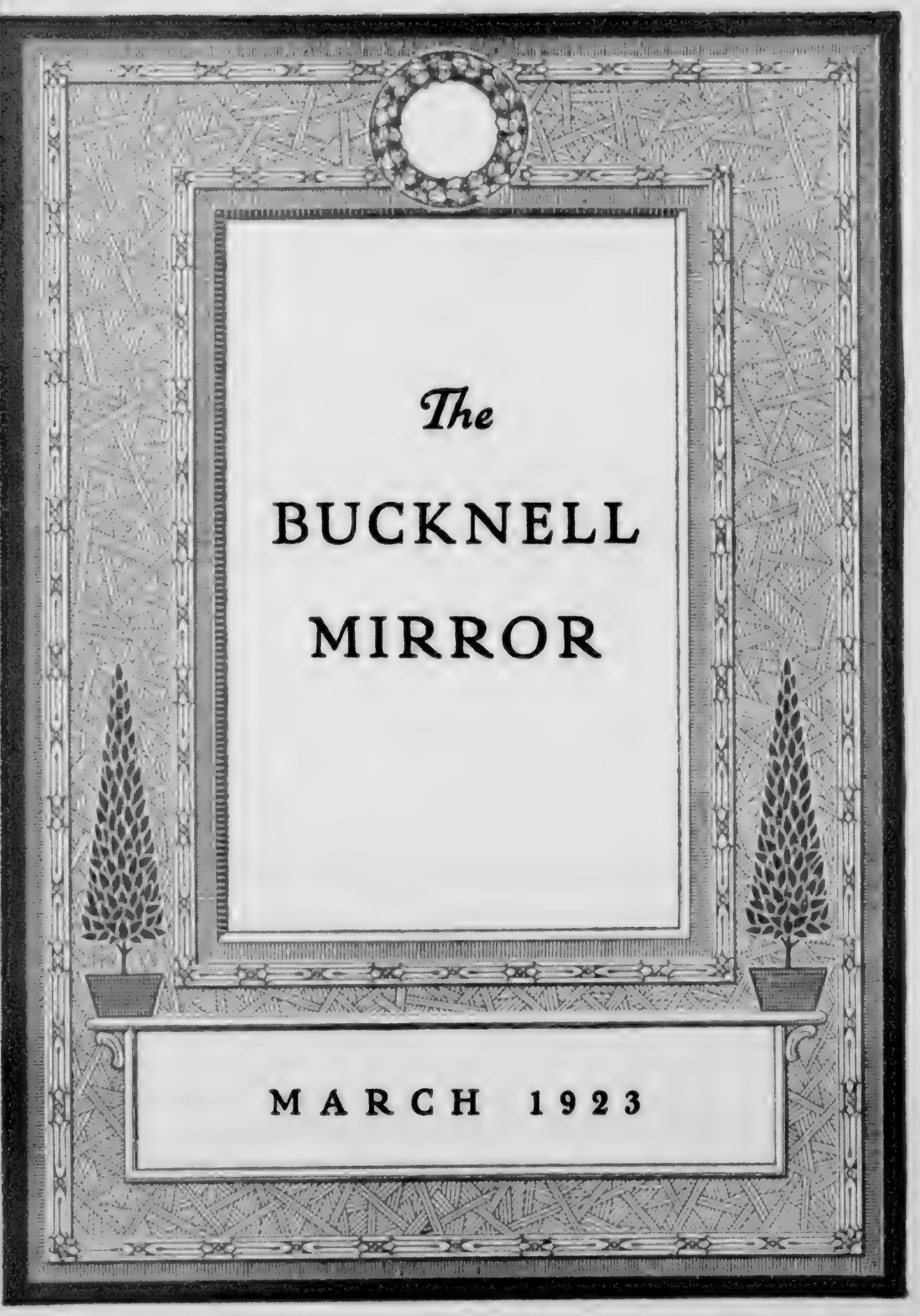

The BUCKNELL MIRROR

MARCH 1923

The Bucknell Mirror

"Vita sine literis mors est."

Vol. XXVII Lewisburg, Pa., March, 1923 No. 3

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Issued five times during the college year, in October, December, February, April and June. Entered as second class matter March 10, 1922, at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 9, 1922. Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the business manager.

EDITORIAL

* * * *

THE OTHER MAN'S PROBLEMS

Of all rare types of humanity, none is less common than the man who can look on all sides of a question in an unbiased manner. We are creatures of prejudice from our earliest years. Few parents are big enough to reveal to their children the truth that every question, whether great or small, ought to be approached from every angle. By the time we are ready for college, prejudice has such a firm grip upon our very being that few of us are able to shake it off. But when one lives with us who has accomplished this gigantic feat, we cannot fail to esteem him.

Such a man was Dean Phillips. No one will ever know the volume of problems which confronted him in the Deanship. His position was not a popular one. He acted as mediator between members of the faculty, between professor and student, between alumni and the institution, between the administration and the student body. Students brought their problems to him with the confidence that he would weigh them sympathetically. Professors discussed their differences before him, knowing that his understanding heart would get at the principles underlying their difficulties. No matter what the issue, Dean Phillips aimed to view it in its right proportion. He put himself in the other man's place, visualizing the situation as the other man saw it.

The secret of his success lay in his reverent love for humanity and his clear thinking. He sensed the situation, put himself into it, and then thought out the remedy. The problems of others weighed heavily upon him: he passed many a weary, sleepless night solving the other fellow's difficulties.

Today he is no longer with us. His work is finished; ours continues. Faculty and students alike feel a keen sense of personal loss. One priceless thing, however, is left to us—a fond memory of a sacrificial life that wore itself out in its prime, solving other people's problems.

* * * *

INTERDEPENDENCE

Sometimes we glory in the excellence of our own civilization. At other times we adopt a more pessimistic attitude and we bewail the cruelty which modern men show to each other. In truth, it seems as if mankind's march has been an advance into the realms of inhumanity. Our pessimistic beliefs are somewhat supported when we place our present day civilization under the microscope of careful reasoning.

Julius Caesar at one time increased his popularity by furnishing, at his own expense, fifteen hundred gladiators for the amusement of the masses who crowded the "Circus Maximus." We shudder at the cruelty which expressed itself in the delight men obtained in seeing their fellow-men dispatch each other with the sword. Yet, today, immediately after a great world conflagration we fail to observe that we are merely applying the same principle as the Romans. Instead of gladiatorial entertainments we kill men now for national glory or domination. Of what use are those wonderful peace-makers, the dreadnoughts and submarines? Are we congenitally better than the Romans because we kill differently?

Someone once said that time stands still and men move on. This seems to be true, but it is a question, sometimes, toward what goal men move. As the vanguard of humanity moves on over the mountains of war and desolation and on through the valleys of peace and achievement, who pays the price its progress demands? Biologists tell us that the strong consume the weak. Consequently the weak are the ones sacrificed along the paths of human progress. All existing evidence points to this fact and substantiates this biological theory.

At different stages in the history of the world the domination of the strong has been more or less universally accepted. The principle remains the same even today. The only difference which progress has made is the change in the meaning of the word "strong." It is true man no longer rules by his physical prowess; it is rather the cunning of his brain that surrounds him with power. Science creates death-dealing devices in greater numbers than it produces life-giving and life-saving contrivances.

As we review the travelogue of the nations we see two forces at work among the marchers—good contesting with evil. Good, directing men's hearts in the pathway of self-sacrifice and helpful service; evil, demanding the right of way and placing the greatest emphasis on a spirit of independence which tramples everything beneath its cruel indifference as it madly hastens on.

Individuals not only practiced this principle of independence but nations reflected the results of its teaching. War followed war; the strong lived on the weak. Finally there came the recent spectacular demonstration of this spirit of cruel independence. In August, 1914, a great grey thing of steel marched ruthlessly into the little country of Belgium. The strong had decided to consume the weak in order to establish a state of independence which would give to one nation enough power to seize civilization by the throat and for all time regulate its advance. Fortunately this heroic little nation so valiantly clogged the jaws of the monster which was attempting to devour it that the rest of the world was able to rally in defense of the better things of modern civilization. This great world conflict is the reflection of the individual viewpoints of mankind. Evil, dark and cruel, has been too inherent in the realm of physical life from its beginning till now to be either minimized or denied. Of course we hope that man will outgrow this evil but hoping does not solve the problem. In fact, as we glance back upon historical milestones and notice the futility and selfishness and retrogression expressed in those last few markers, the recent peace conferences, we are inclined to be discouraged. Is there any solution to the problem which, when once solved, will bring permanent peace and prosperity to the ranks of the earthly pilgrims?

We do not say that we have the solution to the problem. However taking the course of events as they have been and accepting the facts as they are we have come to a few conclusions. To lessen the dissatisfaction among the ranks of men we think that the principle of interdependence instead of dependence should be practiced, for interdependence is the law of life. America seems to be the chosen place for the practice of this spirit of interdependence. Within the limits of these United States the races of the world are intermingled in a way which is beneficial to each and everyone; cooperation extending throughout the various walks of life. Just as America has been the great melting-pot for the peoples of the world, so we hope she will be the strongest agency for bringing a lasting peace to a war-torn world. This end may be reached by amplifying the fundamental theory of interdependence as it is actually practiced in our own country.

If the peoples of the world are able to be convinced by the example America has set, the nations will soon realize that by cooperation among themselves and not by the destruction of the weaker ones of their number they will obtain the greatest and most extensive benefits the world has to offer.

We might suppose that it is because of the resources of America that she occupies the premier place in controlling the affairs of the nations. In truth, her immense stores of natural wealth have affected the situation to a great extent. However, this great accumulation of wealth would only result in a complex congestion if it were not for the principle of interdependence.

America is not able to supply rations to all humanity as it marches on, but it is able to teach mankind that the human species must cooperate if it wishes to exist in its most prosperous state. This statement scarcely needs explanation when we realize that the great majority of our race has a sore time finding enough to eat since only one-fourteenth of the earth's surface is fit for cultivation. It is amusing when we see the printed statements of some swallowed-tailed diplomat at one of our recent peace conferences. They tell us in their broad flight of fancy that if they had the making of this earth, they would have put Greenland where it would grow bananas and had the Antarctic Continent full of happy folk who would not have to work when they only needed to put forth their hands and pluck breadfruit.

Statements like these are entertaining but they can scarcely be called progressive, especially when we note that the only strong human races of history were first born in deserts, and they tend to degenerate when they move into more "favored regions." At such a time in the history of the world we are glad that American statesmen realize the full significance of this statement and that Americans believe that this absurd earth is as good a place for man as he deserves. Moreover, it should be the earnest prayer of every marcher in the vanguard of humanity that America may always occupy the leading place and that our American banner may forever keep on advancing from one pinnacle to still other higher pinnacles of progress through the power of its resplendent spirit of interdependence.

G. B. Y.

* * * *

One of the most fitting tributes to the late Dean Phillips, is the following, by A. Herbert Haslam:

THE DEAN

The last soft notes are blown upon the silver trumpet of life's song and we wait within the silence for the echo of those fading tones......to know that these were but the echo of the Great Conductor's Symphony of Life.

We heard at first and gladly gave ourselves over to the charm....to wonderingly follow the beauty of the theme as it grew in volume and swept along in intricacies of movement till we felt the ecstasy of life's high plane slipping from us in a mellowing close.

Silently the artists pick up their instruments and encase them lovingly within soft folds, and one by one, amid the darkened playhouse move silently behind the scenes and are gone. Only the great dark hall remains there with empty seats and aisles that cry for footfalls.

Memory alone can fill the chair with life that leans expectantly with bated breath and eager eyes........memory that feels the beauty of the life song now closed forever, and hears the music throbbing in the far corners of his saddened hall....and knows that the inspiration of the music has found its home.

HISTORY AND ENVIRONMENT

One may say that his environment is what lies immediately around him. If he be in a room, for instance, we might say that the things about him—the tables, the chairs, pictures, etc.—are his environment. But are they, really? Should not his environment be more properly considered only that which he notices? The other things are there, but if he has his attention directed towards a picture, for instance, that is his real environment for the time being. So it is with our place in life. That which we have our attention directed to in life is our environment. The other things are there but unnoticed. If we know only local affairs we have a local environment... If we have our interest directed to world affairs we have a world environment. If we see, in the mind's eye, what is occurring in the Near East, we have our environment extended in that direction. If we become acquainted with what passes in a conference of the world's diplomats, we have our environment extended in another direction. Thus we extend our environment by current history.

But environment is widened not only by current history, but by all history: ancient, medieval, modern. We live by our own history. We will not put a finger in the fire because we know what happened in the past, but we will use the fire to cook with because we know what it has done before when so used. In somewhat the same way we understand by their history the institutions, the nations the affairs about us. We learn how the colonies along the Atlantic coast of North America grew into the United States. We learn how age-long rivalries of nations lead to wars. Only thus can we equip ourselves to take an intelligent part in influencing public sentiment. To understand, in part, Turkey's attitude in the Dardenelles controversy, we may study Mustapha Kemal's indictment of Western civilization. To understand how Germany went into the World War we may read what the German people thought about it.

Too few people care to go beyond their own town or state and find where the world is going. The world is dependent for its progress on each one of us, and no matter how infinitesimal the amount of that dependence may be, we can be active influences. Therefore we should become acquainted with the history, governmental traditions, and politics of our own country, as well as of others. In teaching of democracy, together with better understanding of our own nation and others, lies our hope of world peace and prosperity.

E. S. McH.

A WAGER FOR CHARITY

Richard T. Merwin

> SAY, BROTHER!
> Are you OUT OF A JOB and HUNGRY?
> THEN COME IN!
> From eight until nine o'clock we will serve you a good, square
> FREE MEAL!

This sign, blatantly displaying the charitableness to be found in the Empire Restaurant, held a prominent place in the window. As if to add a touch of human welcome to the large, black painting on the sign the proprietor's fat face, rolling in smiles of satisfaction, could be seen a few feet behind it.

He sat waiting attentively behind the cashier's counter, now and then smiling at the passersby. Brushing aside an unopened newspaper, he reached for a match on the cigar case. In speculation he watched a group of men forming on the sidewalk without. Across the street the lights from another restaurant disclosed the forms of men passing in and out. He frowned at the thought that his competitor was having more business tonight than usual and glanced impatiently at the clock over his head, but it was still a few minutes before eight.

The group of men became larger, more animated. It swelled until there were twenty onlookers or more. They crowded the side-walk; blocked the way of pedestrians. A policeman strolling along urged them aggressively to the curb.

"Jake," the Boss called, taking the cigar from his wide mouth, "it's eight o'clock now and there's a big crowd of men waiting. You'll have your hands full."

Jake, a heavily muscled, bulging fellow with a pugilist's jaw, came forward with a swagger. He leaned on the counter and surveyed the gathering men.

"Yep," he nodded, "sure will."

"Everything's ready for the rush, I hope." The boss chuckled, anticipating the successful outcome of his charity.

"Got two extra men workin' tonight. We'll handle 'em."

"That's fine. Remember no rough stuff goes. If they don't act pleasant you know what to do."

"Say. Just leave that to me," he boasted, swelling his big chest and grinning knowingly.

With an understanding smile the Boss glanced again at the group. They were talking among themselves quietly. None of them, however, had ventured to enter the restaurant.

The last customer paid for his meal and went out. A waiter cleared away the dishes hurriedly and in a corner two more men clad in white coats and aprons were conversing. One of them, catching a glimpse of the crowd, declared disgustedly:

"This idea of the Boss' bunk! What's the sense of turnin' this joint into a charity institute fer unemployed hoboes?"

"Search me. An' he thinks he's gonna do it every Saturday night the rest the month. Hope this is the first and last time he gives free meals."

"So do I. No tips an' yuh gotta work harder'n ever," Charlie grumbled, pulling a macerated toothpick from his mouth.

Up front the propietor was tossing uneasily in his chair. It was now eight-fifteen but as yet no one had come in. He wondered if they were thinking he had strings tied to his offer; the offer to serve them free meals.

Mentally, he recalled the conversation he had had with his brother-in-law two days ago. Right here in this chair he had sat facing the other who stood uneasily with his back turned for support against the cigar case. He had said:

"Gus, I've got a good idea. Next Saturday night I'll put a sign in the window announcing a free meal to every unemployed man. Yes, I'll do it every Saturday night for a month. Then you'll see what happens to my business."

"Well, what will happen?" Gus had asked.

"Why, it'll boost it. Make more customers for me. Because when these fellows get jobs they'll remember me and the good turn I did them when they were down and out by coming here regular. Get the idea?"

But his brother-in-law had smiled sardonically.

"Fine idea! Great! But it won't work. We've tried the same thing at the Organized Charities, though not from the same motive. They don't come."

"Why's that?" he had asked, surprised at the other's certainty.

"Most of them don't want charity. They want jobs. Still, we offer them free meals now and then. It gives some of the poor fellows a square meal."

"Charity or not, I bet they come."

"And I say they won't," Gus had asserted emphatically.

"Say, I'll bet you twenty-five dollars my plan will work. Yes, I'll have at least fifty men in here and fifty meals will be given away. Is it a go?"

Gus had hesitated, evidently thinking of something pleasurable. Then, nodding his head as though in agreement with his own thoughts he had accepted the wager, naming Jake as stakeholder.

The Boss reflected on that wager. Why, it was easy money. A hundred men would come in and his charity idea would be a great success. But a hundred men? Well, no. That would cost more than he wanted to expend on free meals. Still, he supposed he'd have to expect that. Anyway, the bet was almost certain. Yes, when he had won it, it would more than pay for the food given away. What a fool Gus was! He chuckled until he shook.

Suddenly the good humor left him. He regarded the clock.

"Jake. Come here. Guess they're afraid to come in. Perhaps they don't believe the sign in the window. Poor fellows, they must be hungry waiting."

"Yeah. Poor things! Starving with food in sight. If they haven't got brains enough to ." He stopped for the Boss was scowling.

In a few minutes he came back, his mouth gaping, surprise twisting his rugged features. He ran a large hand through his red hair and stood staring at the Boss.

"Well, what is it? Don't stand there like an actor."

"S-a-a-y. Those fellows ain't comin' in."

"W-h-a-t? What do you mean? Why not?"

"They're only spectators waitin' to see the bread-line fight for seats."

"Oh," the Boss felt relieved, "then there's a bread-line forming outside, eh? Why didn't you tell them to come in?"

"Nope. There ain't a trace of any."

"Humph!" The sound resembled the effect a blow would have on the corpulent contour of the Boss' belt line. Recovering slowly, he said with forced lightness:

"Oh, well, the hungry will come along soon. Maybe none of them have seen the sign yet. It's early."

"Oh, sure," Jake acquiesced readily.

The Boss started to say something but stopped. The manager, sensing a reprimand, thought it best to withdraw.

Minutes ticked quickly away. The proprietor's cigar went out. He lit another and surrounded himself with heavy smoke which increased the more he gave himself to uncertainty.

A thin man entered. His hair was long, unkempt about his ears, thick upon his neck. A growth of beard failed to conceal his lean, dirty visage. He looked about him furtively, curiously, as the crowd edged closer to the windows. Seeing the smiling face of the proprietor he evidently felt assured of fair treatment and sank into a chair where those looking on could not see him.

The Boss regarded the hungry-looking man kindly and smiled. At last a free customer had come in. More would come later, straggling in probably as this poor fellow had. He commenced to vision his future business when the men would patronize him regularly, out of gratitude, when they had secured employment. Here was suggestive evidence that his wager was certain and would materialize. At this pleasant thought his broad face rolled in smiles.

"Well, what is it, Jake?" he jerked, vexed at the interruption.

"Gee, that fellow must have been on a hunger-strike."

"Eats pretty hearty, eh?"

"Hearty? Say, you wanta see him gulp down the hash. I never seen a man so hungry. Now an' then he has to stop for breath an' looks around to see if anybody's watching him. I'd take him for a tramp. Looks pretty down an' out to me."

"Think he's a tramp, eh? Who is waiting on him?"

"Charlie."

"Send him here. We don't want any tramps to feed."

"Send who? Charlie?"

"Humph. Of course. He ought to know whether the fellow's stalling or not."

"You bet. You couldn't get him to feed a tramp. He thinks too much of tips."

"Well, he won't get tips from fellows not working. That's straight. Tell him to forget it for once. Call him here."

Charlie came forward quickly, seeming puzzled over something.

The Boss turned in his chair, his arm over the back of it.

"Jake says that fellow looks like a tramp." He mentioned toward the occupied table with his elbow. "What about it?"

"Sure he does, somewhat. Still, a lotta these guys outa jobs look the same way," Charlie said thoughtfully.

"Well, we can't be feeding tramps for nothing. Kick him out!"

Charlie started away uncertainly.

"Hold on! Come here! Leave him alone! Probably he isn't one and we don't want to make a mistake about it. Give him all he wants. So far he's our only customer and it's eight-thirty now. Thirty minutes more. Queer there isn't a roomful."

He spoke thoughtfully as if to himself.

For the second time Jake could not control his thoughts. He burst out impatiently:

"Well, if anybody passin' by hasn't got brains enough to come in and get a square meal for nothing, I say let him starve."

Curiously enough the Boss did not scowl this time. His head nodded slightly as if in agreement with his manager but he was thinking of the wager. Thirty minutes? There was yet plenty of time. He sat back in his chair, his thumbs in his vest pockets. He tried to appear at ease.

Charlie seemed moved to speech. Words came slowly as though he wanted to relate accurately something had puzzled him.

"That feller—," he began, pausing undecidedly and glancing at the Boss.

"What about him?" the proprietor snapped, looking at the deserted tables.

"Why he kinda acts uncomfortable like an' asks me what's the matter and how come he's the only one eating. He says, 'rotten business tonight, eh, brother?' "

"I tells him, 'no, not bad. We're expectin' a rush any minute.' "

"He seems surprised at bein' the first one in an' says, 'I'm lucky. Thought there'd be a mob afore I got here. Be a rush of hungry men soon then, eh?' "

"I says, 'sure will,' and leaves him."

"I don't blame him for feeling queer, eating alone as he is," the Boss admitted.

"Lemme get this straight. No charge fer eats till nine?" Charlie asked.

"Sure thing. That's what the sign in the window says, don't it? None of them gets a free meal after nine. I'm losing a lot of business tonight from my regular customers by not letting them in. Got a good mind to take out the card and try it some other night. That all?"

"Yeah," Charlie answered laconically and departed to minister to the gastric cravings of his man.

"Shall I take the card out?" Jake asked, anxiously waiting for an affirmative reply.

"No," the proprietor reconsidered. "leave it there."

The manager walked slowly away, shaking his head.

The proprietor sat thinking. The clock ticking above him sounded unusually loud. He grabbed the newspaper, disturbed by the steady sound, and tried to compose his thoughts by reading. He gave up and cast it on the floor, kicking it with his foot. He looked at it vacantly, seeing nothing in his preoccupied mood. Suddenly his eyes cleared. He stared at a head-line which held him with wondering interest.

"ORGANIZED CHARITIES TO FEED HUNDREDS OF UNEMPLOYED TONIGHT AT EIGHT-THIRTY. MANY WILL HAVE TO BE TURNED AWAY."

The match-tray on the cigar case crashed to the floor, knocked over by the force with which an enraged man can expend in hurling a torn and twisted newspaper. Heavily the Boss sank into his chair.

The telephone rang. It was Gus.

"Say," he said, "I think you're right about your charity idea. We've got such a crowd here we're unable to feed them all."

"You have, huh?" the Boss roared.

"Sure. How're you making out? Guess I lose that bet after all."

"Lose nothing! Say,"—he started indignantly.

Gus interrupted.

"W'-h-a-t? Is that right? Now that's too bad. Better tell Jake to have the money ready for me," he laughed.

The Boss let loose his anger.

"Hey," he yelled, "why didn't you tell me about the Organized Charities giving free meals tonight? What d'yuh mean by slipping one over on me like that?"

Gus did not answer. He had hung up and his laugh still sounded with insinuating meaning in the proprietor's ear.

The Boss fumed. He slammed the receiver on the hook, scowling into the transmitter. He slumped back in his chair, taking particular delight in inventing lurid and applicable names for his brother-in-law. Like a safety valve his imagination let loose his anger in one steady stream until it became exhausted.

He lit a cigar and pondered. Well, what of it? The many that they turned away would come rushing to him. He thought of the wager and laughed at his momentary fears.

"I'm just a little worked up," he reassured himself, "I'll win that bet yet."

The minutes ticked away.

His lone customer came toward the counter. The Boss stood up. He had fed one hungry man thus far and he'd send him away with a smile, a few hearty words of encouragement. The man produced a half-smoked cigar and fumbled in his pockets.

"Want a light?" the Boss asked, holding out his cigar.

"Sure. Thanks."

"You look as though you were satisfied."

"You bet. Say, this sure is a good joint. Good food an' plenty of it. Nice place to come for a fellow who's out of a job an' can't spend much."

The proprietor swelled with pride; this fellow was a good chap. It was, in a way, appreciation for the charity he had so readily accepted.

"I always feed my customers well. Glad you liked it. Come again. Tough to be out of a job, eh?"

"Yep. Well, guess I better trot along. Much obliged for the service. Say," he ceased fumbling in his pockets and drew forth a badly crumpled dollar bill, "what's the matter with that waiter who helped me?"

The Boss swallowed hard, his eyes on the money. Had Charlie offered it to this fellow out of pity? It was unbelievable.

"Wh-why? He must have been good to you, wasn't he?"

"Sure. That's just it, couldn't a done better. But when I asks him how much to cash in he won't answer. Hey, what's the matter with you, something caught in your throat?"

The Boss choked. He was slow in replying.

"S-say. Don't-you-know-you don't-have-to-pay?"

"Gee, is that the right dope? No kiddin'?" He stared wide-mouthed, but the Boss had slumped in his chair and made no answer.

"Huh, I thought something was queer," he muttered. "That big crowd's waitin' to see the bread-line, eh? me stumblin' into this joint an' being fed free. Talk about luck that plugged nickel brought me. Didn't need to use the dollar I picked up after all," he chuckled.

He sauntered to the door, puffing delectably on his stub of a cigar.

"Thanks, brother. See you later. Us travelin' salesmen are glad to get a helpin' hand now and then. So-long."

Traveling salesman, eh? The proprietor roused sufficiently to catch a word.

"He's a tramp. Hey, Jake. Get that fellow," he called weakly.

Jake failed to respond.

Fearfully his eyes lifted to the clock, drawn by its loud ticking. It was nine!

"Humph, I thought betting on charity was a sure thing," he grunted.

"Can yuh beat that Jake? A nickel tip!" Charlie stood staring at a coin on the table-cloth.

A mob was struggling into the room; the many who were not fed. Jake, aggressively conscious of his managerial authority, rushed forward.

"Hey, you. Clear out! No more free meals."

"Jake," the Boss called, rousing, "bring that card here."

"Sure. Here it is. Neat work the painter done, eh?"

"Fine, couldn't be better."

"Wh-why, what're you doing that—."

"We'll never need it again. Tell Charlie to clean up the pieces."

* * * *

DISILLUSIONMENT

A. Herbert Haslam

I sit at Twilight in the thrill of sunset's afterglow,
And lose myself in memories of other days.
Slowly the mantle of dreams enfolds my form
Like grey mist that creeps within the harbor
When the sun has plunged beyond the far horizon.

The memory of a boy stretched full length
Upon the cliff's high promontory
Gazing below, where two great rivers converging,
Glisten like silver threads set in emeralds green—
Stirs me again with the joy of life's mysterious beckonings.

The urge of glamorous adventures—
The hope of fame and great accomplishment
The throb of embryonic power—
All are mine again.

But now,

The gold of sunset that turned to flares of crimson,
Has faded into night. The dream of youth is done.
The buoyant, joyful spirit of the boy
Has lost itself in the buffeting of life's strong currents.
Disillusionment has come and robbed the youth
Till only memories are left. And these enfold me
Like the mist that creeps within the harbor
When the sun has plunged beyond the far horizon.

Note: *(Written upon seeing a tramp on a city park bench).*

A MESS OF MUSH

Susanna H. Plummer

I'm not a fellow but I have a brother and I know a lot about what fellows think! My brother took Lucille to a football game last fall. You must know Lucille, she is a regular knockout! She is beautiful, charming, graceful and her clothes are stunning. Lucille has masses of light-golden curls, deep blue eyes and a pink and white skin-you-love-to-look-at complexion. Whether her complexion comes from a box I cannot say but if it does, the disguise is perfect! I can dress up and think I look pretty nice but when Lucille comes along, I melt into the background. My brother thought Lucille was a wonder and since my brother was a wonder in my eyes, by ratio and proportion, Lucille was a wonder to me. So my brother took Lucille to a football game.

I went along to the game with my brother's room-mate and we all sat together. I knew beforehand what it would be like. Lucille with her charming gestures and unconscious flirtation would capture both men while I sat like a stick of wood. I coached myself to be interested in the game so that I might find some relief. The game was a fast one. Both teams were in tip-top condition and full of vim. The teams were well matched. The gridiron was in fine shape. I put myself into the spirit of the game. I eagerly followed every movement of it. I cheered lustily. I commented on the plunges, the punts, the end runs and forward passes. I did it all with an effort, in order to hold my own. I didn't want both my brother and Bob to think I was a poor prune and so I talked to be in the run.

But meanwhile Lucille was perfectly enchanting! In her delightful little I'm-so-interested way she would ask "What does that man call out numbers for?" or "There's Johnny out there with a cane. Why is he chasing the team?" She was so sweet about it. I longed to cultivate a manner like Lucille's and be popular too. At the most thrilling moment of the game, in the strain of excitement, Lucille would interpose, "Don't you think those poor boys must be horridly dirty?" or "Tell me, what is a punt?" When the excitement was past, Bob would explain at great length and my brother, not to be outdone, would explain at greater length. Lucille was in her environment. When the quarterback was kicked in the head I was worried about him and wondered what the team would do but Lucille said calmly with a shrug, "Aren't those boys rough?" and "Wouldn't he like me to rub his forehead?" Her favorite expression was "He's precious" and over and over again she would say, "He's precious!" Each little favor my brother or Bob heaped upon Lucille seemed like a mountain of roses stolen from my garden. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the game though Lucille was a stone wall around my enjoyment. I wasn't jealous. I only had a keen desire to 'do it' like Lucille. The game ended, Lucille rose and thrilled, "Who won, what was the score?" I told her and she thanked me haughtily, charmingly, sweetly. I could have hugged her. Lucille was superb!

We took Lucille over to the college dormitory and Bob came on down to our house for dinner. They stepped into the library and I went upstairs. At the landing an exclamation from Bob came up to me:

"Lord, isn't she a brainless dumb-bell!"

I stiffened with terror but I was amazingly relieved when my brother retorted:

"Lucille's name is mud. She's nothing but a mess of mush."

Somehow, I felt a trifle 'gooey' but how thankful I was that they hadn't called me a 'mess of mush.'

I crept down to the library door to hear how the conversation ran and what it all meant. It started out to be an indignation contest against Lucille. My brother's disgust was the stronger because he had had the worst time.

"Such a spineless willow," he growled. "Of all the fool questions! I expected next she'd ask me what the water boy was carrying in his water-bucket. Fat chance of enjoying a game when you have to explain every inch to some goose! Tommy-rot! I even missed Peale's end run. That must have been good work. You suffered the mush too, huh?"

"I'll say! I might have missed that run too if it hadn't been for your sister."

I blushed and I won't tell you the rest of what I heard. The last I stayed to listen to was Bob's assertion:

"Well, if Lucille wants to remain high in my esteem she'd better get busy with a tennis racket and a hockey stick—a baseball bat would be better—and quit powdering her nose. I don't ask for a tomboy but why in the dickens can't we find some decent girls in this school who don't think about how they look or have their noses in books all the time, or sit around to embroider and eat chocolates? There's a limit. I wouldn't like to see them kicking a football around all day long but that 'Sem' up there needs a bomb of athletics to explode. If your sister lived in the dorm she'd suffer too. I'm half decent and about average and I can't stand willowy fairies. The girls soon will be popular only with the pool of tadpoles."

That's all I heard but that was enough.

I thought it over and I realized that their accusation was a trifle unjust. Lucille isn't altogether to blame. She lives in the dorms and she doesn't have a brother. Lucille is very much like the others. The only compulsory exercise is dumb-bells and wand. The most popular exercise is dancing. That is permitted, even encouraged, and it thrives. Tennis—there are courts to play on. Basketball—the games have to be played secretly in the men's gym. A few girls are putting up a desperate struggle for real athletics and until they arrive in our land of powder puffs, dances, parties, ice cream nights, and French, you've got to put up a good fight not to become a "mess of mush."

WHO KNOWS

Alice Davis

What fascinating creatures! How interesting! Yes, I was at church. All around me were seated the people whom I had seen and with whom I had spoken everyday and who had always seemed so very commonplace and ordinary, -yet here,—maybe it was the solemn atmosphere of the church or maybe it was the feigned dignity of my friends, who knows? They seemed distant, different, curious.

Why is it that one's thoughts center on the people about one or about that fishing trip or new automobile rather than on the ringing words of the minister? Why is it that we always remember the jokes in the sermon and forget the more serious, helpful passages? Why is it that hymns have a great charm for us just during the sermons? Yes, why? Who knows?

Just why my eyes rested upon the minister's long, black mustache which curled so gracefully at the ends or on the two flies playing leap frog on the polished head of Jim Smith, the jovial, village grocer, known by all the kiddies for miles around, who knows? Why my ear listened to the melodious snoring of Tom Brown, the village blacksmith whose bass voice was as low as his morals, rather than to the music of the reedy piano who knows?

Then the blow came! There, sitting on the painfully neat head of a dignified old spinster, was the jauntiest, haughtiest, queerest hat I had ever seen. It was a half-breed, it breathed the atmosphere of both winter and summer. Mingled proudly in the front as if to display to everyone their hidden beauty stood lilacs which had bloomed two summers before, deep crimson roses which had paled at the sight of their brilliantly colored neighbors, brazen-faced nasturtiums. Daisies which could not stand the pattering of raindrops and mildly green berries entwined themselves on the velvet crown. The hat haunted me! How one could wear such a contraption was beyond my comprehension. Maybe it was the same reason that Farmer Jones wore purple socks and tan shoes, and Sid Carson, the dude of the town, wore a red tie and a pink shirt, and Sally Green, who was the village dressmaker and who had been to New York three times, wore long, black silk gloves with a white outfit. Maybe it was! Who knows?

THE OLD DANCING MASTER

Hair whitening and ever growing thin at the crown of his head, and face adding many wrinkles with the inexorableness of advancing age, still he somehow managed to retain that youthful grace which had been his in the days of pristine successes. His body seemed shrunken with the weight of years, but he walked bravely erect, his punctillious, ceremonious bows provoking thoughts of the chivalrous days of the Minuet. Something about the way he threw his shoulders back to permit of the pompous, dignified step of yore subtly indicated that, while he swayed to the raucous tunes of "fox-trots" and "one-steps" his heart yearned for the old-fashioned waltz. This impression was heightened by the quaint, fastidious manner of his dress, which, though conforming to modern styles, was made to seem of another age by the odd types of cloth from which his suits were cut, and the air of refinement with which he wore them.

* * * *

"ERRORS"

Prof. Owens—"Aside from silver refining, what other industries use the 'barrel process'?"

Pete Wagner—"Breweries."

Sour (in Telephony)—"Relay No. 2 is then 'degenerized'."

* * * *

"FROM PHYSICS BLUE BOOKS"

"A ripple is a young wave."

"Osmosis is the capillary attraction that one liquid has for another."

"Inertia is that state of rest in which the immovability of a substance is not visible."

"A spring is a rotary wave."

"The coefficient of expansion was read by the assistant on the 'slide rule'."

A BOX OF DATES

Polly Arden and Jimmy Carton had been good friends ever since the day Jimmy and his parents had come to live next door to Polly and her parents, for on that very day Jimmy had wormed his way through the hedge separating the two lawns and had faced Polly. After a short but thorough mutual examination they had decided to be friends. Polly was five then and Jimmy was eight. And friends they still were up to this day when Jimmy was attending medical school and Polly was still in college. Both were home, now, for the Christmas holidays.

It had always been Jimmy's custom every Christmas to give Polly a box of the finest dates he could find, for he knew she liked them almost as much as she liked other kinds of dates. But a surprise awaited Polly in this box. It contained this note:

> Cairo, Egypt
> Nov. 3, 1920
>
> "All kinds of people eat dates, so I scarcely dare to hope that the person who opens this will even take time to read it. But if someone does, write to me; I'm very lonely.
>
> George Borden."

"Why, Jimmy, look! What do you think of this?" She handed him the note.

"Adventure seems to have favored you. It sounds mightily interesting to me," Jimmy replied, after he had read it. Jimmy knew that he loved Polly, and he knew equally well that she had never thought of him in such terms even though nothing had ever been said. He knew that he would have to bring her gradually to that realization, and he knew that any display of jealousy while he was doing it would ruin his chances. That is why he spoke favorably of George.

Had Polly not been so fond of adventure, she would probably have dreamed a couple of dreams about a wonderful hero, and then thrown the note into the scrap-basket. But, being Polly, she sent George a friendly letter, such as only a girl like her could write. She was just twenty years old, had always enjoyed her share of friends, both boys and girls, and was now coming to the time when she felt and thought more deeply than had been her custom formerly. One word in that note had touched her—the word lonely. Polly's mother had died just a year before and she understood that word in its deepest sense.

Three months passed before a letter came from Cairo. In this time Polly had succeeded in forming a real George. He was tall, dark haired, and had keen eyes that became very kind when he smiled. She even named to herself the sports he liked best. Tennis, hiking and riding were his favorites. He loved the out-of-doors. Strange to say, Polly had entirely unconsciously made George almost exactly like Jimmy. Nothing in the letter she now received forced her to change her dream. He told her how he had sailed from the United States three years previously, determined to find adventure. He sailed across the ocean, worked his way from England to France and then to Italy. He sailed across the Mediterranean to Egypt and became so fascinating with the country that he stayed there and worked. Thus began a series of letters—news of America from Polly and from George, stories of Egypt, its pyramids, the desert, and its people. But they never exchanged pictures.

Throughout the summer this interchange of letters continued. There was never anything very personal in them and yet it was all very intimate. Polly wrote herself into her letters and George wrote himself into his. Jimmy and Polly often talked about George, exchanging ideas as to what he was like. Ordinarily such a delightful romance would make a girl dissatisfied with the men around her, but Polly did not feel so toward Jimmy, because he entered into the experience with her. When fall came this letter arrived:

> Cairo, Egypt
> August 15,1921
>
> Dearest Polly,
>
> Have you dreamed at all of me? Is it at all possible that you can be caring for me as I do for you? Your letters during these last few months have made me love you. I feel I must see you and win you if I can. One week from tomorrow I will set sail for New York.
>
> George."

Polly was dumbfounded. One week from tomorrow he would arrive. That was the evening before she and Jimmy returned to college. They always had spent it together. She had not just decided what to do about it when Jimmy jumped over the hedge and came running up on the porch.

"My goodness, Polly! Why so serious? Oh, I see. Another letter from Cairo. Polly, tell me. What's the matter?"

"George is coming. He'll get here one week from tomorrow night —the night before we leave for college. You'll come for dinner just as usual though, won't you?" asked Polly.

"Why, surely, Polly. If you really want me too."

"Yes, please come. I want you."

So on the all-important evening Polly and Jimmy strolled out into the garden after dinner was over, to a favorite nook of theirs back of the summer house. From that spot nothing could be seen except the flowers around them. Nor could anyone see them. Naturally a feeling of isolation and quiet attended that place. Neither Polly nor Jimmy spoke until they sat down, and then Jimmy said:

"Polly, do you love George?"

With no hesitation she answered:

"I think I do, Jimmy. Of course, I can't tell until I see him, but I know I love his letters."

"I am George. I took that means to show you the Jimmy who was your lover. Do you think you could love me? I wrote those letters so you see I am the George you love. It's only a change of names," pleaded Jimmy.

Polly, for a long minute, was very still. Her mind covered much space during that time, and asked many questions. Finally she said,

"But how did you mail letters from Cairo?"

"Do you remember my room-mate, Phil Kane? He's at Cairo and acted as our post-office."

"But the note in the dates?" questioned Polly.

"Very easy, sweetheart. I slipped it in before I gave them to you. Don't keep me waiting so long. You do love me, Polly, don't you?"

"Oh, Jimmy George, I think I have always loved you."

Then Jimmy took Polly in his arms and kissed her.

Dusk faded into evening. The stars came out. The garden in its silent beauty seemed made for the two who sat and enjoyed an evening of perfect contentment.

THE COLLEGE MAN AND RELIGION

L. W. Lawson

If there be anyone who doubts the existence of religion among college men let him enter any fraternity house or "dorm" room on a Sunday evening and hear the discussions which the day's sermons have precipitated. He will find there undoubted evidence of mature thought, conception, and belief in this matter of religion.

Of course I do not pretend to champion all those who participate in such discussions. Some are hopeless cynics, others hold agnostic beliefs; but for the most part these are overridden and down-trodden by the faithful majority who do not hesitate to admit the sinfulness of the world and the frailty of human nature, their own not excluded.

I speak from experience. In my own college career, among men I have heard more serious conversations and sincere discussions on religion than on any other single subject. That of women, I suppose, would rank second and the two are often mixed. I remember having talked until after two o'clock one morning trying to convince one of the boys that Protestants and Catholics should not inter-marry. Maybe you think that conversation was not religious? Well, if you could have heard it, or if you will just get down to the underlying religious sentiments of it, you would have, and will have changed your mind.

It is not impossible that such conversations might arise from ulterior motives. But in general, judging from their seriousness and the earnestness with which the participants advance their ideas, almost everyone, I think, will admit that they are based on deep-seated beliefs. Why should six or seven students spend half the night trying to reconcile and even amalgamate the theories of evolution and creation? Not, I think, for the pure joy of losing sleep. I'll admit that students may not show any particular enthusiasm over chapel services; that they may not attend church once a week. But when they do go, they do not emulate those earnest church-going townspeople who would not miss a service for anything and who sleep through more than half of it religiously.

No, I don't pretend to hold up college men as examples of conscientious church-goers. I want to champion them as being naturally serious-minded in religious matters, possessing worthwhile ideas and convictions, and capable of reacting on a thoughtful sermon. Just the fact that a college man does not shout his religion from the streets or canvass the town for cast-off rags for starving Armenians is no proof that he lacks either religion or sympathy. May the doubter investigate and be convinced.

A TRIBUTE

Susanna H. Plummer

Now that I'm old and weary of the toils and tests of life.
I stop to wonder what I am amid this bustling strife.
Just what am I? What have I done? Has my existence been for aught?
Have I profited or weakened from the lessons I've been taught?
Is it true I have not served my best or used my talents well?
Have I not aided others in the land in which I dwell?

If there's any good my life has done, to me no thanks are due.
The praise, the thanks, the life I've lived—I owe it all to you.
From the day when I, a husky boy, trudged up to your school-room door
You taught me by your own pure self—truth, honor, love and more.
I see you in our red school house—the bare rude walls and seats—
An humble place where you toiled and strived through the long, dark winter weeks.

You didn't treat me as I deserved and kick me rudely aside.
You inspired in me the desire to learn and be something worth while besides.
You didn't call me a worthless brat and say "Get it if you can."
You didn't leave me to plod alone and say I'd never be a man.
You lived a pure, unselfish life with patience and zeal to urge on
Laggards like me who wanted to fool until they'd found that their whole life had gone.

You do not know what I owe to you—what I might have been without
Your guiding hand. A worthless bum I would have become, no doubt.
It wasn't the lesson we repeated each day or the endless sums we did:
It was the example of the life you led—an unselfish way to live.
'Twas the love that entered our boyish hearts—your patience and self-control
That made us aim, instead of the mire, to a brighter, higher goal.

I wanted to pass on the spirit you gave and start others as you started me
With an unselfish desire to serve all mankind and live in the way you taught me.
But now I am stepping away from the throng. I'm feeble, my work has been done.
May others keep ever your spirit alive and finish the way they've begun.
Within every life there's a guiding hand—a love at the turn of the way
Which beckons and urges us on to our goal. May we listen and be guided alway.

"A TO IZZARD"

Virginia Scott

This is not a theme. It is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. It is an impassioned plea for rescue from the turbulent and tossing sea of "the latter half of the alphabet." Dread words!

Allow me to inform you, dear readers of the first half of the alphabet if you are of the other half you will have no need of the information that the latter half of the alphabet is the worst place of all places in the world. If your name begins with "A" don't sit and sulk because you always have to sit in the front seat where the professor can watch every move you make. Don't sulk, I beg of you! Get upon your knees and stretch forth your hands and offer up your deepest and most heartfelt thanks to the beneficent Heaven that named you. Heaven didn't name me. Do you know that there are too many people created for Heaven to name them all? It is hard enough to make them, so half are sent elsewhere to be named, and that half is always the latter half of the alphabet later on.

When you are in the latter half, you sit in the back row in every class. Some people like this so they say. Such people have names beginning with "B" or "C." You never know what is going on in class. You come in and take your seat, and in a little while you notice that the professor's mustache is jumping up and down. You know he is talking, but you never know what he says. And when he calls on you, he has to stand up and wave his arms and shout in order to attract your attention. When he has finally succeeded you must rise and nearly ruin your vocal chords in a vain attempt to make him hear what you have to say. Usually he hears about half, and you receive a "C" for the recitation which, had he heard the whole of it,*might* have merited an "A."

If there is a choice to be made, the latter half of the alphabet always gets second choice because, in order to show no favoritism, the plan of choosing in alphabetical order is resorted to. The result? The latter half gets what the first half leaves!

"But," you of the first half say, "they reverse the alphabet sometimes to be fair." Yes, they do. I admit it. I have had exactly one experience along that line; I never want another.

It happened in my Senior year in high school, when they were choosing the chapel speakers. Now, chapel speaking was neither a coveted privilege nor an honor. Don't think it. Every Senior had to perform, but none ever wanted to. The only chance of salvation lay in the fact that there were usually too many Seniors for every one to speak. If you were on the tail end of the line you were fortunate.

It was on that occasion that they chose to reverse the order because "the latter part of the alphabet was always getting out of things anyhow!" The irony of it! Its very memory makes me want to weep.

It is fate, predestination, whatever else you wish to call it. For me there is only one ray of light in the gloom, one balm in Gilead. Thank Heaven my name is neither Zimmerman nor Zook! Whenever I meet a Zook I want, from common human pity, to smoothe his aching head and recite to him these tender and comforting lines of Riley's, which are certainly fitting in all such cases!

"There, little Zook, don't cry!
They've broken your heart, I know-"
They have, too. It is not a joke—
"But Heaven holds all for which you
sigh,
There, little Zook, don't cry!"

* * * *

Everywoman takes *Marriage as a Profession*, but *It Often Happens* that *A Count Of No Account* goes *Way Down East*, leaving *Not a Man in the House*, to become a *Gypsy Rover*. That's *Why Smith Left Home*, but *What Happened to Jones* made *Miss Hobbs*, *The Private Secretary* of the *Rev. Peter Brice, Bachelor*, rush to *Mrs. Oakley's Telephone* to tell the *Neighbors* about *The Bracelet* which *Officer* 666 gave *The Girl*; and the *Fourteen* in *The Old Maid's Convention* saw *Ghosts*.

On *The Arrival of Kitty, King Rene's Daughter*,—*Clarence*, *Christopher Junior*, *Robin Hood*, *The Man on the Box*; in fact almost *Everyman* showed *Lightnin' Speed* in getting to her.

"Oh!" exclaimed *The Rivals*, "*Let's Get Married*."

"You surely are *The Jesters*," she said *Smilin' Thru* her tears, but *A Pair of Sixes* is too much for me."

With a *Turn to the Right*, she said:
"Oh,*Mr. Bob, Are You A Mason?*"
"By *The Spanish Gypsy*, yes."
"Is that the *Truth?*"
"*Nothing But the Truth*."
"Then I'm *Yours*."

"*Oh, Boy*—we'll live in *The Doll's House* with *The Aunt from California*. I'll be your *Strongheart Forever*."

* * * *

THE LAKE

Dorothy B. Sholl

Shining dark blue oval
In which the mountains see themselves,
The somber green of pines that line your shores
Forms matchless setting for your bright yet quiet beauty.

I have seen you when the winds,
Howling through mountain passes,
Whipped you into a gray-and-whitish fury and bent the pines to meet your
waves.

I have seen your white and frozen loveliness
Criss-crossed by tracks of deer and fox and rabbit.
Yet I like you best as you are now—
Smooth and clear and blue.

I would plunge into your waves,
And seek Nirvana in your depths.

FIRELIGHT AND TEMPEST

The storm set in apace tonight—
It had been threatening all the day,
And now the heavy, sodden flakes
Piled up along the garden way,
And covered window pane and sash
With icy blanket, cold and gray.
The whistling Boreas' tone grew loud,
And shrieked about the gables high.
The earth seemed one great whitening mass
Beneath an angry, whirling sky.

Within, a cheerful, blazing hearth
Belied the fury of the storm,
And sent its shadows to the wall
To fashion forests, deep and warm
Where danced fair nymphs in playful glee,
With garlands bright, and fairy form.
In pensive ease I watched their dance
And straight forgot the piling snow,
So lost was I in fancy's maze,
Led on to dreams in ember's glow.

Yet ere I drifted from the shore
Of consciousness, to Morpheus' hall,
I started upright in my chair
With ears intent, at some strange call,
So wierd and piercing that it rose
Triumphant o'er the raging night.
I thought my fancy must have led
My reason on some mystic flight,
But no, again the sound returned
And woke my doubt to fear instead.
In trembling haste I gained the door
And, bolts undone, I flung it wide,

Half-blinded by the rushing blast
That flung its fluttering flakes inside.
With hand that shook I brushed away
The snow that clung and dimmed my sight,
And in the other hand I held
The lamp which shed a flick'ring light
Upon the storm. All crouching there
I soon beheld, a tiny form
As of a child, with ringlets fair
All covered with the sleety snow,
Arrayed in garments fine and rare.

In arms that scarce felt what they held
I carried to the hearth the child,
Scarce thinking I would find alive
One who had braved a night so wild.
But as I held her near the blaze,
Her blue eyes opened wide on mine,
Deep blue, as are the ripened grapes
That hang in Autumn on the vine.
In silence then she left my grasp
And climbed upon my casement sill,
No word she spoke, nor scarcely moved,
But trembled as one in a chill
And shrank as though the cheerful blaze
Were demon wild, whose gaze could kill.

In wonder by my fire I sat,
Not knowing what to say or do,
And as I gazed in speechless awe,
Great tears filled up those eyes of blue
And rolled in crystal, shining drops
Down cheeks of purest, snowy white.
Then slowly, as the icicle
'Neath noonday sun, melts on the lawn,
The little form drooped as I watched,
Transparent, glistening, melting, gone!

Across my face a chill wind blew
I started up to find my fire
A bed of dying embers red,
Like some neglected funeral pyre.
The fitful gale had burst the bonds
That held my casement windows tight,
And flung them wide with boist'rous glee,
Admitting crowds of snowflakes light.
I rubbed my blinking, sleep-filled eyes
And stumbled up to close the panes,
To make my warmth from storm secure.
The fierce snow-horses shook their manes
And tossed the snow full in my face.

Then ere I turned to mend my fire
And brighten up the dark'ning place,
I looked where once my elf had sat
And shivered in the firelight's glow,
And lo! all that remained of her
Was a light pile of glistening snow!

ON SNOW

George B. Faint

Through the hushed air the whitening
 shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the
 flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dim-
 ming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished
Fields put on their winter robe of
 purest white:
 Thompson, THE SEASONS.

One winter morning I rose, dressed, and breakfasted entirely unaware that the ground had already been whitened by a rapidly falling snow. At first the snow had been accompanied by a cold north wind and even now the air was extremely chilly, so much so that I turned up my coat collar for greater comfort. The snow flakes were now somewhat heavier and packed beneath the feet. Things in motion are always fascinating and as I walked to the railroad station, I watched idly the scurrying hither and thither of the flakes; cross currents, now and then a thin cloud of flakes swooping close to the ground and landing again only to swell the height of some small drift.

When I reached the station I learned that the train was ten or fifteen minutes late. I passed the time reflecting on the weather and the people about me. A woman across the way was endeavoring to pacify the wishes of three young children around her. The clear tones of the youngest, a healthy, red-cheeked boy of about five years, carried to my ears.

"Oh, mother!" he pleaded, "We wanna play in the snow with our new sleds. We don't wanna go away!" The other two said nothing but looked at the mother's face expectantly.

"Hush! We must go to Uncle Ted's today. He has lots of nice toys and he always has some candy," the mother responded.

Further observation of this interesting group was interrupted by the entrance of a heavy, broad-shouldered man of perhaps forty-five who forcefully swung the door open. Once inside he stamped his feet heavily, took off his Stetson with a flourish, unbuttoned his coat with his free hand, and swayed back and forth until the snow, clinging to him, either fell to the floor or changed to glistening drops of water. He performed this operation with a wry and disgruntled face and a series of snorts and grunts which culminated in a half-mumbled remark to a bystander.

"Nasty sort of weather—hard walking. 'Spose the train's late."

Close behind him entered a young couple. The girl formed a beautiful picture. The wind had colored her cheeks and brightened her eyes and had blown little ringlets of hair on her forehead which had filled with snow. Her face radiated the joy of health and youth. She playfully threw some of the snow from her coat at the young man. He promptly returned the assault but the next moment they were talking animately about, as near as I could judge, some trivial things such as young people are likely to do.

The noise of a trolley-car snow plow drew my attention to the street. There were two gangs of boys busily engaged in a brisk and heated, but good-natured, snowball fight. School books bulged from pockets or protruded from under their arms. Laughing and shouting they passed from sight. The trail of the snow plow left a wide smudge in the road that had gleamed pure white but a moment before.

A perusal of the faces of the other people waiting for the train proved so depressing that I could not bear to look at them but recalled stories told to me by my grandfather—how six feet of snow would fall in one night or how a driving wind would pile drifts up to the second floor of the house; the task of shoveling their way out to the well for water or to the barns in order to feed the animals; tramping to town in hip boots through the deep drifts; and when the way was cleared, hitching Old Dobbin to the sleigh for the pleasure of driving along the snowy country roads, brightly illuminated by a full moon and with Maggie by his side. My reminiscing was rudely disturbed by the arrival of the puffing, snorting train.

Conditions in the city led me to believe that a snowstorm is by no means desired in this modern age. Already hundreds of men busily plied shovels to remove the slush from the pavements. Piles of dirty brown snow littered the streets. Baby tractors with snow plows attached in front valiantly pushed huge piles of the dirty mixture into the sewers. The crossings were nasty since the gutters had filled with slush and water. The motley crowd gingerly picked its way to and fro. No one looked happy or pleased with the state of the weather.

I soon arrived at my destination but had to wait before I could gain admittance to attend to my business with the manager. As I thought over the events of the morning the almost general dislike for snow as evidenced by those people I had seen, caused me to ruminate still more. Why was snow distasteful to people today when only a generation or two ago people enjoyed its beauty? I could not fully decide why, but I wondered if the complexity of life occasioned by modern inventions and the migration of people to large towns and cities did not cause to a considerable degree a depreciation of our appreciation and love for this marvellous and beautiful product of nature—snow.

* * * *

THE FIRMAMENT

C. Beckwith Boone

O Firmament with splendor filled
  Your ever radiant hue,
Shows wonder of a mighty hand
  Upon your sea of blue.
Eyes cannot see, thoughts cannot solve
  The mysteries that you hold,
For we are only men of dust
  Beneath your skies of gold.
Far, far, beyond the last white gleam
  Of every light so pale,
Our thoughts may wander but are lost,
  In mystic silence veiled.
Small men are we to banish fear,
  Amidst our storms of earth,
In face of One who gives us light
  When first He gave us birth.

OUR HOMES ENDANGERED

Eunice Andersson

Some there are who would have us believe that the recent advent of women into the business world heralds the deterioration and final ruin of the home. "What is to become of our civilization," they inquire, "when woman, the keeper and guardian of the home, neglects her sacred realm to invade man's realm?" They discuss the problem at length; they bewail the fact that woman should even desire to venture outside her natural, God-given sphere of the home; they are alarmed; some go so far as to suggest measures which might be taken to avert the threatened danger. Not long since I was reading a plan proposed by one of these alarmists who had somehow conceived the idea that young women who occupy business positions are becoming increasingly adverse to marriage and the consequent assumption of the duties of a home, preferring rather to remain in business. He asserted the truth in the face of the popular idea that the sole ambition and hope of the feminine world lies in the possibility of capturing and marrying some masculine specimen. He suggested that all young women employed in a business capacity should be released at a certain age so that they would be compelled to marry. I cannot say just how these women were to be married off after this step had been taken, since the author of the plan failed to cover this phase of the matter. But, of course, the essential thing is that they should be placed under the urge of a necessity for becoming married. Doubtless a mind possessing the common sense and ingenuity necessary for formulating such a plan would experience no difficulty in devising a means for disposing of these women. A marriage market, such as the ancients conducted, might prove successful. I feel sure that many conscientious men could be prevailed upon to patronize the market if they realized that the future of our civilization depended upon it.

But there have always been pessimists. No doubt Adam complained that Eve had broken up their happy home and ruined the bright prospect for the future. Since the establishment of women suffrage, many declare that women will corrupt politics, while others affirm that politics will corrupt women. Yet all hope should not be abandoned, even though womenkind has undoubtedly failed to stand steadfast under its responsibilities and has strayed off in search of those things in which it has no right or reason to participate, for man still trudges faithfully his path of duty. Moreover, if woman should persist in her waywardness, I see no reason why those who have this matter at heart do not found a school for training in household duties and issue a call to patriotic mankind to enter training so that the positions left vacant by feminine deserters may be filled and our homes preserved. Let us, therefore be optimistic.

DANCING

While taking my daily walk in the park yesterday I chanced to overhear the conversation of two young "whips." From the remarks passed I gathered that they had attended a dance the evening before and were discussing the dancing merits of the fair sex who had been so kindly favored with invitations

Their conversation seemed to strike a long-forgotten chord in my memory, for it slipped back to the time when I first attended an affair of this kind. How times have changed since then! I decided to put a little time on the subject of dancing and to make a brief comparison between the old and modern styles of dancing.

Years ago when a young man wished to invite a lady-friend to a social gathering which included dancing, he first sent her a short note making the request. If the invitation was favorably received, he then began to make accommodations for his friend's mother, who always escorted her daughter to such affairs. The evening of the dance having arrived, the young blade, attired in a tight-fitting evening suit, would jauntily saunter forth upon his enjoyable quest. If Dame Fortune had blessed his parents with earthly gifts, his father would most likely favor him with a spirited team of grays for the occasion. Thus prepared, our young friend would come clattering up to the door-step of his lady-love's home and in a few minutes, with the mother and daughter comfortably seated, would dash away amidst a cloud of dust and the barking of the watch-dogs.

Upon arriving at their destination our young gallant would very painstakingly see that their chaperone was comfortably seated and prepared to spend a pleasant evening with other chaperones who were present. This matter having been arranged, the young people were ready to begin dancing.

Waltzes and figure dancing were then in style. What is now known as the "Paul Jones" dance seemed to be mostly indulged in. The gentleman, holding his partner by the hand, executed the orders of the director, who instructed the dancers which maneuvers to pass through. These chiefly consisted of forming circles

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and strutting back and forth, bridge making and changing partners.

The dances usually continued until eleven or possibly eleven-thirty P.M. after which the grays were put to use again. After driving the guests to their home and thanking them for a pleasant evening our hero would make haste for home and there dream of the next dance.

Nowadays when a young man wishes to take a lady-friend to a dance he reaches for the telephone. After he has made a connection with his party the following conversation may be heard:

"Hello, Anna? The Strollers are having a big toddle party next week. What do you say we take it in? O. K.? Right! Meet you at Fourth and Broadway at eight P.M. Good-bye."

At eight P.M. the modern flapper strolls around and by eight-thirty the couple are shaking a mean ankle at the Strollers Ball. No thought is given to chaperones.

Dances these days usually last until one or two o'clock in the morning and are frequently followed by a light luncheon at an all-night restaurant. As for the dancing itself, it has changed like everything else. From plain hand-holding it has advanced to cheek rubbing.

Most people will decide one way or the other regarding modern dancing, whether or not they care to publish their opinions. As for myself, I am satisfied to present both sides of the situation and let my readers decide for themselves.

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ROMANCE

"Oh, look, Bob! A shooting star!"

"Let's wish, for the fun of it."

"What a splendid idea! But oughtn't we to wish in silence the very second we see the star?"

"Yes. I suppose so. That is what people say. Have you made your wish?"

She nodded coyly, her face turned toward the cool breeze toying with her bobbed curls.

"Have you?" she said softly. She did not look at him.

"Uh huh," he muttered.

The girl stood quietly by his side, her arm linked comfortably in his, watching the tottering waves rolling thunderously in upon the dim white beach. She breathed deeply the fresh salt air, then modestly lowered her head. A cloud-bank, sweeping suddenly across the yellow, full moon, cast a friendly shadow over them. Presently she lifted her face, white in the darkness, nearer his. A shy little smile curved her lips but the young man could not see. He was looking abstractedly at the cloud behind which the moon had vanished. A moment later he looked down at his feet.

"It looks like rain before morning. Don't you think so, Mabel?"

She frowned at him, then, gazing at the bright twinkling stars, she said dejectedly,

"Oh, dear. I hope not. Let's go home now. It's too dark to see the waves any more."

She sighed and started to turn away. He restrained her and bent closer.

"But we can hear them. Besides—"

"Besides?" She lifted her face nearer his.

He answered by leaning forward and kissing her still, upturned lips.

She drew back after that one moment, thoughtfully surprised.

"Bob, you—you—"

"Let's not go home just yet, Mabel. See, the cloud has passed by and the moon comes forth again."

She nodded silently. Then an irrepressible little tinkle of laughter burst from her sportive lips.

She stayed.

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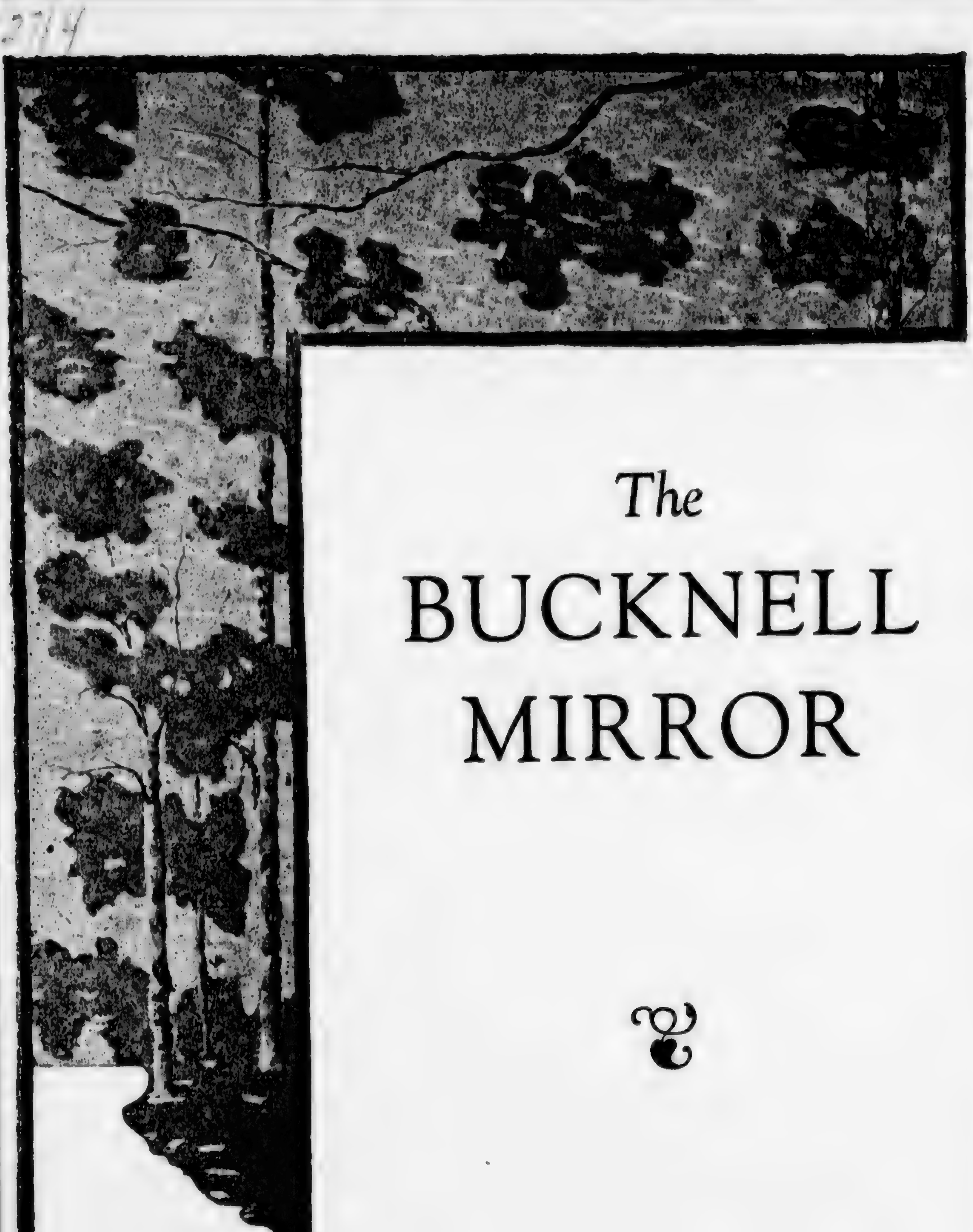

The
BUCKNELL MIRROR

❧

May Number

1923

The Bucknell Mirror

"Vita sine literis mors est."

Vol. XXVII Lewisburg, Pa., May, 1923 No. 4

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Issued five times during the college year, in October, December, February, April and June. Entered as second class matter March 10, 1922, at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 9, 1922. Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the business manager.

EDITORIAL

* * * *

THE HIGH COST OF HUMOR

Why cannot Bucknell have a humorous magazine? Many students are discussing such a possibility with keen concern and interest. Such publications have a place in college life, for the lighter side of the eventful four years is just as much a part of each student's experience as the more serious work under the curriculum. The question is not, therefore, whether we should have such a magazine at Bucknell, but whether we could have it.

Several difficulties lie in the way. The first is the problem of financing such a venture. An attractive humorous magazine requires a large number of illustrations. The cost of cuts is high, and would constitute a large part of the total cost of publication. Under the present status of student publications, such a magazine would have to be published as a private enterprise, just as the student directory and calendar are now issued. No part of the student budget, under the regulations now in force, can be appropriated. The sale of the magazine among the student body would be conditioned on the appeal it would make in competition with humorous publications of other colleges and independent publishers.

But even though a very large majority of the students felt inclined to support such a magazine, the amount realized would defray but a small part of the total expense involved, because the total number of copies sold would not be large. The main source of income would have to come from advertisements. The number of local advertisers is limited. Consequently national advertising would have to be solicited. The question arises, of course, whether such advertisers could be induced to advertise their products among a student body numbering less than a thousand.

Aside from the financial problem, however, is the problem of securing enough material. This would depend entirely upon the student body. Their support in submitting illustrations, jokes, and verse is just as imperative as their support in a financial way. We like to believe that at Bucknell we have enough wits and humorists to produce a distinctive brand of Bucknell humor. But a detailed survey of the student body would have to be made and a large number of regular contributors assured. The practice of "borrowing" the majority of the material from other college humorous magazines is to be condemned. To create humor is far more worthy than to appropriate that created by other people.

The whole proposition calls for reflection and frank, unbiased discussion. It cannot be accomplished successfully unless Bucknellians stand shoulder to shoulder to see it through. The experiment is surely worth trying. Are there enough students so deeply interested in a Bucknell humorous magazine that they will make the venture?

* * *

MAY AND JUNE: THE FINAL SPURT

The other afternoon we watched the trackmen in training on the cinder-path. Clean-limbed, strong, vigorous young men they were, taking an enthusiastic pride in lowering their time record of the previous day. But we were particularly interested in those who were qualifying for the quarter-mile run. To our way of thinking, though the race was short and not so gruelling as the cross-country, it called for more skill, for a quicker responsive energy that could be unleashed at the slightest call.

Seven runners stood tensely on the starting-line, their bodies bent forward eagerly. Suddenly, at the report of the time-keeper's gun, they sprang away. For about four hundred feet they sped, keeping close together. Then, a few seconds later, two or three gradually drew ahead of the others with sure, steady strides, their well-balanced bodies in trim racing form. At the half, the seven men ran separately. One man led, and five feet back of him two more lunged forward, side by side. The last four jogged behind, running evenly. Just ahead lay the last turn, and—the last stretch. They rounded it and as we watched, suddenly all the trackmen leaped forward. Then, one of those in the lead seemed to drop back as others behind him drew nearer. Two passed him, dashing close to the heels of the leaders. At last, with a final spurt which was splendid to watch, one of the two who had gained the side of the leader, darted ahead and finished,—the winner.

There was no stake involved, no prize to be won, yet that fellow spurted ahead for the pure love and pride of doing his best, of finishing strong! He wanted to test himself, to call out all the energy within him for that last stretch. We spoke with him later and when we congratulated him on his fine showing, he smiled happily and confessed that he was surprised at his own ability. "I never thought I could do it," he exclaimed with his eyes sparkling.

As students, the last stretch of this college year lies before us. The months of May and June will soon come. Spring with its many invitations to drift easily along on its warm current is a sly foe. Our race will be harder than any a track-man has ever encountered. Before the runner is visual evidence of his progress; before the student is disquieting uncertainty with respect to the degree of preparation he has attained for conquering examinations. Then, also, there is a vast difference between a physical struggle and a mental one. The former is easier than the latter. Yet, until he puts his knowledge to the test, no man ever knows what resources of his mind lie hidden. How will he know until he learns through specific application of his mental ability? So, then, let us, like the runner, spurt down that last stretch—through May and June—with concentrated determination, with enthusiasm for the task, and with a just pride in doing our best.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR US TO MAKE THE FINAL SPURT!

* * *

TIME

To read through a modern daily newspaper is a task for which few, if any, students find adequate time. Most of our reading is confined to the comic strips, sports, and sensational news. To most of us the editorial page is an unexplored wilderness. Nor are we altogether to blame for our cursory newspaper reading. It is an American weakness occasioned by the complexity of modern life. The insistent demands of curricular and extracurricular activities keep our noses to the grindstone virtually all the time.

However, there is light in the darkness. The weekly newspaper, devoid of all scandal and sensationalism, and containing a condensed survey of the week's news, is on the increase in America. One of the best that has come to our attention is *Time*, published in New York City. It is a newspaper in magazine form, highly departmentalized, and presenting all that is of vital interest in the week's news. We bring it to the attention of those students who want to keep in touch with what is happening in the world of today but who cannot find time to wade through the mass of unimportant and uninteresting news with which our big city dailies are weighed down.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO EAT AN ORANGE?

Being the reflections of a demimonde
who visited the haute monde.

"Would you hesitate to accept an invitation? Are you ever tongue-tied at a party? Are you ever 'alone' in a crowd?" and, as I read further along in the advertisement, I found that if I clipped the coupon and mailed it, I could learn how to avoid hesitation and tongue-paralysis and crowd-lonesomeness. In return for my name and address I should receive "free for five days" the one book that was written as a help to ignorant mankind and, if I liked the book—well, you've all seen the advertisement.

"Do I need the book?" I thought. "Surely not! There couldn't *possibly* be any college student so bourgeois as to need a book of manners!" I flattered myself that, should I have an invitation to accept the hospitality of any of the "four hundred," my fine sense of right behavior would carry me through.

But, woe is me! there came a day when, with a friend of mine, I had the opportunity to enter the portals of the brownstone fronts. (Visions of a liveried butler, curtsying maids, "yes'm-ing" to a lorgnetted, precisian hostess—evident influence of the "movies"—thrilled me to the depths as we neared the imposing mansion). I was making my debut into society, so to speak. I began to feel a little timid. What if there were no side-burned butler to answer our ring! Surely there *would* be in such a colossal dwelling.

The door opened—oh, so slowly—and, instead of my buckram, bestockinged butler, there was the most cordial gentleman I'd ever seen (one who reminded you of the boy-next-door) whose smile showed all his front teeth. His shirt-sleeves, long-stemmed pipe, and newspaper in hand told me that he was *not* of the retinue of servants that I had pictured.

"Well, folks," he began, "I'm not of the family; but they said something about expecting guests. I suppose you're it. Guess you better come along in with me and wait till the folks get home; they aren't in just now. I'm a visitor here myself."

Should we go right in? Who should go in first? What should we do until the host came? Why, oh, why hadn't the stiffest old butler that ever existed come to the door? I should have known just what to do then; I had seen it in the "movies." My friend led the way into the living room, dropped his suitcase with a "bang!" onto the hardwood floor, and flopped into the easiest, most comfortable-looking overstuffed chair in the room. He didn't "give a hang." He was from the country, where they didn't have to worry about the laws of etiquette. And I followed!

During what seemed hours of waiting, I had opportunity to examine almost everything that was in the room. Massive furniture, expensive hangings, valuable paintings, an open fireplace with logs arranged as if inviting someone to touch them with a spark that would send the flames leaping up through the chimney, huge brass tongs and an ample, old-fashioned, hammered-brass scuttle, Persian rugs, and, those books and magazines—what are they? That one lying there half-opened (someone must have been reading it very recently) is Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" (what do aristocrats care to know about Gopher Prairies?) and that over there is Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes." How strange! And that white magazine with the big black letters and odd picture on the cover (I hope the gentleman who acted butler doesn't see me gazing at the library table), why, that's "Art and Archaeology," and that yonder—

Just then the most affable, refined lady I had ever dreamed of came in and I, remembering my rules of etiquette, jumped to my feet and looked daggers at my farmer friend, who seemed glued to his chair.

"I see, Willis (so his name was Willis), that our guests have come" and, after the necessary awkward introductions, "Take the gentlemen to the guest room, please."

Shall I go first, should I go first—what matter? my friend blundered right ahead.

Mr. Acting-Butler was very profuse in his desire to make us "at home" and, having seen to it that everything was as it should be for us, he departed, telling us that "dinner would be served directly." Heaven forbid!

The guest room was really not a room at all. It was a suite of three, very closely resembling "parlor, bedroom, and bath." It was composed of a den of mission finish, with what seemed to be all the books ever written collected upon its shelves. Leading from it was the most immaculately white, well-equipped bathroom ever planned, and the bedroom, with its white enamel finish and exquisitely covered bed, quite took away my breath.

The dinner bell saved me from any observation of the room further than a fleeting glimpse. I descended the stairs as slowly as I could without attracting attention, for my spirits were lowering more and more as I neared the dining room. God alone knew what might happen there! Would the curtsying maids in musical comedy "get-up" be in the dining room to stare at me and grin like a Cheshire cat? The moment I passed beyond the doorway and beheld what seemed preparations for a Roman Bacchanal, I discovered that there were no bobbing, bowing maids; but the slimmest, Dutchiest waitress-cook conceivable. Mr. Acting-Butler had apparently been "spurlos versenkt" and only the gracious lady was left to torment me with her complaisance and polish. We seated ourselves about the painfully correct table (I could at least do that without a book of rules) and I braced myself for the worst. The knives! the forks! the spoons! Had the day's travel given me one of those dizzying headaches; was I suffering of astigmatism; or had, perhaps the Dutchy forgotten to distribute them equally? No, they were all mine. (Perhaps a fellow could use one of those books to advantage after all). But, my good partner did not need one. He had the courage of his convictions and went right ahead, even though after the meal he did have most of his apportionment of the silver service left. Was this a case where "ignorance is bliss?"

Dinner over, I began afresh to worry about the next move. At this point in our "Comedy of Errors," however, I was ready for almost anything. I believe I could have welcomed royalty having the authority of Middle Ages, when a faux pas merited decapitation. I had an uncanny premonition that something most embarassing was about to occur. At eight-fifteen it *did!*

Our host arrived. He was one of those shrewd, self-taught, business men, whose first glance at his new acquaintance is one long enough to thoroughly evaluate him. With him were two Epicureans who were, I felt sure, outstanding figures in the upper stratum of society. I was right in my assumption—they were introduced as being men of importance. I began to breathe more heavily than ever; in fact, so heavily that I was afraid our esteemed gentlemen friends might think I had heaves. Being that kind, I also started chewing my fingernails, for I had nothing in common with these luminaries. For a while I was saved any mortal embarrassment, for one of the business men was interested in some sort of farm implement which my farmer friend knew a little about; but, shades of Mrs. Grundy! when the conversation did not directly concern him, my confrere began to nod and bob his head until I feared he would tumble from his chair (if only I had a pin!). However, my Philistine was accustomed to retiring with the chickens and, furthermore, he had traveled some distance that day. The situation was somewhat relieved, and we were furnished a common interest, when our hostess (how plebeian!) entered with a dish of fruit—oranges and apples—to be eaten not a la mode, but with propriety! Plates and fruit knives were supplied us. (I knew perfectly well that I could *not* properly handle an orange in a highbrow manner; hence, the selection of an apple.) May the gods have mercy on us! the Hottentot took an *ORANGE! !* I felt sure nausea would overcome me.

Plop! something hit my cheek—an orange seed. (The boor! Why didn't he take an apple?) I dared not look either at the gentlemen or at my bumpkin, but I was certain the goose was giving them plenty of amusement.

"I guess I'd better let you have another plate" from the host. (Oh, for a convenient sudden illness!)

"Gee, yes, I'm having a terrible wrestle with this orange," which emboldened me to look. Heavens! how did he get so much orange from so little orange! His three-inch plate looked as though it were weighted with "filler" for punch enough to supply a Junior Prom.

The episode of the orange over, I was glad of the opportunity to retire to the seclusion of our room. My ability to "keep sweet" was leaving me almost as rapidly as my remaining knowledge of the laws of etiquette.

"Gosh, did you see me dive after that 'pippin' under the boss' chair?" rendered me speechless and ready to "give up the ghost" in despair. (Abandon hope, all ye who enter here).

A good night's rest on a bed that almost devoured one in its fluffiness renewed my spirits and I trusted to luck, as a last resort, (with the hope that the yokel would be gracious enough to be "indisposed").

It was Sunday, and everything was serene and lovely until dinner. Now it was my turn to play Mr. Snooks. Dinner today was one of those multicoursed affairs, where your potatoes are ice cold before the dressing reaches you. When I seated myself, I noticed that there was a frantic buzzing of the kitchen distress signal. I also observed that Katie, the Dutchy, was excitedly trying to draw the attention of the hostess.

"I'm sorry," came sweetly from our hostess, "but someone must have his chair on the kitchen-signal." (Was it the "rough diamond?" Or—blushing to the roots of my hair—might it be myself?) Investigation proved that I was guilty; the maid had forgotten to move the signal when she enlarged the table. My dinner was spoiled. Our good lady *herself* crawled under the table and moved the buzzer. Her unbecoming behavior and my profuseness at expressing my sorrow were disgusting. My Zulu approached the barbarous in his imitation of a laughing jackass. (Resolved: never again to attend a dinner at the home of the elite.)

The consummation of our visit did not come any too soon for me. I was disillusioned. My hauteur was completely destroyed.

Well, perhaps I *didn't* need the book, but the binding looked well, and when I returned home, I hurriedly leafed through one of my magazines and clipped the coupon.

* * * *

THE THEORY OF A COLLEGE MAN

Edward G. Williams

"You can always tell a college man, but you can't tell him much" seems to be a favorite little speech of my father's. I think he read the quotation somewhere and it so impressed him that he frequently calls it to mind, especially when the budding ideas, pregnant with the enthusiasm of youth in the process of developing a definite individuality, invades the common "Happy Hunting Grounds" covetously guarded by the settled ideas of mature age, the broad field of human activity.

Now this is sadly the attitude taken by many of our worldly elders in years as well as in experience; but they are mistaken, in general, though at the same time, sadly enough, they are right with regard to two cases, we must admit. And all this is directly due to the mistaken ideas current, both in the outside world and even among college men themselves, concerning college men and the purpose of college training.

Note the use of college training as opposed to the expression college education. These two expressions are widely different, though they are so often conceived as synonymous. Education can, by no means, be construed as meaning training. The derivation of education is from the combination of two Latin words, "ex" and "duco," meaning "to lead" or "draw out." It means the drawing out of what is really in one's inner self. Unless one possesses an inexhaustible supply of personality to be drawn upon, his education must inevitably cease at a certain point where his supply has reached its end, and, unless one possesses the capability to absorb and digest new material in order to supply the fountain constantly being drawn upon, he is a failure. He must be constantly putting his personality into circulation; giving out to others and drawing in from others, thus developing a cycle of personality.

Now it is the function of professors to do this "drawing out" of the inner man that is latent in every individual; and, unless each professor possesses sufficient magnetism to draw out these elements and, at the same time, replace them from his own fountain of personality—for a vacuum cannot exist—he utterly fails to function. The deplorable fact is that too many colleges fail to recognize this truth; and, although their professors are proficient in their part of the work relating to the training of students, they lose out in the great purpose of their existence, that of education.

The point is this: the training we receive in college may be drilled into us and may be delivered to us in lectures, but education comes by contact with strong personalities. And this contact with personalities has its beginning only in college life, which covers, usually, only four years of our lives, while we are to have personal contact with our fellow men all our lives, which normally last many times the years spent in college. Only four years, but the most important four years of our lives, since if we fail to get a proper start, the whole course of life will be deflected from the true path. Hence in college we are merely getting the start in our education and we are all our lives becoming educated. Our training teaches us how to get an education, but it does not educate us. We receive the main part of our education after passing out from our "alma mater." If at any period a man ceases to become educated, if he stops the circulation of his personality, of giving to the world and replenishing the inner fountain with the proper food drawn from the world, he becomes useless.

Furthermore, it does not always take a college man to discover these truths. But it is men of naturally great genius who have been able to overcome these difficulties. The degree of success attainable in life is directly proportional to the fullness of each individual's realization of these essentials.

Herein, also, is found the explanation for the apparently untimely death of great men who have left their imprint upon the course of human events. We sometimes wonder at the purpose of Providence in removing so early from human relationships such powerful personalities as Julius Caesar, Washington, Lincoln. But we must stop to consider that all these men had passed through strenuous days of stress during which the very fountain of their personalities, of their very souls, had been drained beyond their power to build up. Their days of usefulness to humanity were at an end and, hence, it was the pleasure of a Great Providence that they should be taken away when their days of usefulness were over and while their influence is yet felt upon their fellow men.

All this, however, is aside from the purpose of this discussion, except that the question has arisen as to whether these great benefactors of humanity would or would not have been spoiled by a college education as we have it today. But it is apparent that the college man, if he has grasped what he should in his college life, has the "jump" on the man who has had to educate himself in the art of choosing the food with which to replenish the well within him from which he has drawn to give to the world. It is only one endowed by Nature with genius who can accomplish the feat.

Of course the great difference between the college man and the man with practical experience is the advantage the college man has of having studied books bearing upon his line of work, no matter to what branch of learning his activities may extend. But this ceases to be an advantage if the man does not bring himself to realize that the theories contained in his text-book, whether they be theories of science, of engineering, or of education, are not the starting points of that particular branch of activity. Laws of science do not make the universe; engineering theories have not been the starting of engineering practices; oratory, philosophy, or languages have not been fashioned after rules and theories, but these rules and theories have been derived from observations of the workings of actual practice.

Men used their various languages and persuaded each other by their command of its eloquence. The human mind worked quite as clearly and actively thousands of years before rules of grammar were taught and rules of oratory and of psychology were put in to text-books. Too often the student fails to realize this; it takes a period of experience outside of college for one to fully realize it.

This is why the experienced man smiles when the new engineer comes upon the job. This too is the ground upon which stands the much-talked-of Edison objection to college men and his criticism of the methods of colleges. Daily I am growing to hold Mr. Edison in higher esteem after an opportunity to view the situation both from a practical point of view of the world and from the student viewpoint. Too often there is mutual jealousy and contempt out in the world between the practically experienced man and the college man all due to failure to realize fully that practice unenlightened by theory is worth little as also is theory unseasoned by experience. When college men come to the full realization of this latter truth, we shall no more hear it said, "You can always tell a college man, but you can't tell him much."

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IN MEMORY OF MISS PHOEBE BEATRICE DAVIS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR, 1921-'22

I. A Tribute by Professor A. L. Herold.

Among the rewards of a life devoted to teaching, none is sweeter than the discovery and observation of a pure and rarely gifted spirit. From day to day the instructor may observe it, developing, growing, unfolding like a flower to the beauty and mystery of life, and sending out in all directions delicate thought tentacles to support itself in its youthful and triumphant march onward and upward. In comparison with this discovery, the conquest of the North Pole and the finding of King Tut's tomb are indeed insignificant events.

Such a reward was mine in meeting Miss Phoebe Beatrice Davis in a class studying Wordsworth's poetry in the autumn of 1920. I recall with pleasure how she penetrated the intricacies of the poet's philosophy of life and joyfully studied his wondrous lakes, his countrysides, and homely sincere people. As appreciative and attentive as Dorothy Wordsworth herself, she found inspiration in "'Tintern Abbey" and "Character of the Happy Warrior." Gentle, tactful, unpretentious, clear-eyed, and competent, she soon became the unquestioned leader of the class. Later, her merits and reliability induced me to engage her as an assistant in English; the following year when, with my aid and encouragement, *The Bucknell Mirror* was revived, she was elected as an associate editor.

True seer that she was, she early became, according to an intimate friend, a dreamer of dreams. Even in the graded schools she had one goal, one fond hope, namely, to attend Bucknell. This dream she realized. Another ambition, also aroused early in her high school course, was to become a teacher of English. With what diligence and skill she worked in this field, her record in college is an eloquent witness. This ambition, unfortunately, she did not realize. Returning home in December, 1921, for the Christmas vacation, a leading member of the Senior Class, she was seized by a lingering illness and died October 3, 1922. During her college career, however, as her knowledge grew, all her minor ambitions focused upon one great aim—service—service to her friends, to her college, and to her people. This aim, rooted in and directed by love, enabled her to serve well her Alma Mater through its various organizations, and, as all her friends and associates will agree, she neglected no opportunity for service, and in every good cause she "fought a good fight."

Because of the purity, nobility, and uniqueness of her character, one may well apply to her a stanza from one of Wordsworth's most beautiful poems:

> "A violet by a mossy stone
> Half-hidden from the eye!
> —Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky."

II. A Specimen of her Writing:

THE HONOR SYSTEM

Phoebe Beatrice Davis

Anticipating going to college, many were the air castles I built. To me, college was the El Dorado, where one found the best types of students and the loftiest principles of life. These four years were to shape one's career so perfectly and faultlessly that the intellectual and moral training gained would enable one to enter life fearlessly. Of course, such air castles were beyond realization, but yet, I still feel that my airy visions had some grounds for further realization than the average college gives today.

The final blow, which caused the entire collapse of my castles of ideals, was the total absence of an honor system of any kind at the college I had selected. Coming from a high school, where cheating or cribbing was considered a capital offense, the blow was unusually severe. Since my first term as a Freshman, I have seen practically no evidence of honor in regard to school work. I was gradually coming to the conclusion that Bucknell's idea of a college education was an intensive and extensive training in getting away with everything one could. On the foundation upon which my air castles had fallen, I was forced to build actualities at which I shuddered to look.

The college days are the moulding time of life. Too many students do not realize that the principles which they adopt and follow in college are, nine times out of ten, the ones which they will adhere to through life. They excuse their dishonorable practices during college on the conviction that they will change after leaving the doors of Alma Mater for the great wide world. Fortunate for them if the alluring temptations of money, position, and power offer less enticement to them than the college semester report!

Talk as one may, the fact still remains that there is a dire need for an honor system at Bucknell. A few people, realizing the necessity, may talk until eternity, but this is not solving the problem. Something must be done and the question must be faced boldly. It will take moral courage, and if this is a missing quantity on the campus in general, it behooves those who have that courage to demand as much from their fellow students.

First of all, the faculty must lend its cooperation. A great many students oppose the establishment of an honor system here from the fact that is would be impossible for them to pass the courses of some professors without cribbing. There should be no excuse for opposition on account of the faculty. If the students are asked to accept an honor system, there must be an understanding between the faculty and student body. No professor has a right to evaluate a student's knowledge of a subject by unfair tests. If a test is really a test, is should not be impossible for a student, alert and attending to his work, to pass with a respectable grade.

As for the student body, it will probably be necesssary to have a student board of some kind, until the "kickers" realize that business is meant. Here is the real test. Do we have enough students with moral courage which serving on this committee demands? Some group has to see that this goes into effect and works. True enough, the ideal way would be to have each college man or woman sign a card at the beginning of the year, and then leave the matter to personal honor. Under the cover of the Women's College Student Government Rule-Book is a set of resolutions, passed by the women of the college. Stated in black and white, one finds the regulations of an honor system, which is supposed to be in use. Was this ever regarded? Without doubt, the only plausible way to institute the honor system here is to have a group of women and a group of men, who are really anxious to push the issue, get together and devise some means for establishing a system, perhaps a little severe in its outline. After some time, such a moral atmosphere could be created that a person would rather be tarred and feathered than be found cheating or cribbing.

It is not too late this year to make the plans. Everything should be in readiness for the opening of college next September; so the present student body with the incoming Freshmen may write a new item of history in Bucknell's Annals.

THE HILL

A. Herbert Haslam

There is a hill in the southland
With soft meadows sloping down,
Where a limpid brook keeps murmuring
The whole of the long year round.
A green hill, a warm hill,
Dressed in a sunshine gown.

There is a hill in the northland
Where the snows from a sodden sky,
Fall through the winter's twilight
Endlessly, swirling by.
A white hill, a cold hill,
With its drifted mounds heaped high.

There is a hill between these two
With gowns both green and white,
That leaps to life in the springtime
And sleeps through the winter's night.
A changing hill, a living hill,
Reflecting the seasons' flight.

A hill that is crowned with glory
As its oaks standing staunch and tall,
Reach leafy hands to the heavens
In answer to blessings that fall.
A strong hill, a grateful hill,
With faith that is all in all.

And truant paths run o'er it
Banked with the violets blue,
Shaded above by the oak trees
With sun shafts breaking through.
A restful hill, a thoughtful hill,
With gentleness embued.

A hill that retires within itself
When the snow white blankets spread,
Blown by the winds of the far off north
To wait till the frost has fled.
A resourcefud hill, an eternal hill,
Unscathed by winter's tread.

O vision of all my dreaming!
Goal of my earnest quest!
To live in the strength of the oak trees
And the urge of the winter's breath!
O radiant hill, inspiring hill,
Here is life found at its best.

REFLECTIONS FROM NATURE

Frances M. Davis

Since Wordsworth has said,

"One impulse from the vernal woods
May teach us more of man,
Of moral, evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can."

then let us pause among the towering pines, whose very needles seem to reek with the life of Spring, and pausing thus, let us reflect what lessons Nature is broadcasting within our reach. All the bushes and juicy-leaved plants seem to wake with a noise like the purring of a warm, happy world. A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a flood of air, passes down the glade from time to time. And Nature herself, as she turns and smiles in that indescribable solitude, draws our attention to the ever-joyous mountain stream. From a few small dewdrops at its source, we may trace its ever-growing life as it increases in strength, joy, and power.

This stream, never refusing one more insignificant drop of water, soon recognizes a large host of friendly waves, which in turn become its very existence. Does Nature not broadcast to us a message from this stream? Should we refuse one single person who desires to become our friend, or like the stream, should we, being grateful for small favors, welcome each new friend to become a part of an ever-growing personality which we may soon claim as our own?

One more glance at this lesson-giving stream as it pours down upon us its moral influence. See it, as it leaps and dances, making the whole woods merry. What stimulates its joyous pranks? But look! A huge rock bars the way. The course of this energetic stream flows not as smoothly as it might appear. Will the stream give up? See! It is leaping high. Far over the rock it dances. Without a moment's hesitation or despair the stream climbs over its difficulties. That is what stimulates its joyous pranks. Without a battle won, no great victory can appear. The stream, fighting battles as it goes, rather than wearing itself out dodging them, has many victories.

The stream flows on, as does time, never to reappear in its present form, never waiting for any man. "Thus time rolls his ceaseless course," says Scott in "The Lady of The Lake." The woods will not remain at rest. The birds soar far above the swaying tree-tops. As the sun creeps shyly behind the azure hills its golden rays penetrate deeply into the being of every living plant or beast. The songsters, closing their perfect day with tunes of praise, blend their voices in one unsurpassable melody. The cricket lends his murmurings to the flute-like notes of the wood thrush. The evening song of the robin answers the weird calls of the whip-poor-will. As darkness gathers these smooth-flowing melodies fade, while solitude again holds sway.

In the darkness the sturdy pines stand like immovable sentinels guarding the sleeping night. What tall straight lives are exemplified by these monarchs of the forest! Of what use would they be if they grew in gnarled, crooked branches? Surely no lumberman would as much as notice them. They would be useless for his purpose. Here again Nature broadcasts to us a message. Just think how much more useful our own lives would be if our characters stood up strong and straight as the pine trees.

If life were freed from the discords of hatred, selfishness, and unkind opposition, we would find our actions in accord with the smooth-flowing melody of Nature.

* * * *

ALMOST SEEING PARIS

Earl DeCoursey

The door of the hospital pharmacy flew open and Lieutenant Sam thrust his curly head through the opening saying "There's your leave old dear," and with a twinkle in his eye added, "don't get into a tangle with the military police up in Paris."

I picked up the leave papers, eager for the details. They provided for transportation from Nantes to Saint Dizier, a small town where my brother was located. I had not seen him for over two years, and the thought of such a meeting brought sensations that were very dear, especially since in the recent letter received from him he had made slighting reference to a cut received across his hand in the mix-up at St. Mihiel. I returned to the orders to give a start of surprise. The orders read for movement that night on the seven o'clock train to Paris. My wrist watch registered five-thirty already. I finished the work at hand hurriedly and went to the barracks to change for the journey. This change consisted mostly of a clean pair of socks and a clean shirt.

Just as I swung on to the ambulance, a door of the Red Cross Hut opened and "Billie" Wilson, one of the aides, ran out, calling to us to wait. Addressing me, she said, "Sam just told us your leave takes you through Paris coming and going. Would you stop at the Headquarters in Paris and get our new uniforms on your return? We need them the worst kind of way for Saturday night's fun."

"Sure," I replied, wondering if Saturday night's fun was to be another dance for the poor wounded officers who would hobble down to the nurses' chateau on their crutches, throw them in a corner and dance, and then get us out of bed to bring them home in the ambulances afterwards. "Billie" soon returned with the necessary papers, and we started, reaching the station just as the big clock pointed to seven. I dashed up to the Railroad Transport Officer, checked in and broke through the gate in search of the train. It was still there. At eleven o'clock it was still there. Finally we started, arriving in Paris early the next morning.

While checking in with the Military Police I recalled Sam's playful admonishment to avoid trouble with the M. P.'s. There was no trouble for my conduct was precaution personified. This ordeal over, I left the rest of the group, who were heading north, to cross the city and take the Nancy Express for Vitry-le-Francois where I was to change for St. Dizier.

The last lap of this journey afforded me ample time for both retrospection and a little introspection. I reviewed the strange events of the last year. Strange how individuals were torn from peace time pursuits and hurled into this seething business of war in a foreign land. Again I was picturing my brother getting that scratch across the hand. He had spoken lightly of it, yet back of it all was that fraternal regard that is so rarely manifested between brothers. And at the thought of seeing him once more my spirits rose high.

I was roused from these thoughts by the jolt of the brakes being applied to the wheels. I looked out of the compartment window to see a typical American camp. The long, low, dull brown, wooden barracks huddled together in the midst of a sea of mud, seemed to crowd closer in an effort to shield themselves from the steady downpour of rain that was falling. At the edge of the foremost barracks a solitary guard was pacing his beat in the mud. Was this dreary picture an ill omen to me? If it was I was much too engrossed in the joy of seeing my brother again to think of any ill omens.

The train stopped and I descended. Soon the grounds surrounding the camp were under foot. I plunged on in the mud and rain, becoming more elated at each step. On learning where the second cavalry barracks were, I had to turn and retrace my path a bit. The time being about five-thirty in the afternoon, I felt sure that all the fellows would be through with their work and gathered in the barracks awaiting the evening mess call. I found the building desired, opened the door, and entered. Smiling, expansive, and confident, I advanced toward the group which was gathered around the stove. They turned to survey me as I came forward. There was a slight silence. "Does Mullen room here," I asked? The one nearest me took a pipe from his mouth, and indicating a nearby bunk remarked, "That's his bunk, there." "Isn't he in from work yet?" I asked. "Why, yes, he is down to Mont Carlo on leave," was the answer I received. A long silence fell, broken only by the crackling of the wood fire and the patter of the rain on the roof. A sorry sight I must have been, standing there; my hat soaking wet, raincoat dripping and dismay written plainly on my face. No wonder one of the group laughed at such a picture. This laugh brought me back to earth again, and the first question was, "When is the first train out of this mud hole?" On learning that, I turned and trudged slowly back to the station, cursing fate for playing such a trick on me.

The train eventually arrived (as French trains will) and I climbed aboard. As yet no plans had begun to form in my mind since the recent setback. I ate some of the brown bread and cheese that I had in my bag, drank a bottle of wine, and, curled up in a corner of the compartment for a nap. Vitry Le-Francois came all too soon. I tumbled out into the murky darkness, feeling but half awake, and rather seedy from traveling twenty-four hours without a stop.

At Vitry the board announced in a dismal scrawl that the Paris Express was an hour and a half late. "Fine," I grouched, glaring at the board as if that was to blame.

To put in the time I tried sleeping, but without success. Then I paced the platform but the cold soon drove me inside. The advertisements failed to hold any interest in such a mood. Next I tried fraternizing with the French guard in his little room. He seemed friendly enough. But this friendliness, I soon discovered, was due to an excess of spirituous liquors. My wonder as to how I could excuse myself was removed quite suddenly by the guard himself. He offered me a drink of his favorite, which I smilingly refused. This refusal was like a match to a keg of powder. He became highly insulted, and proceeded to show it with a series of voluble exclamations and vehement gestures, that caused me both to gaze in awe at such a vocabulary and smile at such gyrations, for the air seemed full of maledictions and threatening arms and legs. This second smile crystallized him to action. He reached around for something in a dark corner. I had visions of a gun and without further ceremony, turned and fled ignominiously into the outer darkness. Until train time, I wandered about, wet and miserable, not daring to go near the station, for in rushing from the room I had accidentally upset the stove pipe. If I had any hope of his forgiveness for refusing the wine, this wreck of the stove pipe dispelled it.

When the train pulled in, I boarded it on the side opposite the platform and up among the first-class coaches up front. In one of these empty coaches I sat with quaking heart until we were well under way. Safely out of that scrape, and having survived the disappointment of missing my brother, the future loomed up before me. I had a three-day leave and but twenty-four hours of it were expired. If I kept on going at this rate I would be back with the outfit in another eight hours and that would never do. The first thing that a buck private would think of in a case like this would undoubtedly be, "Why not stay in Paris?" "Fine," I thought, but how? Many and many were the tales that I had heard of the severe punishment that fellows suffered who had overstayed their time limit in that city. Yet the proposition dangled invitingly before me. I could not seem to get rid of it. And then suddenly dawned this seemingly great idea.

Those uniforms that I was to collect for the Red Cross! Now if they were not ready and it could be shown to the Military Police that they were not ready, and that they must be had, then the chances for an extra twenty-four hours in Gay Paris would be good. I decided that I would be satisfied with twenty-four hours extra. Yes, that would be quite sufficient.

The prospect looked so bright that I began to feel skeptical about it. It was almost too good to be true. Yet how could it possibly fail? The only way that I could foresee was that the M. P's. might call up the Red Cross Headquarters and attempt to discredit my story. This possibility I determined to remove by going to Miss Brooks, who was in charge of the uniform department, and tell her frankly what I was going to do. If this Miss Brooks was a bit of a sport as most of the Red Cross Workers that I had met, I felt sure that this matter could be arranged all right.

All difficulties having been foreseen and cared for, I took another nap, for we were but a few hours out of Paris. Arriving at the station, I checked in with the M. P's., and headed for the Red Cross Headquarters. As soon as the offices opened I entered and located the desired party. Miss Brooks had caused me some trepidation, but my first glance reassured me. She appeared to be a good sport and later turned out to be a very good one indeed. She agreed to reassure the M. P's. in case they called up, and in high spirits I started for the M. P's. Office. I was walking on air but little did I realize how near and steep was the descent.

On entering the building, I went through the first door that I came to. A soldier in shirt sleeves and smoking a cigarette, sat on the other side of the room behind a small table. I advanced and smilingly asked, "May I obtain a leave extension?" I got no further, for with an unpleasant frown he turned and jerked out, "Can't you guys read?" Following the gesture of his hand I read the following notice, which was tacked on the wall. It read, "Leave extensions granted upstairs." And at this point let me add that that sign lied for it should have read, "Leave Extensions Refused Upstairs." I apologized and left the room. At the top of the stairs I picked the first door I saw, opened it and entered. The room I entered was a long gloomy one, with bare walls. Two flat-top desks were near the other end of the room. On the top of one of the desks reposed the feet of a second lieutenant, while behind the other sat a sergeant. In front of him was a soldier, who formed the first of a line that awaited their turn to speak to him.

I had hardly entered the room when in walked another second lieutenant, and in an icy voice snapped out, "Don't you know enough to remove your hat in the presence of officers?" My hat came off like magic beneath this chilly blast. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the sergeant at the desk laugh in a manner that was anything but comforting.

As I drew near to the desk I could overhear the requests that were made, and almost without exception they were refused. I began to feel dubious, and at the same time glad that I had called upon Miss Brooks and had had an understanding.

Finally my turn came and I laid my case before this omnipotent judge. Before I had finished he interrupted with an incredible, "Is that so?" Turning to the lieutenant he said in loud tones, "Here's a guy 'at has to collect some uniforms for the Red Cross and they aint ready and he wants to know if he can wait for 'em." It made me hot under the collar to have him air my case in such tones before the crowd, and I colored. I held back an angry retort just as the lieutenant beckoned me over to his desk. "State your case again," he ordered briefly. In an endeavor to do so I leaned slightly over his desk and my conversation took on a confidential tone, as I lowered my voice. No sooner had this happened than he thundered out, "Stand at attention when you are addressing an officer." I jerked to attention and attempted to finish my request. But I knew what was coming and was ready for the refusal. It never came though. Instead a suspicious narrowing of the eyes caught me for a brief second. Then he asked me for the name of the person from whom the uniforms were to be obtained. Divining his intention, I told him haltingly and a bit doubtfully. "All right, we'll see about that," he said grabbing the phone. And then it was that I thanked Providence for having posted Miss Brooks. Learning from her that my story was correct, the lieutenant now decided that here was a case where an extension was justified, but sooner than admit defeat he "passed the buck" and referred me to his superior officer. I performed all the necessary ceremonies such as thanking him, saluting stiffly, doing an about face, and marching from the room.

I knocked on the door of the captain's room but received no response. After a second unsuccessful attempt I opened the door and entered. Almost before I was inside, someone in a swivel chair swung around and angrily demanded. "What the H - - - do you want?" Under this withering demand, I nearly melted through the floor. However summoning back a spark of courage, I told the tale once more. The Captain took his cue from the Lieutenant and "passed the buck" also. He didn't know a d---n thing about my case and what was more he would be d----d ——??

The Captain did not tell me where to find Major Kerr, who was the recipient of all of this buck passing, nor did I ask him. I left that room as fast as I could.

Major Kerr was hard to find and still harder to move. He at least did me the honor of allowing me to tell the story through to its end. But he did not believe it. He, too, called up Miss Brooks. Then I decided to throw all honor to the winds. "Major, I promised those girls that I would return with their uniforms and I would like to keep that promise," I said emphatically. "They have been real friends to us in the past and here is an opportunity to repay it in a small way. I have seen Paris before," I continued lying easily, "it isn't new to me," and then rising to great heights, "as far as I am concerned, I would just as soon go back now." But even artistic prevarication failed to move him. He shook his head finally and I took my leave.

I descended the stairs with murder in my heart, my thoughts so full of hate that I fairly reeked with meanness. Returning to the Red Cross I collected the uniforms and headed for the station where I boarded the train for Nantes. The first person that I met in the station was Lieutenant Sam. "What, you back already? Did you have any luck with the M. P's.," he asked? Who was it first said, "If looks could kill—?"

* * * *

LOFTY PLACES

I stood in a lofty place
And watched
The easy passing of a deep river
As it hurried by a lone yawning oak.

I stood in a lofty place
And watched
The myriad hastenings of a throng
Seeking after God knows what—
I stood in a lofty place
And watched
The harsh turnings of big machinery
Grinding out something,
At the cost of souls,
To make men comfortable.

And I wondered whether God
Wore a smile or a frown
As he watched these same things
From His lofty place.

A DISSERTATION ON DRIVING

Mildred Meixell

My ambition at present is to drive a car with one hand and a devil-may-care look. I tried it the other day and found that it wasn't as easy as it looks. But that is the way with life. You see I reflect—I have the makings of a philosopher. Nothing is as easy as it seems, with the exception of the vacuum cleaner. It looks rather complicated but a baby can run it, so they say. Never having met with one when I was a baby, I won't commit myself.

My knowledge of cars is limited. I find upon consideration that my knowledge of many subjects is limited. For instance, all I know about baseball is "Strike three and out" and "Casey's at the bat." Also my ideas about a car are vague. I used to think a car ran itself, but now I realize you have to play "Put and Take" with the brake and clutch. As for the accelerator, you must "step on it." I could never understand just when to draw the line between emergencies and just common incidents, so I am still rather dubious as to when the book of etiquette demands the use of the emergency brake.

To continue—In a weak moment I cajoled my Dad into letting me drive the car. It was foolishness on his part to give in to me. For if only he had stuck to his rights as a parent and put his foot down on the project, my reputation would still be intact and that forty-seven dollars—but that will come later. However, I will maintain to the bitter end that it was all due to his masculine weakness. Where is the man who can withstand feminine logic? But I philosophize again. You see it is one of my shortcomings.

We stepped into the car, or rather my Dad heaved himself in, being inclined toward stoutness. Well, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Not that I am given to quoting scripture but when reviewing the events of the day that remark seems the most appropriate.

My Dad said, "You take the wheel."

I all but did take it and walk away with it, so hard did I grab it. Then followed a series of "pull this," "step on that," "no, with the other foot," "not that way." The car gave a jerk and then lurched drunkenly forward.

"We are launched," I cried inwardly but to all onlookers I maintained an indifferent calm. At least I thought that was the appearance I gave. But I was sadly mistaken judging by the remark of an impudent young rascal who must have contemplated suicide by crossing in front of the car.

"Hold her, Went, she's a'rarin'," he yelled.

Then only did I realize that I was clutching the wheel as though I were an old maid and the wheel the only available man this side of Mars. My Dad chuckled. To have a man laugh at me, even if he is my Dad, is fatal. I decided to show him.

I did, but not as I intended. Let us quickly pass over the painful part. It was a private hedge and I rammed it broadside. The woman who belonged to it swore it cost her thirty dollars. Dad wrote a check, thus eliminating all unpleasantness.

We continued on our way, but not rejoicing, as the poet says. Anyway there were no symptoms of gladness on my Dad's part. Peace did not reign long. Our next faux pas was in the form of a milk wagon. While I was watching the numbers on the speedometer we shot around a corner and headed right into her. She looked like an accordion or a collapsible drinking-cup when, after the damage, we backed out of the debris and continued.

I never lost my nerve once. In fact the driver of the milk wagon complimented me on it for he yelled, just as we hit him,

"You've got your nerve."

Then I got a rise out of Dad.

"Look here," he said, "If you're trying to prove that the bumper on this car is what it's guaranteed to be, I'm already convinced. So don't go out of your way for any more demonstrations."

"Out of my way?" That was just what I hadn't been doing. I stuck to the road through thick and thin, mostly thin, for that milkman was a fraud. He watered his milk.

My Dad suggested that I drive more carefully in the future. That accounts for the next incident worthy of note. Ahead I saw a telephone pole making straight for me. I decided that is was time for me to display my ability to use the emergency brake. I knew that in a minute the pole would get the best of me if I didn't act quickly. So I shut my eyes and jammed on the emergency brake. It was some jar, but at least we stopped, which was my purpose. I found myself embracing the wheel in a decidedly ungraceful position. My Dad, fingering the dent in his beloved derby, remarked,

"Rather sudden stop, eh?" Then he very tactfully—that is, for a man—suggested that he drive home.

Now was the time I should have asserted myself and said, like the heroes of old, "I'll fight it out on these lines if it takes all summer." But I didn't. Instead I slid meekly out of the driver's seat. My Dad took the wheel. I know when I'm licked.

* * * *

GERANIUMS

Outside my window, drinking the hot
sunlight, there are three geraniums,
a red one, a pink one, and one which
is both red and pink.
All day long these three
nod and fool with the wind
in a gentle roughhouse—
great playmates these and the wind!
I wish I could play in
a gentle roughhouse with the wind
for if geraniums have so
much fun at it, it must be
a great sensation.
But keep on having your fun,
you bright, careless gems of summer,
I'm thinking now of the winter
who doesn't play gentle roughhouse.
Keep on mussing it up
gently with the wind—he's a fine
playmate now, but tell me,
who's going to play gentle
roughhouse with you when winter
comes?

THE RAPE OF THE PICKLE

Charles F. Lindig

IT WAS springtime, then. It was not early spring, however, for the memory of persistent snow piles and deep gumbo mud had passed as if they had never been. Here and there about the town clouds of dust wafted over high board fences and the staccato roar of carpetbeaters revealed the interest in the outdoor sport of the season. Occasionally a slowly rising rasping, wailing clatter along the front sidewalk bespoke the passage of some lawnmower enroute to its annual sharpening.

Those were drowsy years. The Russians and Japs were again on speaking terms and the Panama Canal had not been, as yet, begun. The Edison phonograph had just begun to squawk. Soda fountains were closed in winter and the banana split was yet to reach its fame. Efficiency was unknown. No one had ever heard of self-starters, Mr. Volstead, jazz, the Ruhr, Charlie Chaplin, the income tax, or static.

Our hero was then at that indeterminate period in life between infancy and boyhood. "Alice in Wonderland" no longer held him captive. Yet he would have been much too young to associate with a boy the age of Penrod.

His world was really small and verging toward ugliness. It was a square of ground in the center of town entirely surrounded by unsightly buildings.

On either side of the lot were buildings extending from Main Street to the alley at the rear. The upper end of the lot was shut in by the rather dejected rear of a Main Street building; at the lower end of the lot was a dismal old barn. The building on one side of the lot presented a blank, three-story expanse of brickwork.

The building on the other side was an ice-house with its hideous board side almost as monotonous as the brickwork opposite. Only one thing relieved its sombreness. That was a little two-foot-square window high up toward the top. Notice this window carefully for if it had not been there nothing would have happened to the pickle and things would have been just as they would have been if they wouldn't.

At the upper end of the lot was a "grass patch." Next came a poor-but-proud flower bed. Then came a discouraged vegetable garden and off in one corner a region devoted to our hero's own particular use. A narrow concrete walk traversed the length of the lot from the back of the building to the barn at the rear. They were really very sordid surroundings but the childish fancy recreates such things into the gossamer threads of most golden scenes. To the boy this was a land flowing with milk and honey. For him that concrete walk was at various times the open way of El Camino Real or the roadbed of the Pennsylvania System. The grass patch easily became a boundless prairie and the flower bed a great forest. But, somehow, that vegetable garden never entered into things. It was always remembered alongside such things as having your face washed or your teeth pulled. He always felt that the garden hemmed in his own domain which it bordered. It was in this little corner, all his very own, that he spent most of his time. Here the topography could be changed at will. Sometimes it was a miniature real estate project, or again with the aid of a garden hose—a marine scene. Such is the way youthful fancy ever reconstructs its world.

But it was spring then and the sky was blue overhead and birds liked to delve down into that little oasis and sing among the flowers. It must have been the renascent spirit of spring that caused the nearby grocer to clean out his warehouse and deposit on his rubbish heap a tin model of a pickle put out as an advertisement by a well-known resident of Pittsburgh. This monstrosity was at least a foot in length and was tinted in the most approved verdant shade. Across its warty surface was blazoned in raised gold letters the legend: "HEINZ 57." How this creation of art came into the possession of our hero is not recorded, but he got it just the same.

What a priceless possession in the eyes of youth! Infatuation! Love at first sight! That was it. All the works of Michael Angelo, the Venus of Milo, and the best of Leonardo da Vinci rolled into one could not have entranced the art loving world more than this sculptured vegetable affected our hero.

People have always enshrined their treasures. Paris has its Louvre, London its Westminster Abbey, Rome its ancient ruins, Washington its Congressional Library, New York its skyscrapers, and Chicago its stockyards. But for this youngster, just let him have his pickle. And in the fullness of time this treasure came to be enshrined, came to occupy the place of majesty in this Land of Make-Believe. A large hook was discovered about ten feet up the side of the ice-house and there the pickle came to hang. The ice-house was transfigured. Just the right touch of art had been given to convert it into a thing of beauty. The boy's wonderland became Paradise. And now the world was all sunshine and music. All that day he busied himself at his imaginary tasks with joy overflowing his heart. Occasionally he would slip a surreptitious glance of admiration toward the enthroned fruit of the vine. Again he would pause for minutes at a time and gaze in silent awe upon its verdant form.

But this sort of idyllic existence must needs end. There were other and profane eyes that also saw the pickle. A couple of young barbarians somewhat older than our hero had, unnoticed by him, been enviously observing from the tiny window in the ice-house high up but immediately over the treasured vegetable. There had been much bobbing in and out of heads and scampering off to far corners of the ice-house, but of this, the boy knew nothing. He was too engrossed in adoration of the product of the Pittsburgh manufacturer.

His first intimation of a hostile depredation came when he saw a pair of ice tongs suspended on a rope drop down upon his treasure. His worshiping gaze turned to a horrified stare. He was frozen with dumb terror. He gazed fascinated as the despoilers fished around with their contrivance in an effort to hook fast to the outraged object. After a few seconds, which, to the stricken idolter, seemed like centuries, he was shocked to see the tongs grip the pickle and it slowly disappeared toward the lair of the robbers.

Did you ever experience that sensation at the pit of your stomach when you drop suddenly in an elevator? Or possibly you may have felt it when you stepped around a corner and ran into your best girl out walking with another fellow. As the boy saw his idol passing slowly, inexorably from him, he experienced just that sensation. Only immeasurably worse. Down—down—down dropped his spirits and brought up with a crash about five thousand feet below sea level. He was left weak. He was overcome by a feeling of crushing grief, of unquenchable sorrow. And he——but what would you have done in such a case if you were only six years old?

Well, so did I.

* * * *

LONGING

Virginia Scott

Bluets powder the moss between the trees;
They say that they are beautiful.
Each day I pass them by;
Each day they lift their frailty to me,
Pleading their loveliness.
Yes, they are lovely, I suppose,
And yet—

How blue the sea must be
On such a day!
Do you remember how we sailed
This summer? Watched the mast
Stiff-swaying gainst the studded stars,
And heard the water whisper in its sleep?

How bright the sea must be!
The wavelets slap
The smooth round belly of the sloop.
Against the wheel
The tendons of your fingers pulse and strain.
Your bright hair crinkles in the sun; the gulls
Above you tilt and weirdly cry.

And I must still be here—
Here with the leering bluets, and the sky!

A MISUNDERSTANDING

George W. Lewis

What is your opinion of the French people? If you have listened to the talk of the returned overseas veterans and of some of the lecturers of today, you undoubtedly have the same opinion as they have, which is that the French people are a morally degenerated race. The French, too, have their opinion of the Americans and I am sorry to say that it is not an exceptionally fine one. Many French people think that the Americans are a race of money-spending-drunkards.

During the war, I served in France eighteen months and was given the opportunity to make a close study of the French people, an opportunity for which I am truly thankful, for it gave me a means of seeing things as they really were. For eight months of the time I was in France, I lived with a private family and gained an insight into the home life of the French people. During the remaining ten months of my time in that country, I was thrown into daily contact with all classes of French people, from the lowest class of laborer to the richest and most intellectual class and I was more than pleased with things as I found them.

The large portion of the Americans who were in France did not all see the French people. They spent the greatest part of their time either in the trenches or in camps and seldom obtained liberty, or leave of absence, to go to those places where the French people could be met. It is impossible to get acquainted with the French people when one has only a day or a few hours to be in their presence, for they have a system of social chaperonage which is strange to the American people and one must meet a French family several times before he will be accepted as a friend or acquaintance of standing. As a result, the only people the Americans had the opportunity of seeing were those few who can be found in and about the towns and cities of France and of whom the real French people are not in the least proud. The Americans naturally judged the entire French people to be the same as those few whom they saw and met on the streets.

When I arrived in France I did not know a word of French and was taken with a desire to learn the French language. At first I did my best with newspapers, magazines, a dictionary, etc., but found that I was not making the progress that I would like to make. I then consulted a Y. M. C. A. Secretary and, as I had received official permission to live in a private family, asked that he help me to find a suitable family with whom I might live. At the time he had no record of a family desiring an American boarder, so he took me to the fourth floor of the Y. M. C. A. building and introduced me to the diminutive Madame Bonnemere, who had charge of the cloak and parcel room of the Y. M. C. A. He explained my wishes to Madame Bonnemere and she gladly consented to converse with me and correct any errors I might make (this, she was to do only while on duty in the Y. M. C. A.) and I assure you they were many. I cannot refrain from smiling when I think of the grammatical sufferings and insults that poor, little, gray-haired lady had to suffer because of my meager knowledge of the French language. Shortly after my acquaintance with Madame Bonnemere began, she told me of a very well educated family with whom she was acquainted and I believe it was at this time that I used what little brains I have to better advantage than I have ever done before, or since. I began immediately to "put on my best front" in the presence of Madame Bonnemere, made her presents of boxes of chocolates and such other dainties that the French people could not obtain. Madame Bonnemere carried the news (what a fine young American gentleman she had met—I am sure she did not really know me), to her friends with the result that I "accidently" met the son of the family in the Y. M. C. A. about a week later and was introduced to him by Madame Bonnemere. After that we met three evenings a week and about three weeks later at the termination of one of these meetings, I was invited to have Sunday dinner with the family. After being the recipient of two such invitations, the mother of the family, Madame Bonnehon, asked if I would care to make my home with her family, stating that she was desirous of having someone near with whom her son could converse in English and thus perfect his knowledge of the language. Not caring to appear over-anxious, I expressed my appreciation of her kindness and told her I would be more than pleased to do so if I could obtain official permission, a privilege which I had secured approximately three months previous Two days later I "moved in" and after spending about a month on "probation" I was accepted as a member of the family, in fact, I received more privileges and better treatment than did the son. The members of the Bonnehon family introduced me to numerous French people and families and everyone to whom I was introduced accepted me socially, because I had been introduced by a member of their set. Thus, I fortunately met many French people and I did not have to base my opinion of them on the few who are to be seen in the business sections of all the cities and large towns of France.

While in France, one of the expressions which often came to my ears from the mouths of American service men was, "No one knows me here, so I can cut up and do as I please," and unfortunately that is just what they did. Many of the soldiers, who were granted short leaves of absence to visit nearby towns and cities, and many of the sailors who were granted shore liberty, visited these towns and cities for the sole purpose of spending a month's pay, getting intoxicated, and having a "good time" in general. I have often seen Americans, both intoxicated and sober, go into stores for the purpose of making some minor purchase, lay down a ten franc note for a four or five franc article and say, "keep the change." If you were to see a man, or groups of men, spending money recklessly and carousing about town, would you not consider them money-spending-drunkards? Can we blame the French for thinking the same as we undoubtedly would under similar circumstances?

These false impressions of the French people and the American people are in reality nothing more than a misunderstanding between the two races, for I know that the American people are not a race of money-spending-drunkards and I feel sure that there is just as much vice and social crime in America as there is in France, the only difference being that in France, these deeds of vice and social crime are committed openly, while in America they are committed under cover.

Personally, I never shall look down upon the French people as a morally degenerated race, but shall always hold them in the highest esteem and respect. When thinking of France, I shall always remember the little mother, who arose at two o'clock in the morning, spent the earlier hours of the day in cleaning the streets and then went on duty as a trolley-car conductor, working until six o'clock in the evening so that her children might receive their education and so that her home might not be broken up. I shall always remember the aged Madame Senelle, who spent her time and her meager fortune in ministering to the poor; I shall always remember Madame Godard, who worked twelve hours a day in the railroad terminal cleaning the passenger coaches; I shall always remember Jacques, the lad of fifteen, who worked eight hours a day to support the family and yet could find three hours a day, from four o'clock until seven o'clock in the morning, in which to attend art school so that his education would not be interrupted; I shall always remember the mother, whose three daughters were violated and then, along with her husband, murdered in her presence; and, I shall always remember the numerous other people of whom I have personal knowledge. Of all the nations participating in the late war, I believe France suffered more indignities and losses of every kind than did any other nation and by her actions during this war and previous wars she has placed herself in an enviable position among the nations of the world. I am convinced that I am honestly justified in placing France on that pedestal on which she stands in my esteem and I am impatiently awaiting the day on which I hope to renew my associations with the people of that country.

* * * *

BACHELORS, PINK ENVELOPES AND A MONKEY

W. L. Keyser

New York City possesses no club or society more unique or more aristocratic than the Bachelor's Club which admits to its honorable and very often coveted membership only those wealthy gentlemen who have never felt, or through disappointment never care to feel, the pangs of love, and which prohibits on pain of expulsion, any member having mutual dealings with the fair sex. A visitor to the Club's rooms on a Friday evening, would see two classes of men,—thin pessimistic old fellows who care nothing for the vanities of the world, and jolly, plump men who possess many male friends and who wear massive diamond rings on their fat fingers and diamond buttons on their shirts.

Coincidently, John Farnesse and Jacob Craven, rivals in business and members of the Bachelor's Club, lived in the same apartment house,—Farnesse, who belonged to the jolly class of men, in the higher priced rooms, and Craven, who resembled the pessimistic class, in the cheapest apartments in the building. Although Farnesse treated his rival with scrupulous friendship, he was only too aware that Craven envied his wealth and business standing and awaited an opportunity to humble his pride.

One day, Jacob Craven, probably knowing that his friend was away, knocked at the door of his hated rival's apartments.

"I wish to converse with Mr. Farnesse at once. Is he in?" he abruptly asked the servant who answered his knock.

"He has gone out, sir. I have no idea when he will return. He gave orders not—"

"Well, I shall wait here till he returns. You have probably misinterpreted his orders," he interrupted with his harsh voice. "You may leave, Jerry, and close the door as there is a draught."

Jerry hesitated but the old man's cold, commanding gaze induced him to obey. He loved his employer as thoroughly as he hated Craven and now, as he peeped through a keyhole, he suspiciously watched his enemy.

"Oh! You brute!" cried Craven.

As he passed the window he stumbled over the base of a perch and caused a frightened monkey to drop its tingling tambourine which rolled across the floor.

"What a fright it gave me! Here, take your plaything, you beast," the old man said in a low voice, as some people are wont to do when they are alone.

After he had glanced around the room, he mumbled to himself, "Farnesse is too wise. There's nothing to be found here. Such a large desk! A desk for a man with dishonest business methods; a thing for a man who has something to hide. What's this? The morning's mail. Strange I overlooked it. A pink envelope? I wonder from whom he received this; surely it does not mean business,"

Craven picked up a long, narrow pink envelope and looked at it suspiciously.

"Aha!" joyously cried the old man, furrowing his thin face into a triumphant, but rather diabolical, smile. "From a lady and postmarked Albany, N. Y. It would be my duty to open it."

He tore open the letter and Jerry, who eagerly listened behind the door, heard him read it aloud.

"Dearest John," he read, "I would be delighted to accompany you to the Falls next month. I shall be prepared to meet you at my home on the twenty-fifth. Mother enjoyed your last visit and will be happy to meet you again. With love, Mabel Larsen."

"What was that? A footstep?" exclaimed the old man, as he thrust the envelope between the leaves of a diary which he carried, and rearranged the disorderly pile of mail.

"I believe I am mistaken; however, I shall go before Farnesse does arrive," he said to himself and left the room.

John Farnesse had not yet returned at two o'clock in the afternoon. Jerry received the afternoon mail and laid it on the huge desk.

"Now that old man will raise trouble with that letter," he said to himself. "If I could only get it. But here is one just like the other. I wonder if it contains anything that will harm Mr. Farnesse like the other one? I believe I'll open it."

Jerry, with a servant's curiosity, opened the narrow pink envelope and read the note.

"There's nothing suspicious in that," he said and he put the letter in his coat pocket.

"There goes Jerusha out the window! How in the dickens did she get loose?" cried Jerry as he ran to the window. "And she's running down the fire-escape and into old Craven's apartments!"

Jerry ran out into the hall and encountered the portly figure of John Farnesse.

"Oh, sir. Jerusha has escaped, and I saw her going into Mr. Craven's apartments," panted Jerry.

"Well, go down at once and get her before she destroys something," Farnesse replied.

Jerry knocked at Craven's door but received no answer, for the miserly Craven kept no servant. He heard Jerusha's tambourine jangling, probably against the old man's cheap furniture. The faithful man tried to open the door, and joyfully walked in when he found it unlatched.

"Jerusha! Come here at once! You shall get what's coming to you for this," he angrily commanded and threatened.

As he turned about to leave the room, his eye caught the corner of a familiar pink envelope protruding from the pages of a black book which lay on a small desk.

"That's just what I was wishing for. I shall change the letter in my pocket for this one," he joyfully thought as he took the letter which Craven had stolen and replaced it with the one he carried.

Jerry, having, as he thought, a great idea, thrust the narrow letter between the double layers of skin which composed the head of the tambourine and said to himself, "This slit certainly came in handy. I shall now hand this instrument to Mr. Farnesse who will discover this letter and learn what it contains and no one will be accused of stealing. I hear footsteps. Here, Jerusha, take your old toy."

Jerry heard voices in the hall and recognized Farnesse's voice, apologizing for Jerusha's misbehavior.

"I am sorry that the beast caused this trouble and I shall settle for any damage. Jerry was sent down and probably walked right in since you say you left the door unlatched."

The men entered the old man's den. Craven's shrunken, stooped form dwindled dwarfishly when he stood beside Farnesse's full, round body. The old man wisely acted like a friend, although his flashing eyes betrayed his secret cunning.

"Come in," Craven said, " and sit down for a few moments. I have a matter of importance to talk over with you. —Drat that monkey!"

Jerusha, recognizing the old man, jumped frantically up and down in Jerry's arms and dug her sharp claws into Craven's hand as he passed. In the excitement the beast again dropped her tambourine.

Farnesse picked up the animal's toy and holding it to the light, exclaimed, "Why, there's something in here. It's an opened letter and addressed to me. How peculiar!"

Craven glanced suspiciously at his black diary on the desk and then nodded his head with satisfaction.

"Let me see what is says," continued Farnesse, taking out the letter.

Farnesse's fat, rosy cheeks turned pale and after reading the letter he tore it up into tiny bits and threw them into a waste-basket.

"It is nothing of importance. Just sort of a love letter. But I received it thirty years ago," he said lightly and with as much truth as possible.

Farnesse thought and thought hard. How had this letter come between the skins of the tambourine? He raised his head and met Jerry's gaze which turned and rested upon a certain black book. Farnesse could not help but look too, and his eyes fastened upon a pink envelope which protruded from the pages of the diary. A like envelope he had just torn to pieces!

Craven who still intently looked at the waste-basket, heard Farnesse move, and he lifted his eyes. He thrust his skinny, claw-like hand out —too late. Farnesse had taken the black book!

"I see you have received a letter from some lady," he said, carefully avoiding the face of the letter, "I recognize the post-mark and she always used the same kind of paper. I must say you are courageous to carry such a letter openly. But has the letter been sent recently? I desire to know if things fare well with Miss Larsen."

For once Craven was confused and he blundered. Instead of waiting until Farnesse put the book back upon the desk, he leaned forward and snatched the letter from the pages of the diary.

Craven at once recognized his mistake. He took the letter out and very carefully laid the envelope face downward on his lap.

"Miss Larsen writes of business matters," Craven begun. "I don't think there is any personal matter in it. I will read it again, and if—

He had glanced at the letter and now quickly stopped when he saw the few harmless lines. Could this be the same letter he had stolen? Surely not!

The startling incident rendered him too nervous. He jerked his knees and sent the envelope which lay on his lap, to the floor, face upward.

"Old envelopes are a nuisance. It will be well if you follow my example," said Farnesse as he picked up the pink envelope and tore it into small pieces.

Craven saw himself vanquished and placed Miss Larsen's second letter into Farnesse's outstretched hand.

"Dear Sir," Farnesse read aloud, "A few minutes ago I sent a letter to you; but as I hear that you celebrate your fortieth birthday anniversary tomorrow, we send these congratulations to you. May you continue to be as successful in business as you have been in the past. M. Larsen and Mother."

"Permit me to offer my congratulations," said Farnesse, bowing slightly. "You will pardon me, but I thought your fortieth birthday had long since passed."

He handed back the letter and, turning, he ordered the happy Jerry to leave the room.

"Let this be a secret," Farnesse said to the old man who sat in his chair as if he no longer cared to live, "If I should mention that you had two personal letters from a lady, it might cause trouble somewhere. Here is a cigarette which will soothe your nerves. This was such a wonderful call and I owe it all to Jerusha. Pardon again for her uninvited entrance to your room."

Craved muttered unintelligently in reply as he ushered his enemy out of the room.

* * * *

UNKNOWNS

Alice Davis

Tingle! Tingle! Burr-r-r-r—!

"Oh why doesn't someone shut that nuisance off? It's enough to waken the dead,-and only five o'clock Horrors!"

Yes, Big Ben cruelly snatched away my dreams and left me blinking and dazed to ponder over the realities of life...and...unknowns. Now one would think during the hours of the day as he placidly sat upon the dresser table and indifferently ticked away the minutes, that he was just a watchful old fellow ever reminding us of our "dates" or tennis matches or our trips to the Purity. No one would ever dream how cruel he can be at five o'clock in the morning. Then, he tingles and jingles terrifically until any human mortal is almost frantic. Then without any warning at all he stops as suddenly as he began, leaving one so angry at his intrusion and so startled by his noise that all thoughts of sleep have completely fled and one is left to think, think, think! He's a robber, and like all robbers he does his work in the wee hours of the morning. He robs poor innocents, who have never even dented his shiny casing nor scratched his glassy face, of that sweet balm—sleep. He is unsympathetic, cruel, beastly—at five in the morning.

Unknowns! Unknowns! Unknowns! Why had Big Ben awakened me to this? Why couldn't I lie unmolested and dream of pleasant things, of anything but unknowns?

I can see myself struggling with a host of demons in the guise of test-tubes. They have branded on their breast in big, black letters the dreaded symbol HCl, H2S, HNO3 and a host of others so confusing that I cannot read their symbols. They get into my eyes, they prick my forehead, they pinch my arms, they're everywhere! everywhere! everywhere! Now they have crowded around me and are pulling me down and down! I am almost suffocated—they are covering me slowly, slowly! I can't breathe. "Oh, help!" My voice must have startled my "roomy" for

"What's wrong? House on fire?" came from the almost covered head.

"Oh, no, nothing like that. I was just thinking, that's all."

"Well, next time you think, please don't think so loud!" drolled my sleepy companion.

"Say, Jill. Did you ever have unknowns? You didn't? Whew—you are more lucky than Mary Pickford or Henry VIII with six wives. It's the worst thing,— so complicated and deep. I can't see why they make us sweat and grind to get out a few pesky unknowns that aren't going to do a heap of good when we get out into the world. Making one get up at five in the morning is outrageous, purely nonsensical. "Prof." says we have to acquire "scientific sense." Can you beat that! I'd rather have plain, old-fashioned horse sense than all the new, fandangled scientific sense one could gain in a life time. Furthermore I don't see how it's going to help me, an old maid school teacher. I expect to meet with themes and math problems and history theses and not test-tubes and gas jets and H2S generators. How will my knowledge of copper or bismuth or land knows what help me when a theme lacks unity or a French passage needs explaining. I guess the "Profs" see just how much they can get out of us poor mortals before writing on our report the coveted B or D or E. It doesn't seem fair to be compelled to stay in a stuffy old lab when there's a baseball game or botany hike. But no! You must give up everything and grind, grind, grind, until the aggravating unknowns are correctly analyzed. The "Profs" can't seem to realize that we've got to live and not to grind all day long. 'All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl' and no truer adage was made by man or beast, I say,—"

"Z-z-z-z-z-z-z—" came from the other side of the room.

Well, I suppose I did bore Jill. She's a fine old pal although she does fall asleep over my idle prattle. She can't realize the earnestness and wisdom of my discourse. No, no one can who has never tasted the bitter dregs of unknowns. At any rate I was left alone again to think,—of unknowns.

Then, ideas flashed before me, brilliant ideas; ideas that had never presented themselves in just this way before; ideas about,—unknowns. Why does the bed feel so much more comfortable in the morning than at night? Why do the Sophs have such elated opinions of themselves? Why do fellows part their hair, (or rather hairs) in the middle? Why do the Freshies blush and stammer in public speaking class? Why do "Profs" have such queer wives? Why do cats have only four legs and centipedes dozens? Why do the Seniors wear "mussies" and smoke black pipes? Why does an alarm clock seem so companionable in the day time and so beastly in the morning?

I looked at Big Ben and he looked abashed. How could I tell? Why, he was trying to hide his face behind his hands, but the poor fellow had such long, slim hands that they could cover only a small portion of his round, corpulent face, and I could peep behind and see plainly written there the grim and fore-boding warning,—5:30 A.M. And I—what did I do? You can probably guess. I rose with a grunt, dressed hurriedly and hustled into the air and to—unknowns!

* * * *

A SUNDAY DATE AT THE SEM

Mary Seidel

You hear somebody say, "Oh, yes! Sunday dates in the 'Sem' are very exciting. Try it once." They say it with a little sarcasm and then you wonder. You ask all sorts of questions, such as "What do they do? Where do they sit, there are so many? What do they talk about?" And you go on asking all sorts of questions too numerous to relate.

Well, let's see what it is like. As you all know, the time is from two until four, only too short for any sane, level-minded young man and woman. Why, you're just getting interested and down to real serious talk. But two hours is better than none at all.

In order to save a seat for this important occasion, you take a magazine, Saturday night, with your name on it, up to the parlor and put it on a davenport or chair, whichever you desire. Most likely when you go up Sunday morning to the parlor, you will find that someone else has taken away your magazine and put hers there. Then what a terrible time you have keeping that davenport. After a battle of words you end by parking yourself on the davenport until the all-important he comes. That really is the only way to keep it. After this little episode you hear all kinds of beautiful remarks about yourself, such as, "Thank you for taking my seat—" very cattish, and "That's the seat I saved but— —took it."

If you would like a word of advice, take a davenport instead of a chair. You have the satisfaction then of knowing that he is near and cannot get away without a little effort. Besides, you don't have to talk so loud, being closer together, and you're whispering isn't heard all over the room.

When he comes, you forget everything else, for that's all you need to make you happy. The first thing to do, naturally, is to give him a sweet smile, then after a few pretty words of greeting, he sits down beside you. Now whatever you do don't forget to tell your caller to bring along the Sunday papers. It is, quoting a certain person, "a text-book for Sunday lessons." The first thing you do then is to look at the funny paper, but your laughter must be subdued for it is Sunday and there must be no loud noise. You read the paper from beginning to end, the news part, social world, sports, movies, vaudeville, opera, styles, story section, even advertising section. Don't forget the scandal sheet, for that's always very interesting.

After you have read the whole paper, you start in to talk, whether you have anything to say or not. One exciting and harmless amusement is to take your fraternity publication along and talk over fraternity matters. Sometimes it ends in a quarrel centering around whether yours should be called a fraternity or sorority. Don't get into a heated discussion or you might part unlike the friends you were when you entered the parlors.

Sometimes a few of the teachers gather in the little "holy of holies" and stay there for the whole two hours. Then it is necessary for you to be on your very best behavior like a child when the minister comes. Since the teachers are right at hand, you discuss them up and down, from left to right, praising and knocking.

In the spring it is terrible to sit there when you want to be outside walking. You peep through the window, see the merry sunshine, flowers, and grass, hear the birds and then wonder why you aren't allowed to take a walk instead of sitting in the "Sem," no matter if the furniture is new.

Perhaps there is another couple on the davenport with you. If so, you can have lots of fun talking between yourselves, joking and so forth.

Near you is a couple who are selecting furniture for a future home, or perhaps the future home itself. They start quarreling over the furniture. She wants an old grandfather clock and he doesn't. It finally ends by the young man giving in to her wishes and all's well again.

Over there in the corner is a girl worried about her Easter bonnet and coat. She is trying to get a little aid from her caller who doesn't have the least idea of what she wants. He agrees with everything she says, which is the safe and sane way for him to do.

You learn all the latest gossip from your own caller and others as well. This is very important for you couldn't live without the school gossip. You listen with "Oh's" and "Ah's," interrupting here and there. When this topic has been fully discussed, you turn to basketball games, over which sometimes you almost come to blows.

Five minutes before four o'clock a bell rings, and if anything has remained to be said last, you must say it all in those few minutes. If it takes more than five minutes you will have to say it some other time. When the second bell rings it is the signal for the young man to depart immediately. With tears in your voice but not in your eyes, you watch him leave, but it is hard. Such is the end of a perfect date on Sunday at the "Sem."

* * *

MR. BUTTIN BUTTS IN

Helen E. Morton

Henry Buttin entered the house with a buoyant step and whistled a lilting tune. Then he stopped whistling and listened for a moment. The sound of sobbing came from the direction of the kitchen.

"For goodness sake! I'll bet Kate and the Cook are scrapping again.

Kate never can get along with Nora. I wish she'd discharge her and get it over with instead of quarreling all the time. A man has a right to a little peace and quiet in his own home!" he grumbled.

The sobs ceased and Kate's angry voice was wafted to him.

"But, Nora, I tell you I won't have chicken waffles for dinner. I hate them. And, anyway, I told you to have steak and apple pie tonight."

"But, m'am, oi've the batter all ridy. Shure, an' you wouldn't have me a'wastin' it, would you, m'am?"

"Nora, I said I won't have it. Throw it out at once and get the steak ready."

Bang went a dish and then Nora's angry voice once more raised itself above the sobbing which had been renewed with added vigor by this time.

"Shure, an' I'll go an' tell the marster, m'am. 'Twas he himself who told me to have 'em. 'Nora,' sez he this very mornin', 'Nora, couldn't ye be makin' me some o' them foine chicken waffles o' yourn fer this evenin'?' Them's his very words, m'am."

"Ye Gods! Now she'll be demanding more pay or she'll leave," groaned Henry. "I wish Kate would let me manage her. She'd do what I tell her and make no trouble about it either."

But Nora did not rush out of the kitchen just then. A sobbing, angry, little bundle of fire flew out and confronted him. It stamped its foot and then it raved, oh, how it raved!

"Henry Buttin! Do you mean to tell me that you dared (stamp)—that you dared,—(stamp)—to interfere with my affairs? You know I hate waffles and won't have them and yet you deliberately went out and told Nora to have them tonight, right over my head. You brute! You beast!"

The last words became a piercing shriek and Kate sank, exhausted and crying hysterically, into the chair by his side.

"But, see here, Kate! I like waffles and I really didn't think you'd mind. I thought you'd forgotten I like them and wouldn't like to be reminded. Forgive me for interfering," he begged penitently.

"Ye Gods," he muttered, "How am I ever going to get out of this?"

At that moment Nora burst into the room, flourishing a dish-cloth angrily. She stood squarely in front of Mr. Buttin with arms akimbo.

"Shure, an' it's yersilf that got me into this an' it's yersilf as will be gettin' me out, sir," she began. Then she saw Kate, a crumpled heap in the big chair.

Her eyes flashed with renewed indignation and she changed her tactics immediately,

"Now see what ye've done, ye beast! Ye've made her to weep, so ye have. Ain't yer ashamed o' yersilf. Out of me sight and let me take care o' her. There, there, honey, we'll make ye yer apple pie and he shan't have his old waffles fer treatin' ye mane."

Henry gave one look at his wife, sobbing happily on Nora's ample bosom. Then he stalked out the door, slamming it behind him.

"Aren't women the queerest things? They fight together like cats and dogs but as soon as I step in to separate them they both turn on me and blame me for all of it. I give it up!"

Then the master of the house went to the library, smiling to himself as he heard Kate's happy voice and Nora's soothing one.

"Nora, we'll have apple pie and Waldorf salad, and,—and chicken waffles since you have them ready."

"Yes, m'am! That we will, m'am!"

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SMALL TOWN STUFF

Deborah Boggs is a name, you will admit, that doesn't suggest moonlight, music, or romance. But if you had been young twenty years ago probably Deborah Boggs herself would have meant all these things to you. At twenty she was very, very attractive, even beautiful, and was sought by many young and handsome men. Ah, indeed yes, she admits it herself and to one of her retiring nature such an admission must be taken as a fact. She has never explained, however, why none of these infatuated young men met with favor. Indeed, some gross unbeliever had the amazing audacity to suggest that Deborah's languishing swains were merely figures of her own overvivid imagination. But this was such stupendous boldness that most people were highly incensed at such open incredulity. To insinuate that our dear Miss Deborah was untruthful! Her friends rose up on her behalf in righteous indignation. They intended to show these skeptical people. They would show what great havoc Miss Deborah's still great charms could do. During this bickering Miss Deborah went serenely on her way apparently unconscious of the chaos of which she had been the innocent cause.

Then one day Miss Deborah received a letter. This in itself was nothing unusual but the letter was distinctly different from all previous ones. The postmaster seemed to sense the distinctiveness of this one

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but despite all efforts to get some intimation of the contents he was unsuccessful.

In the meantime Deborah's friends decided to get her a husband. They prepared a list of eligible men and by elimination picked Deacon Jones as the best-fitted to be her husband. He was a widower with two children and everyone felt sure that all would love Deborah. She was such a good housekeeper!

The next week at the church social the campaign began. The Deacon was thrust upon Miss Boggs at every turn and Miss Boggs at the Deacon until people began to whisper and shake their heads knowingly. Despite the fears of the self-appointed

Continued on page 150

Painted Cheeks

that are not drowned in the drain are made when nature is the beauty doctor.

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SMALL TOWN STUFF

Continued from page 146

committee the Deacon rose gallantly to the situation. He took Miss Deborah home.

The village was astonished! But if this was startling the next event was one that caused the populace to raise their hands in holy horror and furnished a choice morsel for the vindictive gossips. Miss Deborah and the Deacon were seen coming out of the minister's home smiling shyly at each other. Conjecture was rife as to the purpose of this visit. Miss Beulah Higgins was certain she had seen Miss Deborah wearing a wedding ring. Of course she couldn't be positive but it looked very much like one.

It came to the point where everything was said except the congratulations. Even Miss Deborah's friends were angry—decidedly so. They had not been asked to share in the ceremony. Ingratitude! That's what it was. Who got the Deacon for her? Who would have, had it not been for her dear friends? Yes, indeed, they were hurt and wore an air of hurt dignity, but Miss Deborah took no notice of their changed attitude.

Then the bomb exploded. Miss Deborah left town leaving no information as to her destination. Two days later the Deacon left also. The town was agog with interest. It shook its respected head mournfully with a "no good can come out of this" expression. They went to their homes in an attitude of watchful waiting. They waited three days and then things happened fast and furiously.

Deborah, the Deacon, and a strange man alighted from the five o'clock train. All three walked to Deborah's home. Despite the efforts of her friends it was impossible to identify the stranger. The evening paper carried the following announcement:

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the latter formerly Miss Deborah Boggs, returned to their home in Millvale this afternoon. They were married very quietly in Philadelphia this morning at nine o'clock. The wedding was the culmination of a romance begun twenty years ago. Deacon Jones, an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, witnessed the wedding. It is whispered that the Deacon was instrumental in reuniting the couple."

* * *

07/5

THE BUCKNELL MIRROR

JUNE 1923

The Bucknell Mirror

"Vita sine literis mors est."

Vol. XXVII Lewisburg, Pa., June, 1923 No. 5

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Issued five times during the college year, in October, December, February, April and June. Entered as second class matter March 10, 1922, at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 9, 1922. Subscription $1.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the business manager.

EDITORIAL

* * * *

IS THE BLUFFER A SUCCESS?

In these hectic days when success is so often measured by the almighty dollar we hear much of the value of "bluff." "Bluff got Smith that job. Why, he doesn't have a thimbleful of brains in his head, but you've got to hand it to him. He's good at bluffing. Your education doesn't amount to half as much as your stock of bluff." Such statements as these we often encounter in the business world.

We respect the bluffer. He has more nerve than the self-confident man and he is not as unbearable as the conceited man. He is not at all sure that he can do the thing he is asked to do, but he will not let the world discover that. He is going to do it somehow or make everyone believe he is doing it. He often gets into tight places, and has to do some real thinking to get out of them. He learns things by bluffing.

He practices bluffing in the public schools and continues to do so in college. When he graduates he bluffs his way as serenely as ever through life, gaining material wealth because of the confidence he inspires in others —a confidence that springs from his words of assurance, "Leave it to me!"

But true success is not dependent upon the number of figures in one's bank balance, as the bluffer believes. He loses sight of the permanent values of life—he kneels in worship before his own selfish materialism, forgetting that man has spiritual qualities which need to be developed before true success can be attained.

Bluffing is a game, and as in any game, we admire clever players. But when the player so loses himself in the intensity of the game that every other consideration is forgotten, then the bluffer defeats his own purpose. His own spiritual nature has atrophied. This is the tragedy of bluffing.

* * *

THE STADIUM—FOR THE FEW OR FOR THE MANY?

Now that the Stadium project is virtually a success, the question arises as to just what the attitude of Bucknellians will be toward the privileges afforded for participation by every student in some form or athletic activity. Of course, the Stadium will furnish greater athletic facilities for our varsity teams, a worth-while purpose indeed, but if a bigger and better Bucknell is the final goal, such an end must be attained by having every student take an active interest in some branch of sport as well. Whether or not this will be accomplished will depend upon the attitude of the individual student. Bucknellians, will the Stadium be for the few or for the many?

The list of "Special Contributors" which appeared in the last issue of the Mirror was published with the idea of interesting a greater number of students in submitting material for possible publication. The aim of the editorial staff is to develop a sentiment of responsibility in a much larger number of students to support their literary magazine. Such support can come only through a more general response to the call for material. Many students are too reticent to submit their stories, essays, poetry or other literary work. If the Mirror is to continue to be a vital factor in student life, it should reflect more generally student thought and ideals. The newly elected editorial staff, which will take up its duties in the fall, needs the support of every student to make the Mirror a more truly representative student literary publication. To carry out this purpose the staff is anxious to see the number of contributors steadily increase.

* * * *

GRIEF NOTE

In a dark lonely grave I know
Lies a little worn-out dress,
Each ruffle and ribbon smoothed
And patted into careful place.
The winds may howl and rave
Over the spot where
The white of the little headstone
Tells a mute and desolate tale;
And the rains and snows
May slash and soak the sheltering earth
All around, but just the same
There is not a ruffle stirred
On the little worn-out dress,
Not a ribbon is wetted or chilled.
No, the little faded gown lies there resting—
Its wearer, you ask?
God knows where! And it's a cold, cold night.

MY MIS-ADVENTURES WITH A MOTOR

Kenneth W. Slifer

Recently I determined to buy a car! The sentence should be doubly underscored, for that decision marked one of the most eventful milestones in my career. I had matriculated at Bucknell and passed one entire year in the ranks of the poor pedestrians whose unhappy lot it was to enviously watch sportive upperclassmen crawl by in flashy "flivvers," senile "Saxons," or decrepit "Dodges," only to disappear in thick clouds of Lewisburg dust. This consciousness of inferiority, then, had given rise in my mind to a smouldering ambition,—a suppressed desire, as it were,—to become the proud possessor of some vehicular mode of transportation. I would leave the ranks of the proletariat to become one of the "bourgeoisie." I, too, would drive to football games in my own car. But the breeze that fanned the embers to a flame and produced my sudden resolution was a masterpiece of advertising that read something like this:

"ALL OUTDOORS CAN BE YOURS

The cheapest health insurance for the whole family is a car. (I didn't have any family, but it appealed to me nevertheless.) In a few minutes it transports you from the close and sultry atmosphere of the city to the pure, invigorating air of the country. The shriek of factory whistles, the clang and bang of trolleys, and the multitude of city sights and sounds are left behind and replaced by the restful and inspiring vistas of green fields, babbling brooks, cheering songs of birds, lowing cattle, the rare color of wild-flowers and the scent of new-mown hay.

What meal tastes so good as a picnic lunch under the shade of the trees or on the banks of a trout stream, watching the sporting fish?

A CAR WILL BROADEN YOUR MENTAL HORIZON."

I didn't recognize all of the description as Lewisburg. It did have *one* factory whistle. Probably the insistent "hoot, hoot" of the Montandon "waffle wagon" would serve as well. Anyway, however that may be, I wanted to get away from them. And, besides, hadn't Professor "X" told us to "see life and increase our horizons?" Very well, it was the best thing I could do.

Accordingly, I clipped every coupon I could find in the "Saturday Evening Boast" and mailed them immediately. Then I leaned back to await developments. I didn't know anything about this business but I was willing,—yes, eager—to learn. Within a week I had been visited for demonstration by dealers from Milton, Sunbury, Mifflinburg and Williamsport. I rode in every make of car from Packard to Peerless, from Chandler to Chalmers. And of course I craved company on my tours. So I invited every girl that had ever tendered me a dance bid, and by the end of the week I had started on the second round of my list, which wasn't long. It was a splendid graft while it lasted but the dealers soon discovered the state of my finances and ceased to bother me. Sadly I mourned over my shattered hopes and illusions. But I *would* have a car!

Eventually, after a thorough and complete investigation of the second-hand car market and having nearly exhausted its possibilities, I stumbled upon (literally that) exactly what I was looking for. I found it—the object of my dreams—reposing in a dark corner in a garage. (N-o-o-o, I can't tell you where. It grieves me even to think of it!) "It" was a four cylindered creation of rakish lines and unknown vintage,—you know—built in the days when they still put brass bands on the radiator. Top, body, tires, there were none. Just a plain chassis and engine comprised my remarkable discovery—and it was covered with rust at that! The grease-covered bandit that showed it to me, wanted $25 but I knew better than that of course. With my usual fine sense of economy and three hours' work I succeeded in bringing him down to $24.50! And I paid him with a check too—for I reasoned that if he had as much trouble in cashing my checks as *I* did, it would serve him right for trying to swindle me.

Accordingly, I had the thing towed to an old shed where I proposed to complete my masterpiece. It would be perfectly easy—all the books said so! And having cleared the decks for action, so to speak, I turned again to the faithful catalog, nor was I disappointed. On Page 73 of that estimable volume I read these fateful words:

> "BUY A BEAUTIFUL BINGO BAKED BODY!
>
> 'Form-fitting for all flivvers'
>
> Order today a "Racee Roadster' or our 'Snapee Sport' model. All necessary parts and plans included. Build your own; A child could do it! $37.50. Act quickly!"

Hastily I clipped the coupon and dashed for the post office. It was a heaven-sent opportunity—exactly what I had had in mind. Only a month ensued until a beauteous big crate was delivered at my shop. I almost demolished a thumb in the uncrating but, nothing daunted, I set to work to straighten out the confused mass of tin, rivets, bolts, nuts, and screws that lay before me. For several days I toiled with little success and a fast diminishing stock of patience. Didn't the advertisement say a child could it? That was it! Perhaps I was too intelligent! Little danger, but, on the chance of it, I borrowed the boy next door. However, even he couldn't accomplish what I had been unable to do! At last I was virtually forced to send for the same greasy mechanic that had sold me the thing. He came, saw, and put the thing together. But still there were 17 bolts, 3 rivets, and 9 square feet of tin left over! I hurriedly pass over the nightmare that he presented as his bill! Let the past take care of itself. I certainly couldn't. Partially dismayed, but still with plenty of self-confidence, I proceeded. With that fine sense of the artistic and appreciation of the aesthetic that has always distinguished me, I painted the "Beautiful Bingo Baked Body" in alternate stripes of purple and pink. But still a lot of necessary details were lacking.

Back to that catalog like a hound dog on a fresh scent, and again I found all manner of accessories that I could easily use. For instance, there was a little doo-hickey called "Mark's Master Motometer" that screwed on the radiator. It was supposed to inform me when my radiator was boiling or something like that. I didn't quite understand it, but the book said it was the latest thing, so I ordered it. Then of course I must have one of those funny what-you-may-call-its that turns in the wind, also for my radiator. Accordingly I ordered a blue-coated policeman, with a huge, hamlike hand outstretched, to perch atop my "Motometer." I realized that in that way only could I ever see a cop signalling to me to stop for I couldn't go fast enough to break any speed laws. More appropriate, I thought, would have been a mechanic in overalls reaching for my pocketbook. In fact I looked for one but they didn't have any like that. Under the hood, the magazine said, I should use in my spark system the "Peppo Patent Plug—will positively increase the efficiency of any motor and eliminate all cylinder troubles." I needed a "Split-Second Magneto, to pep up the power in my motor" and a "Red Star Timer—scientifically correct." Of course I must have a "Simmons Snappy Siren" which sounded in operation like a peanut whistle under a full head of steam. There wasn't room under the hood so I had to attach it on the outside and paint it a bright yellow so that it would be inconspicious. On the windshield I added a mirror, and side wings to keep off the wind. Moreover, to finish the whole, I had an automatic cleaner fastened on "to quickly and quietly remove snow and rain during inclement climatic conditions." On the dash I placed an intricate cigar-lighter (I didn't smoke, but perhaps my friends would like to.) The cord was entirely too long so I dyed it green and ran it down over the side. There was still space for a "Speedometer—absolutely accurate up to 75 miles" (Not that I needed it, or anything.) To be brief as possible, under the strain of circumstances I well-nigh completed my outfit with "Celluloid Brake-Lining," "Vanguard Safety Bumpers," Oshkosh Shock Absorbers," a trunk rack, a warning tail light, a jack, an outfit of tools, a tiny light in my "Classy Canvas Top Covering," a safe under the back seat, a patent, tilting, locking, driving wheel, a "Peerless Patent Puncture Patch Pack" and a few flower-holders strewn about promiscuously. Then I painted my initials on the door, bought new head-light lenses and called it a day. But I had forgotten tires! Back again to the book. There was illustrated the new "Pathfinder Puncture Proof Cords—positively guaranteed to eliminate all tire troubles. Successfully driven across 7 boxes of assorted tacks, 13 broken bottles, and a barbed wire fence." Beside it was an explanation of how and why the tires were puncture-proof but I didn't stop to read it. I ordered a complete set and two spares to carry on my new rack. At last they were installed and my dream was realized. I stepped proudly back to view my masterpiece. Nearly every square inch of car space was covered by some accessory. There was still a little space but I could fix that. Approximately 17 brilliant colors gleamed forth at me. Ha, this was art! And what a nightmare the whole thing had been for me! Bills were piled sky-high but I didn't care. Grimly I set about giving it a trial.

In fifteen minutes I drew a hacking cough from the engine and at the end of half an hour it was going —listlessly. Exultant, I crawled over and under accessories to my seat behind the wheel. Slowly, and with much coughing and sputtering we—Lizzie and I—crept out of the shed and down to Market Street. The awed glances of the bystanders thrilled me. I gloried in these tributes to my genius, that is, until I heard one be-whiskered individual remark, "Wal, danged if I can make out whether it's a circus or one of these yere carnivals." Saddened and wiser I turned and slowly left town, going in the general direction of Mifflinburg. About an hour later, nearly a mile from Lewisburg, one of the puncture proof tires gave way with a loud bang! I almost gave way too and wept but I bumped on, running on the rim. I had reached the point where I didn't care what happened. My cherished ambition had failed. And something of my attitude reflected itself in my actions as I turned at the next cross-roads, for I drove squarely into a big boulder at the side of the road.

While I sat there gazing in sorrowful reflection upon the dreadful wreck of what had been my pride and joy, I was roused by a hand on my shoulder. Turning, I gazed into the forbidding countenance of a superannuated old man in rusty black clothes and an ancient stove-pipe hat that had seen better days. Inwardly quaking and expecting a "constable's" badge, I sat waiting for this stern apparition to speak. He cleared his throat, and his Adam's Apple oscillated rapidly. "Young man, on behalf of the Smithsonian Institute, I have been commissioned to offer you five million dollars for your car, to be placed in our freak and curio department."

* * * *

HUMAN PARASITES

Rachael Quintin

When I hear the word "parasite," I don't think of San José scale or mistletoe or insects,—I think of some people. It's easy to forgive a fungus or bug for living off its neighbors, it's just naturally made that way, but people—well, they're unforgivable! It isn't natural for humans to follow the parasitical policy. I'm sure, even though they may say it is. It seems to be one characteristic of us humans to blame the Creator for all our faults, instead of putting the blame where it belongs,—on ourselves. I can forgive almost any fault, even crabbedness, before the continual "Give me!" And what is worse that that is the I'll-take-it-anyway person.

It's time for a class, you look on your study table and your book is gone. You look on top of the bed; you dash from one room to another, but your search is in vain. It's five minutes after the hour when you, disgusted, breathless and bookless, get to class. If you are lucky you bluff through the period, if you aren't lucky—well, you know what happens! A couple of hours later you go to your room and a girl from the other end of the hall comes to you and says: (Oh! so sweetly,) : "Thank you for your book, dearie. I haven't bothered to get one yet so I just borrowed yours." Or you, after a frantic and fruitless search for the belt that just matches your sweater, finally don one that is somewhat offshade, and on the way to class meet that same sweet-mannered young lady proudly wearing *your* belt. The next time it's your fur, or your coat, or—well, not much difference what it is. You may be assured it's something you need in a hurry.

No, I don't mind lending a thing once in a while, except to one person—the girl who calmly and coolly takes whatever she wants from whomever has it. I say girl—but there are plenty of men who similarly inflict themselves on their acquaintances. Even men aren't immune to a few bad habits, though they are loath to admit it. It's that detestable sinner of all sinners—the human parasite.

FORESTLAND'S SECRET

Lowell E. Krebs

Have you ever visited a real virgin forest, one which stands as God made it, unmarred by human hands? If you have not, you indeed understand neither the world nor Mother Nature. Come, detach yourself from the artificial world, and let us make a short visit to our primitive ancestor's home—Forestland.

Standing on a high mountain we could see Old Mother Nature's most beautiful mansion, spreading in all directions beneath us. Its velvet green, unlike that uniform, monotonous, and artificial coloring of a human-built mansion, blended here and there many shades which made the eye fairly sparkle with delight. Its flexible, gracefully rolling roof, lulled serenely by the scarcely noticeable breeze, formed a magnificent ocean of velvet. There were no nasty chimneys, nor lightning rods, nor eave-troughs to mar the scene of perfect splendor and unstained beauty.

As we aproached the forest which had seldom been visited by man, our arrival was frightfully announced by the screams of a flock of bluejays, who thought perhaps we had come to invade their peaceful home. The gates of Forestland being trustful to all, we were ushered by some unseen force into the innermost chambers of this mysterious mansion. Those tall, magnificent monuments, which nature had raised only through centuries of labor, commonly called trees, partitioned the great mansion into hundreds of rooms. As we sauntered over the soft carpets of these rooms, timid animals darted into the nearest thickets. Some birds welcomed us with their harmonious outbursts, while others scolded us severely.

Having rambled about for some time, we found one of those mountain springs, bubbling forth its cold, crystalline and silvery liquid. After we had satisfied our thirst, we sat down beneath the dark and cool shade of the massive foliage of the tree-tops. We remained quiet in order to make any animals, that might be in the vicinity, believe that we had departed. Soon many happy little squirrels were romping jovially over the ground and scrambling madly up the trees in their wild games of tag. Whenever one discovered our presence, he would dart behind a tree, and in a very amusing manner he would thrust his inquisitive little head around one side or the other and peek at us. At the same time, many birds, hopping from limb to limb, were joyously twittering their secret songs. Suddenly, all birds, with the exception of one, stopped singing. His clear, silvery notes rang forth in unheard of beauty and harmony. So powerful was the effect of his song that it enchanted us with those ineffable thoughts which carried us into another realm; one in which we could understand Nature.

There was a low whispering around us which we did not at first understand but we were both motionless and speechless. Suddenly the voice of the big, sturdy oak near me rang out very clearly.

"Whichever you are, friends or enemies, I must tell you the story of my kingdom," said the Oak in a serious voice.

"This is Forestland and I am known as King Oak. I have reigned for more than three hundred years. The subjects of my kingdom consist of what you people would call many nationalities, such as the Maples, the

Beeches, Hickories, Ashes, Hemlocks, Spruce, Elms, Chestnut, Walnut, Poplar, Oaks, and many others. We all have many functions in common and yet each of us has our individual functions. We were very happy in the pursuance of our duties until our neighbors were practically annihilated by mankind. You people call it wasteful lumbering; we call it murder, or better yet, wholesale slaughter. The world does not understand us and only after I have enumerated a few of our duties will you fully realize the value of saving us and by some means create more of us.

"Many trees of my kingdom bear nuts, the food of hundreds of animals. You know them without being told. Every one of us is made of wood. There are hundreds of thousands of uses for wood. Even your best homes consist of wood. One could attempt only with failure to name every use to which wood it put. Again we combine to break the great windstorms which would, besides making it very unpleasant for you, destroy much property. In this same way it is we who regulate your climate. We preserve moisture and gradually supply water to you when you need it. We do this by holding it entangled in the soil about our roots. At the same time this prevents floods, the damage of which cannot be estimated. Our total destruction would mean a water famine. By a chemical secret, known only to us, we consume carbon dioxide and give in return oxygen, so necessary to your life. We give you medicines to aid your health, and the Maple gives you her very blood, out of which you make a syrup. Our leaves which fall to the ground in late Indian summer, when we change our style of dress, greatly enrich the soil. The beauty that we give to Old Mother Earth is unsurpassed. Last, but not least, we are the world's playground. We give to man an enjoyable, healthful recreation which he can find in no other place. Surely, you are but beginning to fully realize that I have only begun to enumerate our hundreds of duties.

"I tell you this story not for our own benefit but for yours. It doesn't hurt me in the least to see one of us old 'sticks' cut down, but some day you will realize that is will hurt you. We are willing that you should take a few of the oldest of us at a time, planting new trees in their places. But you do not do this. We are taken, as I said, by wholesale slaughter. If you do not find some method of replacing us as you take us, we will soon be gone. Think of what that will mean! You must soon leave my realm of Nature. There is much more which I would like to tell you but I will save that for another occasion. Before you leave, however, I beg of you to tell people of the world what they are doing and where they will land. By the way, there is something else I wish—"

But alas! He never finished, or if he did I didn't hear him. We were suddenly jerked from our trance by a sharp crack of thunder. It was starting to rain. We made for our camp as fast as we could, reviewing with wonder our extraordinary experience on our trip to Forestland.

CURIOSITY

J. N. Davies

It was a beautiful summer night in an ancient little valley down in North Carolina. The air was warm and clear, and a calmness prevailed that touched one with a bit of loneliness. A full bright moon shone on a few farm houses and stores constituting a hamlet in the upper part of the valley. It was here that Jack Fuller, a young Northerner, had come two days previous for a rest and a vacation.

On this ideal night he had become uncomfortable, restless and lonesome. So it was that he left the village and strolled leisurely down the starlit valley. He followed the old clay road, occasionally leaving it to inspect an old cave or to drink at a cooling spring. Once he heard a night owl send out its dreary call from the woods, and often he was startled by a rustling in the high grass, probably caused by a frog or a rabbit. As he walked along in this way, a bend in the road suddenly brought him in full view of a house. As he came closer, he recognized it as a quaint old southern homestead. "Well, what a queer old place," he muttered to himself. "I don't believe I should want to live here very long. It's too lonesome for me."

He continued walking along until he came before the building. Suddenly he stopped and stared as if entranced with some beautiful sight. He was looking at a drawn window shade, on which were clearly and gracefully outlined the features of a beautiful young woman reading a book. He stood motionless—with curiosity, wonderment, and admiration written all over his face. Then he became very thoughful, and almost reluctantly he turned and sauntered very absent-mindedly back toward the village.

If anyone had been travelling on this road the following night, he would have been surprised at the sight of a young man silently standing at the side of the road with his eyes intently fixed on an old country homestead. And surely that person would have had his suspicions of the young man aroused, if he had been on the same trip the second night.

So it was on the third day that Jack resolved to see that young lady at all costs. He sought the proprietor of his boarding house, and inquired about the old homestead and its owner. Then he went up to his room, selected a few books of different well-known authors, and put them into a satchel.

Early that night, satchel in hand, he walked briskly from the village toward the old homestead. When he left the road to go up to the house, he could not resist the temptation to take another look at the young lady's silhouette on the window shade. Then with teeth set, head up and chest out, he marched gallantly up to the door and vigorously applied the knocker. After many nervous twitches on the part of Jack, the door was slowly opened and an old southern negro slouched in the doorway.

"Is the owner of the house in?" bravely asked Jack. "If he is, I should like to see him on very important business."

"Yassah, come on in," invited the negro. "I'll go right dis minute and tell him dat you wish to see him, sah."

Presently a door opened in the farther end of the long hall, and a stately old southern gentleman entered.

"Good evening, sah, do you come on business?" he greeted the stranger.

"Yes, sir, I came to show you some very good books, some of Mark Twain's, Stevenson's and George Elliot's, which I have no doubt you would enjoy reading," bravely ventured Jack.

"I have plenty of books to read and hardly think I should care to buy any now," was the reply.

"Well-ah-maybe-maybe-the young lady in the next room would like to read some of the books," ventured Jack. "I happened to see her shadow on the window shade."

The old gentleman stared blankly at him for over a half a minute, and then with a twinkle in his eye and a little smile, he replied, "Well, we might ask her, for she is reading all the time. Let us go in."

Jack hurriedly fixed his tie, put on a pleasant smile and followed the old gentleman. He looked up as he entered the room, and sure enough there she sat, the beautiful young woman, but a beautiful young woman of bronze. Jack stopped, stared and turned white, and then as he looked at the old southerner holding his sides, his face became scarlet, and he stole, crestfallen, from the house.

* * * *

MOONSHINE

The bright round moon smiled his broadest smile and sent a shower of eerie beams sparkling over the rippling water. Silhouetted against the star-studded sky a canoe floated by lazily. On shore, a little distance away, night breezes fluttered gently through the tree-tops while tiny waves lapped musically upon the beach. Somewhere a frog croaked.

Suddenly, the age-old moon winked mischievously and ducked behind a silver-tinted cloud. He was up to his old tricks again. The canoe stirred slightly.

"Lookit, Mary, the moon's gone under a cloud. It isn't looking."

"Oh, John, it's just bee-oo-ti-ful tonight. Isn't nature just wonderful! Some people don't appreciate it at all. They'd rather be in a more —But we wouldn't, would we, John? Look at those clouds!"

"Yeh, and lookit the stars, Mary. That star up there. See? Right straight up—follow my finger."

"Oh, John-n-n-n!"

"Yeh, 'n there's another right——"

"John—John! There's something the matter with the canoe. We're stuck on the big rock!"

"Humph, Mary, that's nothing. Why, I'll get it off in a minute. Where's the paddle?"

"JOHN LOOKOUT! OH - - - - -."

Splash! Splash! Splash! Gurgle!

"Help! John save me—Gurgle "

"Mary, Mary, for the love of mud hang on to the canoe. Are you safe? Oh, Mary!"

"I can't find it.—Oh—John—. Why—why—I can stand up! But I've swallowed half the lake and oh —oh—o—."

"What's the matter, hon?"

"You horrid thing!—I'm frozen and—and I look—A SIGHT!"

No wonder the moon laughed.

THE SEVEN O'CLOCK CLASS

P. Milliken

"Six-thirty, Babe!"

"Six-thirty! Good heavens, I'm supposed to report for practice at six-thirty! Whew! Gee, I'm sleepy! Guess I won't report."

She snuggled down blissfully, ready to resume her interrupted dreams. Several minutes passed.

"Good gracious! I have a seven o'clock class! Oh, wish I didn't take Spanish."

Suddenly the hitherto peaceful room became a miniature cyclone center. It would be hard to tell which flew faster, the clothes flung out of bureaus, or the excited person who had just tumbled out of bed. Almost before the clothes had settled down after their wild flight, the author of the damage was far from the scene of disaster. Angry mutterings issued from the bath room.

"Who has seen my toothbrush? I'm sure I left it—oh! here it is!"

The tiresome feat of brushing her teeth accomplished, the girl sped back into the bedroom. A glance at the clock showed the minute hand ominously near that fatal twelve.

"Sis, where did you put my blue sweater?—Never mind, I'll wear my black one. Do you have my cuff pins? For the love of mud, where are my collar and cuffs?—Get a hanky for me, will you? Thanks.—Guess I'll make it after all, if I don't eat any—Darn that shoe string! Now what in the world—."

"Babe," began Big Sis, hesitantly.

"Don't bother me! —Now I'll have to—."

"But, Babe——," more firmly.

"Get out and let me alone before I lose my temper!"

"Babe. I looked at the clock wrong. It's only six o'clock."

• • •

MAN AND HIS BROTHER

Clarissa Hamblin

Setting: Zoological Gardens.
Characters: William Jennings Bryan; Jim, a workman; and an Ape.
Time: Present.

JIM (jokingly, referring to Ape): Now see the remarkable resemblance.

BRYAN: Resemblance, indeed! Humph! I'm not descended from a monkey.

APE: What's all this?

BRYAN (ignoring Ape): And so that is a specimen of "man's ancestor!"

APE (to himself): And so that is a specimen of "monkey's descendant!"

BRYAN (turning to Ape):—Well, since you seem interested, tell us what you think about this preponderous question.

APE: As to myself, I'm sorry to have to own man for a descendant, and as for the humans, I'm sorry that they are so ignorant as to show this relationship.

BRYAN: The conceited creature seems to believe this tommy-rot!

APE: Why, man! Do you mean to say you do not believe in evolution?

BRYAN: Why monkey! Do you mean to say you do believe in evolution? How could one?

APE: Of course, I do. All wise people do.

Bryan: How can you know so much about it, when you have to stay right here day in and day out?

Ape: How can you help believing it when you hear even more than I do?

BRYAN: Well, even at that, I've not heard anything in favor of evolution yet that was worth listening to.

APE: Why, think of all the evidence! I hear lots of conversations between men of science as they go past our cages. They———.

BRYAN: Men of science! Yes, science, science, science!

APE: As I was saying, these men of science mention lots of proof and discoveries.

BRYAN: Yes, these *men of science* find one skull, and immediately they have invented the body of a new species of man; they find one tooth, and they have "found" a prehistoric animal.

APE: Well, they have worked out many evidences. Now———.

BRYAN: Yes, and then because the examples seem possible, people think they are probable.

APE: Well, you know one of the theories is that giraffes have long necks because of the necessity of reaching up to trees for food.

BRYAN: Yes, and do they say that a person with a long nose descends from people who used the handkerchief vigorously?

APE: And think of the fish that go into dark caves and gradually lose the use of their eyes, until after several generations they have none at all!

BRYAN: And how about the theory that when an eyeless water animal went out of a cave into the sunlight the sun made a blister which finally developed into an eye?

APE (ignoring the last remark): Scientists also contend that land animals first went into the water in order to survive other animals, and that then the shape of the body gradually changed to a fish-like form.

BRYAN: That—that—why, do you believe *everything?* Anyway those things pertain more directly to heredity than to evolution.

APE (meaningly): If I don't believe *everything*, I can sometimes try to see other people's view-points.

BRYAN: You, who think yourself so superior to human beings!

APE: Not only "think" myself—.

BRYAN:—Are no better than the common run of men.

APE (sarcastically): To whom you are an exception?

BRYAN: No better than the common run of men who are ready to believe any bunk at all, without making an extensive study.

APE: Which, I presume, you have perfected?

BRYAN (indignantly): I can't argue with a creature who won't be convinced.

APE: Do you ever try to see if you are mistaken, or don't you ever give yourself the once-over? Now I heard them talking about another proof.

BRYAN: So you're still in hopes of converting me?

APE (It's as hopeful a job as telling the wind to stop blowing): Well, I heard someone say that animals who had to burrow in the ground for protection or food gradually became elongated, and their bodies now are the shape of worms.

BRYAN: After all my lecturing and writing, people still believe this —and worse than this; that we are descended from monkeys!

APE: Why can't a fellow believe what he wants to believe?

BRYAN: It is not right. It is not orthodox. No man should believe this bunk. God made man in his own image. The Bible says so. Was God a monkey?

APE: Man isn't a monkey—God isn't a monkey, but you come mighty near being one. God made man in his *spiritual* image.

BRYAN: You, with your monkey-brains, think I am incapable of reasoning?

APE: It is not without *reason* that I think so.

BRYAN: O, the last being I *could* convince is a monkey!

APE: Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from a relatively indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a relatively definite heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation. Why, sir, you're my brother!

BRYAN (throwing up his arms): O, it shall never be! No, no, no! ! !

* * * *

ON LATE HOURS

Carl K. Wolfe

As a little babbling child some years ago, though not so many, fellow students, my ears were made familiar with that piece of proverbial wisdom which states that if you go to bed early and tumble out at an uncomfortable hour in the morning, in time for an eight o'clock class, you will enjoy excellent health and some day make a lot of money, and also become very wise. At home it was always quoted to me just about the time the family party became really interesting, about the time, that is, when the refreshments were due to put in their appearance.

For years I did go to bed early and got up early, too, but I fear that promised dividend of wisdom never accrued to me as yet—page, my failure to comprehend the correct interpretation of Lamb's "Dream Children" in my beloved English class, two sessions ago.

My health is pretty fair, thank you. Ask last year's inmates of East College, for they claimed I had the unique faculty of practicing my "daily dozen" at unearthly hours in the morning. It was during this memorable year that Mr. Hall and myself became very intimately acquainted. We had lengthy discussions on Coué's theory. He continually propounded the fact that "every night I was becoming louder, and louder, and louder."

I am not yet possessed of any wealth and I truly hope that that part of the proverb will some day satisfy my modest and philosophic nature.

I have not yet been able to do as much good in this old world as I would like to do. It is true that I have benefitted Guy Payne and the University Book Store from time to time, but think of all the bank presidents, and builders of pleasure yachts and makers of motor cars that I haven't been able to do a thing for.

As for wisdom—but how in the world could one hope to acquire wisdom by going to bed early? Take the farmers around Lewisburg, for instance. Look how they romp off to bed in the evening after tending the stock and drawing water (with apologies to the new reservoir) and cutting the firewood and bedding down the horses, or letting the water out of the radiator of Old Henry, and performing a dozen other simple and joyous chores of that nature. But I ask you, fellow Bucknellians, are farmers around here especially wise? Are they distinguished for their breadth of view, or their wide knowledge of the world and the curious ways of humanity, or their luminous insight into social and political problems such as we "A.B's." or "Engineers." or "Pre-Meds." are? Not that I have ever noticed, though at times in my much needed summer vacations, I have worked for several farmers.

As a matter of fact, the best way to acquire wisdom is by not going to bed at all. Going to bed does not solve any of Dr. Bartol's calculus problems nor does it prepare the English lesson. No one ever yet learned anything worth while in his sleep. I take very little stock in those stories of people who solved mechanical problems or discovered buried treasure or wrote immortal poetry while in dreamland. Fired by accounts of famous authors, in "Snyder and Martin," who have awakened in the night with good thoughts in their minds, I have once or twice been moved to jot down the ideas that have come to me in my sleep. Much as the clever Challis did when he arose at two A.M. to write the introduction to the "Song of India."

The night may be one of wisdom, but not if you spend it in the "dorms" breathing heavily through your nose. You must be up and about watching your fellow students copying their work—and the "Sem" girls too—when they have thrown off the classes and studies of the day. During working hours men are merely professors or janitors or assistant professors, but when the spirit of night has laid her spell upon them they develop the most surprising characteristics; in fact they are, no doubt, surprised themselves.

For two long hours I once stood on the corner of a street in Sunbury, waiting for a train, and listening to a fellow-student pour out on me his life-long regret that he had not taken Professor Rassweiler's course in amateur dramatics. I don't know what moved him to confide in me, except possibly that we were accompanying each other home from a little social gathering. That was in the days when the motor truck used to meet the 1:30 train at Montandon. But night is naturally the time for confidences. There is a hush on the busy streets, the trees seem to lean toward you and listen, and the twinkling lights invite the expansion of the soul.

"Now is the very witching hour of the night" he started to declaim, but I managed to stop him. I know that piece myself. Besides my friend had a booming voice and I did not wish to draw a lurking policeman into our conversation. (You know they are deadly enemies of ours—page the football men.)

"That's the sort of stuff I always wanted to do," he said with a sigh. "I wouldn't have been much good at the frothy kind of thing—you know, like Wendell in 'Oh, Boy'—the singing and dancing and all that. But Shakespeare,—there's real drama for you and poetry and everything. Ask Professor Herold, he knows."

I agreed that Shakespeare had built up quite a vogue for himself, and that even yet he managed to compete fairly successfully with George Bernard Shaw and George M. Cohan.

"I think I have the voice for it," my friend assured me with complacency.

I agreed rather hurriedly. I wanted to get to Lewisburg that night.

"And I have the figure too. Professor Rassweiler missed real genius when he didn't have me in his one-act plays. I'd have made Forbes-Robertson and Sothern look sick in

'Fourteen' or the 'Mollusc.' You need big men for that stuff."

Suddenly my friend's conversation was interrupted by a window being thrown open. A tousled head was poked out and an irate man accosted us.

"Say, how long are you two students going to stand there whooping it up and keeping decent people from sleep? Why don't you stay in Lewisburg?"

All the way home on the train we kept formulating brief and crushing answers to that unseemly question. While in the "dorm" taking off our clothes—always an excellent time for reflection—we thought of two or three that would have sent that low person in baffled rage to his couch. But at the moment, well—you know how it is. Neither of us could think of a darn thing.

But that's the way things happen at night. There is always something doing. And there is always some one to talk to, people who, in the rush and worry of the day, would keep their real characters from sight.

* * * *

GLASSES

Ruth M. Propert

I am an authority on glasses; I ought to be, for I have worn them since I was three years old; besides, my uncle's an optician. I have often watched the men at his store grinding the glass and peering at it through other glasses. Of course, I don't understand any of these processes (that is understood) but I am thoroughly versed in the art of polishing. You hold the glass between the thumb and the first finger of the left hand and with the right hand you manipulate a silk handerchief over the soiled surface. I not only understand these directions but I can put them in practice and have often done so with great success.

There are many advantages in wearing glasses. They keep you from getting lazy. Often I have been reading a book in downy comfort with a box of chocolates at my left hand when suddenly I became aware of the fact that the weather had become foggy. Then it was necessary for me to move from my perfectly comfortable position, search wildly for a handkerchief (or use some other part of my apparel) and follow the above-stated directions. That was very disconcerting to me at the time; but upon retrospection I have always concluded that glasses were to be praised for rousing me from my blissful stupor.

Another time glasses make me ambitious is when I come into a warm room from the frozen out-of-doors. I remember a certain occasion last winter when I came nearer cursing than blessing my little "specks." I was buried beneath a multitude of winter duds. My hands were hidden in two pairs of gloves. My one arm was stacked with bundles and over my other hung a market basket. I entered a store to make some purchases. Having produced my list of necessities, I approached the counter and became aware of a pleasant face inquiring, "What can I do for you?" when I went blind. Yes, I might just as well have been stone blind for I couldn't see my hand before me. Quickly I removed my two pairs of gloves, climbed beneath three layers of coats, and finally found a handkerchief. Then I had to demonstrate the art of cleaning glasses to that grinning clerk. That was not all. In answer to his kind offer to read the list, I had to acknowledge that my writing was far too poor to make this possible. All that for a pair of steamed glasses.

Glasses are the best memory trainers. It is a case of using your head to save your feet. If you leave the house without your glasses you're sure to be reminded of them before you walk many squares. Then you search madly through all your pockets, swear you brought the little nuisances with you and end by returning home to find them in the most conspicuous place in your room.

These benefits are nothing compared with the excuses that glasses can give you. Often I have been excused from lessons for three days because my glasses were kind enough to break. At camp I have been excused from the season examinations for the same reason. Then too, I have escaped reading long passages aloud at various meetings. All I have to say is, "I'd rather not. My eyes are not very good." The glasses do the rest. I can sleep through someone else's misery and congratulate him on his accomplished reading when it is all over.

Glasses are not all fun, however. They give the teacher the bright idea of seating you on the front row "so you can see well." They give rise to all sorts of nasty nicknames such as "glass-seer" and "four-eyes" and a host of unmentionables. They keep you out of the pet tough games that you love, for mother says glasses were not meant to be broken.

Now, don't think I'm complaining about glasses—far from it! In the long run they've done more good than harm (especially since I can't do without them) but they are a nuisance at times and they need to atone for the trouble they've given me. It is my suggestion that they pay penance by letting me see through everything. That would be quite easy for them since they are very strong and for me it would be invaluable. I could see what everyone was thinking. I would peer at the answer of a problem through the maze that separates it from the data. I would know why and how things are done and scientific phenomena would be as clear to me as day. Would not this repay me for the years of trouble I have had, am having, and shall have with glasses? I think it is only just.

* * * *

THE TOMB AT THE RENDEZVOUS

Pauline Milliken

"Halloo! What's this? Hey, Bob, come here quick! Look! A-a-something sealed with a rock!"

"A what. What're you talking about?"

"Why this—this—I don't know what it is. Help me and let's roll this away."

"Roll what away? That thing! Cool off! We can't roll solid rock away. That's a cave and it's rooted."

"What? Why—oh, I mean this rock against the entrance."

"Hully gee! Why that *is*—," examining the rock.

"Of course it is! Don't stand there gaping. Lend a hand. Here—help me get this rope up over that limb. Now, you hold on to that while I get this round the rock. Where's your rope? Let's get it on, too."

"Aw, quit jawin' and get busy

yourself—but this is wastin'—well awright, go ahead! You're always lookin' for somethin' crazy. Since you've been east to college, you got your head full o' queer ideas."

"Stop grumbling and help me pull this.————There! She budged! She's coming! Heave!—Aw, shucks! It's settled again. Gosh! After an hour's hard work, too! Now we'll have to begin all over. Aw, gee!"

Puffing, straining, and swearing, the boys set to work again. The odor of pine and of newly turned earth invigorated them.

Cr—r—r—ash.

"Wow!"

"Gee! She's loose! Gee, she came out in a hurry when she started, didn't she? Whew! That was work! Gee! Let's rest for a minute."

Mopping damp faces with glaring red bandannas, the two stared at each other, then at the aperture till Bob said, "Let's go in—Hully gee! Look, Jim! It's an Indian tomb carved out! Gee! There's some pottery—and here's the mound."

"Indian tomb, your grandmother! Tell me, did the Indians have shot guns—forty-fives?"

"Forty-fives! Gee! Let's see! Say, this must be a—a—why, this is a white man's tomb! But who-what—"

"Jiminy crickets! Look, Bob! This is—look! J. L. Cooney! And here's two—six-fifteen notches! Oh, I know! Don't you remember Uncle Jim telling us about him?"

"Every time he scalped an Indian, he put a notch in the handle of his forty-five. Don't you know—he was one of the greatest Indian fighters in the southwest. He got more of Geronimo's tribe of Apaches than—than most anybody."

"For the love of Mike, cool off and begin right. This ain't a Broadway play."

"Well, Captain Cooney was a hunter. When he happened along here, Geronimo was on the warpath. There had been lots of posses who tried to follow them—but they either didn't get sight of them—or else they didn't come back.

"This fellow was young, and when he heard about it he wanted to go after him—Geronimo, I mean. Everybody tried to keep him back, but he wouldn't listen."

"For five years he hunted that tribe. They had a rendezvous up in the mountains. It was in a hidden cañon that no white man had been able to find or penetrate to."

"Oh, yes! Up in the Gila Forest, wasn't it? I didn't ever pay any attention to those stories. Now, I've forgotten."

"Well, every year or so he came to town and reported how far he had been able to follow them. But always he just missed that cursed cañon.

"After he'd spent five years on it, and had killed a lot of them, he took a sudden and inexplicable notion to stop. He left the country mysteriously. No one knew why he went, or where. He just dropped out of the west. Soon, Geronimo began to make new aggressions. Every few days the war cry of his braves would terrify the town. From all the country around came rumors of ranches demolished and of whole families simply butchered. One day a little nine year old fellow with a three-month old baby strapped to his back stumbled into a house on the edge of town.

"Ge-ronimo! —Cap—tain—Coo—ney—he—," he gasped and collapsed.

"A visit to a sheep ranch five miles out told the little fellow's unfinished story. The cabin was torn up—the sheep gone—mother and father scalped—and—and the two-year-old little sister pierced through the body still hung.

"But what had the boy meant—'Cap—tain—Coo—ney—he'? This was undoubtedly the work of the Apache chief, Geronimo, but what of Captain Cooney?

"Rumors began to creep around. Why had Cooney so suddenly decided to leave? Where had he gone? Why had he disappeared so mysteriously?

"'Cap — tain — Coo — ney —he.' Tongues began to wag. Heads began to nod wisely. I—always—thought—so looks passed from eye to eye."

"In a short time Geronimo's raids grew more and more systematic, more daring—more reckless. Every night, the range and the mountains—the whole place resounded with that horrible unearthly scream. The air fairly cracked with the electric tension of the ranchers and townspeople."

"One night they raided the 'Diamond A'. The next, the 'N,' fifty miles away, was the victim. It was easily seen that a master mind directed the moves. Geronimo's was not that mind. He was wily-shrewd—but it was not his planning."

"'Cap—tain,' that was just it! Who was captain of this band of savages? And where was our missing Captain?"

"One night the 'R' was raided. Uncle Jim happened to be there. He knew Cooney very well. At the first weird shriek, he slipped out of the house. He threw himself flat and wriggled along till he got to the stable. There he was about to mount when a rough arm grabbed him."

"Don't leave the corral tonight. If you do, they'll get you. Burrow under this hay, and don't budge."

"With this gruff command, the stranger disappeared. Stranger did I say? It was Cooney! At least, it was his voice. Uncle Jim, rooted to the spot, gaped at the shadow which had swallowed his—was it his friend—or his enemy? Suddenly, he started forward, determined to solve the puzzle, but a war whoop startlingly close reminded him of Cooney's order. He burrowed. And just in time, too. Hardly had he covered himself when 'Whiz.' A poisoned missile hissed over him."

"After what seemed hours waiting, Uncle Jim heard voices outside the corral. He writhed as close to the wall as he could. The voices—one was that of the young American; the other was a deep guttural growl—continued. Uncle strained his ears to hear the conversation. But so low did they talk that he could not distinguish a word. As the two parted, Cooney said in a louder, but guarded tone, 'Ten-thirty, tomorrow night, then, at the SI'."

"Uncle's heart stood still for a minute, then thumped wildly. It was all he could hear, and he felt sure the intruders must hear the pounding. His own ranch! Captain Cooney! Planning a raid on the man who, when all others doubted, had trusted."

"For hours he heard nothing—saw nothing—felt nothing but an empty disappointment. When he came out of his daze, a faint, wavering whoop—the last of the departing raiders—floated to him from far out on the desert. He leaped to his feet—rushed from the shed. So this was the meaning of the ominous crackle and rumbling he had heard! Ranch house and corral buildings vied with each other in shooting into the heavens writhing serpents of flames; fountains of sparks leaped, sputtered,—fell. Over the rim of the distant hill stampeded the terrified cattle, urged on to wilder panic by the hideous, inhuman yells of the savages. Uncle started toward the corral, muttering something about ungrateful upstarts —cursing traitors— worse— worse than—. A sudden jolt sprawled him on the ground. He pulled himself up rubbing his nose. At his feet lay the mutilated body of the man who had been his warmest friend."

"Sullivan! Good Lord! They've killed you—they—Bob, they got you! By heaven, I'll get that—that—Oh! My horse is gone! How—?"

"He stumbled away with a strangling sob—the sob of a strong man who is grief stricken. Making his way between the mangled, stilled figures, he recognized those of the dead rancher's family. In sheer desperation he whistled to his horse. Again and again the plaintive notes wafted the anxiety and anger and grief of their author over the plain. Mechanically he tramped on over the dragging sands, just as mechanically whistling that pitiful call to his beloved horse."

"After a long time—he could not tell how long—there crept into the jumble of his thoughts an anxious, impatient neigh. He straightened with a jerk and listened. Then feverishly he called."

"Pink! Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

"When the pony, tired but eager, trotted up to his master, the latter threw his arms about the faithful horse's neck, and as Uncle says, cooed to him like a mother to her baby."

"For about eighteen hours the horse and rider dragged wearily on. Exhausted, they drew up at last at the 'SI'."

"Hardly had Uncle Jim with a feeble 'Geronimo!' dropped from his mount when a fiendish chorus of whoops broke in upon the stillness. The riders and family of the besieged ranch flew to refuge, dragging the weary owner with them. For long minutes a deafening, tingling silence strained the nerves of the watchers. Then a suddenly indulgent moon appeared from behind the cloud where she had been sulking. The light revealed the forms of the stealthy invaders. A volley of shots ripped the stillness. A dozen dark figures leaped into the air, fell with screams of agony and surprise. For ten minutes the battle raged. Arrows were no match, however, for forty-fives and shot guns. Moreover, the invaded were more amply protected than the invaders."

"The half-dozen left of the once large and invincible tribe straggled prairie-ward. With a few farewell shots, which brought down two of these, the cowboys rushed out to take roll of the fight. The odor of gunpowder and the ghastly sight of dead and wounded men and horses combined with the groans of the dying to form the closing scene to a horrible drama."

"Riley and Higgins were passing one of the seriously wounded, a Mexican, when they heard, in broken English, a faint 'Roberts—Jim—Roberts!—I must—see—heem'."

"Uncle was brought to him, much to the disgust of Riley, who hated a Mexican with all the fervor of his Irish nature."

"Sancho Gonzales! What—?"

"Sancho Gonzales! The master of Mexican bandits!"

" 'El Cap—i—tan — Cooney—he—'."

"The wounded man gasped and groaned."

" 'Whiskey, boys, quick!' commanded Uncle."

Riley, forgetting his prejudice, whipped a flask from his pocket and thrust it to the lips of Gonzales. Not, if he could help it, was another to die leaving unexplained the story of the mysterious Captain Cooney. After a time, the flicker of an eye-lash relieved the anxious watchers. So faintly that it was barely a whisper, the story continued."

" 'He—was the—mos' dan'—enemy which I ever have—las' two year —I—have direc'—them. —He could not—go—to town. —When he was dying—he say that—one-two-t'ree time—he thought—he have us, but each—time we lose heem—just—at that—cañon.

" 'Two days—ago—he—foll-ow—us—farther then—ev'—before.—He find—out—we—raid—this place.—He—try—to let—you know. —Las' night—I hear heem talk—to—some Indian. He say—something—about —warn' hees—ol' frin'—Var-r-ramba! —He—don't—get to—I keel—him. —Ha! Ha! —He was going to —take you—to—that place—where we hide—pers' no can do! —We get heem! —The Ind'—they take heem —to—place—where—they have dug one beeg—room—out—of—the rock. They—have—shut—his spirit—in—with beeg rock—against—the door—Ha! —Gonzales—have keel the great—Cooney.' Those Ind' we have bury—heem—where—el—no—' "

"He never finished. The cañon was almost inaccessible. The carved rock was never found."

"Jim! Did Uncle tell you that?—Then we have found the tomb and the cañon. Hurrah for Cooney Cañon!" shouted Bob.

* * * *

SILENT TESTIMONY

Silent testimony is given
by the sunshine when it plays
over tenements and breaks out
a smile where before only
bitterness has rested.
Silent testimony is given
by the snow when it lies
still and cool over the
weary hills, the twilight
glints playing gentle
havoc with its gems.
Silent testimony is given
by the lake when no ripple
urges playful roughhouse
over the mirror-surface
at high noon.
Silent testimony is also given
by the little white headstone
standing mute and somber
over all that is left of you
except bittersweet memories.

IN RETROSPECT

A. Herbert Haslam

I am by name Eusebius,
And known within the borders of my State
As one who notes the rise and fall of human tides.
There may be other men who write with finer choice
Of words, but none I think, would claim
A keener eye to see, or better mind
To understand events within his day.
And when my teacher passed within the pale,
He left me with this underlying rule
That I have kept and followed to this day—
That he who best would understand the great events
Must have most thorough knowledge of the small.

And thus I write of what has come before mine eyes,
As I have traveled through the great dominions
Of the King at Rome. The riches of the Numidian realm,
The lore of Egypt, the spur of Greece,
That land where flow those mighty waters
To an unknown sea, bordering on the luring clime
Of India, that too, has left the impress of my feet.
I know the sweep of empire from many days
Of seeking in the towns and cities,
And along the byways that make them all as one.

But soon my work shall pass to other hands,
For I am old in years and worn with toil.
In younger days I would not hesitate
To make my judgments sure and quick,
But latterly, I sometimes stop and wonder
As I sense the moving streams beneath
The surface of life's sea. Great Rome
So staunchly built is stirring now,
And sleeps with restless head upon the bed
That she has reared with open eyes.
Her day of conquest nears an end,
And as her eye turns inward to make the readjustments,
It may be this has caused the ruffling
Of the waters. Of this I am not sure.
But everywhere I see the gradual rising
Of the lower castes. The rights that once
Were held in pride by those most nobly born,
Are now the joint possession of both high and low.

The ancient culture of a faded Greece
Ah! What a day, when Socrates for one,
Talked of better things to come with those
That crowded eagerly about him:

When Phidias reared the matchless form
Of Athen's patron goddess, high above
The grandeur of the city, in the doorway
Of the Parthenon. Then Plato wrote,
Then Sappho's songs were sung enlivened
By the lute and lyre........and deeds
Of Homer's minstrelsy still set men's hearts afire:
Then Aeschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles
Triad immortal, were names of living men........
And later that great Master, he who taught
The mighty Phillip's son clear thinking
And the secrets of the human mind........
All this, aye and more—rose like a flood
To meet the light of day: but now, Hellenic springs
Are thinned by lesser streams, and their splendor's
Spread across the land like sunset's final fling of colors.

New thoughts have built a hedge about the old,
Till with the coming, going, here and there
Across the mother city's mighty empire,
With interchange of dreams, ideas, and hopes,
It is so hard to grasp and keep the Truth.
One dream and wish recurs with greater force,
Arising from those desolated fanes,
A hope and vision of a king not made by men,
But molded by the hands of gods.
A king whose seat by right is set within the palace,
Yet one who walks upon the earth with men,
And draws them all together to build a brotherhood,
Where work and love point toward a common end.

There comes to me in the quiet and sometimes
When the crowd is pressing hard about me
In the market places of the city squares,
The recollection of a face that's set within
A myriad diadem of faces near a city gate in Jewry.

I see him, yet I feel him more.
No features clearly marked are his,
As though a haze of dust about him clung,
Raised by many shuffling feet upon the road
That's scorched beneath a tropic sun.
Aware that he is tall and closely knit
To bear up under heavy burdens..........
Dark hair beneath the Hebrew headdress,
Flowing down across the shoulders to the back........
And eyes that flash in piercing darts
Upon the proper provocation, yet soften ofttimes
To a glow of warmth........reflected light, perhaps,
From some deep, hidden, inner shrine.
His oval face is kind and trustful

With deeper lines of sternness round
The corners of his lips.
More of his face I cannot see,
For when I look my eyes unbidden
Flash back to his until I think
His eyes and face are one.
When he moves I sense the movement
In that reactive multitude that crowds about him.
When he smiles, I feel the warmth out here
Upon the edge........and when his deep rich voice
Is raised above his usual calm, caressing tones,
To warn, command, or charge—
I may not hear distinctly, but like an undercurrent
I feel the tug within me, and cannot help but give consent.

Once I heard his voice take on a different tone.
He spoke about a kingdom in the hearts of men
With only one great law laid down upon its statute books.
A law that deadened one to self, demanding
That each citizen sincere, should seek to serve his fellow.
His father was the King of that great government,
Whom none had ever seen, yet who had often been made known
Within the lives of men. He himself had come to seek
All those as citizens whose lives were deeply troubled,
And whose hope of unseen things was dim.

And while he talked, there came one running,
Who, breaking through the crowd, besought
Him for his daughter, who lay ill to death,
That he would come and lay his hand upon her
To cool the fever, hold off that dreaded end.
He moved away with swiftness, speaking as he went,
Low words of comfort for a father in distress,
And I was left there standing by the roadside,
Still wondering what manner of man was this!

Afterward I heard that he had died
The torturous Roman death by crucifixion,
And other stories spread across the land
That he had risen from the dead,
Refuted too—by those, who have, no faith
In things the eye can never see
Nor hands reach forth and touch,
As having had his body stol'n
Away at night from out the burial tomb.
I know not what to make of all these things,
For when I think of him and feel
The throb of power that emanated from his being,
And see again the burning, smoldering look
Within his eyes........But I am old,
While all about me lies unrest and change,
And what is true and what is false
Is hard to prove....and yet....his face...how...strange.

A HYGIENIC CHILD

Betty Cooper

Ah, the bliss of being a hygienic child, the bliss of having your teeth fixed every three months, of being on a diet without sweets, or wearing hygienic clothes, and hygienic shoes, and going to bed when the other children in the neighborhood are playing "run sheepie run."

I never minded the diet so much, for there were ways and means of getting around that. Of course it entailed telling a white lie every once in a while, as for instance, when Aunty wanted to know what I kept so secretly in my bureau drawer. Then with guilty feelings in my heart and my face burning I would think of the jelly beans, the licorice sticks and sour balls secreted there, and reply with an angelic smile, "Oh, Aunty, it's a surprise!" This statement would have been more truth than poetry had Aunty decided to investigate.

Then there was the matter of the dentist. Every time I went to him I used to think, "Well, now I'm getting punished for all my sins." My only consolation was the fact that after I died and went to Heaven, he wouldn't be there, since his services would be needed elsewhere as an instrument of torture.

Going to bed was pretty bad but there were ways of getting around that too. The best one was a long string tied on to the end of the electric light chain, which made things very easy to manipulate if I heard the parental footsteps squeaking up the stairs.

But there's one thing I'll never inflict on a child of mine, and that is, hygienic shoes. The clothes are bad enough, black one-piece middy suits that make a growing girl look as though she belonged out in the garden with the string beans, and all the unnecessary flannels with which childhood is so unfortunately smothered. But hygienic shoes! Those friends, those were my Waterloo.

I shall never forget the pair that were the cause of my final rebellion. How beautiful they were! Size seven, grown-up size, (for that was before my feet began to shrink), dull black, flat, wide, ugly, exactly the shape of a man's shoe and not the fashionable kind either. They jarred on my sensitive feelings; they jarred on the pavement every time I took a step. When I walked I felt like Charlie Chaplin, only more so. Every one I passed looked at my feet first and then upward to see if the rest of me was as comic.

"Nonsense!" said the family when I pleaded. "Think what beautiful feet you'll have when you grow up. Look how expensive they are, genuine Ground Grippers, and so well made!"

Ah, no words were truer. How they gripped the ground when I walked. I had to make two or three efforts every time I raised my foot. And so for being well-made, I think they'll be as good as new when the angel Gabriel blows his horn on the Judgment Day. As for me, I'd still be climbing around in them if it hadn't been for my rebellion.

This is how it happened. I was coming home on the elevated one afternoon, after a siege with my dear dentist. In the seat opposite me on the other side of the car sat a man and girl reading a newspaper. I was gazing speculatively at my Ground Grippers, pressing my heels back as far as possible so that no one would trip over the toe, when suddenly the man opposite let a stray glance fall on the shoes. His face reddened, he choked back a smile and retired behind the newspaper, which began to shake violently. Then his head went close to the lady's and very cautiously she peeped over the edge, took one look at the Chaplin feet and the paper began to shake harder than ever.

Oh, such agony got me! Each moment was torture. But it was the beginning of the end—of the Ground Grippers. When I got home something had changed within me. I was no longer a meek worm clodhoppering around in hygienic shoes. Never again would I have that mortifying experience of a shaking newspaper. I begged and pleaded, but was no use. At last I did what they sometimes do in a debate, used a little sarcasm. I made fun of those poor Ground Grippers and my experiences with them till the family were rolling in tears of laughter. I won.

What happened to the shoes? They were a trifle too large for my memory book. But I have no doubt that the janitor or the ash man is hygienically clodhoppering about in them, at this moment.

Well, perhaps I have been too severe. After all, in spite of my tribulations, I seem to be alive, which is, after all, something to be thankful for. For just consider, if I hadn't gone to the dentist, I might be putting my teeth on the dresser every night, and if I hadn't been on a diet and gone to bed early, I might be a chronic invalid, and if I hadn't worn those shoes, well, there wouldn't have been any theme. So there you are!

* * * *

"PUBLIC POWDERING"

Of all the loathsome, abominable and disgusting practices, the one which most thoroughly nauseates me, is the obnoxious habit of 'Public Powdering.' To see Sadie, Lulu, or Heliotrope, as the case may be, pause, shift her cud of gum, produce a miniature suitcase of shiny black leather and flap the powder on, permeating the surrounding atmosphere with dust and the odor of cheap cosmetic, fills me to overflowing with revolt and utter loathing! Then, to watch her complacently comb her 'crowning glory' (bobbed, of course), snatch one last self-satisfied glance at the cavernous interior, snap the suitcase, and stalk away with a new face to present to the world!! Helpless man that I am, the mere witnessing of such a spectacle shocks all my finer sensibilities, my appreciation of the aesthetic, and sickens me for days!

Recently after several such harrowing experiences, I decided to forego them forever. I would ostracize, as it were, and treat with silent contempt any female acquaintance of mine who persisted in her distressing conduct. If necessary, I would gently but firmly reason with her in order that she might see the error of her ways, and, perchance, reform. I would declare an economic boycott on the next 'gold digger' that tried to pull that stuff on me.

Till—one spring afternoon She and I were strolling down a busy thorofare. Suddenly she paused and drew me to one side out of the hurrying stream of traffic. Out came the inevitable vanity case, in full view of all the passersby! Ha, now was my chance for that noble declaration of independence! I cleared my throat tactfully. Of course I couldn't be *too* harsh with the little lady.

Perhaps I had better weigh my words carefully.

"Just wanted to doll up a bit," she trilled sweetly in my ear, "Will you hold the mirror, ple-ease?" What did I do? Acted perfectly naturally-like a *darn fool*!—and meekly held that confounded mirror. Then as she finished and closed the case.

"Isn't my hair a fright?"

And I softly murmured, "Why no, you're perfectly ravishing!"

My downfall was complete!

* * * *

THE FATE OF THE REDMAN

David D. Malick

Characters—Indian of the present day, and a Senator.
Setting—Senator's office.
Time—Present.

Indian—We have suffered long enough. Your laws are grossly intolerant. We want liberty. We demand it.

Senator—Liberty! Why, before and ever since the advent of the white man, you Indians have lived a life so carefree and unrestrained as to be an insult to civilization.

Indian—We are an insult to civilization? What did the first white men do when they arrived on this continent?

Senator—Peacefully settled here—nothing more.

Indian—Yes, peacefully settled, and on whose ground?

Senator—They bought most of the land they occupied.

Indian—You are ill-informed or else you lie boldly. They paid for an exceedingly small fraction of the Indian's land.

Senator—You talk very emphatically. On what do you base your statements?

Indian—I am a Redman. In our race, stories and history are handed down from parents to children, generation after generation from time immemorial. The small proportion of land the white-man bought was paid for with a handful of worthless trinkets whose real value couldn't buy a single tree on any of our mountains.

Senator—The Indians were satisfied, that was all that was necessary.

Indian—Satisfied? Senator, can you satisfy a people by taking advantage of their ignorance?

Senator—Did your forefathers ever hand down any stories concerning the merciless midnight attacks on the whites, the hideous warwhoops with which they awakened the unprotected settlers, women and children as well as men, and the slaughter and massacre that followed?

Indian—You whites are told only the sunny, the glorious part of your history. You hide the infamous, the undesirable parts. We are different. We are told and we tell all our history. I know well of those attacks—but what could you expect from a race treated as ours was treated?

Senator—Still, those massacres were unnecessary—merciless.

Indian—You call them massacres. When a white man killed an Indian it was a righteous act and when more than one Indian was killed it was a glorious deed; but when a Redman killed a white man it was murder, a crime, and when more than one white man was killed you called it a massacre.

Senator—I don't agree with you.

Indian—The Redman never expects the white man to agree with him.

Senator—Nevertheless, your killings were brutal—hideous.

Indian—What could be more brutal and hideous than the murders by the whites. Your people cut off hands, fingers, toes, cut out the different organs of the Indian's bodies even unto the very heart, preserved them in alcohol and went from town to town displaying them, even among the Puritans whom you describe as being so deeply religious. The Redmen were beheaded, their bodies dangled from trees until the flesh decayed and disappeared and nothing remained but the bleached bones. You stuck the heads shamelessly on the tops of posts, nailed them to trees at every entrance into the different 'civilized' towns. They were ghastly sights, ghastly acts for a civilized people.

Senator—They were but warnings for the Indians to desist from their treacherous attacks.

Indian—Warnings? They were challenges. They made the Indians fight all the harder—the more determined.

Senator—And the whites only defended themselves.

Indian—Again you make a misstatement. The frontier was filled with men like Wetzel, Brady and hundreds of others who lived only to kill the Redmen—men who boasted of the number of Redmen they had killed, who exhibited with pride their collection of Indian scalps and the notch-covered stocks of their rifles. And today you idolize them—'your brave, hardy frontiersmen'.

Senator—You introduced the scalping.

Indian—And you introduced the deadly rifle, the ball, the powder and the destructive cannon.

Senator—The Indians were too treacherous. They could not hold to any treaty.

Indian—Those treaties were filled with tricky wordings. The Indians were allowed to interpret them one way before signing and the whites interpreted them entirely differently afterward. Then the Redman was called treacherous.

Senator—The Indians were never loyal to the whites of this continent. At the time of the Revolution they joinel with the British and fought against the colonies.

Indian—And you joined recently with the same British and fought against the Germans.

Senator—The Germans wronged us.

Indian—Likewise, the Colonists wronged us.

Senator—But the Redman was too treacherous. He betrayed and killed the Colonists right and left.

Indian—It was the Redman who was killed right and left. Once, the lone inhabitant, the lone possessor of a great continent, ruling from the frozen north to the sunny south, dominating through the high mountains and over the level plains, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the mighty ruler of a great land, shot, murdered, slaughtered—to nothing.

Senator—You are a Redman. You're still living.

Indian—Yes, a few of us still exist. Once the proud unrestrained roamers of thousands of square miles, now the humble prisoners of a few acres, hemmed in by armed guard, treated like the inmates of an asylum, exhibited like a herd of buffalo as a memoir of days now past,—kept as a curiosity for the outside world.

Senator—Well, truthful or not, you're at least speaking of the present. You have been taking up my valuable time for an hour talking of the three hundred years' relationship between the whites and Indians.

Indian—My dear Sir, that talk was not idle, neither was it accidental. I have meandered around in our conversation purposely to show you how the Indians have been ill-treated since the very beginning, up to and including the present.

Senator—Including the present? How so?

Indian—Early in the history of our relationship, you gave us firewater and taught us how to use it. And while the Indians were under its influence you made many an illegal trade. The Redman's taste for this liquor increased as years passed by, so that generation after generation of its use caused it to become as much a necessity to the Indian as food or sleep. Then suddenly you took it, our only liberty, away from us. You asked us not whether we wanted it or not. You simply told us we couldn't have it.

Senator—It is best for you.

Indian—Then to forget our thirst we took to dancing—resumed the dancing taught from generation to generation from times before the whites even heard of this continent. And now you go so far as to forbid this tribal dancing. We are hemmed in like cattle, treated like dogs, deprived of freedom. We appeal to you to repeal some of these laws—give us more liberty.

Senator—Why appeal to me? I am not the government. I am not interested in Indian affairs.

Indian—Not interested in Indian affairs. We, once the sole inhabitants of a whole continent, the unrestrained roamers of thousands of square miles, the most feared warriors of our time, the greatest curiosity of the foreign world, now deprived of liberty, scorned by the very people who occupy our land, the last surviving members of a once mighty but now dying race, are doomed to destruction while the democracy of the people, for the people and by the people goes on forever.

* * * *

GRIEF

If I should attempt
To paint a picture of grief,
I would take the sodden gray
Of a low-hung horizon,
Blend with it the scarlet howl of a mad sea-wind;
Then mix in the black of the sea at night—
When even the stars had fled
Before fear of God's hate—
Then I would dip my brush,
Made of the whimpering souls of men,
Into a pot of the heartblood of mothers
And smear all these colors
Upon the canvas of life
In a glorious rotten mess of hate.

LIFE'S GARDEN

A. Herbert Haslam

There grew one summer in my garden,
A flower, rare because it did not fade
When heat of sun had reached its height
And that gave its sweetest fragrance in the night,
When all the other flowers long had laid
The cover of their foliage about them.

Days passed and my garden bloomed along,
Till one by one the flowers, swaying, nodding gayly,
Had gone the path the flower goes
When it has served the end for which it rose;
But still my chief delight was daily
To find this one sweet flower living on.

Perhaps it was the sameness of the face,
The unchanging beauty settled there,
Awaiting me whenever I repaired
Within my garden. Yet somehow I forgot the place
Where it grew, and so it died,
And when I knew, I felt alone and cried.

Now with open fire behind me, burning red,
And my garden robed in white,
With blasts of chill winds whistling by—
I wonder if my flower knew I let it die,
And whether when its loveliness had taken flight
All the beauty of my garden too, had fled.

DUSKY DAYS

These are long dusky days,
These days of winter
When the cool snows
Stream out in wide freak patterns
Done by the graceful art of the wind,
Who paints not from the souls of men.
These long dusky days
Are great ones
For remembering things—
I remember many things, too.
Just now I am remembering
How in the other different dusky days
We played at owning the world
For no better reason than that we loved—
Those dusky days
Had different patterns
To play with than these.
There was cool snow then
But not so cool as now;
And the soul of a man
Had its slight say
With the art of the wind
In making patterns fantastic
With the chromos of a great love.
But all that is gone now.
What is left is only
A beautiful monument
Standing austere and alone
Over dream-thoughts
Scooped into a muggy grave.
And these long dusky days
Hurl more freakish patterns
Over the cool snow
Which has long since
Easily turned gray.

COMPLEXITIES OF EVOLUTION

Rose Curtis

The phenomenon of Evolution has its origin in prehistoric times when the earth was covered with a smudgy, slippery, slimy substance. Small creeping individuals dragged themselves along the shores. At intervals, a few small plants and seaweed tried to get a vision of the daylight.

Our heroine sounded her bugle and summoned multitudes of multicellular individuals to a great gathering in which the amoeba took an eminent part. Our heroine needs no formal introduction. We recognize her at once—EVOLUTION!

Evolution desired a witness (one would say, an assistant), so she breathed her secret to nature. Evolution's voice penetrated the atmosphere, saying—"As Abraham Lincoln has said, 'In unity there is strength.' Let's get together in this matter and make something useful of ourselves." They congregated.

Soon the microorganisms began to develop a lobe at the top which was called the "head," and numerous pseudopodia. flowing forth, were termed "feet." Evolution took two potato seeds, inserted them in the lobe, and said—"I will call them 'I's,' because *I* put them there." A kernel of corn she next placed on each side of the lobe and they grew into "ears." The sense of direction must be provided for, so she placed a "knows" right between the "I's." Just then the catastrophe occurred. A burning coal fell from Mars and marred our "prospect." Evolution called this opening the "mouth." The existence of a mouth necessitated food, but in order to have food she must have a place to store it. Just then the elephant came along and donated his trunk.

Evolution ascended to her lofty garden, and, plucking a "bleeding heart," placed it in her inanimate object. The blood began to flow in all directions. She meditated, "This is a work of art. They shall be called 'arteries'."

The object lay for many centuries and petrified in the hot rays of the sun. Suddenly a hurly-burly sponge bumped against it, took a foremost position at the top of the lobe, and stuck fast. It stuck and stuck, making its lodging within our individual. It has been parasitic to man ever since. Evolution called it the "brain."

Now the "prospect" basked and crackled in the sun for centuries—yea, centuries multiplied by centuries Small cilia transplanted in the crust took on the likeness of hair. Just at this period a hurricane came along and hurried our "prospect" into motion. It has been going ever since and gaining in velocity as it goes.

Evolution realized that her Master Art was gone—yes, and without a name and no way of communication with it. She came to the logical conclusion and said, "I will christen you 'Monkey'."

Looking through her telescope of the ages, Evolution saw trouble ahead for her darling. She thundered—"Go forth, Monkey, show Bryan what you can make of yourself.

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